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The Shape of Things

*

AFTER AN ANXIOUS WEEK EUROPE HAS resumed its state of watchful anticipation of a new crisis. Hitler's first impulse of violent retaliation against Spain after the alleged attack on the Leipzig was again checked by wiser counsels. It spent itself in a vain demand, backed by Mussolini, that the patrolling powers make a display of naval strength in Spanish waters as a warning to the Valencia government. The flat refusal of England and France staved off active trouble for the moment. Germany and Italy again withdrew from the non-intervention patrol (but remained in the non-intervention committee) stating that they would henceforth consider themselves free to take any necessary action to protect their interests. And their interests have since been clearly defined. Hitler has announced flatly that Franco must win because Germany needs the ores in northern Spain. Farinacci's article in *Régime Fascista,* practically demanding war with England now, was followed by a declaration in *Il Popolo d'Italia* by Il Duce himself that Italy had not been neutral in the Spanish struggle but had fought, "and victory therefore will be hers." Both powers have turned down the proposal that the British and French carry on the entire patrol and their ships have moved into strategic positions. On Monday of this week the Valencia coast was bombarded by unidentified war vessels. The only encouraging aspect of these developments is the change in England's attitude. The British were determined against all the evidence to think well of Hitler and his fellow provocateurs. They had prepared the stage for a friendly agreement on Spain, including, no doubt, an arrangement regarding Spanish economic resources. There are indications that Italy was to be frozen out of the new friendship. But Hitler ignored the cues, forgot his lines, and exposed to all eyes the bald reality of Nazi policy which is in sharp conflict with British policy, especially as it relates to the ores of northern Spain. We have moved into a period of uneasy respite during which the diplomats search for a new formula; but trouble lurks just outside Spain's three-mile limit.

*

SUSPENSION OF GOLD PAYMENTS AND THE closing of the Bourse in France emphasized the gravity of the financial crisis facing the new Chautemps Cabinet. With an empty treasury and an exhausted stabilization fund, drastic action is necessary to avert a panic which

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The Shape of Things

*

AFTER AN ANXIOUS WEEK EUROPE HAS resumed its state of watchful anticipation of a new crisis. Hitler's first impulse of violent retaliation against Spain after the alleged attack on the Leipzig was again checked by wiser counsels. It spent itself in a vain demand, backed by Mussolini, that the patrolling powers make a display of naval strength in Spanish waters as a warning to the Valencia government. The flat refusal of England and France staved off active trouble for the moment. Germany and Italy again withdrew from the non-intervention patrol (but remained in the non-intervention committee) stating that they would henceforth consider themselves free to take any necessary action to protect their interests. And their interests have since been clearly defined. Hitler has announced flatly that Franco must win because Germany needs the ores in northern Spain. Farinacci's article in *Régime Fascista,* practically demanding war with England now, was followed by a declaration in *Il Popolo d'Italia* by Il Duce himself that Italy had not been neutral in the Spanish struggle but had fought, "and victory therefore will be hers." Both powers have turned down the proposal that the British and French carry on the entire patrol and their ships have moved into strategic positions. On Monday of this week the Valencia coast was bombarded by unidentified war vessels. The only encouraging aspect of these developments is the change in England's attitude. The British were determined against all the evidence to think well of Hitler and his fellow provocateurs. They had prepared the stage for a friendly agreement on Spain, including, no doubt, an arrangement regarding Spanish economic resources. There are indications that Italy was to be frozen out of the new friendship. But Hitler ignored the cues, forgot his lines, and exposed to all eyes the bald reality of Nazi policy which is in sharp conflict with British policy, especially as it relates to the ores of northern Spain. We have moved into a period of uneasy respite during which the diplomats search for a new formula; but trouble lurks just outside Spain's three-mile limit.

*

SUSPENSION OF GOLD PAYMENTS AND THE closing of the Bourse in France emphasized the gravity of the financial crisis facing the new Chautemps Cabinet. With an empty treasury and an exhausted stabilization fund, drastic action is necessary to avert a panic which would sweep away all the economic gains achieved by the first Popular Front government. While the emergency powers asked by the new Finance Minister Georges Bonnet are almost identical with those which the Senate denied to the Blum government, there is every reason to believe that they will be granted this time. The hatred and suspicion with which the financial community regarded Blum and his Socialist finance minister do not apply to the more conservative Radicals. Thus it may be possible for Chautemps to restore confidence where Blum was foredoomed to failure. Politically, however, the new government has a more difficult row to hoe. Although Chautemps has so far shown no signs of departing from the Popular Front program in either the domestic or the international field, it has won only lukewarm support from the left Socialists and the Communists. The trade unions will not tolerate an indefinite extension of the "breathing spell" proclaimed by Blum. Yet French capitalism cannot readily adapt itself to the increased costs of production which have resulted from the Blum New Deal without imposing a reduction in real wages by devaluation or by increasing taxes, either of which will be bitterly resisted by the working class. With its present makeup, the Chautemps government cannot possibly be expected to adopt the Socialist solution of the crisis and it dare not adopt the orthodox capitalist solution. Ultimately it will have to give way to a government which is not so constrained. But as a stop-gap it has already served a useful purpose. With Hitler ready to take advantage of any weakness in France, the speedy formation of the Chautemps Cabinet may have helped to avert a general European conflict.

*

PAUL VAN ZEELAND WAS GIVEN A DEGREE by Princeton, presumably for his services to democracy. It should have been awarded to him for sheer cheek. For the Belgian Premier, according to the financial pages, came to America to persuade us to make a loan to Germany and Italy. Stated baldly, the mission seems fantastic. In diplomatic circles such matters are never stated baldly. Where the whole mission has not been surrounded by genteel generalities, there has been vague talk of another international conference, as with Walter Runciman's visit of some months back. The actual truth is that we are being asked to help the fascist powers with our money. But how? Doesn't the Johnson Act stand in the way? The answer is a pretty little scheme to get around the Johnson Act. We are to make a huge deposit in the Bank for International Settlements, earmark certain gold in our Kentucky catacombs for that purpose, and then let the B. I. S. hand the money over to Germany and Italy. But why should we do this? Again, a pretty little argument. Unless we lend the money, Germany and Italy will be driven to war by their financial difficulties; if we lend it, the hand of the conservatives in Germany will be strengthened as against the extremists. The whole thing would be incredible if it were not true. The one thing that keeps the fascists from complete domination and open war is lack of raw materials for further armaments. The idea is for America to supply the credits. Did Van Zeeland think this up by himself? No, the idea was obviously Dr. Schacht's, who sold it to England and France. And they, lacking the nerve to make a direct approach, have sent the supposedly anti-fascist Belgian premier as their emissary. We know that Congress would be bitterly opposed to any such proposal. And we hope that Mr. Roosevelt sends the young premier home with his ears stinging.

*

MR. ROOSEVELT ENTERTAINED LAST WEEK at Jefferson Island. The guests were three batches of Democratic Congressmen. The party was a success. The President knows how to do this sort of thing, and if there were any that came to scoff they remained to pay homage to his wit and geniality. It was the newspapermen, however, who could most truthfully write back, "Having wonderful time." They had a real field day, and did justice to it, with their description of the induction of the President into the Demagogues Club and of the hog-calling contest, at the end of which all the ham sandwiches were found to have vanished. But the Jefferson Island weekend was more than an orgy of charm and high spirits. We tend to forget that an American president is not only chief executive, but party leader as well. It is the function of a leader to keep a few steps ahead of his party, never outdistancing them too far, but never submitting passively to their drift. But who are the President's followers? Are they the Democrats in Congress or the large masses of democrats out of Congress? There is little doubt that the President is now far ahead of Congress, and must woo them wholesale and cajole them to keep his pace. But he is by no means out of step with the people. It is rather Congress and the press that have fallen behind the country.

*

THE HARDSHIP IMPOSED BY THE WPA CUTS was dramatized last week by two important demonstrations in New York. On June 26, five thousand persons, most of them women, picketed the City Hall in an effort to persuade Mayor La Guardia to oppose the cuts and to request more adequate home-relief allowances. Two days previously, eight hundred WPA artists, writers, and musicians had held Harold Stein, administrative officer of the WPA, in protest against the threatened dismissal of 2,848 persons on the five arts projects. Following an all-night vigil, Mr. Stein agreed to recommend the establishment of a neutral board of review which will have the power to retain persons for whom dismissal would mean severe hardship. The arts projects furnish a glaring example of the injustice of the Administration's cross-section cut in relief personnel which disregards both need and the value of the work performed. With the exception of a few supervisors, all members of the projects are genuine relief cases for whom the meager WPA salary is the sole source of livelihood. The WPA administration may not be responsible for the fact that an obstreperous Congress has denied funds for continuing the projects, but it is responsible for the manner in which the cuts are carried out. The least it can do it to grant a public hearing at which the plight of the dismissed workers can be brought to the attention of the country.

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THE PROPOSED INCREASE IN THE TAX ON THE capital earnings of foreigners, while justifiable, can scarcely be considered a solution of this country's "gold problem." The United States already holds more than half of the world's stock of monetary gold. A heavy tax on the profits of foreigners would discourage the import of capital for speculative purposes, and thus curtail the influx of gold, but it would also tend to "freeze" the huge sums which have already been invested in the American market. It would not bring about the needed redistribution of our gold stocks, nor would it contribute toward reducing our excess reserves. Any measure directed against foreigners has the added disadvantage of inviting retaliation. Further modification of our commercial policy and repeal of legislation such as the Johnson Act, which prevents foreign lending, would seem a much more satisfactory approach to the basic disequilibrium which the New Deal gold policy has created.

✶

MEXICO MADE TWO IMPORTANT STRIDES IN its long-delayed economic revolution last week when it nationalized its railways and established strict government control over farm marketing. To say that either step implies socialism, however, is to misread the facts. As in most European countries the railways were already operated by the government. The principal significance of nationalization is that the foreign bondholders, long unable to obtain interest on their investment, are to receive compensation. The new Mexican agricultural program goes beyond our own AAA only in that it involves price-fixing and a more rigid control over distribution. There is to be no collectivization, and no drastic measure to overcome Mexico's greatest curse—the concentration of land ownership. A legal mechanism has been created whereby agriculture and industry may be brought into a more balanced relationship. It still remains to be seen how this mechanism will be operated.

✶

PARTITION OF PALESTINE BETWEEN ARABS and Jews has long been rumored as the solution which the British Royal Commission will recommend to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations in July. The Zionists have already expressed their violent opposition to the plan. While it would give the Jews the fertile plains along the Mediterranean coast, it would be a denial of their historic claim to all of Palestine as their national home, it would cut them off permanently from Trans-Jordan, it would deprive them of Jerusalem (which, as a sacred city, would be directly administered by the British), and it would leave them with an intractable Arab minority within their own narrow borders. Despite strong objections from the Mufti, who is president of the Arab High Committee and does not want to play second to the Emir of Trans-Jordan, the Arabs, according to press reports, are likely to favor the plan. In a state of their own united with Trans-Jordan, they would no longer fear Jewish domination. Sooner or later the Jews must concede that, no matter how valid their claims, the Balfour Declaration has not been workable for all of Palestine. Fifteen years of striving for collaboration between Jews and Arabs has only resulted in a bitter and bloody feud. Neither group will be wholly satisfied with a measure that meets only a fraction of its claims, but some compromise is inevitable. Whether or not partition is the best compromise possible, the plan should at least be examined without undue hostility and weighed against alternatives which are also certain to arouse antagonism.

✶

THE LIQUIDATION OF THE NANSEN OFFICE will pass almost unnoticed but the world can ill afford to lose it. Under the auspices of the League of Nations, it has cared for thousands of political refugees who had neither homes nor citizens' rights in any land. Existing precariously as an international charity, it was scheduled to be dissolved by 1938. Michael Hansson of Norway, present director of the office, now reports that "a truly appalling number of refugees" (some 700,000) will continue to need assistance after 1938. To them will be added a flood of victims of the Spanish war. It is sad to see the League, crumbling under the weight of its own futility, deliberately cut short a still useful function.

✶

A. P. HERBERT'S "HOLY DEADLOCK" IS BROKEN at last; or all but broken. His marriage bill has passed the House of Commons in spite of the epistolary guns mobilized by the bishops in the *Times*. It is now under fire in the House of Lords, meeting the bishops face to face. The events of last December dramatized the prickly horror which divorce seems to inspire in the British mind. When it came to voting on Mr. Herbert's bill, nearly two-thirds of the House of Commons found it prudent to be absent. As long ago as 1912 a royal commission recommended making desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, incurable drunkenness, and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence grounds for divorce. Yet British law stubbornly refused to recognize that anything but adultery could be valid reason for dissolving a marriage. Even now, twenty-five years later, only three of the commission's recommendations have been adopted. The House of Commons could not bring itself to acknowledge that an incurable drunkard or a person imprisoned for life was an undesirable mate. And they added a provision that no divorce at all could be granted in the first five years of marriage. Although the bill was thus badly trimmed the fact that it was passed at all was a victory over the Church of England conscience. If it now gets by the Lords British morals will have taken a long delayed step toward modern times.

✶

THE COMMON ASSUMPTION THAT AN ETHICAL distinction exists between big business and small business is not borne out by the Twentieth Century Fund's two-year survey of "bigness" in American industry. While some of the great trusts are shown to have piled up huge profits over many years, the majority made very modest sums—less, proportionately, than profitable smaller enterprises. However, the large businesses made a better record in bad years and contributed to economic stability by distributing a larger proportion of their earnings in dividends. Because of the superior methods of financing available to large corporations, big business proved the more stable during the depression. The larger banks, especially, were much less susceptible to failure than the smaller institutions. The study is timely in view of the wide-spread belief that the evils inherent in the present economic system can be curbed by breaking up the chain stores and other large-scale enterprises. It would be more realistic to accept the greater efficiencies of the big manufacturing, distributing, and financial combinations, but to make certain that the rewards of this efficiency accrue to society as a whole rather than to a few individuals.

*

"THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ," PERHAPS El Greco's greatest painting, was reported lost when the Rebels took Toledo. Now the Spanish Ambassador to England has stated that Franco is offering the picture for public sale in London. Selling Spain's art abroad for money to destroy the Spanish nation may well qualify the General to call himself a "Nationalist."

Third Term: Bad Medicine

WE never took the third-term talk about President Roosevelt seriously until Governor Earle's pronouncement last week that he was not a candidate, and that he would "unqualifiedly and finally" support Mr. Roosevelt in 1940. This is open to several interpretations. It might be construed as a trial balloon sent up, with or without the President's knowledge. Or it might be a gesture on the Governor's part, aimed at getting his chief's support in the race for the nomination. Or again it might be a subtle move to clear the ground for his own nomination by eliminating the possibility of Roosevelt's candidacy. For there can be no doubt that this is the least opportune time that could have been chosen to bring the third-term talk into the open. The air is filled with charges of dictatorship. Nothing could play more directly into the hands of the opposition than this, especially since the pronouncement comes from a governor who is closely associated with the Lewis cohorts.

We have never blanched at the bogy of a "Roosevelt dictatorship." Nor are we generally given to cherishing the sanctity of political traditions or conventions for their own sake. But the two-term tradition has a relevance for today which makes it more than a tradition: it is a living safeguard of our values.

Viewed merely as a tradition, the third-term taboo will not stand severe historical scrutiny. There is nothing on it in the Constitution, and Number 68 of the *Federalist* offers evidence that the Founding Fathers would not have opposed a third term. For they tended, as a group, to favor a strong central government; and some, like Hamilton, were close to being monarchists. Washington's refusal to serve more than two terms is generally regarded as the beginning of the tradition. Yet the fact is that Washington did not base his refusal on either political or moral grounds. The relevant passage in his "Farewell Address" is not so much a warning against the third term as an apology for not continuing in office. It was left to Jefferson to speak vigorously on the subject. He retired after eight years in the Presidency as a matter of principle. He believed in the need for rotation in office in a democracy. His principal fear about the Constitution was that it did not expressly forbid the indefinite continuance of the President in office, and that it thus invited bureaucracy and despotism. And Jefferson's example was followed by the others of the Virginia dynasty—Madison and Monroe. The question was not again raised until Grant, in 1880, sought nomination for a third term; and his defeat in the convention, due largely to the appeal to the two-term tradition, established it more strongly. Not so strongly, however, but that Theodore Roosevelt sought to overcome it in 1912. He was defeated, and yet the chances are that if he had received the Republican nomination he would have won, third term or no third term.

Franklin D. Roosevelt could probably be reelected, despite the third-term taboo, unless other factors intervened to defeat him. If America should find itself in a severe depression in 1940, as John T. Flynn and others have argued, that would dispose of Mr. Roosevelt more effectively than a tradition of such dubious historical antecedents. The real question is not how authentic the tradition is historically, but how wise it would be to break it. We agree with Jefferson that to leave the Presidential term unlimited would be to open the gates wide to bureaucracy and despotism. And whatever may have been true in the past, this is no time to venture on such a course. The dictatorships of Europe have drawn the issue with democratic government. Their emphasis is always on the indispensability of a particular leader. If Mussolini goes, the whole fabric of power that he has built up goes with him. Democracies do not function that way. They seek to draw upon the resources of leadership in the people themselves. Despite the high regard we have for the character, abilities, and programs of Mr. Roosevelt, we feel that no man is indispensable for the future of America.

But, many will ask, is it not true that two terms are too short to work out a program such as Mr. Roosevelt has undertaken? That may well be. But a real program is not an individual *tour de force*: it is a collaboration. Any program that will realize the potentialities of American life must be the product of decades of faithful and courageous work by many people. If the President drives ahead with vigor he will get the greater part of his program enacted. If he keeps a third term always in mind, he will be sorely tempted to compromise and coast along easily, deferring the crucial reforms until after 1940.

But suppose that in 1940 the alignment is such that no Democrat except Roosevelt looks strong enough to

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beat a reactionary Republican? In that event we should still feel the same way. First, because it is always easy to maneuver the situation so that the choice seems crucial. Second, because we regard the precedent of an indefinite Presidential term as bad medicine, even for such a disease. It is medicine that could be used as easily, and much more harmfully, by someone in the near future who really has fascist leanings.

It is interesting in this connection to note that even Thomas Jefferson, the stubborn enemy of indefinite Presidential tenure, made an exception that would apply to a fascist threat. "There is but one circumstance," he wrote in 1805, "which could engage my acquiescence in another election, to wit, such a division about a successor as might bring in a monarchist." Substitute "fascist" for "monarchist," and you have the argument that will be used for President Roosevelt in 1940; the argument that will crop up everlastingly, each time in a different guise. It is, as we have said, an argument fraught with danger. There is only one thing for Mr. Roosevelt to do. He must "unqualifiedly and finally" announce that he will not be a candidate in 1940 to succeed himself.

"Law and Order"

DURING the month-old battle between the C. I. O. and little steel we have seen worked out and impressed upon the public consciousness patterns of law and order, as they pertain to capital and labor, that have great immediate and even greater future significance. Most of the devices brought into play have appeared before within the recent past. Martial power in various forms has been used by various governors. Vigilantes are an old story. Combined with back-to-work movements and a systematic coordination of the local press, the business community, and town and county officials, they add up to the formula perfected, articulated, and put into practice by Remington Rand. But all of these devices have been used on a new large scale during the past weeks.

In each case where martial power has been used the relationship of the troops to labor has been determined by the attitude of the governor involved, which is in turn determined more or less by the extent to which he has owed his position to labor. In Michigan the governor's debt to labor was clear, as it is in Pennsylvania and as it was in Minnesota. The difficulty, from the long point of view, is that governors pass and military precedents remain. Governor Davey's behavior in the steel strike is more to be studied than denounced by those concerned with the future of labor and liberty. In Ohio is to be found perhaps the apotheosis of the Middle Western middle class. Governor Davey has acted as he has in direct response to the opinion of that class—and the record holds important implications.

It was to be expected that typical patterns of law and order would become defined and take on a national character in the contest between the new labor movement and the steel industry; it was not foreseen that big steel would give in gracefully and that the crucial contest would be joined in the deep Middle West between the C. I. O. and the independent steel companies headed by men who are rugged individualists in a ruthless, primitive, and peculiarly American sense in which U. S. Steel, enmeshed in the highly sophisticated collectivism of international finance, is not. Big steel settled peacefully on the basis of what might be called a modern world view of labor and capital. The automobile industry was won because it is so highly organized that it must operate as a unit or not at all, because the strike had a metropolitan setting, and because Governor Murphy has definite convictions concerning the necessity of negotiation between capital and labor. In little steel the C. I. O. is up against an industry which is not conveyorized and can operate in much smaller individual units, an industry with an atavistic labor policy based on the set-up and psychology of the American small town completely dominated—mayor, department stores, and all—by the Girdlers, the Graces, and the Purnells. This is one paradox of the present fight—that the C. I .O., an industrial union built on modern lines, is engaged in a battle with a section of industry intrenched in the natural social backwardness not only of American independent business and middle-class opinion but of great sections of American workers. The second paradox is that the C. I. O., though advanced from an organizing point of view, is itself politically and socially backward. If we add to this the fact that the pressure on the C. I. O. from groups wanting to be organized is so great than the organization has not been able to keep up with it in any sense, it is easy to understand why the unions have been plagued with wild-cat strikes and other forms of indiscipline which play so neatly into the hands of the reactionaries.

Considering the odds, the C. I. O. is fighting a magnificent fight on straight trade-union lines; but as far as "law and order" is concerned it is passing through a grave crisis. It has actually been cheering the use of martial law and from all appearances it is counting far too much on the federal government, particularly on Roosevelt. According to one report, union workers in Johnstown were gathering signatures for a petition to President Roosevelt asking for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes. The C. I. O. official in the locality stated that while organized labor as a rule had opposed compulsory arbitration, this petition was not being opposed. This may be an erroneous report, yet it fits all too well with the present mood of labor. Moreover, it is easy to understand this attitude in the face of Girdler's truculence and the difficulties under which the strike is being conducted. But such precedents, forged in the heat of battle, may well cool into steel nets for restricting labor's rights, and with them the rights of citizens in general.

On the other side, meanwhile, we have the traditional phenomenon that the employers are thoroughly class conscious and are turning against the socially unarmed C. I. O. all the weapons of class warfare. Little steel is using middle-class opinion in the form of vigilante and back-to-work movements—which are largely stimulated through the intimidation of workers and their wives; it is maintaining a neo-fascist terror in the towns it controls—as witness Miss Stein's account of the atmosphere of Youngstown; and now with the help of state troops it is opening plants. At the same time it is closing whole communities to "outsiders" in order to keep out union forces, and in the process is searching cars, making arrests, and otherwise interfering with the rights of citizens, all the while attacking the outsiders as "invaders." Little steel is, in a word, freely using the language as well as the methods of civil war; and it has behind it the support of the nation's conservative press, which has united in an anti-union, anti-government campaign as self-righteous as it is misleading.

The one hope in the present crisis is that Tom Girdler has overplayed his hand. His insolence before the Senate Post Office Committee and, more particularly, his clear admission that he has no intention of bargaining collectively with his employees are a challenge that the Administration cannot ignore. The proposal for a settlement made by the steel mediation board was reasonable and conciliatory. The union has shown complete readiness to cooperate. It is a feeble democracy which cannot bring Tom Girdler to book; it will be an even feebler one if it fails to do so.

Twilight of Hearst

THE passing of the New York *American* will leave all eyes dry. It was not one of the worst Hearst papers; indeed, it made an obvious effort to establish a reputation for relative intelligence and sobriety. But it was essentially a "yellow journal" because it could not be anything else; it spoke the mind of its master. Since 1895 it has shared with the rest of the Hearst press the heavy responsibility of promoting international suspicion and inflaming jingoist emotion, of hounding radicals and attacking freedom in every form. And recently it has exhibited all the symptoms of incipient fascism.

Much more is involved, however, than the passing of a Hearst newspaper. We may be witnessing the beginning of the fall of an empire, and our first concern is with the lives and fates of the persons who will be affected by it. The *American* is said never to have made money except in one year. It set a record last year, with a deficit of a million dollars. But Hearst was able to pour into it money made by other enterprises. Now things are different. The consolidated income statement of nine of his important newspapers shows a decrease in earnings from $10,000,000 in 1929 to $4,000,000 in 1936. In the past decade Hearst has marketed $90,000,000 worth of securities. Some of these bonds are falling due and that fact, along with the Hearst boycott and the slipping of circulation and advertising, has operated to put the Hearst ventures into serious straits. Miss Marion Davies, according to credible reports, is not scheduled to make any pictures during 1937-1938. Since Hearst has put up the money for Miss Davies's pictures, which have consistently produced a box-office deficit, this minor item takes on significance.

Nation readers are acquainted, through the articles by James Smith and Oswald Garrison Villard in the issue of June 19, with the details of the Hearst registration statement filed with the SEC with a view to selling to the public $35,500,000 worth of securities. The commission has yet to pass definitely on the Hearst issue, but the causes of its delay are clear. Hearst is hastening to liquidate his least profitable units, hoping thus to salvage the main structure of his empire.

The consolidation of the *American* with the *Journal* is said to be only the beginning of Hearst's efforts to this end. Other unprofitable units will probably meet a similar fate. It is common talk that papers in five or six other cities will be consolidated or suspended—in Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Seattle, and possibly Atlanta. Some 1,600 *American* employees are affected, of whom about 200 are editorial workers and the rest in the business and mechanical departments. If the management is allowed to have its way, about a thousand of these will lose their jobs. Using the same proportion for the other cities, five thousand workers in all will face unemployment. We do not have to underline what this prospect means. For the newspaper profession is today a highly restricted field, incapable of absorbing many additional workers.

The labor tactics of the management have been clever. It gave no general notice of discharge to the *American* employees: that would have allowed a solid front to be formed quickly. Men learned about their fates one by one through confidential tips, and no one knew where he stood. The management steadfastly avoided seeing a Newspaper Guild committee until all plans had been completed. It replaced some of the *Journal* men with transfers from the *American,* but left the *Mirror* unaffected, thus seeking to play one guild unit against the others.

Against these splitting tactics and this policy of delay, the guild has taken a firm stand. At a meeting of the Sunday *American* and *Journal* units, the executive committee of the Newspaper Guild was empowered to call a strike if the management rejects their demands. The guild position is that the case of the *American* is not that of a plant going out of business, but one of consolidation, with the same management carrying on. The guild insists that its aim can be effected if not only the *Journal* but the *Mirror* and the Hearst wire services as well absorb the *American* employees; and if a five-day, forty-hour week is instituted.

From a broad social standpoint it would be intolerable if Hearst, in his desperate attempts to bolster his overcapitalized newspaper empire, with its enormous salaries at the top, its large feature expenditures, its stuffed-shirt outlays, should be allowed to place the principal burden on his workers. Hearst cannot, in his present condition, stand a strike in all his New York newspapers and wire services. He must economize, but he must find other methods of economy. The air of American journalism is fresher for the disappearance of the New York *American,* but the newspaper workers must not be made the victims of the cleansing process.

Loyalist Spain Gathers Its Strength

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Valencia, June 28

THE fall of Bilbao has been skilfully used by the Negrin government to stimulate enthusiasm at the front and in the rear. This is less strange than would at first appear, for the authorities have only to appeal to the indices of progress known to most Spaniards but ignored or underestimated by those outsiders who see the civil war as an unbroken chain of Loyalist defeats.

The government's army is now 520,000 strong, excluding several brigades in training camps. This force is magnificent in defense and, with the exception of some brigades on the Aragon front, its soldiers have fought well in all the abortive offensives; but these forward thrusts failed, and the army, generally speaking, still lacks offensive abilities, less because of insufficient equipment than by reason of poor staff work and undependable commanders. As late as a few weeks ago the Loyalists had no general staff which really functioned as such (until Negrin came into office, General Rojo, chief of staff, was not even in Valencia but on active service at one front), and numerous individual units had no staffs of their own. The great victory over the Italians in the remarkable battle of Brihuega last March was in large measure due to the brilliant tactics of the three experienced generals who directed operations from a hill overlooking the field.

Despite bad staff work and an inadequate officers' corps, a year has sufficed to transform green *milicianos* who ran whenever the Moors appeared, into courageous, stubborn warriors whose new regular army uniform is symbolic of the passing of the early amateurish improvisation and chaotic if colorful eclecticism. Officers who remained with the Loyalists after the revolt frequently proved politically unreliable. Moreover, since the old-time generals who first commanded the government army favored petty bourgeois types over proletarians and peasants for promotion to officer's rank, even the new commanders were often of doubtful quality and loyalty. Under Prieto, Negrin's Minister of National Defense, the officers' corps is being purged, but substitutes must be found and trained to take the place of those who go into the discard or into less pivotal work, and this is a slow process. Men like Lister, Modesta, and Campesino, all Communists (the bulk of fresh talent is Communist), who as division commanders ought to be generals, are still majors, partly in conformity with the pre-revolutionary Spanish army code and partly because of their politics.

This is a problem whose solution takes time. The predictions of government leaders about the date of the much-needed big offensive vary from three months to next winter or spring, and estimates regarding the probable duration of the civil war run from a minimum of ten months to the frightening maximum of three years.

In the Bilbao campaign the indifferent politics of the Basque middle-class nationalist officers, hundreds of whom have since deserted to Franco, and the inferiority of the non-commissioned officers were almost as great handicaps as the decisive shortage of airplanes and other weapons. It was physically impossible to provide the Basques with enough aviation equipment, hence the collapse of their valiant defense. Yet, though the loss of Bilbao depresses the ministers whose pasts have been intimately connected with it, a Loyalist army of ultimate triumph is being steadily forged.

The Loyalist importation of arms has been undiminished in recent months. In addition, new and old Spanish plants are yielding a broader flow of modern weapons, and it is confidently expected that the Loyalists, who are already assembling airplane parts and manufacturing excellent airplane motors, will shortly be turning out one home-made plane daily. Negrin and Prieto are putting all their energy behind this phase.

However, purchases in places far removed geographically from Spain, even when augmented by domestic production, will not soon equal the shipments to Franco which Germany and Italy can make if they are uncurbed. Since the latest non-intervention agreement went into effect in February Hitler and Mussolini have vastly increased their supplies of war material to the rebels.

In the recent international crisis when Germany and Italy again withdrew from the international patrol on the fantastically flimsy pretense of the Leipzig attack, Valencia remained perfectly calm despite the Nazi threat to blow it to bits *à la* Almeria; and again the other night, when sirens at three-fifteen heralded an attack on the citizens by German shelling which had been threatened, the people stood around in front of their houses instead of running to find shelter. The Loyalist navy and air force were prepared to meet the German attack, and a battle with heavy enemy losses, followed by open warfare between Spain, Germany, and Italy, did not seem farfetched. Although the extension of the civil war to involve all Europe is the favorite topic of the café intellectuals, who think it might relieve Spain from the inequalities in the present struggle, no statesman views such a prospect without dread, if only because there is no guaranty that the democracies would care to defend Spanish democracy against fascist aggression. They have not cared to in the past year.

The recent crisis in non-intervention affairs is being interpreted here as follows: Germany, which had previously cooled toward Franco owing to the heavy cost of carrying him to victory, was encouraged by the fall of Bilbao to believe it would be possible to crush the Loyalists quickly, close a burdensome debit ledger, and open a credit account for her Spanish adventure by blocking the government's importation of arms. This could be done by smashing the Loyalist fleet which convoys merchant vessels when necessary. The Reich fleet therefore sought a naval encounter. As far as one can judge from this angle of vision, England and France prevented such a catastrophic development by their sudden firmness, and in Valencia it is supposed and hoped that this unusually strong attitude may ultimately lead to the scrapping of the entire farcical non-intervention scheme and bring about the unhindered sale of munitions to the legitimate Spanish authorities.

Neither the danger of foreign attack nor the obvious necessity of straining every muscle to win the civil war has deterred the Spanish Loyalists from engaging in the expensive game of party politics which is forcing some able persons into inactivity and even obstruction. At present the Caballero-led Left Socialists, with the exception of Del Vayo, who retained his post as war commissar in charge of the army's political commissars and as Spain's ambassador-at-large, and the Anarchists are in active opposition. This means that they carry on whispering campaigns and sometimes intrigues against the Negrin regime. However, it is characteristic of Caballero's fundamental honesty that he did not try to upset the Cabinet on the Bilbao issue, for he must have realized that he himself was more responsible than Negrin.

The members of the government attribute this forbearance more to weakness than to charity. It is doubtful whether the UGT executive could vote against the Cabinet without provoking a serious split in its ranks. But members of the government in conversation with me have stated that not even the two big trade-union federations together could overthrow the government, because it enjoys the staunch support of the Left Republicans, the Right Socialists, and the Communists, and already has visible achievements to its credit. The fact is that neither federation has committed an overt act against Negrin, and one CNT member even petitioned to be taken into the Cabinet. From being until very recently the most violent critics of the CNT, the Left-Socialists have suddenly discovered a great affection for it, while the Anarcho-Syndicalists, in turn, feign a new-found love for Caballero, whose life in office they embittered. This uneasy and unnatural fellowship sows seeds of discord when unity is most needed to defeat fascism, but its power is diminished by Caballero's waning popularity, Del Vayo's loyalty to the new Cabinet, and Negrin's rigorous campaign against arbitrary acts of the Anarchists. To find surcease from it, the Anarchists seem ready to escape even into the Cabinet, but simultaneously they are instructing their followers to sabotage Negrin's work, and Negrin, therefore, probably wishes first to complete disarmament of the Anarchists, which is proceeding.

Caballero began to lose his hold on the people when he allowed the enemy to approach a Madrid unprepared for defense. The government's hasty departure to Valencia further lowered his prestige. Since then, his retention of a high officer whose inability or treachery explains and is partially responsible for the surrender of Toledo and Malaga, his isolation from the masses whom he refused, despite friendly pressure, to address even once during the months he was Prime Minister, his haughty behavior toward his own colleagues and the slowness and inflexibility with which he met the problems heaped mountain-high around him, all caused many of his supporters to turn against him. This is particularly true of the Communists. Their membership rose buoyantly in the spring. Caballero resented this as though it were aimed against him. His relationship to Russia wavered. He began late in March to manifest an open hostility toward the Communists in the army and a tendency to check the growth of their influence. Thereupon the Communists, who had previously protected him from the slightest blame, attacked him. He accordingly sought the Anarchists as allies. His consequent leniency toward the Anarchists, his present critics declare, culminated in the uprising in Barcelona the first week in May. To be sure, Caballero and his four Anarchist ministers prevented that bloody adventure from taking even more than its terrible toll of fourteen hundred dead and six hundred wounded.

Negrin believes that the essence of wisdom in this case and for the time being is strength. He may treat with the Anarchists when they are purged and weaker. The Communists overthrew Caballero. They are working hand in hand with Negrin.

Negrin is an excellent executive, and that is what the conduct of the war needed. Things are now getting done quickly where millions can see the results—in the army. The people also know that he has wiped out private violence, introduced order on the highways and streets, and created an atmosphere conducive to civil and military discipline. These innovations are facilitating the fulfillment of the Cabinet's social program.

Negrin regards himself as a Marxist. He laughed when I told him that foreign dispatches had reported that he would return the property confiscated from pro-rebel owners. On the contrary, he believes that the exigencies of war and of Spain's social system require the nationalization of all heavy industrial enterprises—metallurgical, chemical, electrical, mining, etc.—even when tiny; that the government should own all plants employing more than, say, fifty workers, which produce for popular consumption, and that city transport systems should be owned by the municipalities. Fascist properties will be seized outright but Loyalist and, of course, foreign owners will receive compensation in slowly maturing bonds. Negrin equally favors voluntary collectivization, and the Communist Party proposes intensified propaganda for it. Loans totalling 60,000,000 pesetas have been granted to such collectives, and further funds are available. Lately they have also been receiving farm equipment imported from the Soviet Union. At the same time Negrin contemplates the early reopening of some of the churches whose members wish to worship in them. This is in accordance with the democratic principle to which the new Loyalist government is passionately devoted. It is to be hoped that further internal political clashes and friction will not bring about a dictatorship.

Yachts and Taxes

BY FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

Washington, June 27

TOM GIRDLER'S one-night stand in the revival of "Louis the Fourteenth" (l'état, c'est moi!) was the week's best show, but the great tax-dodger drama really had a better cast—at least in the wings. How earnest the actual performers are about playing out the full script sent down to them by the impresario at the other end of the Avenue remains to be seen. Two weeks ago an all-summer run, with a plug in every loophole at the end, was in prospect, but somehow the actors do not seem to have their hearts in their work. Hot summer weather is trying; but even more moving is a desire of some members to get out of town without having to face the issues of court reorganization and the wages-and-hours bill. The Joint Congressional Committee on Tax Avoidance and Evasion, of course, could go on even if Congress adjourned, but that would take a measure of devotion not now in evidence.

Furthermore, there is a little irritation among the committeemen over the implication, as broadly hinted by J. P. Morgan, that they are too dumb to write a hog-tight tax bill, when in fact the Treasury, which is now pointing out this loophole and that, is itself largely responsible for a good many of them. As committee members have mentioned, the Treasury nagged them last year into lowering some tax rates to a point which foreign recipients of American income have found very fruitful to themselves; and the Treasury was also largely responsible for a rewriting of the personal-holding-company tax provisions which have made those provisions—even though the assumed intent was otherwise—more useful to the richer tax avoiders than they were before.

But, as has already been mentioned in the hearings, the Treasury has been the West Point of many captains in that army of 45,000 or more smart lawyers and accountants who tell the super-wealthy how to eat their cake and hardly scratch the frosting, and there is no indication that the present staff members may not also be looking forward to the time when they can retire to private life and build up a competence for their children. Even Mr. Under Secretary Roswell Magill, who is field marshal in the presentation of evidence, has been disclosed as the author of two or three expensive books showing the wealthy how taxes can legally be avoided. The Treasury's outspoken thesis, of course, is that the process of plugging loopholes is always a stern chase anyway, which probably is comforting to those of its staff who may hope ultimately to be guiding the incorporated yachts which flit fleetly ahead. At least five names are current here as the possessors of such lucrative pleasure craft, and Treasury officials have intimated that they know of four.

Incidentally, the only articulate Republican on the committee, bumbling old Allen Treadway, of Massachusetts, tried to flutter his Democratic colleagues on the second day with intimations that the names to be presented had been picked with gross political purpose, but finally wound up, when the diversion did not go well, with an admission that he was as keen for names as anyone—"if we get the right ones." Evidently taking his cue from columnists who have been assiduous for two weeks in suggesting questions and tactics to the fragile G. O. P. remnant, Treadway also tried out the charge that the hearings are an Administration effort to show why the budget is not in balance. After asserting that he did not want to accuse Administration officials of trying to "mislead" the public in this way, the old Yankee roared out his accusation at least six times. Under the twittings of the opposition, and the evident realization that his dialectics were not working, he finally rumbled over the horizon.

But despite one thing and another, the first five days' hearings did finally produce the names of as choice a gang of tax dodgers as ever scuttled a fiscal policy. A few of them employed the foreign corporation or phony insurance-company loan rackets, but the rest had plumped for the personal-holding-company scheme, which is now almost hallowed with age. There were some amusing angles to these revelations; one of the du Pont wives, for example, hides her tax savings in the Still Pond Corporation; Mr. Andrew W. Mellon turns out to have been in the tobacco business—or at least collecting coupons—for six years or more; and a Newfoundland Corporation, with offices in Paris, France, was the snug harbor of a Mr. Brown, of New York.

When the week ended, it also had been shown that seventeen out of the many thousand known existing personal holding companies had paid out $44,000 in 1934 on an aggregate net income of nearly $5,000,000, as against the $1,638,000 the owners of these corporations would have paid as individuals; that one New York lawyer, a former partner of the Chief Justice of the United States, through use of the insurance-loan scheme, had paid but $299 over four years on an income for that period of more than half a million; that eighty holding companies in 1936 had paid but $735,000 on aggregate income of nearly $25,000,000, and that in 1935 less than $2,000,000 in surtax was paid by a group of holding companies with net income of more than $115,000,000—a rate of less than 2 per cent.

And these figures merely scratched the surface. They dealt with evasions—or avoidances, as the Treasury politely puts it—which it has been able to discover; at the same time it was admitted that the same companies, by paper transactions among themselves and their owners, which the Treasury cannot hope to find, probably saved their owners many additional millions.

Along with these general statements, of course, the Treasury witnesses also produced half a hundred names which read like a roster of the Union Club or the American Liberty League. Eight du Ponts, John J. Raskob, Thomas W. Lamont and wife, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Mrs. Sloan, Alisie (sic) Mellon Bruce, two elder Mellons, Paul Block, Robert P. Scripps, Roy W. Howard and wife, and four Fishers—all possessors of personal holding companies—looked so easy that no one at the press tables had trouble identifying most of them.

Not so the Treasury witnesses, however. Although both Secretary Morgenthau and Under Secretary Magill had started off with announcements that publicity—which would seem to mean names—was expected to be as effective in checking the dodgers as new legislation, the under-officials who presented these lists seemed strangely reluctant or unable to say just who these persons were. Thus, while Robert P. Scripps was identified as head of the Scripps-Howard chain, Roy W. Howard was just a name. Paul Block, whose Consolidated Publishers Corporation enabled him to bring his tax on $1,100,000 income down to $11,000, was likewise passed over. What relation the four Fishers were to each other the Treasury said it had no idea. Committee quizzing wangled out an identification of Andrew W. Mellon and of his deceased brother, R. B., but Mrs. Mellon Bruce, with a $5,000,000 income from the Coalesced Corporation, on which she saved $332,000 in taxes, was passed over in silence.

Treasury officials explained, of course, that the practice of some personal holding companies of filing returns from a different place each year, as well as other devices, makes identification of their "beneficial owners" not always easy. George Westinghouse, Jr., for example, was just "a young man with $3,000,000 who jumps around like a bug," according to Mr. Magill.

But one possible result of this vagueness was that the report of the United Press, of which one Mr. Roy W. Howard is head, could bury this name, with no further specification, down deep in the list along with those of W. W. Hawkins, James Hammond, and Thomas L. Sidlo, other potent names in U. P. and Scripps-Howard headquarters. Some other newspapers, it is understood, also decided it was unsafe to go beyond identifications actually made, although it must be said that the Associated Press showed no hesitancy in deciding just who Thomas W. Lamont, Alfred P. Sloan, the Fisher brothers, and most of the rest of them were.

Another result was the voicing of suspicion that the Treasury was pulling its punches, and the spreading of rumor that the Justice Department had warned it to be careful of legal entanglements. And there is no doubt that Treasury officials were a little nervous about charges, spread notably by some of the big publishers named in the list, that the whole inquiry is just a political witch hunt; one official after another insisted that the names revealed were chosen "purely at random" or from groups of cases previously under investigation; and that "examples are more important than names."

Senator La Follette, however, put through a resolution without dissent providing that all names be given lest the committee be charged with discrimination. The Treasury came back with the plea that it dared not shoot until it was sure. But, said La Follette a bit later, the officials had not mentioned one case of evasion or avoidance through the personal-holding-company device which it revealed in secrecy to the Senate Finance Committee last year and which was "far more shocking" than it had disclosed so far.

The prospect of legislation to plug loopholes at this session seems uncertain, and in fact the point in urging it is not quite clear, for the thing could be done at the next session before next year's tax returns are due.

The Rosselli Brothers

BY MAX ASCOLI

WHEN Italian Fascism started its drive for power in 1919, Carlo Rosselli was 20 years old and his brother Nello was 19. They were two healthy, generous boys who had been brought up in Florence in an atmosphere of ease and culture. Their mother, Amelia Rosselli, was one of the best Italian women writers. Republican traditions and an ideal of social justice were a heritage of their family, and came to them from Mazzini, who for years had lived in close contact with their grandparents and had died in their house. Around the two brothers, among their friends in Florence, the strongest moral and intellectual influence was that of Gaetano Salvemini. When Matteotti was murdered, Carlo Rosselli joined the Socialist Party. When the press began to be muzzled he directed his activity to the printing and circulation of a clandestine paper, *Non Mollare* (*Don't Give In*), which from 1924 to 1926 exasperated the Fascist police. During the same years Carlo was a professor of economics at the University of Genoa, editor of a journal of opinion, *Il Quarto Stato*, and the leader of an underground movement.

After the Matteotti murder it became clear to the Rossellis that the fight was a deadly one. Carlo plunged into action, while Nello stayed at home, keeping alive with uncompromising integrity their center of influence.

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In 1926 Carlo carried Filippo Turati, the Socialist leader, to Corsica in a motorboat to rescue him from Fascist persecution. Then he went back to Italy in order to bring more old leaders to safety abroad. He was caught and thrown into jail, and later sent to the island of Lipari. He escaped from Lipari in 1929.

During these years of confinement he saw that Fascism was something more than a matter of illegitimate seizure of power, or political gangsterism, or popular hallucination. It had a meaning which its leaders and theorists were far from having fathomed; it marked the collapse of the whole social and moral structure of the Italian people. It was really a revolution, a terribly inhuman revolution, still unthinkable even after its triumph. Between the past and the future of Italy there was this block, this hard fact. It was impossible to go back to the old political parties, to dream of the old order. It was necessary to recognize Fascism as a reality and to destroy this reality. The solution, he thought, was an integral revolution; not only political, but social and economic.

From these ideas in Carlo's mind the movement *Giustizia e Libertà* (G.L.) was born. Many workmen and intellectuals found in it their organ—people dissatisfied with the old parties, liberals who had turned revolutionists, old revolutionaries who had grown weary of Communist discipline. G.L. was then an underground organization working in Italy with headquarters in Paris. Nuclei of G.L. were established in every Italian center, in factories and universities. The letters G.L. were scribbled on the walls of villages, on the blackboards of schoolrooms. Once they were printed in big characters in an advertisement in the *Corriere della Sera*, and did the police get mad!

It took two years for the Italian secret service to discover the main centers of the G.L. in Italy. Several times the organization had to be rebuilt, while the Special Tribunal was sending its leaders one after the other to jail. The work went on, but there were no substitutes for men like Ernesto Rossi or Riccardo Bauer, who are now spending their lives in isolated cells. Carlo Rosselli had to recognize that the revolutionary attempt had failed for the time being. Yet the struggle had to go on. But how? Against a ruthless tyrannical regime there are two possibilities: either to remain fastened to old political posts or to be dragged into the movement of the totalitarian party, trying if possible to bore from within. G.L. rejected both possibilities. It also rejected the Communist solution as too dogmatic and undemocratic. G.L. was one of the many attempts to find "something between," a "new plan" which was to be at the same time democracy and social justice. This is hard and risky enough in countries where the political struggle is kept within the frame of institutions and where it is possible to discover the needs and the moods of the people. But when the institutions which make the political struggle possible are smashed, and there is no way to reach the people, then such striving tends to move in a vacuum. There is no point of reference left. There is only sheer will that soon appears as quixotic. Almost everybody loses heart and gives in.

Carlo Rosselli was not a man to give in. G.L. became after 1932 a center of conspiracies and a testing ground for ideas. The new Italy that G.L. envisaged was a highly decentralized and possibly federal republic with public ownership of the main branches of production and private ownership of small and medium-sized farms. It wanted to reconcile the poor people with the state in which they never, under any regime, had had any part. Above all it wanted to realize what Carlo called a new humanism, a new trust in man, in his capacity to be free and to master economic forces, an absolute belief in the spiritual wealth of the Italian man. There was little abstruseness in these discussions. The contributions came chiefly from Italy, and were often written by workers.

The movement was, as Carlo liked to say, the first anti-Fascist organization in Europe, the first that was not a continuation of pre-Fascist trends. It saw that the anti-fascist revolution had to be European and perhaps universal in scope, because Fascism was a cancer of institutions and of minds—that it had to be a revolution not only of the forms of government and the modes of production, but a transformation of character as well. In the vacuum where exiled political movements dissolve, G.L. survived and grew. It was the first group to organize a battalion that fought for the Spanish government. Carlos, who led the column of G.L., was wounded near Huesca.

He was the first leader to arise out of the post-war generation in Italy. He gained his power in jail and in revolutionary activity. His name meant to thousands of young Italians personal bravery and forthright thinking. He was born endowed with intelligence and wealth and social prestige, but he preferred to gain his power as if his only asset had been his generous will. He sacrificed fortune and leisure and the opportunities of intellectual life. His designation to national leadership was his sentence of death.

His brother Nello was no less an anti-Fascist. He worked for the new Italy in a way that no police could stop: he offered the example of his life and his painstaking study of the Risorgimento. His two books, one on Mazzini and Bakunin, the other on Pisacane, are the best on those subjects. He was generally recognized as the most mature and brilliant historian of his generation. He had neither academic position nor hope for any recognition. He enjoyed telling the truth about the recent history of Italy without fear of the consequences.

No tyranny could confuse Nello Rosselli or cast him into dejection. He had an unconcerned, disarming way of his own for answering every pressure or violence. He had been twice in the islands and many times in jail. They could send him there forever. He laughed his clear ringing laugh. He could have lived and worked more freely in exile, but he felt it was better for him to live a retired life in the country of his beloved Tuscany. There was a sunny quality about him, in his smile, in his wisdom, in his sustained, undertoned intelligence. Carlo conquered his right to leadership; Nello had it by nature in the intellectual and moral sphere.

Nello went to France to visit his brother for a few days. They were both killed there June 9. A Fascist dagger of Florentine make was found near their bodies.

It's War in Youngstown

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Youngstown, Ohio, June 24

MONDAY night, June 21, was a crucial night in the life and history of Youngstown, Ohio. All factions agreed that nothing short of a miracle would prevent serious trouble. Few people went to sleep. Near the mills, and away from them, people were gathered in groups and talked of only one thing—the strike. It had become more than a strike. War was in the air. The weeks of preparation were bound to bear fruit this night. There would be bloodshed and murder. Some time between midnight and seven the next morning the forces opposing the C. I. O. were scheduled to go "over the top," and to break through the union lines. The union people carried signs reading "They Shall Not Pass" and gathered in large numbers to guard the gates. The city and county increased their respective police forces and added to their store of munitions.

A preliminary battle had taken place two nights before. Some union men say that it was deliberately staged in an effort to test the probable extent of union resistance in the real fight. This trial skirmish took place on Saturday, June 19. Late that night, without warning or serious provocation, deputies fired upon a crowd of people, mostly workers' wives, at the Poland Avenue Republic gate. Across from that gate there is a cinder-covered empty lot where strikers not engaged in active picket duty, their families, and sympathizers were accustomed to gather. The company rented this lot and plastered "no trespassing" signs all over it. On this particular Saturday evening a number of the men were called to attend a special meeting at a spot some 200 feet away from the gate; and the women were asked to help with the picketing. A few of the women got tired and sat down to rest upon the boxes bearing "No Trespassing" signs. The police began to chase them and an argument ensued. "We'll show you," growled one of the officers, and began to shoot tear-gas. There were screams, shouts, turmoil, and in the midst of this excitement bullets began to fly. The crowd rushed down from the meeting, was greeted with more bullets, people began to fall, among them Mary Heaton Vorse, who received a bad blow in her left temple. The toll of this attack was two dead, thirty-one wounded. Scores were thrown into jail in an effort to pin the blame upon the workers, although any number of eye-witnesses saw that the gunfire came from deputies beyond the railroad tracks.

Feeling ran high. The workers were enraged by this unwarranted attack, knew that the one scheduled for Monday would be worse, and were determined to resist the onslaught, come what might. Company partisans, which included Youngstown city and Mahoning county officialdom, were equally determined to make this a decisive blow, for to them this determined resistance was not just a strike, it was organized rebellion. There is not even a pretense of impartiality in Youngstown. Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell hate the C. I. O., and are openly at war with it. Sheriff Ralph Elser and Mayor Lionel Evans just as frankly hate the C. I. O., and are just as openly waging war upon it. Then just as everything was in readiness for what was expected to be a decisive battle, word came of Governor Davey's declaration of martial law and his order to keep the mills closed. City and county officials felt outraged. All their plans and maneuvers were demolished like a house of blocks. They had to take it out on somebody, somehow. What better way than to clamp into jail all the workers they could possibly lay hands on?

If on this night of June 21 you happened to drive into Youngstown in a car bearing other than an Ohio state license, you were regarded as an undesirable foreigner, full, no doubt, of evil intentions. If you happened to have a Pennsylvania license, you were particularly suspected because, as every cop and official in Youngstown will tell you, Pennsylvania has gone Bolshevik, and no one knows from one day to the next what radical action its Governor may take. But if in addition to having a Pennsylvania license you happened to come from Aliquippa, then you were regarded as a red, a criminal, an enemy of the state, and were subject to immediate arrest. The reason for this attitude is not far to seek.

Tom Girdler spent fourteen years converting Aliquippa into the blackest hell on this side of the Mason and Dixon line. Then, seven years after his departure, Aliquippa became a free town, its workers organized, and the company recognized their organization. This was an out-and-out defeat of Girdler's terrorist policies, a defeat which plagues him privately and is cast up to him publicly. Little wonder that he hates Aliquippa workers, one and all, and wants none of them to come to Youngstown, as they had, for instance, the preceding Sunday, bringing two truck loads of food to the strikers and making public speeches about how they licked Girdler's methods in their own town. Whomever Girdler hates, the Youngstown police hate. It was not altogether surprising, therefore, that these same police should stop a car driven by an official of the Aliquippa steel workers' union, and arrest all six occupants of the car, even though two of them were Pittsburghers, one of them myself.

At 4:00 a. m. on Tuesday, as we were passing through the downtown section, on our way home, we were stopped by a police car, searched, and ordered to drive to the police station. The station ante-room was mobbed with people who had just been arrested, so that we had to wait our turn outside, just at the foot of the stairs.

While we were waiting, we saw a police officer shove a man toward the basement cells. "Don't shove me," the man pleaded, "I'll walk down." The officer knocked him over and the man rolled down with a heavy thud. At the bottom of the flight another officer picked him up, dragged him away, and the moment he was out of our sight we heard a piercing cry of pain.

Up to this time the whole thing had seemed like something of a joke. I had credentials. None of us had done anything. Surely they would dismiss us with apologies. But the treatment of that man cast a new light upon the situation. As we were lined up in front of the desk to give our names to the clerk, a husky officer called over two matrons and ordered them "to search this woman real good." They each grabbed me by an arm and dragged me upstairs to a private room. One of them examined my purse minutely, while the other pulled away at my clothes, and in earnest surprise turned to her companion saying, "She's clean, all right." Then in a more stern voice to me, "So you thought you'd pull a fast one, just before the militia got here."

Two officers escorted me to the county jail. I learned afterwards that this was a concession, as the city jail is a *real* hell hole. "Humph," said one of the escorting officers, "so you pick up five men; not just one, but five." I said nothing. "I know you, all right," he continued, "I saw you in Aliquippa." I was tempted to ask how he had happened to see me in Aliquippa while serving on the Youngstown police force, unless perchance he was one of Girdler's "gas-pipe gang" sent down to Aliquippa during the Jones and Laughlin strike.

At the county jail the belligerent officer turned back and the other guarded me until the sheriff's office could record my name. I thought this might be an opportunity to plead my case. "There must be some mistake," I said to the officer. "I am a reporter, and would like to know by what right you arrest me." "Oh, so that's what you are, a reporter. Well, it's too bad you got mixed up with these Bolsheviks," and after a pause, again, "it's too bad." I thought for a moment that he was genuinely sorry I had gone so far astray. When the sheriff's clerk recorded my name, I again pleaded that I was a reporter, but all he said was "I know nothing about it," and the first thing I knew I was in the hoosegow.

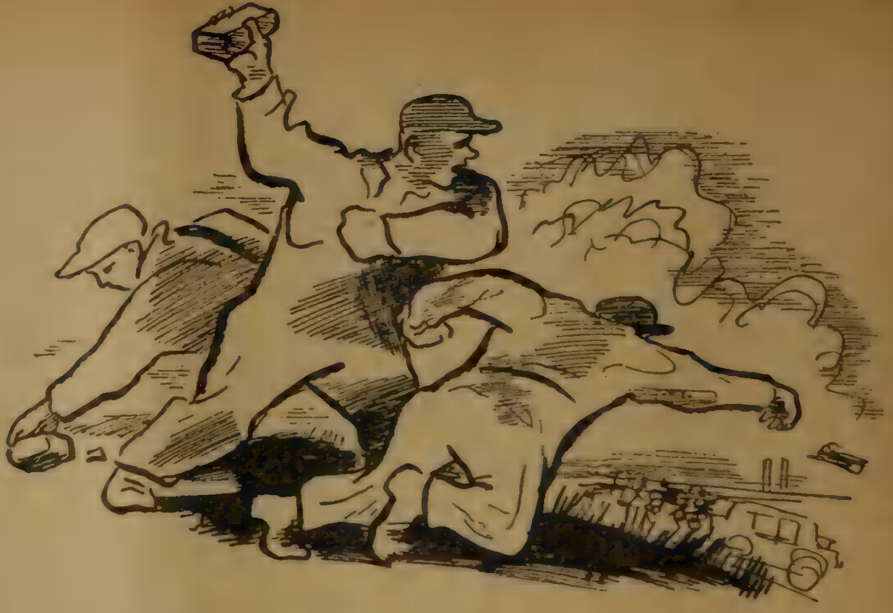
It was a medium sized room, with two barred windows, rather airy and tolerably clean. There were four cots, three of them unoccupied and without sheets. A woman was sleeping in the fourth cot. She seemed delighted to have company, and invited me to share her cot, since it alone had sheets. I assured her that I was not sleepy. In that case neither was she sleepy. She was wide awake in a moment. "You know why I am here?" she asked. "I'm safer here than anywhere else because the C. I. O. is after me. They want to kill me." She got up, began to rush around and shout. For five hours I was subjected to this nightmare. The woman was a raving maniac. As she related the various fights she had had with the police, with hotel proprietors who had tried to oust her and who were "nothing but dirty foreigners," she would rush at me as if I were the object of her wrath. I retreated carefully, politely, pleaded with her to get some sleep, only to make her all the more angry because nobody ever wants to hear her story when in reality it was worth $500 to any magazine. I succeeded in pacifying her for about fifteen minutes while she took my pencil and paper and proceeded to write out her life's story. "When you write about me," she said, "don't call me Harriet, call me Marie. I don't want the C. I. O. to recognize me, they'll get after me again." I promised anything and everything.

The five men arrested with me were kept in the city jail and during the morning were questioned separately or in pairs. Clifford Shorts, union official and driver of the car, and Frank Fernbach, a teacher for the Workers' Schools, were called out together. "Good morning, comrades," snorted the plainclothesman who escorted them into the office of the district attorney, "how are the rest of the Russians today?" The boys let that pass. "What were you doing in Youngstown?" asked the district attorney. "Sightseeing," the boys replied. "Sightseeing, eh? Back to the hoosegow with you."

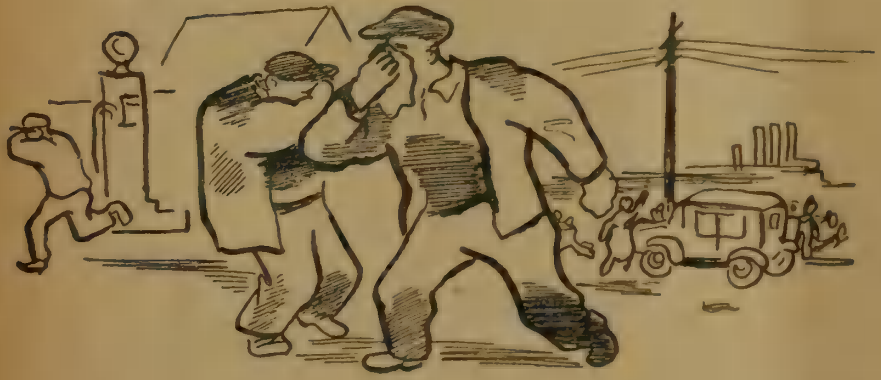
"Wise guys," said the officer who led them back to their cell, "you need to have your ears knocked in, then you'll talk." Many ears have been "knocked in," and many eyes almost knocked out. Several hundred have been arrested in Youngstown alone since the strike began May 26. A number of men were picked up during the Saturday night riot; some of these have wounds which have received no medical attention, and the men are being held incomunicado, and without trial. It is impossible for the union to keep track of all the arrests or to take proper care of them. As it is, the amount of bail furnished by the union is reaching staggering proportions.

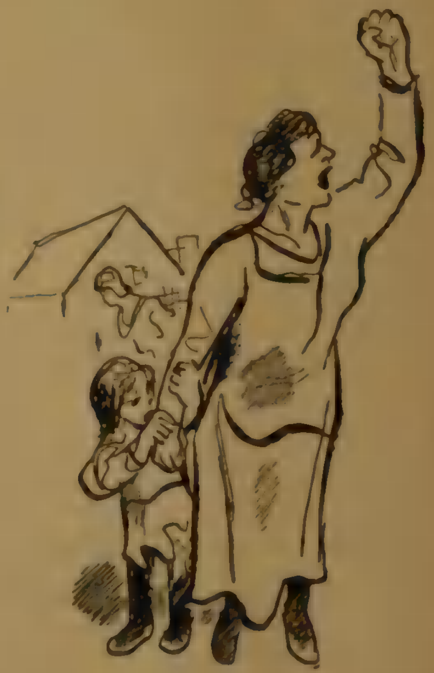
Twelve hours after our arrest, and after pressure had been brought by a number of influential people, all six of us were released without hearing. The district attorney was apologetic. "We are simply going crazy here," he explained. "I'll tell you frankly," he said, "I'm afraid of the C. I. O. I am very much afraid of it. I am afraid that if this keeps up, in another year or two people like me will be put up against the wall and shot." Mayor Daniel Shields of Johnstown, and the Chamber of Commerce officials, who backed him in his shortlived attempt to incite a riot against the "greasers" and "hunkies," were equally worried when Governor Earle ordered the Bethlehem plant closed. Officials who do the dirty work for the Girdlers, the Schwabs, and the Purnells fear for their own heads. It is no longer a question in these towns of enforcing the law, of doing what is right or what is one's duty. Non-partisanship does not exist. They are all partisan. If someone is discovered carrying a club or a gun, he is arrested and beaten not because he has violated a specific statute, but because he belongs to the enemy side. Sides have been definitely chosen. On the one hand is the C. I. O., fighting desperately to maintain and to augment the phenomenal strength and power it has so far attained; on the other are the enraged employers and frightened, muddle-headed, subservient officials, whose absolute power is being curbed. The war of resistance is in full swing.

Gropper Visits Youngstown

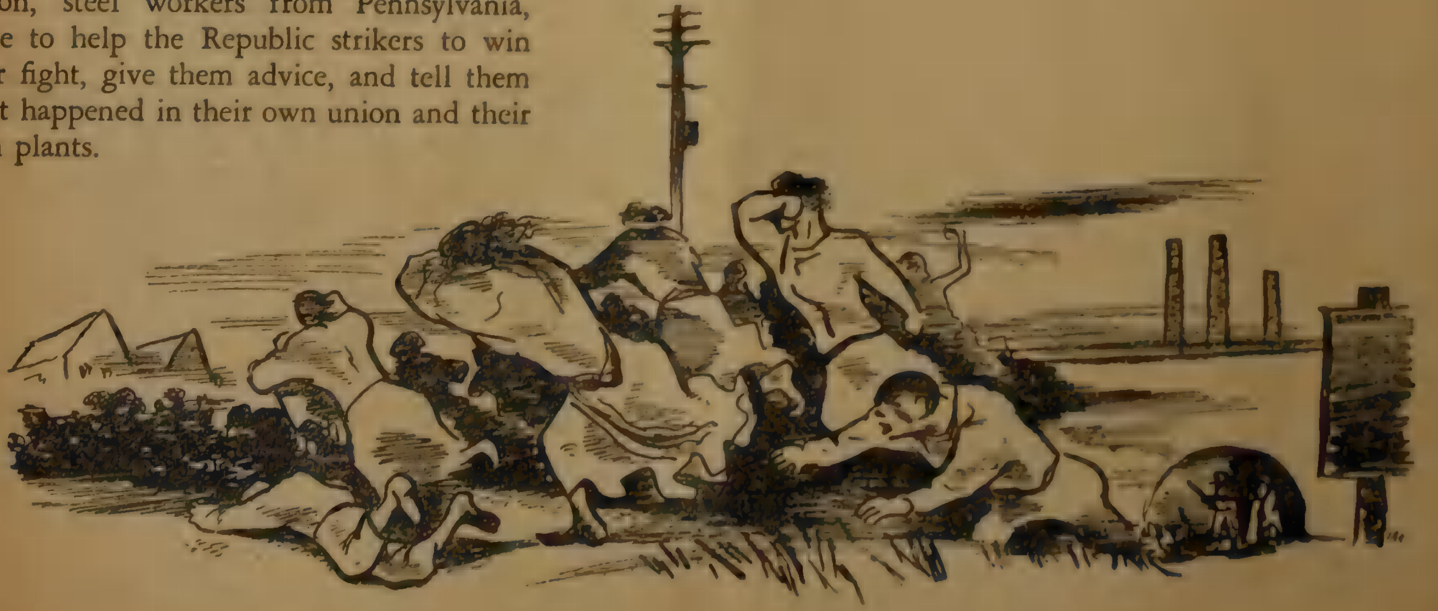


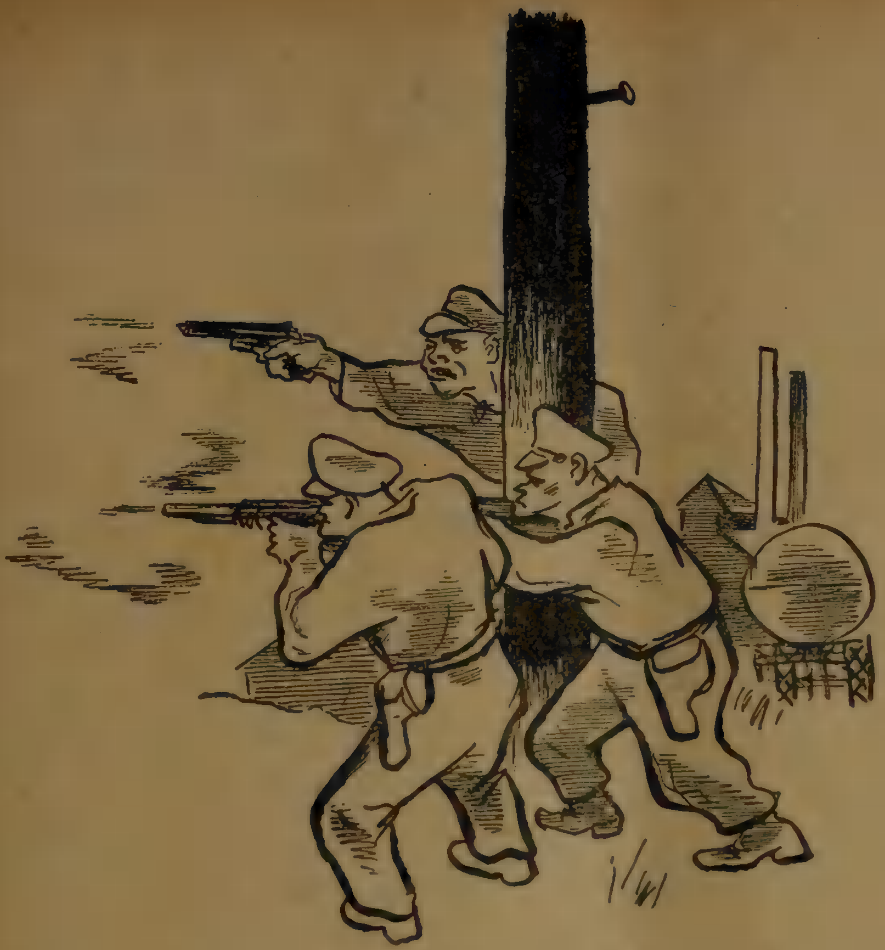
YOUNGSTOWN is bounded on the north by mill owners, on the south by the steel mills, on the east by a dingy section where workers live, and on the west by more workers' houses. Police and deputies in armed motor cars ride through the city looking for action. Near the entrances to the mills the striking pickets walk or sit day and night. Not far off stand deputized police armed with guns, clubs, and cartridge belts—one of these deputized policemen is the son of a mill worker who is on the picket line. Open meetings are held every night; women and children as well as the strikers attend these meetings. Speeches are delivered through loud speakers from the C. I. O. trucks by union leaders and other strike sympathizers.





Union people from other industries and other localities mingle with the Youngstown strikers and their families. Rubber workers from Akron, steel workers from Pennsylvania, come to help the Republic strikers to win their fight, give them advice, and tell them what happened in their own union and their own plants.



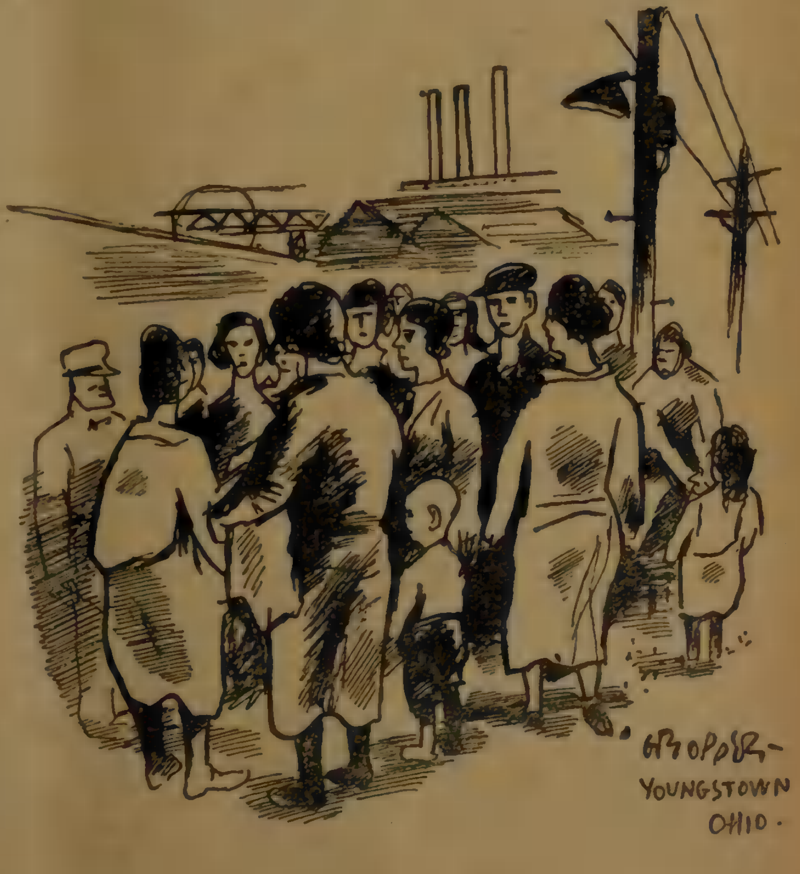


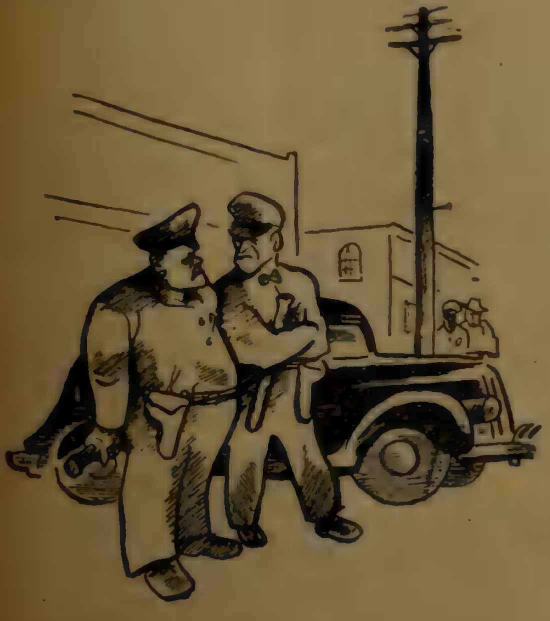
On East Federal Street, in a poor colored section of Youngstown, is the headquarters of the truck drivers' union, which has been actively supporting the strike. This union supplies thousands of loaves of bread a day to the striking families; the truck drivers also have their own sound truck in which they ride around the city giving the latest news and announcing the time and place of union meetings. Radio broadcasting privileges are denied to the strikers.

Saturday was women's day on the picket lines. Some of them had children in their arms.

At about nine o'clock in the evening, in front of Gate 5 of the Republic plant, the police got into an argument with the women and ordered them to leave. The women refused, and three shots of tear gas were fired into the crowd. Across the street strikers were holding a meeting. Screams were drowned out by shell fire. Strikers ran in every direction; many of them hurled rocks at the police, others ran to find weapons. More blasts from the police rifles—and then cars full of special police drove by, firing low at the mass of people. Tear bombs were thrown into nearby houses, and women and children came running out with tears in their eyes, choking and looking for a place to hide. The shooting continued until after midnight. According to the next morning's paper, two were killed and twenty-eight hurt. This was my introduction to Youngstown, the first stop on my trip West.

William Gropper





Wanted: A British C. I. O.

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, June 2

THE London bus strike ended, after a month, in the return of the men to work without any of their objectives gained. The government tribunal of inquiry reported that the effect of the hours of labor on the health of the men should be investigated by a special court of experts and suggested that some of the working schedules were onerous and needed readjustment. It added that, where the ordinary negotiations fail, an arbitration tribunal within the enterprise seemed desirable. On the men's demands for the seven-hour day it expressed no view at all.

The busmen themselves showed a hundred per cent solidarity throughout the strike. On three occasions they rejected the proposed settlement by overwhelming majorities; they demanded, instead, an extension of the strike to the trams and the subway. This was refused by the executive of the Transport Workers' Union (of which the busmen are a section). Last Thursday, the executive took the conduct of the strike into its own hands. It accepted the terms of the Transport Authority and ordered the men back to work. Some time in the near future, no doubt, the discussions between the union and the Transport Board (which have already dragged along for two years) will be resumed.

The return to work has been hailed by the capitalist press as a great victory for Mr. Bevin, the secretary of the union, over his own extremists. If that is so, it seems to me a Pyrrhic victory. The men are not convinced that the union has given them a square deal. It was obvious that, so long as the busmen struck alone, they had no chance of success; and the union's refusal to call out the other transport workers put the means of victory in their opponents' hands. They will have their grievances looked at again; they have no assurance at all that they will be remedied. They know that this reexamination could have taken place without a strike; they therefore do not understand why their executive permitted them to embark upon a fruitless adventure which has cost their funds something like half a million dollars. Nor are they satisfied with Mr. Bevin's conduct of their case before the tribunal. His major argument was the effect of the long hours, under strain of modern traffic conditions, upon the health of the men. He has been urging this on the Transport Board for two years. But when he came to make his argument, he had no organized evidence of a weighty character to put before the tribunal. He relied upon the superficial impressions of three medical men who had made no scientific study of the problem. What it called for, clearly, was something akin to the famous Brandeis brief in *Muller v. Oregon*. Mr. Bevin had two years in which to prepare such a brief; he had taken no serious steps to that end. Members of his union have impressed on me their dismay at the inadequacy of the case he made.

The men's case seems to me a powerful one; and as Mr. Bevin has, so far, issued no detailed reply to it, his policy remains unexplained. Some say that he attributes the strike movement to Communist influences in the union, and that he has taught them a salutary lesson. But Communist influences could not have produced so remarkable a solidarity among the men unless the grievances had been profoundly felt; and the settlement Mr. Bevin has negotiated still leaves their remedy a largely open question. An outsider cannot but think that Mr. Bevin went into the dispute without any hope of success and took the shortest road to its conclusion. His attitude is typical of a spirit of defeatism which pervades the leadership of British trade unionism at the present time. In a boom period of British industry there is no organized movement for improved conditions. There is a tendency to avoid disputes at all costs. Prices and profits rise everywhere; but just as in the political field, there is no thorough-going opposition from the Labor Party, so, in industry, the tendency of trade-union leadership is to acquiescence in the *status quo*. Criticism of this attitude is declared to be due to communism. That, rather than capitalism, seems, at the moment, to be the enemy with which the trade-union leaders are concerned. Certainly Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine know, and speak, their minds far more freely about the sins of Communists than about any other aspect of our social organization.

This episode, I think, is important as an example of the position in which British trade unionism finds itself at the present time. Today, there are somewhat more than 3½ million trade unionists; but there are rather more than 13½ million insured persons in industry. Trade unionism is strong in railways, mining, ship-building, and textiles; in, that is to say, the old established industries with a long tradition of organization. But in the trades concerned with food, drink, and tobacco the percentage of trade unionism is only five; in the miscellaneous metal trades it is only three; in the distributive trades it is only eleven. There is hardly any trade-union organization among clerical workers, in hotels and restaurants, or in laundries. There is probably still less in the new motor and allied metal industries. Trade unionism is weak in the building trade and in the expanding industry of artificial silk. It is weak in agriculture, in clothing, and in the furnishing trades. It has no great hold on road transport outside the great urban centers of population. All this, moreover, must be set against the 8½ million trade unionists who were affiliated to the Trades Union Congress in 1920.

What are the reasons for this decline? They are certainly susceptible of no simple explanation. (i) In part, it is due to the fact that government, through the social services, now performs for the worker many of the functions previously performed by the unions. (ii) In part, it is the outcome of the new machine-technology. The semi-skilled of the new factories do not require the long apprenticeship the old crafts called for, and can be transferred fairly easily from one occupation to another. The hold of the unions on such workers is relatively small. (iii) In part, again, it is due to the increasing employment of women, who are notoriously more difficult to organize. (iv) Partly, it is due to the transfer of industry to the South, where the tradition of trade-union organization is much weaker than in the North. (v) The development of transport has had an important influence. Workers have much less contact than previously outside the factory because they live in a much more scattered area. (vi) There has been no great forward drive for organization among the newer industries. The unions have consolidated their efforts in the trades where they already have a hold rather than sought to tackle unexplored and difficult territory. Where they have made the effort, as in the distributive trades, the return has been small outside the cooperative movement. (vii) Long depression has wrought a good deal of havoc. Unemployment, as always, has meant lapses from membership on a gigantic scale. (viii) The form of trade-union organization is rarely suited to the new conditions of industry. Its basis is still mainly the craft; and the relegation of skill to a very minor place in the new technology of mass production requires an adaptation of trade-union forms which is not being seriously attempted. (ix) The existence of an immense reserve of labor untouched by trade unions tends to diminish the sense of trade-union solidarity. The power of the employer to resist trade-union encroachment has been greatly increased by this consideration. In its turn, this has meant an unaggressive policy on the part of the unions; and this has been a cause, naturally enough, of declining faith in its protective ability. (x) The concentration, finally, of trade-union effort on standard conditions for each craft in a world where each factory or shop tends to a distinctive technique of production makes the old ideal of uniformity inapplicable. New methods are required; and the trade-union leaders do not like to face the need of new methods. That is why so many modern strikes tend to be unofficial. These are discouraged by the unions as subversive of discipline; and this, in its turn, has the effect of persuading the workers that, at the critical point of conflict, they cannot rely on the union.

This is, of course, a too brief analysis of a much more complicated position; any full analysis would require to expand each of these causes, and to take into account political and psychological considerations for which I have here no space. The essential point I want to make is that the Trades Union Congress is rapidly drifting in British industry into the same position as the American Federation of Labor in American industry. There is the same craft basis, the same inability to expand, the same incapacity of adaptation to new conditions, the same tendency to dismiss the spontaneous expression of mass grievance as due to subversive influences, the same inability to realize that technological change has made this aristocracy an oasis in a largely unexplored desert. The power of the great unions is shrinking rapidly in proportion to the whole industrial field. The ability of the employers to be aggressive or, alternatively, to receive aggression with equanimity is correspondingly greater. It is noteworthy that, in the London bus strike, beyond the formal act of constituting the Court of Inquiry, the government never needed to intervene at all. Once the strike was confined to the busmen, public inconvenience was never sufficient, granted alternative means of conveyance, to compel the attention of the Minister of Transport or of Parliament. It is not improbable, moreover, that the union was anxious to avoid this attention lest it brought the dispute within the ambit of the Trades Disputes Act of 1927—one of Mr. Baldwin's contributions to the cause of that industrial peace for which he loved to plead.

My point is the simple one that either there must be a renovation of trade-union foundations in Great Britain, or its decay is certain. I do not need to dwell upon the consequences of that decay except to insist that it would open a wide door to fascism in this country, since it would emphasize the inability of the workers to resist the worsening of their conditions. Renovation means a new spirit, and new methods; perhaps it means also new men. Certainly it will require a new relation between the crafts and the unskilled, the acceptance of the factory as a unit of organization, the revival of the shop stewards and the works committees which played so signal a part in the maintenance of trade-union committees during the war. There will have to be much greater decentralization if the national executives are not to develop into a bureaucracy remote from the lives of ordinary workers; here it is not insignificant that the sons of working-class leaders do not tend to stay in the class to which their fathers belonged when they began in mine or factory. And the unions will have to learn ways of impressing their claims upon public opinion far more direct and skillful than any which they now employ. Unless they realize in time their diminishing hold upon the loyalty of the working class they will be unable, within a generation, to perform their essential function even within the framework of the capitalist system.

It is not, finally, enough to say that this diminishing hold in the industrial field is being replaced through the Labor Party by a new sense of political solidarity. The strength of the Labor Party depends upon the strength of the trade unions. Any failure adequately to organize the workers in industry has immense and immediate ramifications on their power of political expression. And, in any case, the power of the political movement has been gravely weakened in these last six years by nothing so much as the defeatism of the trade unions. A new spirit is needed in the whole labor effort. It will not come unless the movement begins to win victories; and organization is the secret of victory. The British labor movement needs something like the energy and will of the C. I. O.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE change in *The Nation's* ownership has given me great satisfaction. I agree with Mr. Wertheim and Miss Kirchwey that if the ownership and editorship of a journal can be combined it is by all odds the best arrangement. That was my fortunate situation from 1918 to 1932; indeed, I have been favored beyond most journalists in that in all my forty years in newspapers I have never had to take orders from anybody; I cannot put the responsibility for my failures and mistakes upon anyone else. I am proud of the fact that Miss Kirchwey practically began her training with me and has spent nineteen years with *The Nation.* It was natural, right, and proper that she should have the opportunity to take over the paper to which she has given so much of herself and so many years of able journalistic service.

I must, however, correct, for the sake of historical accuracy, certain slips which appeared in the editorials in the issues of June 12 and 19. Thus it is not true that *The Nation* began its career "first as an affiliate of the New York *Evening Post.*" *The Nation* of Edwin L. Godkin and Wendell P. Garrison was not allied to the *Evening Post* until 1881, sixteen years after its first issue appeared. Then Mr. Godkin became editor of the *Evening Post* and Mr. Garrison succeeded to the editorship of *The Nation,* and held it for twenty-six years. Its first sixteen years as an independent organization, from 1865 to 1881, constitute the most brilliant period of its long life. Indeed, its influence upon American literature, our universities, and the political world, from 1865 to 1900, can never be overestimated. It is attested by the fact that even today no history of this period is written without the most copious reference to *The Nation.* No other journal in all our history has printed such authoritative foreign and domestic correspondence, and none has had so distinguished a group of authoritative reviewers as *The Nation* in those years. No other weekly in the English language ever set higher critical standards or labored so to obtain the best expert opinions available in England or the United States. They have never been approached since, by *The Nation* or any other journal. This is no idle boasting, but merely echoing the words of authority on both sides of the Atlantic. Unfortunately, few such scholars and experts are available today.

Next, as to the financial record of *The Nation.* During its first independent existence, from 1865 to 1881, *The Nation* repeatedly paid its way; there is no record known to me of new capital being put in after 1872. To claim, therefore, that *The Nation* from 1932 to 1934 achieved a state of self-support reached only once before in its history—in 1928—is obviously quite erroneous. During the affiliation of *The Nation* with the *Evening Post* there were many years when it met all of its out-of-pocket expenses and maintained itself. It is only fair to point out, however, that because of the association with the *Evening Post* great economies were possible and its overhead extremely small—*The Nation's* book reviews appeared in the *Evening Post* also, and the *Evening Post's* editorials were used by *The Nation.* As for the period of my editorship, *The Nation* was again established as an independent journal and the foundation laid for its present prosperity. Annual surpluses could often have been forced if the purpose had not been to produce the best possible magazine with a full staff. So much for history.

As for the future I, too, believe that the times are more favorable for liberal magazines to pay their own way than ever before. It is hard to recall the public state of mind when *The Nation* began its second independent career and especially after the Peace Conference. When *The Nation* attacked the treaty of peace on its publication, and called it the "madness of Versailles" friends implored me to be careful. They really believed that, although the war was over, I and my associates were in danger of jail. Even three years later the editor was mobbed in Cincinnati on the ground that he had been in the pay of the Kaiser all through the war! College teachers who then subscribed to *The Nation* carefully hid their copies in their bedrooms. One man was actually arrested and jailed in Denver because the police found "dangerously Communistic literature" in his room—as photographed in the press the next day the incriminating documents were all back numbers of *The Nation.* We have come a long distance since then. Certainly no one today would stand up for the Treaty of Versailles, or call it else than a bundle of abominations.

Finally, much as I rejoice at *The Nation's* present prosperity, a word of caution may still be in place. Nothing is so changeable as fashions in magazines. The more I regard *The Nation's* history the more remarkable does it seem to me that it has lived to be seventy-two years old. Dead are all its original rivals and contemporaries, notably the *Independent,* the *Outlook,* the *Observer, Harper's Weekly, Leslie's Weekly,* and many more, while the religious weeklies wield, with one or two fine exceptions, only a shadow of their former influence. And how many have perished which started up during this period! Sometimes I feel that *The Nation* may have survived strictly because the profit motive was completely secondary, because its owners were persons who wished to better human society rather than to make money. Undoubtedly its essential courage and honesty counted largely, too. And these qualities, I know, the fine, old paper will have under Freda Kirchwey.

BROUN'S PAGE

Tom Girdler Takes the Stand

IN my forced role of being under obligation to read a great many newspapers, the first of the workday week is generally Blue Monday to me because that is the morning when both Dorothy Thompson and George E. Sokolsky try to be funny in the New York *Herald Tribune*. And to make it even tougher, the two columnists have adopted the same device for their humorous effects—an interview with Mr. Babbitt.

Tom Girdler, the rough guy, was very nervous when he began his testimony before the Senate Post Office Committee in spite of the fact there were no saber-toothed tigers among the inquisitors. He seemed to be a little slow and ill-informed in recognizing those particular Senators who were stooges for his cause. For instance, it took him almost five minutes to realize that Rush Holt, the backward boy from West Virginia, was trying to fan him with a towel at a time when he, Tom Girdler, was just a little groggy because of a few light left jabs. When the chairman of Republic Steel awoke to the fact that Rush was definitely in his corner and that Bailey, of North Carolina, was approaching with a water bucket and the smelling salts he grew more confident and began to strut his stuff. And at this point he larded his testimony with one of the tallest sob-stuff yarns which has ever been introduced to a Congressional committee. It seems, according to Mr. Girdler's story, that one of the "loyal workers" in one of the "beleaguered plants" had not missed mass in twenty-nine years. Mr. Girdler, as he drew a self-portrait of the chairman of Republic, intimated that while Tom might seem tough in certain situations he actually possessed a heart of gold underneath it all. And it was Tom Girdler in person, according to the tale, who scurried about and found a priest who "at the risk of his life" was willing to pass through the C. I. O. picket lines in order to see that a record of never-a-missed-mass-in-twenty-nine-years should be preserved. This sounded somewhat implausible, since a very heavy proportion of C. I. O. members in both steel and motors are themselves good Catholics, and so it was hard to accept the estimate that a priest would be interfered with in any mission. Moreover, Tom Girdler seemed to sense the fact, belatedly, that it might be a mistake to raise the religious issue without rounding it out. And so as an afterthought he threw in, "And I also took occasion to procure Protestant ministers for those loyal workers who could not get to church on account of the menacing attitude of the C. I. O."

One observer at the press table was gravely tempted to break through the decorum which quite properly surrounds the working newspapermen. He wanted to cup his hands and shout at Tom, "What! No rabbis?"

As a matter of fact, the histrionic attempts of Girdler set a new dramatic low since the days of "Abie's Irish Rose." It seems unlikely that he is qualified to fill the role of the romantic tough guy. He is not the type. If I may be permitted to digress, it has been said that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and I am very skeptical as to whether any other portion of the pig can be made into a kind of Captain Flagg of finance capital.

In a recent syndicated column called (I'm sorry, but the title escapes me) Westbrook Pegler mentioned the fact that he had been able to get a long interview with John L. Lewis through the good offices of General Johnson. He also intimated that it took some doing because Lewis was "sore" at some of Pegler's columns. I suspect that Westbrook Pegler went to slightly more trouble than he needed to. The president of the United Mine Workers reads papers voraciously, and in all likelihood he had seen Mr. Pegler's comments or had them "called to his attention." However, it is a familiar fact among the working newspapermen and women of Washington that John L. Lewis sees all reporters who want to talk to him, utterly regardless of whether they happen personally to be for or against him. Of all public figures in Washington Lewis is by all odds the most accessible. Seeing John L. is just about as easy as seeing the Washington Monument. General Johnson, what with one thing and another, is a very busy man. "Peg" need not have put him to all that trouble.

Girdler is not at the moment popular with Washington reporters. He refused steadfastly to talk to any newspapermen on the day he appeared before a Senate Committee. He did not uphold the democratic tradition set by J. P. Morgan which was very useful to headline writers during the munitions hearings. Mr. Morgan made all his worst slips in talking to the reporters. To be sure, as a matter of sheer realism Girdler might say, "Why should I take a chance with the reporters? After all, they are a good deal smarter than the Senators." That would be all right if Tom Girdler had not entered so wholeheartedly into the build-up of himself as the bold and frank defender of human liberty who is never afraid to speak his piece. And on top of that he used one of those unfortunate compromises. Just before he took a plane for Cleveland a few reporters nailed him at the airport. As soon as he landed he issued one of those blanket "I was misquoted" statements, which always makes a good reporter sore because he is right in thinking that the man who hollers "misquoted" in very many cases is merely crawling because he does not like his own words when he sees them in cold type.

In fact, I hear a rumor that some of the Washington fraternity are planning to run Tom Girdler for All-American Heel this autumn in the hope that he can carry all the usual states and also Maine and Vermont.

HEYWOOD BROUN

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Bonaparte: Through Marxist Eyes

BONAPARTE. By Eugene Tarlé. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. Knight Publications. $4.50.

EUGENE TARLE is professor of history at the university in Leningrad. He has made a special investigation of Napoleon's "European System" in its economic aspects, and the fruits of that research are included in the present "Bonaparte." To reduce Tarlé's results to a word, they show that even in Napoleon's day the economic interdependence of the countries of Europe was enough of a fact to be visible to the eye, and especially to Napoleon's eye. The Emperor took for his economic thermometer the silk industry at Lyons and he observed that to plunder conquered countries or impoverish them with heavy indemnities ruined the foreign luxury market of France, so that the national treasury lost more income from taxes than it gained by indemnities. In the Russian campaign an interesting economic triangle developed between Russia, England, and France. After cutting off her market for luxuries in Russia, France could not get enough money to buy cheap textiles from England, which the Emperor was obliged to introduce by contraband, so that the Russian war ruined French industry and at the same time reduced the standard of living of the French masses. There were moments, and even periods, in the Napoleonic wars when Paris gained economically from the conquest of other countries, and Napoleon sometimes had the support of the financial classes in his wars. But just as often he had them against him. The feelings of the mob in Paris also exhibit considerable fluctuations of war sentiment in correlation with hard times and prosperous times. But, on the whole, the farther one presses the economic interpretation of the Napoleonic wars, the more evident it becomes that sentimental pressures were far more important than any others in producing those titanic convulsions, and more than anything else, the bitter-end resolve of Europe not to accept the Revolution, whatever the cost. That was Napoleon's own sober conclusion as he looked back on his career from St. Helena.

One cannot touch the Napoleonic epic at any point without becoming engrossed in the drama of it, and once Professor Tarlé has made his dutiful Marxian gesture, not excluding a number of attacks in his earlier pages on Napoleon as a murderer of proletarians, he feels free to let himself go and fall in with the rhythm of the legend. I have never been able to decide whether the Columbus story or the Napoleon story is the best story in history. Perhaps, in view of the vast size of its canvas and the complexity of the elements that it touches, the Napoleon story is the one that can most often be reread with delight. Professor Tarlé has certainly caught the story aspect of Napoleon's career in a fine adjustment of brevity to adequacy, and of color to historical generality, and all of the readableness of the Russian original must have come over in the smooth and forceful translation of Mr. Cournos.

The moralistic judgment that Napoleon was a man of inordinate ambition who did not hesitate to sacrifice thousands of lives to his vanity is probably ineradicable; and to the old charges Professor Tarlé now adds the rebuke that Napoleon did not foresee clearly enough the world that opened in 1917, and on the whole spoke contemptuously of rioting mobs of proletarians. Objective history will probably cling to the view that Napoleon, more clearly than any of the other leaders of his time, caught the vision of the world that the nineteenth century was to know and forced it upon Europe by shattering the fossilized fabric of the old regime by the sheer force of his military genius and by his constructive statesmanship. Among the generals he was the only one who could always win, and among the statesmen he was the only one who did make a reform when he had the chance. The dynastic aspect of Napoleon's career, which is also the comic aspect, especially when the story of his family is added, probably reflects more closely his view of Europe than his view of himself. That it was a sound view the after-history of his family shows amply enough, to say nothing of the exhibition that monarchical sentiments in presumably civilized peoples are making of themselves in our own day.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Creative Sensibility

SELECTED POEMS, WITH AN ESSAY ON HER OWN POETRY. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THERE are certain elements in Miss Sitwell's work, as she herself recognizes, that make it foreign to all but a limited circle of readers. This is the more to be regretted because, like Wordsworth and Traherne before her, she enjoys a "creative sensibility" which makes the world new. One of the barriers to intelligibility is the very sharpness of her sense impressions and the extraordinary rapidity with which they follow each other. The second is the rural and at the same time aristocratic landscape which was the setting of her childhood and which continues to furnish her with material for poetry. Her sensory equipment leads her to employ synaesthetic effects with the freedom of a Mallarmé or a Rimbaud, and since, again like the symbolists, she holds the world of appearance to be but a screen for a deeper spiritual reality, she adds a metaphysical difficulty to the obscurities of her method.

Some of these problems are touched upon in the essay which prefaces the present volume. It is dedicated to John Sparrow, whose little book, "Sense and Poetry," deals intelligently if too briefly with the difficulties and rewards offered by Miss Sitwell's work. He said of her there that she had done not a little to "extend the range of recognizable associations (and thus of metaphor) . . . and so to open the eyes of her generation to aspects of things and similarities between them to which their predecessors were blind." He also argued against the extreme privacy of some of her allusions. That privacy is not noticeably lessened by her latest attempt to give the sympathetic reader the keys to the city of her mind. Indeed, her essay merely repeats, sometimes in identical words, what she has said elsewhere about her processes. Furthermore, like her previous expositions, this is so largely devoted to the effects of tone-color in her verse

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as to slight other less obvious and equally important aspects of it.

Miss Sitwell, as her critical no less than her creative writings bear witness, is exquisitely aware of the refinements of verbal texture. Certain syllables, certain relations between vowels and consonants, express particular sensations for her so exactly that she is assured they must have the same significance for every sensitive reader. Typical in everything but its restraint is her statement that "the ethereal quality of the plant world, the slow growth of the plant, the color and scent of the rose are conveyed by the different wave-lengths of the vowels" in one passage. Granted that this technical device is part of every poet's equipment, yet Miss Sitwell's extravagant claims for its effectiveness have an unfortunate influence on her work. Not seldom she sacrifices the melodic line to the tone-color of her verse. She tends to ignore the fact that too close attention to these subtleties may injure the larger pattern of grouped lines. Nor does she appear to realize that even those sensitive to such matters may differ as to the interpretation of certain abstract sounds or rhythms, or that the purely aural associations of a word may not be the most powerful. Hence she refuses to admit that her failures in communication are largely due to discrepancies between individual reactions.

In spite of her preoccupation with technique, as evidenced by her many experiments, in spite also of her nostalgia for the felicities of her sheltered childhood, Miss Sitwell is not able to live wholly in retreat. Gold Coast Customs, for example, is expressive of the poet's horror at a world in which "man is part ravenous beast of prey, part worm, part ape, or is but the worm turned vertebrate"; it is her indictment of a civilization in which the vulgarity of the *nouveaux riches* is only more disgusting than the debasement of the exploited poor. Her attempt here to "give the concentrated essence of the present age" is not greatly helped by analogies drawn between contemporary brutalities and those described by Hegel in that chapter of his "Philosophy of History" which deals with Africa. The poem is further flawed by a dancing rhythm, presumably supposed to emphasize the grotesque character of urban life today but actually defeating its purpose. It is the vividness of the ghastly imagery that stamps the poem ineradicably upon the mind and almost, though not quite, redeems its serious faults.

There is abundant evidence that Miss Sitwell suffers with what she calls "the wounded and suffering soul" of the contemporary world. Even her evocations of parks and gardens as remote and fair as the Fortunate Islands are crossed by a painful consciousness of boorish countries beyond. Her poetry is most successful, however, where she remembers the scents and colors, the sounds and stirrings of a golden past. To read these enchanting passages is to be reminded of the famous meditation of Traherne's on his own intimations of immortality: "The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting." One feels that, like Traherne, with much ado she "was corrupted and made to learn the dirty devices of this world." Her poetry is a testament to the struggle she has endured in seeking to unlearn those dirty devices and to recapture that orient light. She has come out scarred from the struggle, and her triumph has not been complete. One remains grateful for those poems or parts of poems, sometimes for a single line, that briefly remind us of "the celestial, great, and stable treasures" to which, like the shoemaker's son of Hereford, this descendant of Angevin kings was born. BABETTE DEUTSCH

Today's Neurotics

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY OF OUR TIME. By Dr. Karen Horney. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

THE most challenging social-science problem of our time lies in the antithesis between Freudian psychoanalysis and Marxian sociology. I believe the social science of the future will be largely a synthesis of these, a sociologized psychoanalysis, or, if your bias lies the other way, call it a psychologized Marxism. Most attempts of Marxists to deal critically with the problems of psychoanalysis are not merely superficial; they are quite frankly silly: "Capitalism breeds neurosis," and, vice versa, "Communists all had a bad time in the Oedipus situation." Such rubbish completely evades the basic issue and after a time becomes wearisome.

To come, therefore, upon a book entitled "The Neurotic Personality of Our Time," by so distinguished a psychoanalyst as Karen Horney, raised my highest hopes. Lines in the introduction left me warmly excited. For instance, "I believe that a strict adherence to all of Freud's theoretical interpretations entails the danger of tending to find in neuroses what Freud's theories lead one to expect to find. It is the danger of stagnation. I believe that deference for Freud's gigantic achievements should show itself in building on the foundations that he has laid, and that in this way we can help to fulfill the possibilities which psychoanalysis has for the future, as a theory as well as a therapy." Yet I must confess that by the time I laid the book aside I had cooled down considerably.

There are two excellent, skilfully developed ideas in the opening chapters which are the basic postulates for the argument of the book as a whole: (1) Neurosis may be defined only in terms of culture, so that the social side of the problem of socio-psycho-biology must be more stressed than it has been by the chief adherents of Freud in the past; (2) although it is necessary to know of the infantile experiences of the neurotic to understand the neurosis, the present life situation of the individual is perhaps of equal importance. But true and important as both of these postulates are, Dr. Horney's service at the present time has been rather in emphasizing them than in making an original contribution. The chief service of these chapters will lie in disabusing the layman's mind about certain misplaced emphases in the psychoanalysis of the past.

The rest of the book, with the exception of the last chapter, presents Dr. Horney's description of the neurotic personality as it follows from her basic postulates. Here there is much material which will interest the profession and entertain, amuse, or perhaps in some cases worry the layman. There are new interpretations of the problem of masochism; new implications of the neurotic need for affection are pointed out; a new theory of neurotic guilt feelings is developed. Dr. Horney writes well in a rambling anecdotal style. The layman who reads the book will end with a fair picture of what neuroticism consists of, but he will probably have difficulty in reducing his impressions to precise formulations. There is, it seems to me, an unnecessary looseness in the presentation.

This looseness comes chiefly from Dr. Horney's attempt to present a generalized picture in "plain language" and to treat the neurotic as a character type without differentiating the various neuroses. Such an attempt, however, is scientifically a mistaken endeavor. If we grant that Dr. Horney has taken a step beyond the more orthodox analysts in her emphasis on cultural factors, we must also point out that she has taken two steps backward in building her theory in such a generalized fashion. The chief contribution of psychoanalysis to modern medicine has been the systematic theory of the neuroses. This theory, although subject to criticism on methodological grounds, is systematic in that it shows the detailed interrelationships between symptoms and characters. I believe nothing is to be gained by neglecting the precise details for larger generalities. For this reason it is impossible to recommend the book as an introduction to psychoanalytical theory.

Since so much of Dr. Horney's work is concerned with hostility, it is interesting to note the ill-concealed hostility toward Freud and other analysts through this section of the work. Much is said quite generally about Freud's "gigantic contributions," "monumental discoveries," and the like, but these are often criticized rather severely without having been given accurate presentation. To take only one example, Dr. Horney denies the universality of the Oedipus situation by pointing out that Freud's patients were neurotics with neurotic parents. Nothing is said of the behavior studies of children, the psychoanalysis of normals, the studies of sex perversion, the many works in the field of belles-lettres which support Freud's contentions about the Oedipus situation. Dr. Horney also presents a very one-sided picture of Freud's ideas about anxiety, and of his definition of sexuality.

The last chapter returns to the problem of culture and neurosis. It can only be described as thin. One might gain from it the impression that modern psychoanalysis has really very few implications for sociology. Actually, besides Freud, many others like Alexander, Kardiner, and Williams have dealt with the problem. There is no discussion of their work. The competitive nature of our culture, woman's position in it, the need for conspicuous consumption are posted as factors creating the neurotic personality of our time. Not one word about the economic system, nothing about politics, nothing about general problems of social organization. Dr. Horney apologizes for not being a sociologist. But when we think of the fools that step in, here is truly a case of an angel fearing to tread. The time is ripe for a real coming to grips with these problems. Meanwhile Dr. Horney is to be congratulated if through this book she succeeds in stimulating the interest of psychoanalysts in cultural problems and the interest of sociologists in psychoanalysis.

J. F. BROWN

The Common Health

POVERTY AND PUBLIC HEALTH. By G. C. M. M'Gonigle and J. Kirby. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. Six shillings.

THIS book, published abroad but not yet scheduled for publication here, contains much factual information of timely interest in America. It presents a comprehensive survey of the state of the public health in England on the basis of available statistics. It also records the results of slum clearance works in England, and it is these findings that have a direct bearing upon pending legislation designed to alleviate slum conditions here.

With a keen appreciation for scientific accuracy (woefully lacking among our own public health workers), the authors have collected their data and presented them simply. A brief summary of two of their most striking investigations into the relationship between poverty and health—which is at present a subject of lively discussion in England—will best illustrate the scope and significance of this volume. In Stockton-on-Tees, where Dr. M'Gonigle is Medical Officer of Health, a slum area was demolished some years ago, and its inhabitants transported to a new housing development. One reason for the change was the abnormally high death rate in the slum, which exceeded the death rate in the rest of the town by 86 per cent. The new dwellings were all that could be desired in model housing; yet a survey of these families, made at the end of five years, showed that their death rate was even higher than before, exceeding the general rate for the town by 178 per cent. In the light of these figures, it would seem that slum clearance had been detrimental.

In their capacity as public health officers, the authors sought the reason for this unexpected increase, and found it. The new apartments rented at a slightly higher figure than the old, and necessitated an additional expenditure for transportation of wage earners. The wages of the people living there, however, remained just where they had been before removal to the model village. This extra living cost had to be deducted entirely from the food bill. Worse yet, to make up in bulk for the cut in the daily ration, housewives had shifted their purchases to carbohydrates, encroaching on an already minimal protein allowance. The solid fact brought out by this study is that people living in slum housing earn so little and live so close to the margin of starvation that it is impossible to raise their rents or other living expenses in any way without seriously affecting their nutrition.

Another study, made at Newcastle-on-Tyne, dealt with the health status of two groups of children: one composed of children from professional families, the other of children from families maintained by the dole. The criterion used here was the hemoglobin index, a figure of 75 per cent being taken as normal. In the professional group, 84 per cent had an index of 75 per cent or better, while in the group supported by the dole, 71 per cent of the children were below par. A similar study of the children of American families on federal relief would be of great interest.

The foreword to this volume was written by Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, past president of the Royal Society and an authority on nutrition. He directs England's attention to these important data, and calls upon the government to take action. Scientific men of prominence in England do not hesitate to express themselves publicly on national problems on which they are qualified to speak. In the United States it is considered somewhat undignified to be found in the market place. The public health departments in our universities, at least, could make real contributions to preventive medicine if they would conduct similar surveys and publish the unvarnished data in brief form.

HUGH H. DARBY

The Poet as Prophet

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH, POETS AND PROPHETS. A STUDY OF THEIR REACTIONS TO POLITICAL EVENTS. By Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"SURELY," says Sir Herbert during one of the arguments he conducts here with the critical school of T. S. Eliot, "there may be more than one kind of good poetry." Leaving aside the question whether Mr. Eliot, if not his school, is less aware of this than Sir Herbert, there is wisdom in the remark. And there is method; for Sir Herbert's effort throughout the present volume is to distinguish among three kinds of poetry. One is Pope's kind, one is Donne's, and one is Milton's and Wordsworth's—or rather it is if they can be found to satisfy a certain definition. The first is a poetry of statement, the second is a poetry of ratiocination, and the third is the poetry of prophecy. Sir Herbert's central inquiry is into the prophetic quality of Milton and Wordsworth; do they have it at all, and if so in what degree?

The standard of comparison is always the Hebrew prophets, who according to Sir Herbert were neither polishing commonplaces nor exercising their intellects for the fun of so doing, but were possessed in some unique and quite personal way with deep convictions—concerning God as an agent of justice and mercy rather than as a glutton for sacrifice, and concerning the whole history of their race as signifying an ethical truth of unspeakable importance—which filled them with a burden literally unendurable until it was delivered in words. The burden counts for more than the words, if such a distinction can be made; the message more than the art. Milton matches Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Hosea at all points save this essential one. His conviction is passionate and deep, his desire is authentic, and his view of human history is ethical. But the God of "Paradise Lost" is a general and a divine rather than an immeasurable force; Milton's justification of his ways to man is "legal" rather than metaphysical or mystical; and ultimately it is the art of the poem that we remember with the greatest clearness. All this is possibly less true of "Samson Agonistes," yet even there a hardness at the surface prevents us from passing at once, as we do with the older prophets, into the heart of both man and matter.

The political background of Milton's major poetry was of course the Civil War. Wordsworth's background was the French Revolution, and "The Prelude" is his attempt to build a substitute for the doctrine which he had shared with other young men in 1790 but which ten years later had become to him both monstrous and meaningless. Sir Herbert finds Wordsworth genuinely prophetic in those portions of his masterpiece which for everybody are the most successful—the magical passages in which he remembers his youth. Sir Herbert does not say, though I believe he thinks, that the rest of the poem, in which Wordsworth so pompously rationalizes his relief at having escaped into the Lake country, is worthless as prophecy because we are no longer able to know what it means. But his analysis of Wordsworth as a poet dedicated to love and hence to truth has freshness no less than validity. He surely cannot mean that Wordsworth is a major prophet, yet he knows how to recognize the fine strain which is there.

Sir Herbert only hints at the possibility of a prophetic poetry today. There is such a possibility now as always; and as always there is much to prevent its realization—the spirit and habit of criticism, for instance, and the unlikelihood that any intelligent poet will be able to maintain a point of view through the long period necessary for the composition of a great work. Sir Herbert's own remark that Milton's heaven is totalitarian provides a clue to what might happen in our poet's mind even before he knew he was ready to give up. We are addicted to comparisons, and we know too much about the past. Yet it is just here that Sir Herbert is most suggestive. The prophet, he says, is one "who sees that what the world has approved hitherto is not good but evil," and who perceives that the error still goes uncorrected. So Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" as an arraignment of man from Adam to 1658. And so in our time a man might compose a poem in sorrow or wrath at the spectacle of human cruelty once, now, and forever. A man might. Whether any man will is another question.

MARK VAN DOREN

Can the Supreme Court be "REFORMED"?

Must judicial dominance of American life be overthrown—once and for all? Is the President's proposal—or any other yet made—really enough to ensure that the will of the people will govern? Must real court reform go further—to the root of the usurpation of power by the Court? Is the Supreme Court a "bulwark against Fascism"?

With such questions as these Isidor Feinstein, Associate Editor of the *New York Post*, deals in a little book which clears the air of the confusion of controversy. Read, below, what critics are saying of this book.

Here is the answer!

THE COURT DISPOSES

By ISIDOR FEINSTEIN

- "Packed with pungent, effective, and even brilliant political argumentation. . . . Places the court in proper perspective as concerns its much-publicized role of defender of individual liberties. . . . His conclusion is that reform must be sought in different ways, in fact, in all ways possible."—Dean Charles E. Clark of the Yale Law School, in THE NATION
- "The legend of judicial impartiality and omniscience dies hard, but Mr. Feinstein's detailed account of the Supreme Court and minimum wage legislation is an effective lethal instrument."—Thomas Reed Powell, in THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
- "Clear, spirited, brief . . . 'a layman's book for laymen.' . . . The most sensible and most lucid tract upon the whole problem that we have had."—Matthew Josephson, in the NEW MASSES
- "A simple, clear and forceful statement of the liberal position. . . . As for the cry most often heard from the conservatives, that any change in the court's personnel or powers will endanger the civil liberties of the people, Mr. Feinstein declares that the court's record in this respect is none too good, anyway, and points to a number of startling violations of constitutional guarantees."—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, N. Y. Post
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Professor Hartshorne's God

BEYOND HUMANISM. ESSAYS IN THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE. By Charles Hartshorne. Willet, Clark and Company. $2.50.

IT is not easy to say whether Professor Hartshorne is a philosopher or a prophet. But one can say with assurance that these roles hardly do justice to his ambition. For he claims that in this book he not only offers us the only synthesis of the "new" philosophy and the "new" theology compatible with contemporary science, but the only system of beliefs capable of giving us a completely integrated personality. He gives us, besides, solutions of the central problems of Western philosophy, and a refutation of such humanist thinkers as Freud, Marx, Dewey, Santayana, Russell, Mead, Alexander, Carnap and the positivists, Croce, Heidegger, Hartmann, and G. E. Moore.

Could the claims which the author makes for his book be substantiated, its publication would be an event in the history of culture as portentous as the appearance of the "Timaeus," "The City of God," or the "Summa Theoligiae." But it is to be doubted whether "Beyond Humanism" will occupy a place among these works, for the new synthesis turns out to be very little more than Whitehead, torn from his impenetrable terminology and simplified to meet ordinary concrete religious demands.

Professor Hartshorne attacks all philosophies which on naturalistic grounds emphasize man's self-sufficiency and deny that human values will endure after man's extinction. Our author maintains that belief in man is inadequate because mankind is too vast and formless to attract man's effective loyalty. He also maintains that the belief that values will be finally destroyed goes against man's spontaneous ethical convictions and their deepest needs. As an alternative he offers us belief in the God of the "new" science and the "new" theology. This God apparently suffers neither from the vastness nor from the formlessness of mankind, though it is the Universe. But this new God is not the mechanically determined Nature of Spinoza. It is the Universe conceived as an organism and hence endowed with personality. It is the guarantor of our values and hence the only object fully worthy of man's reverence and piety. Thus it is only through the new Hartshornian faith that we gain full integration.

To appreciate fully Professor Hartshorne's performance it is necessary to grasp the formal structure of his argument. In order to refute humanism he first proves the possibility of his thesis. And his thesis is that the Universe and the electrons may be said to feel and think. This, I guess, is where the "new" science comes in. If the Universe feels and thinks, God may have imagination and memory. Therefore He has imagination and memory. All this is reinforced by the claim that only upon this thesis can certain facts be adequately explained. And these facts boil down to the assertion—hardly a fact of course—that our spontaneous ethical convictions and deep human needs demand this conception of God-Nature if we are to achieve adequate personal integration. What integration is we are not told. Nor is the effort made to show that spontaneous ethical convictions and deep human needs are not the result of accidental cultural conditioning.

That a thinker as quick to detect the weakness of his adversaries should himself indulge in such a manner of argumentation will not surprise any one who remembers how easy it is for men to mistake the inner glow of religious faith for the possession of the truth. Those who do not share the inner glow with our author will not be surprised at the muddled vagueness and the utter lack of anything approaching empirical evidence on which this grand new synthesis rests; radical confusion and absence of evidence have always been traits of metaphysical substitutes for religion. Nor will they be surprised at the clever use of the old tricks of apologetics—the claim to the sole sanction of science, the sharp distinction, when evidence is untoward, between science and philosophy, the facile demonstration of the ignorance of those one is opposed to, and the scornful arrogance which grows from a monopoly of the truth. But all the intellectual ingenuity and all the skillful use of eristics are not enough to cover up the emotional immaturity which lies behind the need to find cosmic support for human efforts.

ELISEO VIVAS

In Search of America

THE ROAD: IN SEARCH OF AMERICA. By Nathan Asch. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

MR. ASCH bought the longest bus ticket ever sold and left Washington on a commiseration tour of the underprivileged in America. He met the share-croppers in Arkansas, was run out of town in Marked Tree, was caught in a dust storm in Oklahoma, witnessed an organizers' meeting of beet workers in Colorado, and lived in a lumber camp in California. No matter where Mr. Asch went or what he saw, he was dreadfully upset. On his way back, in Chicago (which he found rather dull), he had a mystic experience. He came upon a budding prostitute in a doorway, seized her hands, kissed them, and said, "Forgive me, sister." Mr. Asch has a great capacity for suffering and seems eager to take upon himself the guilt of an entire social system. That may be praiseworthy in itself, but it creates a kind of *réportage* which is distraught, inaccurate, and often offensive: facts are distorted, obfuscated, and lost in the author's sobs and sighs, and a widespread social condition is reduced to the terms of his personal hysteria. The reader becomes more and more aware of the author's emotional state and more and more suspicious of what may really be responsible for it. Mr. Asch's reactions are so subjectivized and melodramatic that the circumstances which prompt them take on the quality of implausibility and invention. He has exploited suffering human beings in a way they have never been exploited before. Death, destitution, and unemployment are something to write about, not to revel in.

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RECORDS

BRUNSWICK'S new series of repressings from Polydor offers important singers and pieces of music on domestic records for the first time. One extraordinary item is the Sleep-Walking Scene from Verdi's "Macbeth," sung by Gertrude Rünger. The music realizes the mere sense of the scene, as distinguished from Shakespeare's poetic values; and one is amazed by the dramatic force and poignancy that Verdi, writing in 1847, gives to the conventional instrumental and vocal style of his period (consider merely the opening accompaniment figure with its stabbing note of the English horn). Rünger, who made a poor showing at the Metropolitan the past season, is superb on this record ($1.50).

Superb also on other 12-inch single records (each $1.50) are the singing of Franz Völker and the playing of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Melichar in the tremendous opening scene of Act 2 of "Fidelio"; the singing of Adele Kern in Strauss's coloratura aria to end all coloratura arias (and singers), "Grossmächtigste Prinzessin" from "Ariadne auf Naxos"; the alto voice of Emmi Leisner in Strauss's "Wiegenlied" and Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin." Another lovely voice is that of the soprano Tiana Lemnitz, heard in "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" and so forth from "Der Freischütz," and, on another record, in the Trio from "Der Rosenkavalier," Viorica Ursuleac and Erna Berger, who are heard more satisfactorily on the reverse side in the closing duet of the opera. One of the finest of German lyric tenors a few years ago, Julius Patzak, reaches us with his voice a little hardened, but displays excellent style in two arias from Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail." And one of the best German tenors, Fritz Wolff, is heard in a "Lohengrin" recording that takes him from the farewell to the swan to the end of the first act in 4½ minutes; on the reverse side is an abbreviated version of the closing scene of the opera; on another record an abbreviated version of the bridal chamber scene. The Elsa, Berta Malkin, is excellent.

One is told that Bruckner is at his best in his religious music; but his best, represented in the two motets, "Os Justi" and "Virga Jesse," is, for my taste, not good enough (10-inch, $1). In an album of six records ($6) Schlusnus's fine baritone is employed with more musical sensitiveness than I can recall from other occasions in Schubert's exquisite "Geheimes" and his "An Schwager Kronos," Strauss's "Morgen" and "Geduld," and less interesting songs of Strauss ("Der Nachtgang" and "Winterliebe"), Schumann ("Provençalisches Lied," "Talismane," "Der Soldat"), and Graener.

Perhaps Musicraft is right about the greatness of Buxtehude as manifested in the cantata "Singet dem Herrn" (one record, $1.50), well sung and played by Ethel Luening, soprano, J. Reilich, violin, S. Hunkins, 'cello, and Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord. I am better able to perceive the greatness of Mozart in the Piano Sonata in F (Köchel 332) (three records, $5), played by Mr. Wolff with great sensitiveness, but in a style that softens and sentimentalizes the music. Recording is excellent; surfaces, with steel needles, are noisy.

Wolff makes another appearance, this time on Gamut records, on which he plays Bach's Partita No. 6 on the harpsichord (one 12-inch, two 10-inch records, $4). Performance, recording and surfaces are excellent; but I cannot get as enthusiastic as Gamut about the music.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

School Children See the Massacre

Dear Sirs: Your readers might be interested in these two compositions written by eighth-grade pupils of a school in the strike area. The first is by a girl, the second by a boy, but I have withheld their names. I am sending the compositions without corrections.

A CHICAGO TEACHER

Chicago, June 12

THE STRIKE

It was May 30 when a bunch of girls and I were going to the picnic in the forest preserve when suddenly we saw people marching. Two American flags came first then men and women with signs on which one I read was "Come Out, We Promise You Fair Play." This was meant for men who were still working inside of the plant. We thought this was just going to be a march so we marched along with them.

The marchers cut through a field and their we met policemen armed with guns and machine guns. We were frightened but we stood, not thinking their was going to be any gun play. Suddenly we saw bricks, bats, stones, etc., flying in the air. We heard shots. Everybody began to run. Some one hollered: "Don't run, it's only blanks they're shooting," but when we looked around and saw men lying on the field blood all over them we were sure they were bullets. I was running blindly through tear gas that the police threw and I fell in a ditch full of stickers. Another girl fell in the mud.

Finally we got on the sidewalk and the guns stopped shooting. We saw cars with red cross signs on them go as fast as they could to get the dead and wounded. Six men died and a great number were wounded in which my brother was one. This is one day I will never forget in my life.

THE STRIKE

My opinion about the strike is that there would be no trouble if the nonstrikers came out of the mill. The strikers believe in peaceful picketing. After the big mass meeting one of the men in the crowd voted peaceful picketing in front of the Republic Steel Corp. This occurred on Sunday about three o'clock. The men were in formation and two men carried the flag. They started to march down the prairie and Nick [a boy of 12, brother of the author of the first composition] was in the front lines with the men from Inland Steel Corp. They were met by the policemen. They showed passes to the policemen and told them they have the right for peaceful picketing. Nick was still in front and was watching the strikers. All at once the bricks start flying in the air the strikers in back start throwing. The policemen drew their guns after Capt. Mooney had been struck on the head. The policemen had started shot the machine gun and Nick and I started to run. Then Nick got struck in the ankle but tried to get up. Then the tear gas were in the air. Nick started to crawl and I started to run. A lady was shot through the neck by machine gun bullets. I went to the headquarters and told Gus, head manager of the C. I. O., and we both went in a machine and found Nick lying in the grass with a baby lying next to him shot through the arm. Gus and I took both them to the South Chicago Hospital.

The Spanish Anarchists and the Government

Dear Sirs: Among the people in this country who read the labor press from Spain, your editorial, Uprising in Catalonia (May 15), aroused considerable comment, containing as it did what must be for *The Nation* a record number of misstatements of fact about the struggle within the Loyalist ranks. You say your source of information is Louis Fischer, who was not there during the events he described and interpreted. His account was seemingly derived from the Spanish Communist press. The rest of the Spanish press, from Republican to Anarchist, presented the picture very differently and frequently denied with heat many of the things Fischer stated as if they were unquestioned fact.

The line-up is: Republicans plus Right Socialists plus official Communists against Anarcho-Syndicalists, P. O. U. M., and Left Socialists (Caballero group). The issue is nothing less than the Spanish revolution itself. Bertram Wolfe's letter clarified with facts the falsities in the original editorial. Fischer replied with irrelevant material: (1) the slander that the Anarchists and P. O. U. M. sabotage the war, and (2) that they want to collectivize small property. This is silly and untrue. There is no organization or party on the Left which advocates the confiscation of small property; both the C. N. T.-F. A. I. and the P. O. U. M. have repeatedly made their position in this respect clear. If *The Nation* is unwilling to publish any but Mr. Fischer's version and interpretation of the profoundly important struggle which links the Barcelona events (May 4-9), the political crisis and fall of Caballero, and the terrifying repressions now going on, let its readers reconstruct the gist of the story from the following documents, taking notice of their significant dates:

"As for Catalonia the purging of Trotskyist and Anarcho-Syndicalist elements has begun; this work will be conducted with the same energy with which it has been conducted in the U. S. S. R." (*Pravda*, Dec. 17, 1936)

"It is only recently that the legitimate governments of Valencia and Barcelona have come to suspect that the apex of the inverted pyramid on which Anarchist power rests may be small enough to be dealt with in its own terms—those of force. . . . This suspicion is being tested out cautiously, here and there, as the government seizes auspicious opportunities to increase its own authority. A reliable police force is being built up, quietly but surely. . . . The Anarchists have already noticed and complained about the increased strength of this force. . . . They realize that it will be used against them. . . . The government, however, has to walk warily and secure itself in public opinion. Too hasty action against the Anarchists might cause a revulsion of opinion in their favor, particularly in the industrial towns. The Anarchists are taking their stand now as the watchdogs of the revolution, guarding the people's gains against the predatory bourgeois who is represented as trying to sneak in through the back door. . . ." (James Minific, New York *Herald Tribune*, April 28.)

"The Police Corps will be a powerful arm against the enemy's attempts at sabotage, provocation, and espionage in the Republican rearguard. With this corps the Government of the Generality will be able to crush all attempts against

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anti-fascist order, and to enforce efficiently all the decrees of the Generality—for example, that decree which states that the property of the peasants *and of the middle classes* shall be respected and protected against attack." (Official Bulletin of the P. S. U. C. [Third International] previous to Barcelona events.)

"The proprietors of small industry, traders, and artisans of all kinds, including the peasants, shall be respected, *as well as the property and industrial interests of all foreigners*." (Ibid.) Italics in both quotations are mine.

"If the Caballero government were to apply the measures of suppression to which the Spanish section of the Communist International is trying to incite it, then it would come close to a government of Gil Robles or Lerroux; it would destroy the unity of the working class and expose us to the danger of losing the war and shipwrecking the revolution. . . . A government composed in its majority of people drawn from the labor movement cannot make use of the methods that are reserved for reactionary and fascist-like governments." (*Adelante*, organ of Largo Caballero, May 11.)

Finally, news has been received of the arrests, murders, and disappearances of prominent writers and leaders of the C. N. T. and P. O. U. M. One name among them, that of J. M. Escuder, is well known to journalists in this country. They are all (those who are still alive) being held while "Moscow trials" accusing them of espionage, aid to fascism, etc., are prepared against them, in the manner now become classic—and this does not omit torture.

ANITA BRENNER

New York, June 7

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER cables his first article since his return to Spain as *The Nation's* correspondent.

MAX ASCOLI, who was forced to leave Italy because of his opposition to the Fascist regime, is now a professor of political science at the University in Exile. He is the author of "Intelligence in Politics."

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the London School of Economics, is a leading member of the left wing of the British Labor Party.

FREDERICK R. BARKLEY is on the Washington staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun*.

ROSE M. STEIN, who was arrested and jailed while covering the Youngstown strike for *The Nation*, is a journalist who has followed closely labor struggles in the steel industry.

WILLIAM GROPPER, whose drawings of the contemporary scene are widely known, is now on a tour of the South and West from which he will report back to *The Nation* in words and pictures during the next three months.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is associate professor of romance languages at Columbia University.

J. F. BROWN is a physician and the author of "Psychology and the Social Order."

HUGH H. DARBY is an investigator in the Department of Biological Chemistry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

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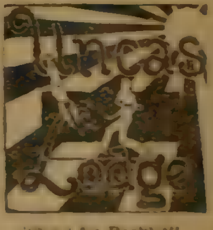

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The Shape of Things

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GOVERNMENT BY FILIBUSTER SEEMS TO BE the aim of Senator Wheeler's much-vaunted passion for democracy. The Administration is finally presenting Senator Logan's compromise court proposal for debate, but the Wheeler die-hards threaten to talk until hell freezes over rather than permit one seventy-five-year judge per year to be retired. The decision to filibuster means, of course, that the opposition can now count noses accurately enough to count a majority of the Senate in favor of the bill. It is therefore appealing from rule by ballot to rule by lung power—strange tactics for those whose every other word is "democracy." The Senate rules unfortunately permit them to stifle court reform by talk. But we are certain that mass opinion will not permit them, and that many a filibustering Senator will drag his feet wearily from the Senate chamber to his office only to find from letters and telegrams that he has constituency trouble back home. "You cannot filibuster a reasonable proposition," remarked an Administration leader.

*

SENATOR WAGNER IS PLAYING HAMLET TO Tammany as we go to press. To be or not to be a candidate for the New York City mayoralty—that is his question. There can be no doubt that Tammany, and perhaps Mr. Farley as well, is exerting intense pressure upon him to run. If he does it will be a shameful sacrifice to the Moloch of machine politics. For, while we have had our reservations about some of Mayor La Guardia's mercurial traits, he has come close to blasting Tammany out of existence by the dynamite of sheer work done, money saved, corruption minimized. He has broken the Tammany hold upon the voters by the most deadly kind of propaganda—the propaganda of the deed. But Senator Wagner, with his sponsorship of the labor measures which have made his name a household word among masses of people in New York, might easily prove victor running on a Tammany ticket. There is an irony in the plight of both the Republicans and Democrats in New York over La Guardia's campaign. But it would be tragic if Senator Wagner lent his name and aid to Tammany's purposes. For Tammany values his progressivism only in order to swap it for votes. It is appealing openly to Wagner to do his duty as an "organization man." His acceptance would gladden not only the Tammany machine but Jim Farley as well, as it would help heal the Tammany-New Deal rift. But for the people as a whole it would be a misfortune. Mr. Wagner's place in the Senate is unique, and no one else could fill it with his prestige and sense of balance. More important, the return of Tammany to power would set back New York politics a generation.

* * *

THE DEADLOCK OVER NON-INTERVENTION in Spain remains unbroken as we go to press. For the first time since the outbreak of the Spanish insurrection, nearly a year ago, the democratic countries seem to have taken a firm stand against the fascist powers. Their stand is the more impressive in that it is not motivated primarily by humanitarian considerations. Hitler's frank statement regarding Germany's need for Spanish iron-ore has provoked a sharp change in attitude among conservatives in both France and England. If we are to judge by Eden's speech at Warwickshire, England has finally discovered that it is to its interest to preserve the "territorial integrity of Spain," and that a victory for Franco, involving concessions to Italy and Germany, would threaten the life-line of the empire in the Mediterranean. It is reported to be successfully lining up Portugal in opposition to Germany's and Italy's economic aspirations in Spain. The democratic countries have the whip hand if they choose to use it. France could easily outdo Germany and Italy in arms shipments. But rather than utilize the weapon at hand, there is a strong possibility that England will seek a direct agreement with Franco repudiating German and Italian claims. A few weeks ago this would have been relatively easy, as Franco is known to desire such an arrangement. But with the prestige of both Hitler and Mussolini openly staked not only on a fascist victory but on obtaining important economic concessions, the possibility of an early solution appears remote.

* * *

THE AMUR RIVER CLASH, ENDED BY THE withdrawal of Soviet troops from the disputed islands, is explicable only as an attempt by Japan to test Soviet strength. It is significant that practically all the stories of the incident came from Tokyo, and in contrast with the excitement of the Japanese press the Soviet papers scarcely mentioned the incident. Legally, the islands, which are little more than sandbars, probably belong to Russia under an 1860 agreement with China. Certainly they do not belong to Japan, which has no territory nearer than Korea. Japan's claim, of course, has been made in behalf of Manchukuo; and Manchukuo's rights, if they be granted any validity at all, can only rest on China's treaty obligations. If China has contested the Soviet Union's claim, no mention has been made of the fact. But whatever legal or actual rights are involved it is doubtful whether Japan would dare risk an attack at this season. Each year, during late summer and fall, Manchurian patriotic organizations, bandits, and small bands of Communists make use of the cover afforded by the vast fields of *kaoliang* to launch attacks on Japanese outposts and lines of communication. Recent reports indicate that these illegal groups are more numerous and powerful than ever before. Nor are conditions in China as calm as they appear on the surface. The puppet government at Peiping has recently shown signs of restiveness, and a war between Japan and the Soviet Union might see China, officially or unofficially, on the side of the Soviets.

* * *

THE NAZI CAMPAIGN AGAINST FREEDOM, culture, and religion was advanced in the past week by a series of dramatic incidents. Speaking before the foreign scholars and scientists assembled for the two hundredth anniversary of Göttingen University, Bernhard Rust, German Minister of Education, denounced democratic freedom as a hiding place for "demons." He declared that in the end individual liberty could only lead to a "decay of national states" and "cruel dictatorship." On the following day there was an illuminating lecture on the relationship between science and war, the central theme of which was the desirability of preserving scientific secrets until the outbreak of war so as to wreak greater destruction on the enemy. As if to emphasize Rust's remarks on freedom the National Socialist government issued a decree placing the finances of the Protestant churches under its control and assuming direction of the forthcoming church elections. It followed this action by arresting Martin Niemöller, who has earned the reputation of being the most outspoken opponent in Germany of the religious absolutism of National Socialism. In the past the anti-religious campaign has tended to quiet down during the tourist season; the fact that it is being intensified just now may signify an even more vigorous opposition than is indicated in the censored press reports.

* * *

> . . . The C. I. O. and its powerful affiliate the United Automobile Workers of America . . . have traveled a merry and irresponsible course, browbeating employers and non-union employees, terrifying politicians, and inconveniencing whole counties to satisfy the whims of small minorities.

> . . . The advance of the C. I. O. has been accomplished with a minimum of conflict and industrial disorder. . . . Among the heads of the big steel companies here there is no concern about the "responsibility" of the union.

THESE SHARPLY CONTRASTED OPINIONS ARE not, as one might think, those of Mr. Girdler and Mr. Lewis. They are the words of one and the same man—F. Raymond Daniell. The first was culled from the first page of the New York *Times* of June 29 and the second from the fourth page of the *Times* of July 2. In their apparent inconsistency is revealed the real responsibility for the waves of violence and threats of violence that have rolled over Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio in the past few weeks. In the first quotation Mr. Daniell was speaking, possibly a little loosely, about conditions in Michigan; in the second about the section in and around Pittsburgh. The difference has in fact been sensational. In the article of July 2 Mr. Daniell explains it. The lack of disorder in the Pittsburgh region, he stated, "was due largely to the voluntary action of Myron S. Taylor of United States Steel in coming to terms with Mr. Lewis and to the action of Horace Edgar Lewis, chairman of the board of Jones and Laughlin, in signing up with S. W. O. C. after that organization had demonstrated in a consent election that it represented a clear majority of employees eligible for membership." Mr. Daniell might have stated with equal truth (but did not) that the violence and disorder in Illinois, Michigan, and Ohio have been due to the action of Messrs. Girdler, Purnell, and Sykes in refusing to deal with the C. I. O. under any circumstances. To their objection to a signed agreement Mr. Daniell's article of July 2 gives the perfect answer: "One industrialist said today that if the person he was dealing with were irresponsible he would rather have a written contract with him than an oral one."

*

THE UNDERGROUND PAPER OF THE GERMAN seamen tells an amazing story of an almost successful revolt on the German cruiser, the *Königsberg*. The cruiser, loaded with arms for Franco, was steaming toward Cadiz. An anti-Hitler committee among the seamen had done such excellent work in educating the crew as to the meaning of Hitler's aid to Franco that plans had actually been laid for taking over the command from the officers and delivering the cruiser to the Loyalist forces. In the Bay of Biscay, however, the plot was betrayed, and thirty of the men were executed. The incident, if true, shows that in the long run the Hitler regime will be only as strong as its capacity to suppress the truth.

ED PARKER IS TWENTY-ONE. HE HAS GROWN up in the labor movement as worker and union organizer. Recently he has been representing the Workers' Alliance. Early last spring when the Mississippi went on a rampage 800 WPA workers in Cairo, Illinois, most of them colored, worked night and day to keep Old Man River in his own tracks. Cairo was saved from the flood, though Cairo needs to be saved from things worse than floods. It is a stopping place for colored people migrating north, a town of transients and of those who prey on transients. Race prejudice is strong. There were no unions in Cairo until Ed Parker came to town and organized WPA workers into a local of the Workers' Alliance. They had a rather serious grievance—in that they had not received the pay promised them—and Ed Parker decided on a demonstration. The sequence was a march to relief headquarters and occupation of the place, which was deserted; a routing of the occupiers with casualties; and later the indictment of Ed Parker and several of his followers on half a dozen serious charges. Next Monday Ed Parker must appear in the Cairo court to answer to charges for which the penalties, added up, would amount to life imprisonment. Ed Parker feels sure the Cairo court will add up the penalties and send him to jail. But he is needed outside; and he can be kept outside with proper aid. The Workers' Defense League, which is handling the case, needs money; good coverage by nationally known newspapers would be useful. Help if you can.

Map of Today

The United States

EIGHTEEN months ago we wrote in these columns: "History will probably record that in 1935 the giant of American mass-production labor woke up, ripped off the tight but puny bindings of craft unionism, and started going places." Today that cautious journalistic "probably" looks foolish, yet it serves to recall the suddenness with which the giant rose and the speed with which, since then, he has been striding from factory to factory; in conjunction with the ancient word history, it provokes sober reflections at a time when the Committee for Industrial Organization is passing through its first major crisis. In 1935 the end of all striving was to get the giant on his feet. In 1937 the questions of where he is going, how far, and by what road have become burning questions for those who feel that an organized working class, conscious of its real strength and ready to use it, is the only concrete hope of saving civilization from the black death of fascism.

It is a commonplace that fascism rides into power on the back of a deluded middle class. In this country, as in most others, this group, though its economic power has been largely drawn off by the powerful suction of monopoly, is still dominated psychologically by a wishful illusion of ownership—which can be turned with dangerous ease into the delusion that its interests lie with the very owners who have stripped or will eventually strip it. Add to this the further phenomenon that this psychology also dominates large sections of the American working class and the problem becomes all the more complex and dangerous.

It is apparent to the naked eye that in the present skirmish the major stake between the C. I. O. and industry, from the long point of view, is middle-class opinion. That this is merely the opening skirmish is also clear, for the C. I. O. has just begun its task of organizing the unorganized. It is in the light of this fact too that we must consider—and estimate—the resistance to the C. I. O. that is rising from every quarter of ownership, and from the beneficiaries and the servants of ownership, in support of the truculent Girdler and his Grace of Bethlehem. When Senator Ellender of Louisiana rises to accuse the C. I. O. of "enslaving us"—as a New York *Times* headline so tragically puts it—he speaks as the mouthpiece of those who themselves hold the South enslaved and see their power menaced by T. W. O. C. and S. W. O. C.—and a million union buttons that bloom where only docility and surplus value grew before. Senator Ellender in fact described more frankly than usual the nightmare which obsesses ownership.

> The so-called C. I. O. and its organizers [he said] are bending every effort to incorporate under their banner every form of labor in this country. . . . Such a stupendous organization of workers could paralyze industry overnight. . . .

And Senator Ellender, lashing out against this threat to himself and his masters, appeals to the powerful middle-class ideals of democracy and "free government." In this he follows the cue of the executives and the servants of little steel, whose aim is to enlist the support of the middle-class mind that is the American mind.

The aim is shrewd; and little steel's methods are quite as shrewd. With instinctive cunning, born of the realization that the C. I. O. *is* a threat to their power, they invoke the "right to work"—on which they can put a quite different interpretation when the issue revolves about government relief; and the monolithic corporation talks loudly to the workers about *your* right to do as you please and *my* right to do as I please. On the side it hires *agents provocateurs* of violence, and talks about the "irresponsibility" of unions; it screams "labor dictatorship!" and guides the pens of editors into channels of "law and order" while it cuts off credit at strategic places.

And what of the C. I. O. in this as yet unequal contest? In a sense the C. I. O.'s worst present handicap is its past success. It won a relatively easy victory in automobiles. The automobile settlement was quickly followed by the capitulation of United States Steel which, coming without the tempering influence of a struggle to match the magnitude of the conquest, could not but produce overconfidence, if not among the leaders, at least among the rank and file. It certainly increased the flow of workers into the C. I. O. which put a strain upon the organizational capacities of the committee that has shown itself in such occurrences as spontaneous stoppages and the Saginaw Valley power strike. These events have been used to good advantage against the unions. The position of little steel in relation to the middle class was further improved by the fact that the fight has revolved not about hours and wages but about the intangible and essentially political issue of union recognition.

As it turned out, little steel has not fared so well in its actual exploitation of its advantage. The average American is well equipped to understand the psychology as well as the law of contracts—and can recognize an unsigned contract for the anomaly it is in a business civilization. In addition, ownership has patently overplayed its hand and, most fortunately, the Administration in its various capacities has helped to dramatize the fact in entirely legal and democratic terms. Tom Girdler, the Mayor of Johnstown, and the Chicago police have convicted themselves in public. Miss Perkins's testimonial that the leaders of the C. I. O. concerned in the steel drive have a long record of responsibility, Jim Farley's self-defending reply on the mails issue that Republic Steel is merely trying to provoke "civil disorder and strife," the NLRB's cogent and cool arguments in regard to contracts, and Senator La Follette's magnificent cross-examination of the Chicago policemen with the help of the non-partisan testimony of moving-picture cameras—all these factors seem, as we write, to have saved a situation, as far as public opinion is concerned, which a week ago looked very serious. We are speaking here of the long-range effects, not of the immediate strike, whose outcome is by no means clear as yet.

One thing, however, is very clear: the great continuing task of the C. I. O. and of its intellectual allies is to enlist the support of the middle class, in the interests of both. The middle class must be made to realize that what is to Senator Ellender a threat is to them the only promise, economic and moral.

Unfortunately, the C. I. O., thanks to the nature of its leadership and the complex of conditions, historic and contemporary, out of which it springs, has nothing resembling the social outlook or the ideological equipment which the task we have outlined requires. It does have, in the millions of workers now turning toward it, the material with which to fashion a powerful weapon against reaction. Merely to state the task ahead is to realize its magnitude. Yet somehow the C. I. O. must assume one responsibility which ownership does not wish it to carry. It must formulate social as well as merely trade-union aims. It must enlist the middle class as its firm ally. The new labor movement will inscribe the word democracy on its banners; it must build up within its ranks the strength and the informed intelligence to make and keep democracy a fact.

THE PROGRAM IN CONGRESS

If a new order is being forged in America it is clearly not being forged in Congress. In fact, nothing could illustrate better the enormous gap between the social potentialities of the labor movement and the paralysis of old-line American politics than the contrast that is being offered by the C. I. O. and Congress. A miasmic fog seems to have settled down upon Capitol Hill. The present Congress has done nothing with greater intensity and strain than any previous Congress in our memory.

Look at its record. The court bill is tied up in so many knots that it is doubtful whether the sharpest sword the President can wield will cut them successfully. Even with the plan for setting the retiring age at seventy-five instead of seventy, and adding only one judge a year, there is talk of filibustering the bill through the summer. Second, the plan for reorganizing the government departments and bureaus faces a stiff fight. The opposition to it is valid in so far as it is directed against the provision for bringing all the independent commissions under departmental roofs. But most of it comes from the vested office-holding interests, whose hand has now been strengthened by the eager enemies of the court plan. Third, the Black-Connery wages-and-hours bill has an extremely hazy future. The real drive in Congress is not to move forward to this sort of bill, which represents a real advance, but backward from the Wagner Act. To distract attention from wages and hours and harass the Administration, the bi-party conservative bloc is pushing Senator Vandenberg's proposal for rewriting the Wagner Act. Fourth, prospects are dark even for the farm bills. Crop insurance and soil conservation funds are either too meager to be very effective or are jammed; the farm-tenancy program now proposed is, in Secretary Wallace's words, "less than half a drop in the bucket"; and it is doubtful that much will be salvaged from Mr. Wallace's ever-normal granary proposal, even through desperate Administration efforts. Fifth, the program for setting up a group of eight regional T. V. A.'s has not yet made much progress against the bitter opposition of the utilities. Sixth, the forces that have been hoping for something like an adequate housing measure are now pretty close to despair. And so through the whole list—the adoption of a tragically inadequate relief bill, the failure to do anything with the Nye program for munitions control, the synthetic storm that is being brewed over the plan to stop up the loopholes in the income-tax laws.

One wonders, from this record of inaction and sabotage, whether Congress may not be planning to secede from the Union. Much has been written about the maneuvering of Congressional groups, the petty hates and rivalries of the leaders, and the tactics of the President. But the fact is that the present turmoil in Congress is not to be seen as merely a revolt against Mr. Roosevelt. It is, as Robert S. Allen states elsewhere in this issue, a desperate attempt to scrap the New Deal. It is, looking toward 1940, an attempt to head off a movement which would result in a powerful and effective fusion of the left-wing Democrats and the newly organized labor forces. It is, ultimately, a confession of the complete failure of Congress and the party system to register the deeper currents of today.

PARTY ALIGNMENT

It is idle for Democrats to deny that a split is opening in the Democratic Party; but it is equally foolish for Republicans to rejoice at it. The split is there, and it only confuses matters to call it a sectional one. The Southern states, being backward economically, tend to produce more reactionaries per square mile than some of the other states. But remember that Senator Black of Alabama, Senator Pepper of Florida, and Congressman Maverick of Texas are fighting on the side of the President, while Senator Burke of Nebraska, Senator McCarran of Nevada, and Senator Copeland of New York are fighting against him.

The real split is one of economic program and progressive temper. However vague the New Deal is, it marks a sharp advance toward the control of business enterprise. It would be naive to imagine that such an advance could take place without a bitter clash verging on civil war. Civil war has broken out sporadically in the strike areas; but it is also going on, more silently, on the political front. The court proposal has been useful as a sort of yardstick for measuring the breadth and sincerity of progressivism among the Democrats in Congress. But an even better yardstick will be available when the inevitable attempts are made to scrap or whittle away the Wagner Act. The real split, in short, is not between Congress and the President. It is between reactionaries and progressives. It is, most significantly, between the bi-party reactionary group in Congress and the majority of the people outside.

That is why the Republicans should not be too hasty in their rejoicing. As Mr. Allen points out, it would be a courageous Democratic rebel who would carry his rebellion to the polls in 1940. But even more crucial is the fact that the forces that are tending to split the Democrats are also paralyzing the Republicans. A party in power, especially if it comes in by a landslide, tends always to divide into groups; while a party in opposition is united by a common hatred and a common greed for office. But the Republican opposition is as much at sea on basic issues of strategy and policy as it was during the campaign. There are two Republican views. One urges that the President has moved so far to the left that there is room somewhere in the center for the Republican program. The other, scorning any centrist "liberalism," sees the future as lying with outright conservatism. The first would run a man of the stamp of Charles P. Taft; the second a man like Senator Vandenberg, or someone even more reactionary. Thus the Republicans find themselves confronting the same dilemma that bewildered them in the last campaign.

It is not hard to map the choice they will be forced to make. The issues of today are bitter issues, and public opinion proceeds from hysteria to hysteria. Mr. Roosevelt, who has an instinct for the economic drift beyond that of most presidents, seems willing to have his party cleanse itself of its reactionaries. The Republicans, slower in their historical perceptions, will eventually be forced to rid themselves of their liberals. The campaign of 1940 will see an even sharper cleavage than that of 1936. National politics today, with its roots in the labor struggle, is reaching out toward 1940.

Europe

A FEW weeks ago the specter of war which had hung over Europe for the past two years seemed at last to have been dissipated. The non-intervention patrol had been thrown around Spain; Italy had agreed to a withdrawal of foreign "volunteers," and it appeared possible that the Spanish revolt would crumble for lack of support. The German-Italian offensive in Central Europe had struck a snag in Austria. France had taken steps to reassert its interest in Danubian affairs. In the Far East a still calm had settled over China and Japan after nearly six years of almost constant turmoil. With the outstanding issues settled between Japan and the Soviet Union, incidents along the Soviet-Manchurian border had become a rarity. It was generally believed that the new Japanese government would hold the militarists more closely in check than any which had held office since 1931.

The shelling of Almeria came as a rude shock to the complacency of the democratic countries, but the ease with which the incident was settled was generally taken as evidence that every one was desirous of avoiding war. Germany and Italy were drawn back into the non-intervention patrol. Once more there was talk of withdrawing foreign "volunteers." Then almost without warning, the smoke screen with which the fascist powers had masked their intentions was swept away. Under the pretense of an alleged attack on the cruiser *Leipzig*, Germany and Italy again withdrew from the non-intervention patrol, announcing bluntly that they intended to see Franco through to the bitter end. Spurred by the fall of Bilbao, they refused to permit France and England to take up the duties of the non-intervention patrol which they had repudiated, thus assuring the demise of that unhappy experiment. At this point Japan suddenly announced excitedly that the Soviet Union had "invaded" a sandbar in the Amur River which, though under dispute, was claimed as Manchurian territory. Although scores of pitched battles had been fought along this frontier during the past few years without serious consequences, this incident was momentarily magnified into a grave controversy.

Obviously it is no accident that Germany, Italy, and then Japan simultaneously cast aside their sheeps' clothing. They have decided that the present is an unusually propitious moment to take the offensive. Greece, Yugoslavia, and, to a lesser extent, Rumania, are under fascist influence. Poland is linked to Rumania in an anti-Communist pact. China is relatively quiescent. The Spanish Loyalists are once more on the defensive, seriously weakened by the fall of Bilbao. France is struggling with financial difficulties which may have political repercussions. Britain considers itself still inadequately armed. And most significant of all, the Soviet Union is enmeshed in a political crisis which, in the eyes of most of the press and many of the statesmen of Western Europe, has temporarily eclipsed it as a major military power.

RUSSIA AND FRANCE

The executions of last fall and winter were profoundly disturbing in themselves and because of the evidence they provided of crucial and irreconcilable cleavage within the revolutionary movement. But they could not be taken as proof of economic or military weakness. In both respects the Soviet Union appeared stronger than ever before. The recent execution of eight Red Army leaders, on the other hand, followed by arrests in all sections of the country, indicates that disaffection is more general than had previously been known. The army has ordinarily been above factional political strife. The charges on which the generals were tried and executed suggest either the growth of a military clique with political aspirations, a conflict over domestic policy so intense that it is reflected in the armed forces, or an actual plot to aid the Nazis in their threatened aggression against Soviet territory. The fascist powers appear to be basing much of their policy on the supposition that Russia has been fundamentally weakened. This view is supported by Harold Denny's series of articles in the New York *Times* describing the effect of the purge on the morale and efficiency of functionaries and workers alike and reporting a slackening in industrial progress. On the other hand, the German newspaper correspondents in Moscow are reported to believe that the Red Army is basically strong, while G. E. R. Gedye quotes two high Czecho-Slovakian officials as expressing relief that the previously known connections between certain high Soviet commanders and the German general staff have at last been severed.

In the case of France, Hitler seems definitely to have counted on serious political and economic instability in connection with the fall of the Blum government. In this he was clearly mistaken. While Chautemps does not have as dependable left support as was accorded Blum, he is far more acceptable to the conservative interests whose backing would be essential in case of war. And it is these groups that are most likely to be aroused by Hitler's open admission of his economic aspirations in Spain. The granting of emergency powers to Georges Bonnet, the new Finance Minister, and the new devaluation of the franc have forestalled the immediate danger of financial crisis and left France in what appears to be a stronger position than at any time in the past five years.

THE CHANCES OF WAR

In a situation as tense as the present one, the possibility of immediate war cannot be wholly ruled out. Although the Japanese army may have decided that this is not the moment to launch its long-planned drive against the Soviet Union, an attempt by Germany and Italy to impose a blockade on the Spanish republic might easily lead to hostilities. It is an open question whether this could occur without involving England and France in defense of their imperial interests. But the chances are still overwhelmingly against an early conflict. On unnumbered previous occasions the fascist countries have launched a major diplomatic offensive at a time when the democratic countries were preoccupied with other affairs. Yet they have shown uncanny agility in avoiding wars with other than third-rate nations. And for this there is an excellent reason. None of the fascist countries is strong enough to engage in a protracted war with a leading power. Germany, Italy, and Japan are all short of foodstuffs and basic raw materials. Nor have they sufficient gold or foreign exchange to purchase supplies from abroad on a wartime scale.

The one factor which might encourage Hitler or Mussolini to launch an attack would be the assurance that Great Britain would not enter the conflict. If the war started in the Far East, it is conceivable that Germany might confine its assistance, as in the Spanish insurrection, to underground aid. But it is one thing to localize a civil war in an undeveloped country like Spain, and another to prevent a major conflict in the Far East from involving the other powers with interests in that area. Any leanings that the new Chamberlain Cabinet may have toward collaboration with the Third Reich would probably vanish if it appeared that, through German and Italian aid, the Japanese were about to expand still further their Far Eastern interests. If further pressure were needed to line Britain definitely against the fascist powers, it would undoubtedly be brought to bear by France. Although France is not committed under the Franco-Soviet agreement to aid Russia in the event of attack by Japan, it could scarcely stand by and watch its most powerful European ally overrun by a combination of fascist forces. The renewed firmness exhibited by Britain in refusing to grant belligerent status to the Spanish rebels at the request of Germany and Italy suggests that it is inclined to abandon conciliatory tactics in dealing with fascist aggression. If this firmness could be depended upon in the negotiations of the coming weeks there would be no fear of immediate war.

The New Deal Fights for Its Life

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, June 29

NUMEROUS articles and news stories have appeared in the press of late about a looming split in the Democratic Party. The basis of these reports has been the President's difficulties in putting his legislative program through Congress. To the political pundits and oracles (known variously in the press gallery as "thumbsuckers" and "navel gazers") this situation has afforded almost limitless opportunities for conjuring up all sorts of wild theories, ranging from a break-up of Democratic ranks to a new realignment of parties.

There is plenty of open and covert opposition to the President's policies on the part of certain Democratic Senators and Congressmen. But there is no split in the party nor talk of one. Not one of the dissidents has taken a walk or threatened to do so. They don't dare bolt. It would be political suicide for them. With a few exceptions—Burke of Nebraska, Copeland of New York, Adams of Colorado, King of Utah, McCarran of Nevada—the anti-Administrationites are Southerners who remember very vividly what befell the Hoovercrats for jumping the traces in 1928. It was significant that in the 1936 campaign not one Southern officeholder or candidate, including the ineffable Gene Talmadge, bolted the party reservation. The hostile Northerners and Westerners also are not sticking out their necks by going off the party reservation. Practically every one of them was very careful to be on hand at the Jefferson Island love feast. Mr. Roosevelt's policies may anguish their reactionary souls, but they are keeping a tight clutch on the Democratic label—and the President's coattails. It is their only hope of reelection next year.

If there was a split or early likelihood of one, the situation would be much more cheerful. The best thing that could happen to the Democratic Party and the President would be for the reactionary cabal to follow the example of Al Smith, Jim Reed, and the other 1936 bolters and take a walk. It would clear the atmosphere immeasurably and greatly strengthen Roosevelt's hand in dealing with Congress. He would then be able to disregard the pressure of the dissidents and treat them as the enemies they are. But bitterly as they hate him and his proposals, they are giving him no such opportunity. Their aim is not to smash the Democratic Party but to capture it.

Behind the sniping and sabotaging of the Southern die-hards and their Northern and Western allies is a two-fold objective: (1) to put a halt to further liberal economic and social legislation, (2) to wrest dominance of the party from Roosevelt and dictate the Presidential nominee in 1940. That is what all the shouting on the Potomac really is about. The Old Guard is after the scalp of the New Deal and not of the Democratic Party. It wants to undermine the Administration so as to prepare the ground for a "safe" standard-bearer in 1940; someone of the type of Missouri's demagogic Senator Bennett Clark or Paul (Social Precedence) McNutt. It is possible that two years from now if the conspirators are unable to get their way, some of them may take a walk. But at present that is farthest from their thoughts. They are after bigger—and safer—game. In this momentous undercover struggle the President has aligned against him most of the Democratic leaders of Congress. With a few exceptions these men are Southerners of long service who owe their powerful places wholly to the rule of seniority. Head man of the cabal, up to his recent departure, was Vice-President Jack Garner. The crafty Texan makes a great show publicly about his devotion and loyalty to the President—"my Boss." But behind the scenes he has wielded a murderous axe. It was Garner who conceived the idea of attaching an anti-sitdown rider to the Guffey coal bill in order to force Roosevelt's hand on the strike issue. The Southern clique, fearing the C. I. O. organization drive in the textile mills, tried to persuade the President to declare against the sitdown tactic. He refused, whereupon Garner, who is bitterly anti-labor, cooked up the scheme to compel Roosevelt to take a stand by inserting an anti-sitdown amendment in the Guffey bill that was certain to pass and go to the White House for signature. The attack was beaten off, but only after strenuous battling. It was Garner also who early in May began agitating for a hurry-up adjournment and the shelving of the President's entire legislative program, including the Supreme Court reorganization bill. His failure to get anywhere with this maneuver was the cause of his sudden decision that he needed a rest cure on his cool Uvalde veranda. As far as the White House is concerned, if he returns in January it will be too soon.

Except for patronage finagling, Garner did not meddle in Administration affairs during Roosevelt's first term. But during the past winter and spring he secretly had his hands in every issue. Although he did not stay for the Senate fight on the relief bill he did a lot of agitating for a slash in the appropriation. He also raged against the wage-hour regulation bill and buried the knife deep in the back of the President's government reorganization plan. Among his cronies he repeatedly urged the need to organize in order to prevent the nomination of a liberal in 1940. Personally Garner has no political power, but in his position as Vice-President he can, and it is now clearly apparent he will, fight against the President's liberal policies and their continuance.

Senate Floor Leader Joe Robinson picked up where Garner left off. The bulky, trigger-tempered Arkansan has never been sympathetic to the New Deal and on more than one occasion has quietly knifed the White House. An example of this was his action in the closing hours of the 1936 session, when despite a personal request from the President that Congress be kept in session until the Senate had concurred in the Guffey coal bill, previously approved by the House, Robinson a few minutes later rose on the Senate floor and moved adjournment. In the first year of the Administration there was considerable undercover talk about displacing Robinson as floor leader. He was widely unpopular because of his surly temper and high-handedness. He could have been ousted, but it would have entailed a fight, and Roosevelt, although he was warned that he would regret it, backed away from the distasteful job. This session, with his reactionary fellow Southerners aggressively on the offensive, he has played in with them hand in glove. Not even his itching ambition to go to the Supreme Court has kept him from attacking White House measures.

In the relief fight he rushed to the succor of the Old Guard cabal when they faced defeat in their attempt to riddle the bill with the Byrnes amendment requiring a 40 per cent contribution from cities and states. The present average ratio is less than 10 per cent. A 40 per cent restriction would have had the effect of holding down relief outlays to around $750,000,000. The reactionaries in control of the Appropriations Committee were able to load down the measure with the Byrnes rider. But in the open, on the floor of the Senate, it quickly became apparent that the scheme had no chance. It was at this point that Robinson galloped to the rescue. Without a word of warning to the President, and giving the impression he was offering an Administration compromise, he proposed a 25 per cent requirement. It took nearly a week of circuitous and delicate maneuvering to undo Joe's sabotage. He also strove strenuously to persuade the President to shelve his legislative program and wind up the session. When Roosevelt turned thumbs down on the idea, Robinson countered with a proposal that the program be limited to the court measure. Roosevelt, however, has persisted in insisting on his full program. Whether he can keep Robinson and the other sabotaging leaders on the job after the court issue has been disposed of remains to be seen. It will take more vigorous whip-cracking than Roosevelt has displayed so far.

At the moment Joe is busy giving indirect aid and comfort to the foes of the court bill by a consistently defeatist attitude. In his conferences with the President on the issue he has constantly underestimated Administration strength and urged the acceptance of a compromise much more unfavorable than the situation actually warranted. The six-judge plan is dead, but the President has a great deal more strength in the Senate on the court issue than Joe will admit. The vicious adverse report of the Judiciary Committee with its personal attacks on the President, written, incidentally, by Borah and an American Bar Association lobbyist, boomeranged against the opposition. In fact, even some of the signers of the document are now explaining privately that they had not read it and were misled as to its contents. Also, an intimation from Roosevelt that he is prepared to throw the court issue into next year's Congressional elections has had a salutary effect on some of the fence-sitters. Facing difficult contests, they have no desire to add to their troubles by having this dynamite-loaded question injected into the campaign. With loyal floor leadership it is probable that a four-judge bill can be passed. As it is, the President not only has to fight the opposition seeking to prevent enactment of any kind of legislation but to prevent being sold short on a compromise by his own leaders. Roosevelt's hopes in the fight rest on first-termers, such as Schwellenbach of Washington, Minton of Indiana, Schwartz of Wyoming, and a few veterans such as Barkley of Kentucky and Hugo Black of Alabama. Robinson, Harrison, Byrnes will sell him out at every turn.

White House intimates assert that despite the barrage of "authoritative" reports that Robinson is a sure-fire bet for the Van Devanter vacancy on the Supreme Court his selection is by no means certain. They say the President has never discussed the matter with Joe. In any event, they declare, his hopes of getting on the bench depend entirely on what happens to the court bill. If it is defeated the President, they predict, will not name him. Joe is too old (he is 65) and too conservative to be the President's first appointee to the Court. However, if several additional justices are authorized it is not unlikely that Robinson will be one of those named. If he is, the sole reason will be Roosevelt's fear not to appoint him. Robinson unquestionably would bitterly and vengefully resent his rejection, and his Southern pals would be no less irate. They are, in fact, his only backers. The liberals to a man are against him. But the reactionaries are beating the drums for him lustily and muttering dire threats of revenge if the President doesn't come across. Senator Josiah Bailey, yawping foe of everything savoring of liberalism, remarked to newsmen, "If the President don't appoint Robinson he will not only lose his Senate leader but he will lose the Senate." The last part of the statement is untrue, but the first is very likely.

Liberal confidants of the President say he now realizes fully what he is up against in the legislative situation and is determined to wage a finish fight for his program if it takes the rest of the year. As evidence of his stiffened backbone they cite his firm stand against strong pressure during the Jefferson Island conferences to agree to an August 15 adjournment. Roosevelt told Robinson and the other leaders that he wanted his full program enacted. He also made it clear that any measure shelved would be renewed next year and if necessary made a campaign issue. On their part they made no promises, but it is significant that, since the powwow, talk of an early adjournment has quieted down. Whether the question will be raised again depends on how militant a front Roosevelt presents in the court fight. If he stands pat and refuses to be bluffed or stampeded there is every likelihood he will have his way on the other measures. If he weakens and runs he is all washed up, not only for this session but for the rest of his term. The court battle is more than a struggle over that particular legislation. It is the determining test of the remainder of his Administration—which will be made or broken in this struggle.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

BY ALLEN GROBIN

I HAVE watched a "back-to-work movement" in the steel strike sector. I never saw anything more phony. When I returned from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, I was surprised to find how inaccurate a picture even well-informed New Yorkers had of what was going on in the steel-mill towns, despite the thousands of words printed about the strike. Most of the people I talked with appeared to think that (a) Tom Girdler was the so-and-so back of it all; but none the less that (b) the steel workers themselves, many of them, wanted to go back to work rather than continue the strike. There are two things wrong with this picture: (a) and (b).

On the other hand I should not have been surprised, for Edward Levinson of the New York *Post* was one of the few newspapermen I met in the strike zone who knew what the score was and who told it with clarity —and he got thrown out of the Johnstown City Hall for being so smart. There may have been one or two others who were doing a good job; but those I met were covering the story as though it were ordinary police-court routine or a baseball game.

They were telling who, what, where, and when—day by day, as things occurred or when somebody issued a statement. But they were not telling (or, at least, their papers were not printing) the why and how; and here, as every intelligent reporter on the job knew, lay the meat of the story.

New York, however, knew more about the situation than Johnstown did. The farther one got from the strike zone the more fairly was the story presented. In the strike zone the local newspapers made no pretense of fairness. Typical examples were the two Johnstown papers, the morning *Democrat* and the evening *Tribune*. They fairly frothed at the mouth editorially and in their news columns. Both pictured the strike as revolution and the strikers as aliens and Communists.

Since the strikers had been reduced to primitive word-of-mouth as a means of communication, their side of the story was smothered under a thick blanket of distortion in the local press. As a result, the local strike-bound communities themselves had but the vaguest idea of what was going on. This, as it developed, was an important element in the set-up for the spurious "back-to-work movement" and for the dynamitings which loosed against the strikers a fury already carefully built up. Neither of these events would have occurred in Johnstown had its 70,000 inhabitants been told the truth.

The anti-strike campaign has been waged along two general lines. One objective was to break the morale of the steel workers; the other to turn the general public against the strike. The attempt to demoralize the strikers took two forms: propaganda to the effect that the strike was lost, that men were going back to work, and that the strikers had better come back too while they were still acceptable to the management; terrorization of pickets and the intimidation of their families. Public opinion was "coordinated" also in two ways: through propaganda by means of press, pulpit, general talk, and gossip; and through economic pressure. The economic pressure was terrific.

On June 15, five days after the strike broke out, five leaders of the vigilantes met with the two strike leaders, David Watkins and John W. Stephenson, at the Lutheran Church on Vine Street. S. H. Heckman, head of the Penn-Traffic Store, Johnstown's only department store, who was one of the organizers of the vigilante Citizens' Committee, told Watkins and Stephenson that "the business men of the Greater Johnstown area will absolutely refuse to permit the employees of the Bethlehem Steel Company to organize and bargain collectively with their employer, as such procedure would be harmful to our business." I have in my possession a stenographic report of that conference.

Another item is the pencil-scrawled note to Mrs. Pedro Sanchez, wife of a striker, from Vince Faranda, who runs a general merchandise store where he sells everything from groceries to dry goods. I have it before me as I write. It says:

> Mrs. Sanchez: I guess you have heard about it. We are very sorry, because we have to stop all accounts. Because the wholesaler they have stopped all of our accounts and put us on cash basis.
>
> So since we have to pay cash for everything, we must get cash for everything too. So please don't feel offend (sic), because we can't help it. We want to stay in business.
>
> After this is all over, we will gladly open your accounts again. So please help us and keep on buying for cash here until we can open your accounts again. I feel very, very sorry. (signed) VINCE FARANDA.

Bethlehem Steel's executives and straw bosses, the town's bankers, merchants, city officials, newspapers, and clergymen have all been on the firing line against the strikers. The plan of campaign, apparently, was first to isolate the strikers from the rest of the community, and second to turn the community against the strikers. The isolation was accomplished by driving a wedge between the steel strikers on the one side and the white-collar workers and farmers on the other. The wedge was driven home with three distinct blows:

1. It was reported that the Cambria mills would close permanently if the strikers won. Since Johnstown's economic basis for existence rests on the Bethlehem Steel Company, this threw fear into the heart of every shop-

keeper, small business man, and white-collar worker.

2. The day the steel workers went out on strike the Penn-Traffic Store laid off large numbers of its clerks, ranging in various departments from 25 to 50 per cent. After the modified martial law was clamped on, the remaining clerks were quivering in their shoes because of a rumor spread among them that if the strike were not settled they would be put on a half-week schedule.

3. It was publicly urged by the Johnstown *Democrat* and *Tribune* that all steel-mill workers go on relief immediately, which—it was stated—would raise relief costs in Cambria County 600 per cent. Nothing could be better calculated to arouse every home owner, business man, and farmer in Cambria County.

The wedge was driven home none too subtly. To tie these activities together, it is necessary to note a few facts:

1. There are only two major industries in the Johnstown area—steel and coal. Of the two, steel is dominant and pours more money into the city.

2. There is only one bank in Johnstown (as a result of the bank failures of 1932-1933)—the United States National Bank, which does all of Bethlehem's business.

3. The leading mercantile establishment and only department store is the Penn-Traffic Store.

4. The Bethlehem Steel Company contributes to the support of all Johnstown's churches, whose wealthiest parishioners are the steel executives and sub-executives.

The talk of what had happened to the clerks at the Penn-Traffic Store—and what was rumored to impend—spread like wildfire through the city. Twenty-four hours later I could not find a store clerk in Johnstown who was not prayerfully hoping the strike would be settled immediately. Thus Bethlehem accomplished the break between the steel strikers and the white-collar workers.

Five fingers pull the strings at Johnstown, and the effects of their manipulations reach directly or indirectly into the homes of every one of the 70,000 inhabitants of the Bethlehem "company town." The five key figures are C. R. Ellicott, general manager of the Cambria mills; George Suppes, president, and Francis Martin, cashier, of the United States National Bank; S. H. Heckman of the Penn-Traffic Store, and Daniel Shields, mayor of the city. Behind all five loom the same figures that stand behind Tom Girdler of Republic Steel and Frank Purnell of Youngstown Sheet and Tube—Eugene Grace, chairman of the board of Bethlehem, and William C. Potter, board chairman of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, a Morgan bank.

A word about the five. Ellicott is known throughout the steel mill region as an intransigeant union hater; Suppes is entirely dependent for his big financial business on Bethlehem; Martin is president of the Johnstown Chamber of Commerce and is chairman of the vigilante Citizens' Committee; Heckman was Martin's lieutenant in organizing and leading the vigilantes; Mayor Shields is an ex-convict. Shields played his part in supplying the vigilantes. Of the 700 vigilantes, 600 came from the local civil-service lists for police and firemen jobs. When they were sworn in for strike duty, they were told that this job was a test of their fitness to hold city jobs. Suppes, whose bank holds hundreds of farm mortgages, at the same time announced he had "800 farmers prepared to do for Johnstown what the farmers did for Hershey."

The Reverend ——— is pastor of a Protestant church in Johnstown. On the Sunday after martial law was declared by Governor Earle, I was discussing the local situation with him on the street. A number of his parishioners surrounded us. The general tone of the conversation led me to understand that the Reverend Mr. —— was opposed to the strike. With nothing more immediate in mind, I inquired:

"Are you one of the Bishop McConnell school of social thought or are you on the other side of the fence?" He replied that he disagreed with much that Bishop McConnell has said and done.

The next morning, at the hotel, my telephone rang. It was the Reverend Mr. ——, and his voice was agitated. He wanted to come right up to see me. I told him to come ahead. He arrived, looking like a man undergoing a severe strain.

"My conscience is troubling me," he said.

"What about?" I asked.

"Well, you asked me a lot of questions yesterday . . . and, well . . . I wasn't quite truthful. As a matter of fact, I am an intense admirer of Bishop McConnell and agree with him fully." I drew him on, and let him talk. It turned out that the Reverend Mr. —— was in reality genuinely sympathetic with the strikers. Toward the end of his confession, he dug into his pocket, pulled out a sheet of paper, and thrust it at me.

"Here, read this," he said, "and tell me what you think of it."

It was the rough draft of a resolution which condemned the action of Governor Earle in declaring martial law, stated that the community was opposed to the strike, and that the steel workers themselves were opposed to it.

"What is this?" I asked.

"It's the rough draft of a resolution which I have been asked to draw up to present to the Ministerial Association," he answered.

"But you don't believe this!" I exclaimed.

He sighed heavily, and drew a handkerchief across his forehead. His silence was answer enough. I said: "You're in a tough spot, aren't you?" And his reply was a gust of despair: "You have no idea!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I persisted.

"There's only one thing I can do. I'm going right down to the meeting and present this. Then I'm going on my vacation, and I'm not coming back until this is all over." I shall never forget his back as he went out.

But the strangest story of all revolves about the declaration of martial law by Governor Earle. Robert Lytle of the United Press, by some smart work, traced the telephone call to Governor Earle in which Sheriff Michael J. Boyle of Cambria County asked for martial law, on the ground that 40,000 coal miners were marching on Johnstown to support the steel strikers. That call was made on Friday, June 18.

Lytle traced the call to the executive offices of the Bethlehem Steel Company in Johnstown. Queried by Lytle, Sheriff Boyle admitted making the call from the Bethlehem offices and said General Manager Ellicott had helped him draft the appeal for martial law. Later I asked James Mark, leader of the strike in Johnstown and president of District 2 of the United Mine Workers of America, when he had given his miners the order to march on Johnstown.

"Saturday, June 19," he replied.

"Are you sure you did not order the march on Friday, June 18?" I asked.

"I am certain," he stated. "I had no such idea until I talked with Phil Murray on Saturday morning."

That seemed curious. The only man who could have ordered the miners to march was Mark. If Lewis or Murray had ordered it, they could have got their message out only through Mark. Yet Sheriff Boyle and General Manager Ellicott had known it on Friday, twenty-four hours before Mark knew it.

Governor Earle's supporters are still wondering whether Sheriff Boyle and Mr. Ellicott did not think the Governor would refuse their request for martial law. A vigilante told John J. Devine, special investigator of the Pennsylvania State Department of Justice: "Three days more and we woulda had this strike broken, if that damn Earle hadn't slapped on the martial law." Is it possible that Ellicott and Boyle were expecting violence? Did it seem that if Earle refused to grant martial law he could then be charged with responsibility for whatever happened later? Would that have ruined Earle's career?

The most reasonable explanation I have heard—and it comes from a source close to Earle—is that when the request for martial law came through, the Governor telephoned John Lewis and asked whether the miners' march had been ordered. Apparently Lewis and Murray gave substance to the shadow by ordering the march, making a reality of a wholly imaginary situation and thereby justifying the martial law and saving the strike.

The known plotting and ruthless measures resorted to in Johnstown by some of the "law-and-order" elements suggest that the same elements might not have hesitated to dynamite the water mains running into the Cambria mills in order to discredit the strike. Who *did* think of dynamite? In all the time I spent with the strikers at Johnstown I never heard a word suggesting sabotage. I did hear how easy it would be to stop the Cambria mill by blasting the water main. I heard it ten days before it happened. It was suggested to me by a policeman in Johnstown. The dynamiters were careful, I notice, to do no real damage, as the management has since admitted.

There's plenty that's phony in Johnstown!

Japan's Dilemma

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

II

JAPAN'S economic crisis has compelled the army to call a temporary halt in the campaign against China. It has not taught the army that the continued extension of armament manufactures is bound to intensify the present crisis. The army remains determined to accelerate its armament program. Of the current budget 47.5 per cent is to be absorbed by measures of direct war preparations, and a further 18.2 per cent will be spent on the steel, aviation, oil, and auxiliary armament industries. Exactly 0.2 per cent is allotted to "the renovation of education," and 1.6 per cent to health and relief measures.

Recent developments in the steel industry illustrate the reckless determination of the military to cling to their policy of conquest. The Japan Steel Manufacturing Company, a government agency, is spending $20,000,000 on the construction of new steel mills near Kobe. At the instance of the very aggressive Kwantung Army, the South Manchurian Railway has taken over the Showa Steel Company, and is planning to raise its pig-iron and steel output by 2,500,000 tons each in six years, at a cost of 160,000,000 yen. The government also proposes to introduce a licensing system in the iron-and-steel industry. All projects using steel, including those of the government, are to be postponed unless they are "vitally necessary to the national defense." All steel companies are to be compelled, furthermore, to maintain their annual productive capacity at a minimum of 100,000 metric tons a year; this will involve ruinous expenditures for the many small steel companies.

Similar projects are being undertaken in allied industries. Thus, 95,000,000 yen are to be spent on the development of synthetic oil production in Korea. To overcome Japan's notorious weakness in the air, the Mitsui interests have entered the military plane field, and the Mitsubishi group, which has been engaged in plane production for some time, is "doubling its capitalization in order to enlarge its aircraft manufacturing capacity."

In spite of these heroic measures, Japan's heavy industries are unable to produce in sufficient volume to satisfy the demands of the armed forces. The government's solution to this problem is again characteristic and can only intensify the economic crisis. Because of the steel shortage, Japanese steel interests have been compelled "to decline an offer from Brazil for the purchase of 10,000,000 yen worth of rails and locomotives." Such a sum could buy a great deal of cotton, iron ore, and manganese, supplies which Brazil has to sell and which Japan sorely lacks. Yet here is illustrated the vicious circle in which the Japanese military have involved the nation—steel exports to Brazil are forbidden because of the steel shortage at home. But one cause of the steel shortage is the lack of iron and manganese ores with which Brazil can pay for steel. As the steel shortage grows, Japanese shipyards face a serious delay on 141 vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 883,200. Meanwhile, because of a shipping shortage, freight rates to the Far East from North and South America are rising rapidly. High freight rates increase the cost of importing cotton from the Americas. And higher cotton costs raise textile costs, thus increasing the trade deficit, aggravating the budget crisis, provoking the government to extend import restrictions which add to the already desperate raw-material shortage, and thus completing a vicious industrial circle from which Japan can escape only by abandoning her expensive militarist ambitions.

Early in February the Japanese government announced that in order to obtain material for its armament program it had been forced to suspend the import duty on iron and steel for two years (at a cost to the Treasury of 11,000,000 yen which, a later announcement said, would be made up by new tax levies). Simultaneously the government announced that two orders for steel-making equipment, the largest in thirty years, had been placed with American firms. One, placed by Mitsui and Company, was awarded to the United Engineering and Foundry Company of Pittsburgh. The order calls for the erection of a 450,000-ton capacity hot-strip-steel mill—this is "the total annual output for all the mills now operating in Japan." The site of the mill is an island nine hundred miles southwest of Tokyo, where the commercial demand for steel is not very great.

The other order, placed by the Mitsubishi Company, was awarded to the Mesta Machine Company of New York and the East Pittsburgh division of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. (Westinghouse owns an interest in the Mitsubishi works in Japan.) This order provides for the construction of a cold-steel mill to cost $5,000,000 and to be built entirely in this country, except for certain electrical equipment to be provided in Japan "from Westinghouse designs."

A month later, in March, it was announced that the Struthers Iron and Steel Company of Youngstown would shortly begin shipment of 25,000 tons of its high-grade specialty pig iron to Japan. The company's capacity is only 15,000 tons a month, and its order book was then so full that three months had to elapse before the Japanese contract could be filled. However, some light may be thrown upon the willingness of the Struthers Company to force its American customers to wait while it shipped pig iron to Japan by the fact that its most prominent director is also a director of the United Engineering and Foundry Company, as well as of a New York bank on whose board are represented interests which have long been identified with Westinghouse.

During the entire year of 1936 the United States exported only 5,316 tons of pig iron. But in January, 1937, alone we exported 13,329 tons—250 per cent more than in the entire year of 1936—mostly to Japan. And between January and April, reports the Department of Commerce, "the United States sold Japan more pig iron than it sold to all the world in the six preceding years. So far this year Japan has placed orders in the United States for 600,000 tons of iron and steel."

Originally, Japanese pig-iron purchases here had been made at the rate of 65 yen a ton. On March 30, however, it was announced that 35,000 tons of pig iron had been sold to Japan by the Mystic Iron Company at the rate of 115-120 yen a ton, or nearly double the official price. This announcement naturally provoked considerable resentment on the part of companies which had sold to the Japanese before the price was raised. After the new price went into effect the Japanese contracted to buy 382,000 tons of pig iron at the new price; the price increase has already cost Japanese steel manufacturers, who buy their pig iron for steel making from the Ministry of Commerce and Industry, 20,000,000 yen.

Credit for this highly profitable readjustment of export pig-iron prices, then, must go to the Mystic Iron Company. Who controls it? The company is well named, for its affairs are not easy to probe. All that is known about it is that it is a subsidiary of Eastern Gas and Fuel Associates—a large utility. This utility, however, is itself controlled by the Koppers Company. The Koppers Company is, of course, one of the pillars of the Mellon financial structure. And one of the Mellon side-shows happens to be the same Westinghouse combine which owns a participating interest in the Mitsubishi engineering enterprises and which is busily engaged in equipping new Japanese factories; and another side-show of the Mellons' banking interests is United Engineering and Foundry, which, with the Struthers Company, has been doing as well with Japanese orders. (United Engineering has since received three additional Japanese orders.)

Japan's purchases of scrap steel and iron in this country have become legendary. Until a few months ago, our scrap exports to Japan were always good for a journalistic yarn, but they amounted to little more. Last spring, however, the situation became dangerous to those "independent" steel companies which are compelled to buy all or part of their pig iron or scrap for steel making on the open market. These companies were then unable to obtain supplies. Moreover, the export price of scrap was bid up (on European demand as well) far beyond the domestic price, aggravating the domestic shortage.

As the result of this drain on our scrap supplies such well-known "independent" steel companies as National Steel, Wheeling Steel, Lukens Steel (an important navy contractor), and Pittsburgh Steel organized a committee to demand an embargo on further scrap exports. But this protest does not bespeak any fixed objection of the independents to aiding Japanese militarism. They simply want to keep scrap—a raw material on which they make no profit—in this country, and to sell to Japan the competitive pig iron which they manufacture. This purpose is reflected in the presence of representatives of Pittsburgh Steel on the committee. For on the Pittsburgh Steel board are to be found the same interests which direct the affairs of Struthers Iron and Steel. And immediately after the scrap committee's declaration, Struthers contracted to sell another 22,500 tons of pig iron to Japan.

Japan is also placing copper orders of a remarkable character in this country. Early in April the Mitsui and Mitsubishi interests jointly arranged with the Granby

Consolidated Mining, Smelting, and Power Company to buy every last ounce of copper concentrates produced by the company during the next three years. The price of this copper will vary with the world price. Shipments are expected to average 4,000 tons a month. But during 1936 Japan consumed only eleven-odd thousand tons of copper a month. Thus from one source, an American-owned copper mine in Canada, Japan has guaranteed herself a steady monthly supply of more than one-third of her copper needs. A secure copper supply under present market conditions is a luxury not all American consumers of the metal enjoy. For example, last December, when domestic copper supplies ran out, two leading American copper fabricators—General Cable Corporation and Revere Copper and Brass, Inc.—were compelled to refuse orders for nearly 20,000 tons of fabricated copper because they were unable to buy sufficient raw material.

It is true that the Granby company is discriminated against in the United States by our 4-cent-a-pound copper tariff, but the rest of the world is again eager to buy copper, and it hardly seems likely that its eagerness will diminish during the next three years. Accordingly, the willingness of the Granby directors to bind themselves to such a long-term contract would appear inexplicable on the face of things. Again a glance at the company's board of directors helps to solve the mystery. For Granby is no independent. Its board is dominated by interests close to the investment banking house of Hayden, Stone, which, with the Guggenheims and the Morgans, controls the great Kennecott copper mine. A leading part in Granby's affairs is also taken by the secretary of a subsidiary of the other important Morgan copper interest—Phelps Dodge. This mining group comes as close to dominating the world's metal markets as any one group can. The Granby deal typifies the attitude these interests take toward Japan. Their more important properties are concentrating on recovery in the prosperous countries. Only the marginal companies are being put to work on Japanese orders. But the sending or the denying of essential materials of war to Japan hinges upon decisions made in at least one very central office in Wall Street.

III

In effect, then, certain American interests are intervening to allow Japan a breathing-spell from her economic crisis. But meanwhile the American armament program gravitates toward the Pacific—obviously because of the "Japanese menace." The War Department proposes to develop a new air base at Tacoma. A base already exists at Riverside, California. The House has approved a naval air station for San Francisco. The Tacoma decision, predicts the New York *Times,* which is extremely well informed on military aviation plans, is a "certain indication that military leaders soon would propose another and even larger one in Alaska." The Pacific Coast aircraft companies have booked $80,000,000 of orders, exactly twice as much as the East Coast companies have received. Seventy per cent of the country's planes will be built in California this year. The Navy wants a $15,000,000 base at Oakland.

Nor is this all. "Official interest," reports the Chicago *Journal of Commerce,* has been stirred "in the practicability of a Pacific Coast iron-and-steel industry using electric furnaces and employing raw materials from Asia." Three reports have recently been made on Philippine ores. A large part of the 500,000 tons of good-grade iron ore there evidently has a high manganiferous and nickel content, in both of which vital ores this country is deficient. The Philippines also contain good commercial deposits of chromium. The cost of delivering Philippine iron ore on the Pacific Coast would be about $8.20 a ton—about double that of Lake Superior ore delivered at Lake Erie ports. But this is not prohibitive in time of shortage (we used large quantities of Philippine ore in the East during the war). The spring shortage, for example, made it profitable to sell Australian iron ore at Baltimore. It is emphasized that this "new economic situation ties in with proposed expert studies here regarding a Philippine economic set-up which might support independence earlier than . . . 1936."

Proposals to develop a Pacific Coast steel industry on the basis of the Philippines' "potential raw-material supplies have become of new significance in view of the rapid construction of immense hydro-electric plants in the Northwest states which may soon be looking for new tasks." This refers to the Bonneville, and to a lesser extent to the Grand Coulee, electrification projects which, when completed, will provide the virtually unindustrialized Northwest states with an installed capacity of 2,312,000 kilowatts and a potential output of 15 billion kilowatt-hours.

To complete the picture, the War Department, as the *Wall Street Journal* has put the matter, "has butt in" on the Bonneville project, radically increasing its cost. Here, then, is a program which is almost sinister in its blunt completeness. A steel industry is to be created where there were only water-falls before. The lack of coal is no deterrent; electric furnaces can substitute for it. Ores will be brought from the Philippines. Freight costs are no deterrent; in boom conditions, whether in time of war or peace, surplus supplies must be transported great distances. Already, says *Business Week,* it is hoped that "the basic electro-chemical, electro-metallurgical, and other heavy industries in which the cost of power bears a high ratio to manufacturing cost" will be attracted to the Bonneville area. Aircraft production is booming on the Coast. To the south, a rubber-manufacturing boom is making a second Akron of Los Angeles. In a word, by 1940 a new Pittsburgh—supplemented (as Pittsburgh is not) by bombing-plane factories—may well have risen on the Pacific Coast. It will be fed with power supplied by the War Department's brain-child—Bonneville Dam—and it will depend (as Pittsburgh does not) upon a colonial raw-material base which Japan covets.

But no doubt an arms base will be needed on the Pacific Coast by that time to protect us against the "Japanese menace" which our steel and copper is arming at an ever-increasing rate.

(*The first instalment of this article appeared in the issue of June 26.*)

Jack Raper, Cleveland's Best Citizen

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

FOR decades now, young newspapermen, especially those of more than average talent and general competence, have been giving up their jobs in cities and towns west of the Hudson and pouring into New York. Some of them found work on the big Manhattan dailies, and some are now editors, editorial and special writers, foreign and Washington correspondents, and sport, gossip, book, drama, and political columnists. A few developed into more or less successful free-lance writers of novels, magazine articles or stories, or nonfiction; some into well-paid staff writers on mass-circulation periodicals; some into "Communist" and red journalists—their redness splotched with yellow; and some into assorted intellectuals, a more accurate label for whom would be "ineffectuals." Thousands took—if not immediately, then in the course of time—to publicity, radio, advertising. Of other thousands there remains no trace.

There are reasons for this migration to New York, all tied up with the problems of the American press and the country as a whole. But its effects have been evil. It may be partly responsible for the deft writing of some of the news stories in the New York *Herald Tribune;* without doubt it is greatly to blame for the all-around shabbiness of many newspapers outside New York—to which fact, in turn, may be partly ascribed the shabby quality of life in many communities beyond Hoboken and their pathetic dependence on Manhattan for mental and spiritual stimulation. The process ruins much good talent. Most of what it does not ruin it makes ineffective.

Which brings me to John W. Raper, a columnist on the Cleveland *Press.* In spite of his outstanding ability Jack Raper was never tempted to go to New York—doesn't like the place—and never sought national fame or recognition. He has worked on the same paper for almost forty years, running the same column since August 23, 1900; yet today, at sixty-seven, he is incontestably Cleveland's most effective and successful citizen, and though he is scarcely known outside Ohio he is probably one of the most significant figures in the American newspaper world. He is the best functioning man of his age in Cleveland; and as a human being he is, in most important respects, probably better off than the overwhelming majority of people. He works six days a week from eight in the morning till eight or nine and even ten or eleven at night, doing for the most part exactly what he wants to be doing. And doing that, he has become an integral part of the minds, feelings, and instinctive reactions of a majority of the people of Cleveland. He is a source and the core of that town's often demonstrated political health.

His story is a pleasure to write.

Jack Raper is of old Virginia stock that came to Ohio, *via* Carolina and West Virginia, something over 130 years ago. He was born and raised in Chillicothe, in Vinton County, a town he describes as "pure hick." His father was a country newspaperman, and Jack became a reporter in his teens, working briefly on numerous papers in Ohio and also in Chicago, Buffalo, and Albany.

Back in the mid-nineties, between newspaper jobs, Raper—then about twenty-five—worked for Lew Dockstader, minstrel and monologist, whose buffoonery was punctuated by shrewd comments on local, national, and world events and personalities. Officially, Jack was Dockstader's press agent, but he suggested also many of his most popular songs and monologs, and was responsible for his sharpest, funniest "wisecracks."

Marrying, Jack Raper gave up this job—it required too much traveling—and became a reporter on the Cleveland *Press,* a Scripps paper. He was (still is) an excellent newsman. His interviews with stuffed shirts and bunk-shooters, like his reports of their speeches, were full of wasp-like stings. He wrote as he talked; his work with Dockstader had taught him to time and place his stings so they were most effective. He was naturally independent. The Scripps organization encouraged him to be so.

Having been connected with the theater while on Dockstader's staff, Jack added to his reportorial duties those of dramatic critic. Once his sole comment on a performance of "Resurrection," starring Eugenia Blair, was "Burn a rag." This closed the show in Cleveland, and then went, amid guffaws, throughout the theatrical world, where the phrase is to this day used as comment on stenchy performances. This sort of criticism caused the organized show business to boycott the *Press,* which lost over $100,000 a year for two years in theatrical advertising. But Jack Raper kept his job—thanks partly to the fact that old man Scripps was less interested in immediate profits than in developing honest, independent newspapers.

Jack is a small, wiry, extremely lean fellow, alert and agile, with a wasp waist even at sixty-seven. But waspishness is by no means his central characteristic. He has a fierce attachment to the principles and the practice of honesty, liberty, fair play, common sense, and human decency. One of his colleagues on the *Press,* Elrick Davis, calls him the Wasp of Virtue—as apt a short characterization as one could wish for. But there is in him no malice for malice's sake, not a suggestion of a holier-than-thou attitude nor the least touch of puritanism.

One day in the summer of 1900 Editor Rickey of the *Press,* an old-time Scripps man, suggested to Raper that he write down "some of these things you're saying around here—these comments on things—and let's put them in a column. Make it a daily trick if you can. Just as you talk. What you should call it? I don't know; call it most anything." Jack began the column and called it "Most Anything." He was thirty then. It still is "Most Anything"—one of the first columns in the country, now in its thirty-seventh year. All this time he has been writing it, six days a week, never missing a day except for his annual vacation periods or when he took some special assignment.

In 1907 Burr Gongwer, one of Cleveland's political bosses, made a public statement that was pure bull. Jack copied the juiciest part of it for his column: what could he say about it? He asked the staff artist to draw him a bull in silhouette, which he then printed indented in the quotation, without verbal comment. The bull was an immediate hit, and he has been using it ever since with steady effectiveness. During political campaigns he uses it daily; on some days the column is a veritable bull pen. And in the course of decades the bull has entered the service of numerous other columnists, scattered through the country, most of whom have written to Jack for his permission to use it—although the beast, of course, is not copyrighted.

"Most Anything" is not what the readers of the *New Yorker* would call "clever," "brilliant," or "subtle." It is simple, direct, shrewd, somewhat old-fashioned, its humor closer to Artemus Ward and Josh Billings than to Frank Sullivan, Walter Winchell, or Robert Benchley. It is made up mostly of two- to ten-line paragraphs, many of them purely local (Cleveland and Ohio); so that the average transient who happens to pick up the *Press* and casually glances at the column finds much of it meaningless or a little flat. A brief item such as—

> Assistant Safety Director John R. Flynn, says Director Ness, was ill advised when he appointed Frank J. Cadek, Jr., a rookie policeman. But not any more ill advised than the official who appointed John R. Flynn assistant safety director.

has scant significance for a stranger but may be vastly interesting to Clevelanders; while something like this—

> A Democratic candidate for Attorney General of Ohio is going around the state telling voters that Martin Davey has saved the taxpayers $30,000,000 a year. When? In the years he wasn't Governor?

gets chuckles which are not pure mirth all over town, as does this—

> Fifty persons turned out in the Twelfth Ward Thursday night to hear Councilman Herman Finkle. It beats all what a grip that man has on the people.

Or as does Jack's weekly whack at Newton D. Baker, the city's official Leading Citizen (and counsel for the *Press!*) and a voluble champion of public interest in the abstract while he represents the power companies before the United States Supreme Court against the TVA.

Jack's most important items concern politics, the police, the judiciary, the banking fraternity, the big-shots generally who thrive on sham, cover and corruption; many a prominent Clevelander turns first to "Most Anything" ready to laugh at the cuts Jack takes at somebody else, but a bit uneasy lest the little old so-and-so has said something true and devastating about him this time. The bull is feared most; for in the last three decades many a figure has departed from Cleveland's and Ohio's political, business, or religious life, his ears filled with the roar of Jack's animal and the accompanying laughter of tens of thousands of people. And if Jack is something of a wasp, he is also a little like an elephant. He never forgets. Two or three lines now and then are sufficient to keep the memory green. It goes without saying that frequent efforts were made in the early years by powerful groups and individuals to get Jack off the *Press* and out of Cleveland and Ohio.

"Most Anything," a mildly popular column from the start, gradually increased in popularity. Jack went in heavily for homespun wisdom; he invented an old rustic named "Josh Wise" and put his picture at the top of the column alongside such saws as these:

> Th' average man has t' steal his hours uv pleasure either from his work er his sleep.
>
> Th' man th't can afford t' pay his fare is th' one th't has th' least trouble gettin' a pass.
>
> You never hear a woman braggin' th't she's self-made.
>
> A man c'n make a lot o' fatal mistakes an' still live.
>
> "Competition is th' life of trade"—and th' death of men.
>
> Truth is stranger than fiction because we see so little uv it.
>
> Some men are so unlucky th't if they sat down on a haystack they would find a needle.
>
> Precedent is a ball and chain fastened to Justice.

Jack Raper is essentially a small-town fellow, a shrewd superior country jake, his feet close to the grass roots; which largely explains much of his popularity and lastingness. Every Monday for over thirty years now he has been running a feature in his column called "All the News from Hicksville." Using the place names of his boyhood, he faintly burlesques a rural correspondent's notes in a country newspaper. Yet burlesque is not quite the word. He takes shots at the follies, the pretensions, the fake urbanism of small towns. But the tone is kindly, tolerant, and Cleveland, like the rural areas around it, loves the Hicksville news.

With "Most Anything" increasingly successful, Jack came to be in demand as a speaker. In the last fifteen years he has averaged about two hundred addresses a year; he often speaks twice, three times a day. And before all sorts of audiences: women's clubs, labor unions, fraternal societies, teachers' conventions, and gatherings of high-school students—the latter his favorite audiences, from whom he won't take money. He is a born teacher, and young people enjoy him immensely. In the last twenty years or so he has talked to perhaps a hundred thousand of them in small and big groups. Now in their thirties or forties, citizens of Cleveland, they are devoted readers of "Most Anything."

As he walks in the downtown streets of Cleveland, it is "Hello Jack! How are you?" or "Good morning, Mr. Raper!" Sometimes it takes him a half hour to walk two or three blocks. Often someone touches his sleeve and says, "You don't know me, Mr. Raper, but when I was going to Lincoln High you came and spoke to the Discussion Club."

Jack is something of an actor in the Lew Dockstader tradition, and frequently before groups of high-school students he burlesques some inflated old judge, cheap politician, or business Babbitt speaking to them solemnly, emptily, platitudinously on "Youth, the Hope of the Future." The kids receive it with gales of laughter—and laugh again when the solemn, empty, platitudinous, inflated old judge, cheap politician, or business Babbitt actually comes to address them a month or two later. There is a theory in the *Press* office that the youngsters keep him young at sixty-seven; also, that through contact with them, he—a born and incorrigible idealist—momentarily gets over the disillusionment which became part of his make-up early in life.

In the course of the three and a half decades Jack has acquired a great following that is at once intensely personal and more than personal, and held together by mutual attachment to principles of which he is the high priest. He and his friends and constant readers, whose total may be a quarter of a million, and half of whom, perhaps, are so-called "foreigners" with such names as Ambrozich, Mlakar, Sczymanski, or Hatjas, are the bulwark of democracy and traditional Americanism in the northeastern corner of Ohio. They carry on the tradition of Jack's late friend Tom L. Johnson, and are generally responsible for the fact that Cleveland usually votes overwhelmingly progressive or liberal—even when the liberal or progressive candidate (as was the case with the elder La Follette in 1924) has no chance of winning. Theirs is largely the credit, too, that Cleveland's own government —in spite of (or I should say *because of*) Jack's constant columnar bellyaching—is as good as it is.

The government of Ohio just now is in poor hands, but that is not the fault of Cleveland, or of Jack and his friends. Governor Martin L. Davey, Democrat, was reelected last autumn in the Roosevelt landslide, but independent Cleveland, which went overwhelmingly for Roosevelt, gave a majority to the Republican candidate. That Cleveland went anti-Davey was due, to a great extent, to "Most Anything," in which Jack daily belabored Davey, and to a typical Raper radio speech, delivered shortly before Election Day, which contained a sting that caused Clevelanders to split their sides and votes:

> The people of Ohio first became acquainted with Mr. Davey as a tree doctor. A tree doctor is a doctor who knows all about trees, about planting, trimming, pruning, and [slight pause] grafting.

Jack is something of a perfectionist, and there is but one living politician in Cleveland—in fact, in the whole of Ohio—of whom he enthusiastically approves. This is old Robert Crosser, an extremely able independent-Democratic member of Congress, who for some twenty years has represented the Twenty-First Ohio District, a section of Cleveland inhabited largely by Polish, Slovak, and Lithuanian families. Bob Crosser hates political buncombe, has no campaign fund, no support from the Democratic machine, no machine of his own, no campaign manager, asks no one to vote for him; he makes no promises and no regular campaign speeches, but delivers, instead, an occasional brief talk in some Polish or Slovak hall on liberty, democracy, social justice, progress, and other such essentials of what he calls Americanism, and gives a party for his Hunky supporters in his house, where he—personally a dry but politically a wet—serves coffee and doughnuts! He is Jack's best friend in Cleveland, and Jack supports him in "Most Anything" and takes the stump for him every time he runs. Jack often opposes candidates that the *Press* supports.

The City Club of Cleveland is one of the most important and interesting organizations of its kind in America. It has a membership of some 1,600, and every Saturday after lunch it holds a forum, usually with some well-known speaker, whose talk, as well as the ensuing discussion, is broadcast locally. The club's avowed objective is the free exchange of opinions upon any question. But most of the members are conservative.

Soon after he joined, Jack became a sort of center for liberal and progressive members whose chief interest was in problems of government. One day, just after the war, a club member who was a florist sent flowers to the dining-room, among them a bunch of red roses for the table usually occupied by Jack's group. When the group was seated, someone jokingly exclaimed, "At last your true colors! This is the Soviet Table!" None of them knew then exactly what a Soviet was, but they knew they had been called a bad name, and that pleased them. Like a lot of boys, they stuck it on themselves, and, to this day the group, now numbering several hundred, is known as the Soviet Table. Around the main Soviet Table now are smaller ones, and in the center of the main table are their two insignia—the hammer and sickle and the black bull Jack has made famous. The Soviet Table is the heart of the City Club. It includes now many varieties of sociopolitical thinkers, an assortment of crackpots, and a few more or less good-humored conservatives and reactionaries, who have "sneaked in," so the theory goes, "to bore from within." The Soviet Table is instrumental in bringing to Cleveland every third or fourth Saturday some liberal, progressive, or radical speaker, who is broadcast all over Cleveland and for about two hundred miles around. It is the watchdog, the conscience of the city; and in 1924 became the brains and soul of a temporary political machine that carried Cleveland for La Follette.

There are people in Cleveland to whom Jack is a "red," a Bolshevik, but he himself feels that the black bull, which is of iron, is a truer emblem of the Soviet Table than the hammer and sickle.

Once a year or so the bull is moved from the Soviet Table to the speaker's table and Jack—graying and getting bald, but more vigorous than most men half his age—delivers a stingingly witty review of the political, social, and economic situation in Cleveland, with glimpses of the rest of Ohio and the United States. He spends weeks preparing himself for this, but his informal delivery, done with a dour face, full of fight, sarcastic cuts, and meaningful pauses, makes it seem an impromptu oration.

In 1935 his address contained a fierce onslaught, interspersed with double-edged phrases and "wisecracks," on the politico-economic bosses of the town, especially on two local financiers (lately dead), brothers and bachelors, who, while known for their exemplary personal lives, often employed questionable methods and were mainly to blame for Cleveland's acute bank crisis in 1933. When he came to them, he said:

> You may remember that Pete Witt [another member of the Soviet Table] once presented to the city a certain politician as an unkissed icicle. May I not present to you the two unkissed cherubs? There they sit in the [Terminal] Tower [Building], the wonderful tower reaching up into the clouds—the highest thing in Cleveland, except the pile of defaulted bonds they built; that wonderful tower in whose top there burns a powerful light, its bright rays going far across the boundaries of the city, far out into the country. There in the Tower top it burns, night after night, in memory of the unknown bondholder. And there they sit, the unkissed cherubs, symbols of the sublimity of virginity in masculinity. Pure in their private lives. But it can hardly be said that in their financial relations with the public they practiced continence.

He has built up a volunteer information service that makes him one of the most knowing men in town. Sitting at the big Soviet Table or in his cubby-hole office, he learns of everything that happens—of some things before they happen; and occasionally he prevents the worst of them from happening. Then, as likely as not, he tells no one anything about it for years afterwards, if ever. One day as he was recounting to me the details of the great Cleveland bank crisis of 1933, he hesitantly mentioned something he had done in connection with it. Sensing one of his secrets, I pumped him and learned that when the crisis hit the city he had feared that the State Banking Department would appoint as conservators certain local politicians who were hovering over the scene like vultures, ready to steal as much of the banks' resources as had not yet evaporated. In his fear, he had jumped on a train for Washington and had a talk with Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, who then applied pressure on the Ohio authorities to appoint as conservators two outside banking experts. It was mainly the financial ability of these experts and their disregard of local political and business pressure which enabled the depositors to recover from the wreckage a considerable percentage of their money. Raper told me that his wife and I and two or three other of his friends were the only persons who knew this, and made me promise to keep it to myself. Later, after I had threatened to break my promise if he would not release me from it, he gave me leave to mention the incident in this article.

When I told him I was going to write him up, he looked confused and was reluctant to cooperate. "I know the value of publicity," he said, his face engulfed in a grimace, "but—oh, hell! It's liable to complicate my life."

I can approach the conclusion of this sketch of Jack Raper no better than by telling of his connection with the starting of the American Newspaper Guild. The idea of the Guild originated partly with a young reporter on the Cleveland *Press*, Garland Ashcraft, who was chiefly instrumental also in organizing Chapter No. 1 in Cleveland. I could theorize that Ashcraft's daring idea was not unrelated to the atmosphere of freedom and vital independence that largely prevails in the *Press* office, which must be credited in part to Jack; but I shan't. The most interesting fact is that Jack discouraged the formation of the Guild.

The story goes that in the summer of 1933 a committee of *Press* reporters called on Jack in his cubby-hole, thinking it would be a pushover to get him to sign up as a charter member. But before the committee had half finished its song and dance Jack interrupted, "Nothing doing! Just skip me, boys."

"But, why?" asked the flabbergasted committee.

"I will have nothing to do with organizing newspapermen," he said. "I've lived with 'em all my life, and I know 'em. You fellows are barking up the wrong tree. Boys, they're just not worth wasting time on. Not worth a damn! Yellow as hell! Longshoremen have more brains than newspapermen. They won't stick together on anything but a bottle. Won't fight for anything. Once or twice in my time I've tried to organize them in towns where I've worked. I've got burned every time, and once I lost a job trying. Of course, now, if you boys *can* do something with a bunch of reporters, why, hop to it. I'm getting up in years now, and I'm sittin' pretty. If anything can be made out of this business, it's up to you younger fellows. If you need any money, come around. If you succeed, I'll join—but I predict you won't."

None the less, he joined, has been an active, interested member ever since, and thinks the Guild is a great outfit, with potential power to improve not only the newspaper people's working condition but the Fourth Estate as a whole.

Jack's cynicism is a surface characteristic, a defense mechanism of an active idealist who is being kicked in the face by all manner of evils, at least temporarily stronger than he is. The usual expression on his lean face, which is beginning to resemble an apple that has lasted till February, verges on disgust. He seems to have a perpetual pain in the neck. Way inside him, however, Jack is not a cynic but a hopeful, happy man—as hopeful and happy, perhaps, as any intelligent and informed person can be nowadays: for, as I have tried to suggest, he functions rather marvelously, and—beneath his modesty—he knows it. Jack is no genius; but simply by functioning long, energetically, and consistently in one place, he has had a big hand in making Cleveland culturally superior to most other large American cities.

Jack is a waspish sort of Doremus Jessup who, although he may believe—in his optimistic moments—that it can't happen here, does everything possible to keep it from happening. For decades now he has been promoting, and fighting for, genuine democracy, common sense, skepticism, mental and spiritual avidity, a progressive political mood and urge, and resistance to economic, social, and political evils and abuses which in all too many American towns, big and small, have gone too long unchallenged. He has become as much an institution in Cleveland as the Public Square or the Tom Johnson monument.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THAT it is—a genuine disaster. Stalin's continuation of his legal murders has not only struck a grave blow at the great Communist experiment which he is supposed to be serving, but it has altered the whole aspect and balance of the European scene, let us hope for the moment only. Well, his defenders will ask, has he not a right to punish traitors? Indubitably. He has the power to exterminate anyone he dislikes or suspects and apparently to induce each one, by force or otherwise, to confess his guilt. But it does not always pay to use the extreme penalty. These executions have been going on in Russia steadily, but they do not seem to have had a deterrent effect. Indeed, judging by public statements and the opinions published in the press, treason is more than ever rife. Plainly something is radically wrong. Either the men who rise to the top in Russian official and industrial life are a set of loathsome perjurers and betrayers of their own countrymen, or the system—as administered by Stalin—is so intolerable that men will stop at nothing to cripple or destroy it.

Take those eight generals who were executed. It is openly said that they had sold out to Germany and it was explained that they were all inherited from the Czar's regime. If the latter was the case why were they trusted and advanced to such high rank? Why were they not always suspected and caught up with before they were in possession of the most important military secrets? There have been military scandals in other countries, notably in France, but somehow it seems impossible to believe that eight French generals would deliberately betray their trust and perhaps jeopardize their country by taking money from Hitler. Eight Benedict Arnolds at once—that would surely be incredible in any other country but Russia. Even granting that they were guilty, it seems as if something less than death would have served, if only from the point of view of world opinion. But Stalin is plainly utterly reckless of that, with the result that his prestige and that of his country have received a really dangerous blow.

When I denounced the previous judicial murders in Moscow some months ago, I was charged with giving aid and comfort to the dictators because I said that Stalin was forfeiting the good will of the liberal forces all over the world who had earnestly wanted to see the Communist experiment fairly tried. What can these critics say now? They must admit that these executions, with the resultant destruction of confidence in the Russian army, have given the greatest aid and comfort to the dictators, notably Hitler. If the generals have been in his pay, of course he knew all along of the rottenness of the army of his chief opponent in Europe. But the fact that the most reliable London correspondents are telegraphing to their papers that England is now ready to make advances to Hitler because of this demonstration that the Russian army is not the strong organization to lean upon that it was thought to be must fill the Berlin dictator with cheer and hope. If he can only tie England up in some other treaties, like that made by the two countries respecting the size of their navies, he will have a free hand in Europe. It seems incredible that England should ally itself with this man, but there has always been an element of powerful, diehard Tories in the Conservative Party which has wished a German alliance. Neville Chamberlain is more likely to yield to them than was his predecessor, Baldwin.

With England in an alliance with Hitler, what would become of the passionate demand of so many of our American liberals that we be ready to go to war on behalf of the democracies? (They included the despotism of Stalin as a democracy.) I have been astounded to find many liberals who are so shocked and unbalanced by the horrors in Spain that they are eager to have the United States fight again to save the remnants of democracy from Hitler and Mussolini. Perhaps if Russia now fades out of the picture, at least to some extent, they may recall that it was the last war on behalf of democracy that made possible the rise of the dictators all over Europe. Even our intervention in another war would not save democracy, but only destroy it here in America. Certainly the laws we now have on the statute books insure to us a fascist dictatorship the minute war begins and the military machine takes charge of the country. But many of these liberals have been so fanatical in their feelings about Russia that I suppose that they will still insist that all is well in the Kremlin and that Stalin is justified in purging his government of endless traitors.

Here the difficulty is that the more officials Stalin puts to death, the more certainly will there be demoralization in the work of his governmental bureaus. Officials who are absolutely honest and loyal cannot but be dismayed and disheartened and are certain to wonder where the lightning will strike next. I may be all wrong, but it seems to me as if the shootings of high officials were bound to produce the very curtailment in production of which Russia is now complaining. We get almost daily reports in the form of quotations from the Moscow press to the effect that this factory or that has fallen behind its quota, that the railroads are still doing very badly, and that there is an increasing mass of unrepaired machinery all over Russia. Can the Russians be held up to their duty by firing squads? Men who are sincerely devoted to the task of building a great new world order ought not to have the threat of death kept before them every moment. Who can work well or cheerfully if it is?

BROUN'S PAGE

Those Charming People

WHENEVER the newspaper publishers of America arrogate to themselves the right to take an inch they immediately proceed to give some innocent party the most outlandish sort of ell. At the moment the front pages and the editorial pages of very many newspapers in America are devoted to the brave deeds of the publishers in preserving a "free press." This traditional and undeniably vital right was saved by a little group of owners and agents who met in secret conclave in Chicago and at the end of their session gave out a short canned statement as to just what they had done to preserve the integrity of the news.

I believe that the working newspapermen and women of America have an even greater interest in free press and news integrity than any owner, and it worries us to learn that the complete custodianship of this sacred right should have been intrusted solely to such a small and secretive group. And the number of Swiss guards is growing smaller all the time. Every day brings the news that one or two or three more papers have collapsed or combined with their rivals. Whether this curtailment of the avenues of information is due to economic pressure or editorial ineptitude I couldn't say. The truth lies somewhere between the two and constitutes a most unhappy medium. It may be that within the next five or ten years all American newspapers will be owned or controlled by four or five men. They will still be vociferous in their devotion to free press and the integrity of the news (although publishers seldom talk of this latter right), but in any case the question of what is true, and just where freedom lies, will rest with a definite oligarchy of the best minds or the biggest purses.

To a very considerable extent this condition already exists. The flourishing city of Cleveland has but one morning paper—the *Plain Dealer*. It is not a bad paper at all, although definitely on the conservative side, but if the *Plain Dealer* makes up its mind to use its editorial page or its news columns (such things have been known) to favor a particular cause the opponents of the proposition must wait until the afternoon to see what the Cleveland *Press* of the liberal Scripps-Howard chain has to say in rebuttal. And if the liberal Scripps-Howard chain does not rebut, then the inquiring Clevelander is left wholly to the mercies of Dan Hanna's Cleveland *News*.

Memphis, Tennessee, although smaller than Cleveland, is not precisely a river village and it has two newspapers, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Both belong to Scripps-Howard. Possibly one ought to argue that Memphis is extremely lucky now that both its newspapers belong to a liberal chain, even though it happens to be the same one. I am not the person to argue the point, since as a Scripps-Howard employee I am naturally disposed to feel that my employers are wiser and more righteous than other newspaper owners. I can remember numerous good fights which they have made, but just for the sake of the argument and objectivity, I might admit the dim contingency that on some particular point at some future time they could be wrong. If this be treason, make the least of it. If by the widest stretch of the imagination anybody can imagine the Scripps-Howard chain being wrong, then it will have to be granted that when this legendary day comes, Memphis, Tennessee, will be out of luck. Only one version will be served to it.

After the recent convention of the publishers in Chicago a statement and a set of resolutions were issued which were prominently displayed in practically all the papers of the country. The statement announced that the Newspaper Guild was seeking to force the "closed shop" on American newspaper publishers. This is not accurate, and since the subject has been discussed at such length in so many conferences, it is difficult to believe that the publishers of America reported falsely through some inadvertence. The Guild is seeking the Guild shop, and there is a tangible difference. The linotypers' union (the I. T. U.) is a closed shop. A newspaper cannot hire anybody to work in its composing room unless he belongs to the union. I certainly am not quarreling with this arrangement. The I. T. U. trains men for the difficult craft which it represents. Indeed the union controls and assigns the jobs. Obviously the American Newspaper Guild does not and could not, if it so desired, have within its membership all men and women who potentially might be good reporters or copy readers. Accordingly the Guild is freely admitting that the publisher should have the right to hire whomsoever he pleases with the stipulation that at the end of a given period that person must become a member of the Guild. You may argue that the system is good or bad if you will, but it is not the "closed shop" as that phrase is familiarly applied.

In response to the publishers' statement I made a reply which was much shorter than their blast. It was approximately 200 words in length. A very large number of newspaper owners who had beaten their breasts as evidence of their devotion to a "free press" promptly threw the Guild statement into the waste basket and printed not a line of it. The *Herald Tribune* went to the fantastic lengths of printing an editorial in which it said that "Guild leadership" was working with President Roosevelt to muzzle the press. I think I have a right to claim a share in Guild leadership. I have seen Mr. Roosevelt just once in two years. We talked for two minutes. I said, "Mr. President, you are looking very well." One may not quote the President, but I hope I violate no tradition if I state that in his brief answer he made no suggestion of any kind that the American Newspaper Guild should proceed to muzzle the press. Far from having any such desire, I wish it were possible to unmuzzle the press so that it would construe "free press" to mean an obligation to report the other side of all controversies, even those in which the publishers themselves are parties.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

HISTORY IN SWING RHYTHM

BY SIDNEY HOOK

CRITICAL philosophers may raise the question whether there is any such subject matter as philosophy of history. They can hardly deny, however, that there is a literature on the subject. When it is good literature, it contains some insights into the ways of man and gives dramatic emphasis to phases of social experience deemed morally significant. Usually the sharp urgency of a contemporary need or problem lends point to the historic construction. A common milieu or unspoken convention between author and reader makes it easy to discover what application is intended and what exhortation to the future is to be construed from the exhumation of the past.

Latter-day philosophies of history—with some notable exceptions—differ from those of Augustine, Vico, and Hegel not so much in fundamental assumptions as in declaration of allegiance to scientific method. I say "declaration of allegiance" to scientific method because almost invariably the detailed treatment proceeds independently of the canons of scientific method, when not in violation of them. In the end little is accomplished: style and insight have been sacrificed to a profitless erudition of doubtful reliability. The conclusions are not supported by valid principles of action and prediction but rest upon the backs of metaphysical white elephants. This is so even when the text is laden with the paraphernalia of statistical inquiry which more often than not serve as so much lattice work for weasel interpretations.

Professor Sorokin's massive work* is not easy to classify. It claims to be nothing if not scientific; but scientific in a sophisticated way. For it attempts to correct the uncritical prejudices of empiricism with a whole set of metaphysical assumptions, borrowed in part from Rickert and Dilthey, about meaning, mind, and the nature of the social sciences. It pits itself against many current doctrines and skilfully juxtaposes their relative strength and weakness to produce the impression that they cancel each other out. It bristles with charts, tables, and bibliographical references on almost every phase of culture. Despite his reliance upon second- and third-hand sources, the author has written a miniature encyclopedia.

And all to establish a very simple thesis. To understand the thesis it is necessary to grasp Sorokin's key distinction between types of culture or mentality. All cultures are either (a) ideational, (b) sensate, or (c) mixed. An ideational culture is one in which the basic realities are supernatural and immaterial. Values are conceived as absolute and eternal; art is predominantly religious and collectivist; its system of truth is based on faith and reason, and whatever science it has is vitalistic and qualitative. Its social organization is one of status and compulsion; its techniques of control, renunciation and dogmatic imposition of authority. Sensate culture has a pattern which is logically opposite. It is earthly and experiential. Its art is secular and individualistic. It finds truth in the deliverances of sensation. In science it is empirical, in ethics utilitarian, and in politics democratic. Its social organization is based on contract. Mixed cultures are all other types of mentality which combine and mediate between the elements of the other two. The most significant expression of a mixed culture is called idealistic, like the culture of Athens in the fifth century B.C. or the culture of medieval Europe in the thirteenth century. Here at the point of transition between an ideational and sensate culture a perfect balance is achieved between spirit and sense.

The conclusion of Sorokin's survey of the history of Graeco-Roman and Western civilization is that there is a recurrent fluctuation from one type of culture to another. "When one of the forms has completed its immanent course and has lived the span of time destined to it, it decays and is replaced, after the proper intermediary stages, by the other form . . . and so it will go until integrated culture or mankind disappears." Since each culture, according to Sorokin, is a logically unified whole, we are justified in expecting that pendular swings will be observed in the historical development of the constituent parts. He marshals evidence to prove that science, philosophy, law, political and economic organization "all change synchronously and in the same direction." With an anxious eye on the critics, these conclusions are hedged in with a number of half-hearted qualifications. There is never a return to the original position in its every detail, the rate of development varies, and the existence of vestigial traits and minor mutations is acknowledged. But the theme song repeated again and again in this million-word tract is: the law of the pendulum is the law of all social and cultural life.

Sorokin's construction is vulnerable at so many points that one is embarrassed to know where to begin. I indicate only the main lines of criticism. First of all, the basic conception of pendularity, as employed by Sorokin, is mystical and possesses no explanatory significance. All it tells us is that culture is now "hot" and now "cold," just as dresses are now short and now long. But why it is one thing now and not another, why it appears here and not there, now and not then—the crucial questions for purposes of scientific prediction and control—are left completely unanswered. Indeed, on Sorokin's own assumption that the process has "an immanent self-regulation and self-direction" such questions are meaningless. All he can assert is the tautology that it is the essential nature of culture (art, literature, etc.) to fluctuate from one pole to another. He introduces no principle of material determination, so that the only ground for his grandiose prophecy about the advent of a new period of ideational totalitarianism, even granting him his data, is a simple and risky induction from a few cases. So it has been twice or thrice, so it will be. In science, however, the observation of a genuine periodicity or fluctuation is never taken as a brute datum or ultimate fact. It does little more than mark the beginning of a problem, not, as in the present case, the close of an inquiry.

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* *Social and Cultural Dynamics.* By Pitirim Sorokin. American Book Company. $6 per volume. $15 per set.

But are the fluctuations reported by Sorokin genuine? He engages in some fanciful interpretations to get all the data into his net. If one starts out with loose evaluating categories, makes selections from almost unlimited material, and refuses to be bound by a constant time interval for to-and-fro oscillations, any curve can be drawn to fit the facts. More important still, in his anxiety to stress the aspects of recurrence Sorokin reveals his chief weakness—an *unhistorical* approach to cultural phenomena. Take his strongest case. He traces the rise and decline of nudity in art as an index of the presence and intensity of the ideational and sensate modes of mentality. But he begs the question of the significance of nudity in different periods. He presents no evidence that the cluster of meanings associated with nudity are the same in the late Hellenistic, Renaissance, and contemporary cultures. Or he speaks of the recurrence of empiricism and overlooks completely the striking differences between the nature, origin, and cultural impact of the empiricisms represented by Epicurus, Ockham, and Dewey.

The very logic Professor Sorokin employs to investigate the nature of culture mentality is open to serious question. He distinguishes between a "logico-meaningful" and a "causal-functional" approach and sneers at those who restrict themselves to the latter for their lack of philosophic maturity and their inability to understand that by ordinary scientific methods we cannot grasp "the inward nature of phenomenal unity." What he does not see is that from the fact that a culture pattern, or a work of art, or a system of philosophy has a qualitative unity it does not at all follow that the determination which links their parts is strictly logical. Sorokin assumes that given the meaning of a culture, he can deduce what other elements are logically entailed and hides from himself by a verbal play about "essential natures" that he can only succeed in so far as he is dealing with definitions. The consequences of his belief that what holds for his definitions holds for concrete material is faulty description and sometimes downright absurdity. For example, it is alleged that ideational mentality or culture is marked by idealism, spiritualism, quietism, religiosity, mysticism, indeterminism, and qualitativism. It is easy to show that these characters do not logically imply each other; nor are they always historically involved with each other. The same thing is true for his array of sensate characters. Sorokin believes he can deduce characteristic musical differences from his conception of ideational and sensate cultures and hazards the guess that significant differences exist even in the interoceptive sense organs of those who fall within these types. It is truly amazing what complex intrinsic meanings Sorokin can read out of musical tones. One cannot but admire the keen ear which is able to recognize that Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" is "pantheistic rather than Christian, mystical rather than religious"—a judgment he quotes with approval to substantiate his claim that during the last four hundred years music has been sensate, whatever that may mean.

To be captious about special points where the author's learning is at fault would be unfair in a work of such immense proportions. On the whole the materials assembled, especially in the third volume, are useful in their own right. But except for those readers who still do not know that progress is a value term, it is a book altogether without wisdom. Spengler and Pareto, both unscientific in different ways, have nevertheless a sensitivity and insight which make their vast mythologies instructive. In Sorokin, however, even the homely truths of common experience taste flat in the quantitative sauce with which they are served. He makes up in intensity of feeling and disdain of other investigators, particularly those with sensate mentalities, what he lacks in incisiveness and vision. On almost every page this ardent protagonist of superobjectivity in the social sciences betrays a strong animus against empiricism, democracy, and temporalism. His very descriptions of the two basic cultural types are loaded with adjectives which express visceral reactions rather than scientific judgments. Only a bias so deep as to be beyond any intellectual discipline can account for the following. An extended survey is presented of the alternation between idealism and materialism, as *technical* philosophical doctrines, which indicates that despite the major radical shift from ideational to sensate mentality in Western-European culture, philosophy has remained predominantly idealistic. This is a vital difficulty for Sorokin's thesis even on its own uncritical terms. He disposes of it with the cool remark that "a certain predominance of idealism over materialism is necessary for the continued existence of human culture and society." Sorokin cannot here be referring to idealism and materialism as philosophies of life, for this would invalidate his whole thesis, since it would then follow that a sensate culture never existed.

Sorokin regards himself as a Neo-Thomist, but except for the general direction of his bias he is a weak representative of Neo-Thomism. He takes a grim satisfaction in his prophecy that the world is on the threshold of a new totalitarian culture. For all his idealism, he assigns little influence to human ideals in history and completely ignores the extent to which men, under certain conditions, can redetermine the direction of history. In his view historical action falls out of the realm of responsibility into that of fatality. Although he uses the language of science, and in certain critical asides also its method, the larger conclusions he sets out to establish are grounded in a metaphysical faith.

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BOOKS

Gauguin: A Family Portrait

MY FATHER, PAUL GAUGUIN. By Pola Gauguin. Alfred Knopf. $3.75.

THE most recent biography of Gauguin is deceptive in its title, for the author met his father but once, and then at the age of seven. His own experience as a painter, which permits him, he says, an insight into aspects of his father's life closed to laymen, hardly enters into the story. At least he adds little to the ten or more older biographies and omits much that is to be found in the writings of Gauguin himself. What is distinctive in this work, apart from the subdued and sober tone of narrative rare in biographies of modern artists, is the importance given to Gauguin's wife—the author's mother—the Danish woman abandoned by the artist in search of freedom and a cheap life. She is the inverted counterpart of the Scandinavian figures of Ibsen who are victims of their men's bourgeois success. Gauguin wrote her that all their sufferings were only the means to his public triumph as an artist, that one day he would return to his family and repay them with his wealth and glory. But if in some pages the story of Gauguin acquires a broader focus as the story of a family, this perspective is not maintained. With all his interest in family history, the author cannot escape the common practice of focusing so sharply on a single person that the field from which he emerges becomes blurred. The isolated man in turn appears incomplete and exists in a shapeless world which could hardly have provoked the responses of his well-defined being or engaged him in a productive career. In presenting his life, the biographer oscillates between the compulsion of surroundings and events and a fatality lodged in the hero's character, without effecting a view in which their connection becomes evident. He sees in his father's independence an inherited primitive nature (the famous fraction of Peruvian blood), but he speaks also, with a characteristic negative, of the "egoism that results from an absence of the conditions that might make one generous." In this independence and egoism Gauguin was not alone. The most violent affirmations and complaints of the artist, even when directed against bourgeois society, could be shared by the aggressive business men of his time: "I am strong because I have never allowed myself to be deflected by others, and all I do comes from within myself"; and he also cried out again and again in his letters: "What kills me is this damned struggle for money."

It is remarkable how little thought is given here to Gauguin's paintings as events in his life and as data of his changing mind, and to the latter as sources of his art. The illustrations in the book, especially rich in the little-known early works of Gauguin, are often better documents than the avowals of the artist himself. How could we grasp more plainly the change in Gauguin than by comparing the pictures he made while still with his family and the pictures of Brittany painted just after he had left them? In the first—to consider only the subjects—intimate, domestic scenes (even the nude woman is sewing), from the viewpoint of one who still belonged with the women, the children, and the middle-class surroundings in the paintings, though already in conflict with them; in the others, exotic, brutish peasants of a world which could hardly produce or enjoy such "primitive" pictures. And in painting *"Bon Jour, Monsieur Gauguin"* after a personal theme of the realist Courbet (*"Bon Jour, Monsieur Courbet"*), whom he valued as the prototype of the independent, sovereign artist, Gauguin shows himself as a lonely, shrouded figure returning in the twilight, greeted by an anonymous peasant woman at the gate, unlike the cultured patrons bowing before the great Courbet whom they have come out to meet in the open fields on his arrival in their town. The situation of homage in the latter—a unique and dramatic event—has become in Gauguin's painting an uneventful, recurrent moment of perfunctory sociability, suffused with the pathos of homelessness, twilight, and estrangement in a dream of grandiose recognitions.

MEYER SCHAPIRO

Fascism: Analysis and Apology

THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM. By Robert A. Brady. With foreword by Harold J. Laski. The Viking Press. $3.

THE FASCIST: HIS STATE AND HIS MIND. By E. B. Ashton. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THESE two books, while covering essentially the same ground, differ widely in concept and in their treatment of the subject. Dr. Brady reviews German Fascism from all angles. He gives a description of its organizational structure in greater detail than it has ever been given in the English or any other language. He shows the inner connections between the various Nazi departments, lays bare their functioning, and exposes a structure most cunningly devised and put together for the aims in whose behalf the National Socialist Party was organized. His work goes infinitely further, however. It is the clearest analysis of the motive power of German Fascism and of the engineers who tend this political machine I have ever seen anywhere—a book both beautifully written and painstakingly organized, which no serious student of Fascism can afford to overlook.

On the other hand, I saw red when I read Dr. E. B. Ashton's "The Fascist: His State and His Mind." It is also a thoughtful piece of writing, lucid and easily understandable. He presents plenty of material to back up his theoretical position. But the approach is an entirely different one. His contention is that "if we, as non-Fascists, want to assert and justify effectively our stand, we shall first have to realize Fascism, not from our point of view, but from its own. That is to say, we have to find out what Fascism means to Fascists—not to any imaginary 'objective' observer. And to do that we must learn to discard our superiority, pocket our convictions for the time, and accept, if only for the sake of argument, Fascist pronouncements at their face value. . . ."

This tone of super-fairness and ultra-objectivity is found in every line of Dr. Ashton's book. At first I felt that this leaning over backward might be attributed to a desire to spare the finer feelings of these sensitive Fascists. "It is unfortunate that we have to admit," "much as it may disgust us, we must confess," "it is regrettable to say"—such sentences abound, always prefacing some justification of Nazi statements and theories. But I shortly realized that Dr. Ashton was ready to make a good many pro-Fascist statements on his own responsibility, statements entirely out of accord with the simple facts. A few choice morsels of this kind might be put on exhibition.

". . . According to the bulk of available non-Fascist information [note that consistent "non." No "anti" here. L. L.] there can be little doubt that in Germany as well as in Italy the coordination under the present regime is overwhelmingly voluntary and that the system is quite in keeping with the people's own ideas and expectations [page 39]. . . . In other words, that in the Fascist countries of today there is virtually no opposition irrespective of what their governments do to suppress it [page 41]. . . . Still the Fascist parties' bellicose potentialities cannot alter the fact that their basic functions are truly peaceful [page 49]. . . . Fascist red-baiting is not motivated by social antagonism but by the strictly political necessity of preventing the people from turning to something for which Fascism itself has set the emotional stage [page 102]. . . . Actually Fascism—this will sound like heresy but is really the key to the whole problem—does not restrict the freedom of the individual at all. What it not only restricts but exterminates is his individuality [page 119]. . . . Anti-Fascists would do well to realize that all signs point to a future in which, from the point of view of outraged humanity, German Nazis will provide much less material for atrocity stories than, for example, democratic Americans—the inventors of lynching and of the third degree [page 171]."

These and numerous other statements of the same kind stamp Dr. Ashton as directly sympathetic to some of the basic ideas in the Nazi handbook. It is dishonesty of the worst kind to pretend to oppose Fascism with these reservations. His insistence that he opposes Fascism from a democratic viewpoint is simply not to be taken seriously. He must have read enough to know that terrorism in Germany has not ended, nor is it on the wane. He knows that last year more than 3,300 years in prison terms and fourteen death sentences were meted out to the political enemies of the National Socialist regime. The opposition to Hitler and Mussolini is growing and not abating. How can he dispute the evident fact that there is no freedom in either Italy or Germany for individuals or for groups; that Fascist red-baiting comes from capitalist fear of working-class action? It is a downright untruth when he speaks of "Fascist unanimity in Italy." It would have been far more honorable to come out for Fascism directly with flags flying.

What is Fascism? It is interesting to compare the definitions given by our two authors. Dr. Brady defines it as "monopoly capitalism become conscious of its power, the conditions of its survival, and mobilized to crush all opposition. It is capitalism mobilized to crush trade unions, to wipe out radical and liberal criticism, to promote, with the sum total of its internal resources, economic advantage at home and abroad." To the contrary opines Dr. Ashton: "It was desirable (in Italy after the march on Rome) that economically everything should go on as before. An actively Socialist program was, therefore, out of the question. The two considerations were put together—and the new *capitalist collectivism* was born. Fascism is nothing else. From these two premises evolved, step by step, the whole Fascist ideology. . . ."

What about the rights of labor under Fascism? Dr. Ashton, an enthusiastic pessimist when he examines the future of democracy, becomes ardently optimistic over the prospects of the worker's future under the benevolent rule of Hitler and Mussolini: ". . . Summed up, this blueprint of a Fascist economic structure might read as follows: organization of the national economy into independent bodies along trade or industrial lines; within these bodies equal rights to employer and employee in determining wages and working conditions, with any sort of struggle strictly forbidden and the state installed in every organization as superior authority. . . . As in every other field the 'leadership principle' in economics represents not a superiority of the leader over his followers, but a division of functions between essentially equal parts with mutual obligations to be discharged in the interests of the collective body."

The economic leader is the plant owner, the proprietor of a big department store or other enterprise. Does Dr. Ashton seriously want us to believe that owners and workers in Germany and Italy have equal rights in the determination of wages, labor conditions? Has he read Dr. Salvemini's "Under the Axe of Fascism," to name only one source, with its compilation of evidence to the contrary? Dr. Brady does not mince words on this point. ". . . The leader has absolute authority in the conduct of all affairs in his enterprise, so far as these do not contravene law. In effect it is an employer-designated committee of specially trusted workmen whose duty it is to explain and interpret to the workers the will of the leader and to convey to the leader, for his consideration, complaints made by the followers. . . ." These are things as they really are in Germany and Italy today.

Thus our two authors clash on every point from cover to cover. But even the most definite pro-Fascist will have to admit that Dr. Brady quotes Nazi laws and the highest Nazi authorities for every assertion. He does not—like Dr. Ashton—philosophize and theorize on the basis of pure abstractions but bases his opinions on recorded facts. It is interesting, in conclusion, that both books agree that Fascism has a chance to win in America and that democracy will be lost if its friends do not fight for its preservation. "When we ask today if democracy can survive," writes Dr. Ashton, "we are afraid that this cost may prove too high for those of us who would have to pay it. We are tempted to infer that they consciously want to sacrifice democracy. The truth is probably only that they cannot see yet how a system that is based on the interest of the individual can at the same time require the individual to restrict himself in the pursuit of this interest. . . ."

Contrast this defeatist outlook with the militant conclusion of Dr. Brady:

"Against an opponent who believes singly and solely in force and guile, force must be massed. The hope of the people of the United States is to be found, not in giving free rein to monopoly-oriented and Fascist-inclined capitalism, but in turning back to its fields, factories, and workshops, to those who fought its wars of freedom against a tyrannical power and who built, with their brain and muscle, all the real wealth and all there is in America which deserves the name of culture."

LUDWIG LORE

The Professors' Novelist

ANATOLE FRANCE, 1844-1896. By Edwin Preston Dargan. Oxford University Press. $5.

WHEN Anatole France found out that his secretary was taking notes on his intimate conversation, he was not perturbed. The kind of disclosures that Jean-Jacques Brousson could make—he prophesied—would first be treated as indiscretion, but gradually they would come to be looked upon as erudition. With this volume of more than seven hundred pages, published by the American branch of the world's greatest university press, sponsored by two learned societies, embodying the results of ten years' research on the part of a professor in the University of Chicago, we seem to have reached that consummation.

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Anatole France wore his laurel with a difference. Now that thirteen years have heaped a literature upon his grave, his immortality is more precarious than ever. The note of eulogy has been continually jangled by polemic and scandal. Even before his death critics and younger writers were beginning to tire of *bouquiniste* scholarship and originality that always took the form of *pastiche,* of anticlerical hagiography and skepticism that prompted a panegyric on de Lesseps. Irony and pity, when due to a lack of critical principle and an emotional instability, are reducible to dilettantism and sentimentality. What once passed for paganism looks today like a discreet blend of pedantry and pornography. A. W. Schlegel expressed the change when he called *Les voyages du jeune Anacharsis* the adventures, not of a young Scythian, but of an old Parisian.

The fact that so many works on Anatole France already exist is precisely the warrant for Professor Dargan's study. He has a remarkably full collection of *fiches* on the subject, and he has put them all at the service of his readers. They comprise a book that contains no new revelations and adapts itself to no thesis, but furnishes a reliable digest of biographical knowledge and critical interpretation. We must regret that the plan was too comprehensive to comprehend the latter part of Anatole France's career. Breaking off where it does, the narrative places a somewhat grandiose stress upon the accession to the Académie. Yet its tendency to prefer personal motives to public issues covers the earlier period more satisfactorily than it could handle the Dreyfus Case, the South American tour, the war-time activities, or the apathy that greeted Anatole France's decease.

Composite photographs, though they may be slightly blurred, have the merit of being typical. Professor Dargan's *sic et non* faithfully mediates between the vicissitudes of opinion. When the most valuable portion of his documentation—an account of Anatole France's uncollected journalism—is added to the details of literary politics and the weight of criticism, he has presented us with the materials for a strictly measured estimate. It would help us further to understand so derivative a writer, if there were a more technical discussion of the stylistic and topical cross-currents which influenced his work—for example, the kind of orientation given to *Thaïs* by Mario Praz's recent study of the decadent movement. But that is merely to suggest that the present volume would be richer if it were based more on what Anatole France had read, and less on what has been written about him.

Anatole France is still a more accessible author than Zozimus the Panopolitan, and scarcely requires so scholastic an approach. Professor Dargan justifies his method by diffidence, but that seems a curious reason for producing such a big book. Even his most off-hand *obiter dicta* are likely to be unmarked quotations; the comparison of the relations between Madame Aubernon and Madame Caillavet to those between Madame du Deffand and Mlle. de Lespinasse is apparently borrowed from Ernest Seillière. It does not reinforce the authority for a simple biographical fact to cite American reviews of English translations of French works. And the assertion that Anatole France was in the habit of portraying elderly savants does not need to be put forward as a theory that originated in the minds of Gustave Larroumet and Maurice Barrès. We have only to recall Sylvestre Bonnard, Jérôme Coignard, and Lucien Bergeret, and to wonder what they would have said about humanistic studies in America.

HARRY LEVIN

FILMS

Harpo & Co.

OF the Marx Brothers it is Harpo this time that shines. Last year in "A Night at the Opera" it was Groucho, though of course Harpo's final swing on the scenery ropes was the seal of that picture's success. And Groucho is far from negligible now; as horse doctor, as medical examiner, as bookbuyer, and as the entertainer of a blonde whose affected "Thank Yow" he returns in such full measure, he is still to be felt somehow as the brains of "A Day at the Races" (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). Brains are always evident in anything these brothers do, no matter how silly it seems, and one always instinctively supposes that the creative burden has been borne by the deep-voiced humbug with the cigar and the mustache. In other words it is impossible to imagine "A Day at the Races" without Dr. Groucho in it and behind it. One would even miss Chico, who ordinarily is to either of his brothers as one is to ten. But it is Harpo that one will remember longest, because in this film he has managed as never before to braid a kind of beauty into his lunacy, and indeed to bestow upon the whole preposterous business a sheen of perfection. The film is as funny as any of its predecessors, and in addition it is more charming, more lovable. It places the Marx Brothers clearly among the few fine comedians of our day.

It is not at all easy to say what new thing Harpo contributes in the present case. The firm of Marx could get along very nicely without Harpo's harp and Chico's piano, just as it could dispense with amorous tenors and the other baggage it seems to think it must carry forever. The advance is perhaps in degree rather than in kind; Harpo is more of something. He is more the innocent, the natural. For no good dramatic or narrative reason, it must be confessed, a door is opened in the racing stable where the tenor's horse is kept and we learn that a village of Negroes exists outside—exists so that Harpo can play on it, and play an infinitely subtler tune than he has ever played on his golden Jumbo. He has in his hands a little pipe of some sort, which now he raises to his mouth and blows as he dances out among a few black children who themselves have been dancing in the stable grounds. They change their tune and their step to his; he moves on to other groups who do likewise; and in a few minutes he is leading them all, young and old, in wonderful figures across the film. His pipe is a slight thing and produces scratchy sounds, and nobody needs to be told that he himself is a loon in rags who prances somewhat clumsily among the accomplished dancers he has fascinated. But those facts are irrelevant; or rather they are relevant to the prime fact that the music of Harpo here is in his spirit, not in his hands or any tube of tin. He is the soul of innocence in masquerade, the genius of joy in a coat whose sleeves are too long for him and under a wig whose curls look ridiculously like excelsior. He is a child who comes at last upon the world of children he has always been looking for. He will not have it long. Soon he must be back in the plot, providing a foil for Groucho's ancient cynicism and trying his best to make people understand him.

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Letters to the Editors

Two Denials

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lore in his imaginative record of my activities (*The Nation,* June 5) airily refers to "friendly assistance" given to me by "organized Nazi literature centers in nineteen American cities." I have no knowledge of such centers. I receive no assistance from them. I admire Hitler's achievement in crushing the peace treaty of Versailles. I do not, and never have, accepted the philosophy of National Socialism. I prefer horse-and-buggy democracy to fascism or communism.

Mr. Lore insinuates that I am spreading Nazi propaganda under various pseudonyms. That is an unqualified falsehood. I have written under various names, including "George F. Corners" and "Donald Furthman Wicketts," but never on any subject connected with National Socialism.

Mr. Lore's allegation that all the articles which have appeared under the name of "Dr. Claudius Murchison" and "William R. Sticher," coupled with the suggestion that they are masks behind which Nazi propaganda lurks, is patently absurd. I am not familiar with Dr. Murchison's literary activities. And who is "Mr. William R. Sticher"? If I have written all the articles appearing under the names of these two gentlemen in the last two years, they must have secured their copy by telepathy from my unconscious!

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

June 26, 1937

Dear Sirs: Ludwig Lore in a recent article mentioned my name, stating that I am one of the highest Nazi officials in America. To keep the record straight, permit me to say that I am an American citizen, have never belonged to any Nazi organization, have never had any contact with German government officials, and have not been in Germany since 1930. I am very much interested in German-American history and am carrying on extensive research in that direction. My findings I publish wherever there is interest, and I lecture before bodies interested in German-American history, no matter how they are labeled.

If the Cleveland historical meeting was inspired by Dr. Goebbels it most certainly is news to me, and judging by the presence of many American government representatives, including a Congressman from Washington, Dr. Goebbels must have many friends in America whom Mr. Lore did not mention in his article. The lecture I delivered in Cleveland was about Ephrata Cloister and dealt exclusively with this German cooperative experiment of the eighteenth century in the wilds of Pennsylvania. At no time did I hear any derogatory remarks about Jews during the entire meeting.

I am a firm believer in American ways of doing things and in all that our Constitution stands for, no matter what Mr. Lore says, and I have no mental reservations either.

KARL T. MARX

New York, June 25

Spartakus in Danzig

Dear Sirs: Stalin says Trotsky is Hitler's agent. Some liberals not only "do not know"; they say they "cannot know." Hitler seems to be clearer. In a series of articles beginning December 9, 1936, and continuing into January, 1937, the Danzig *Vorposten,* official Nazi organ, announced the arrest of 60 members of an underground organization, Spartakusbund, named after the league founded in 1918 by Liebknecht, Luxemburg, Jogiches, Ruehle, and others. The organization published Marxist works and imported anti-Nazi émigré publications. Materials seized condemned the Nazi attitude toward Bolshevism; favorably contrasted the U.S.S.R. with Germany; called for a waterfront strike against Nazi arms shipments to Franco; "agitated furiously against Nazi leaders and governments." According to *Vorposten,* American and English money was found in one Spartakus leader's room; these presumably came from abroad and were to be used "for sapping operations in Danzig."

And who were these Spartakus people? *Vorposten* gives the answer in the words of the Nazi police and prosecutor: The league "was created by followers of Trotsky to assemble all opposition supporters, especially followers of the dissolved Marxist parties." "The spiritual leader and organizer was the Jew, Dr. Franz Jakubowski," who became a Trotskyite in 1935, having previously been a Stalinist. The leaflets called for a new Communist Party, a Fourth International, and demanded "Hands Off Trotsky!"

Vorposten charges that Spartakus corresponded with Trotsky, "probably via the Polish mail." Worse: "a leading personality of the underground organization even visited Trotsky in Norway in the summer of this year, and brought back directives for the underground sapping work." The man is named: "the Marxist, Siegfried Kissien." It is a fact that Kissien, now an émigré from Danzig, visited Trotsky in July, 1936. He registered at a Hoenefoss hotel in accordance with police rules. The Norwegian Nazi press denounced his visit. Like all flesh-and-blood visitors, Kissien could not get to Trotsky without wide public knowledge of the fact.

In short, the Spartakus people sought "to make their organization a reservoir for all enemies of the state." Ten defendants, including Jakubowski — all really Trotskyites guilty of fighting Hitlerism—were thrown into Schiessstange Prison, tried by a Nazi court, and given thirteen years in a Nazi prison. *Vorposten* complained because Spartakus had "compared the Moscow show trial with the Reichstag fire trial." ***Pravda's*** comment on the Danzig trial should be rich—if any.

HERBERT SOLOW

New York, June 1

Radio and the Steel Strike

Dear Sirs: Last Friday evening, June 18, I sat down in front of my radio to get the latest developments in the steel strike. From 6:45 to 11:30 I heard seven nation-wide and local broadcasts devoted exclusively or partly to a discussion of the strike. Not one of the speakers had a good word to say for the C. I. O. and John L. Lewis or a word of criticism of the steel barons. That was no less true of the high-priced and presumably "impartial" news commentators than it was of the self-styled "rabble rouser," the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith. My Friday's experience was fairly typical of other evenings at the radio.

Without attempting to pass judgment on the merits of the claims and counterclaims of the two contending parties, I question whether such one-sided propaganda is fair to the thousands of C. I. O. members, to the millions of still unorganized workers who, sooner or later, will have to take a definite stand on C. I. O. affiliation, and finally to the broad masses of American citizens whose aggregate opinion must ultimately play a part in the settlement of the controversy.

HARRY J. BREVIS

Buffalo, N. Y., June 20

Time in England

Dear Sirs: As a free-lance journalist who has for several years made very good use of *Time* in preparing various articles, mainly for provincial readers, I would like to thank Dwight Macdonald for the brilliant and exhaustive analysis he has made of the control and policy of Mr. Luce's papers. Would it be possible to put out these articles in pamphlet form? I believe 200 to 300 copies might be sold over here alone. A good proportion of *Time's* sales here are to journalists, and it thus has more influence than its circulation figures suggest. I shall continue to buy *Time* but Mr. Macdonald has effectively confirmed what has become more and more apparent—viz: that objectivity is just a word.

GLYN ROBERTS

London, England, June 12

Correction

Dear Sirs: In his article on the Elk City Community Hospital, in *The Nation* of May 29, James Rorty said that the laboratory fee was $2. This was an error. Laboratory work is free to all our members who pay their dues. Also the charge for X-ray pictures is not $3 for each but $3 for the first and $2 for each additional picture.

M. SHADID, M.D.

Elk City, Okla., June 11

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT S. ALLEN is coauthor with Drew Pearson of the syndicated newspaper column Washington Merry-Go-Round.

ALLEN GROBIN, who has just returned to New York from a week in Johnstown, was formerly chief of labor-relations information in the Resettlement Administration.

ELIOT JANEWAY writes the monthly "Trade Currents" on the Far East in *Asia*.

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite," a study of class violence in America, "The Native's Return," and other books.

SIDNEY HOOK is chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Washington Square College of New York University. He is the author of "Toward an Understanding of Karl Marx" and "From Hegel to Marx."

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LUDWIG LORE contributes frequently to *The Nation*. His most recent article, What Are American Nazis Doing? appeared in the issue of June 5.

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Of *The Nation*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for July 2, 1937.

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Before me, [illegible] Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, [illegible] true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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The Shape of Things

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"I HAVE NEVER SOUGHT TO PREVENT OUR MEN from joining an association," said Henry Ford in an interview dated April 29. "No one who believes in American freedom would do that." On May 26, at the Rouge plant gates, a squad of Ford service men (pardon us, loyal employees) "spontaneously" set upon a group of union organizers, beat them with blackjacks and "knuckles," kicked them when they were down, and ground loyal heels into their abdomens, in order to protect Ford's workers from being tempted by leaflets to "join an association." That fast-moving episode, which sent several men to the hospital before they could even say "Join the union," is now being reeled out slowly at the National Labor Relations Board sessions in Detroit. Like the Paramount film of the Chicago slaughter which has recently been a headline attraction before the La Follette Committee in Washington, it presents a case study in violence, blow by blow, and demonstrates that most of the blows so far have landed on labor's head—or below the belt. The fourteen defenders of Ford's Freedom have at least been indicted for "assault with intent to do great bodily harm less than the crime of murder" (but not much less). The Chicago police who with guns accomplished the crime of murder have not yet, so far as we know, been called to account legally. Will the Chicago *Tribune*, that vigilante of American journalism, please check up on this lapse of justice? Meanwhile we suggest that the N. L. R. B. or the La Follette Committee select as an early production *in camera* Terror in Ohio, with the National Guard and a big native cast. The S. W. O. C., for instance, claims to have photographs showing bayonet wounds inflicted by National Guardsmen on three boys who made fun of them. American freedom is, at the moment, looking down.

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IT IS OPEN SEASON IN NEW YORK CITY FOR Democratic mayoralty candidates, now that Senator Wagner has wisely chosen to stick to his Senatorial knitting. Chaos reigns in Tammany councils. Boss Dooling wants Senator Copeland, and the Senator is more than willing, but everyone else seems to agree with President Roosevelt that the Senator is only good for a laugh. Some want Judge Mahoney, but he would give Boss Dooling apoplexy. Sam Levy wants to run, but it is unlikely that a peanut politician could defeat La Guardia, even on a

Tammany ticket. The truth is that the road is now open for another La Guardia victory. Whether he gets the Republican nomination or not, he is sure to corral a considerable share of the Republican vote. He will win the Labor Party nomination in September, and there is even talk, fantastic though it may seem, of his entering the Democratic primaries as well. When the election comes, he will have on his side most of the Jews, Italians, and Negroes, the labor and reform elements, and the ordinary man interested in retaining a dramatic fighter who is also an efficient mayor. If that isn't enough to win, New York had better be handed back to the Indians.

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MADRID'S GREAT OFFENSIVE, DISCUSSED BY Louis Fischer on a later page of this issue, is proceeding swiftly as we go to press. After six days of fighting, government troops have captured six towns and nearly a hundred square miles of territory. This signal success has been made possible, according to Herbert L. Matthews of the New York *Times*, by the complete reorganization of the army, air force, and war industries, which has been pushed through by the Negrin government. For the first time in the war that is a year old this week the government troops are well equipped, thoroughly trained, and are directed by a unified command. Matthews speaks of the Loyalists' strategy as being "intricate" and "brilliantly conceived" for cutting the rebels' last artery of communications on the Madrid front. While it is too early to say whether this particular advance will go so far as to break the encirclement of Madrid, the fact that a successful offensive could be launched within a fortnight after the fall of Bilbao suggests that the government is far stronger than is generally recognized. Given a complete breakdown of non-intervention, which would enable the democratic countries to supply munitions in accordance with international law, there is reason to hope that the government may suppress the rebellion before another year has passed.

* * *

AFTER YEARS OF TENSION, OPEN FIGHTING has again broken out between China and Japan, apparently without deliberate provocation. The situation around Peiping has been increasingly tense in recent weeks. For the first time since the signing of the Tangku truce, in 1933, the Nanking government has been claiming and exercising a degree of power in North China. Irritated by their gradual loss of influence, the Japanese are reported to have brought pressure on the local authorities to break with Nanking. In the past Japan has frequently employed bold and illegal troop maneuvers in Chinese territory as a method of intimidating China. This time the Japanese were engaged in night maneuvers in the open country south of Peiping when they encountered Chinese troops who refused to be intimidated. In the struggle which followed the Chinese soldiers showed, as they had in Shanghai, that man for man, given reasonably modern equipment, they were fully the equals of the Japanese. The effect of the battle on the Chinese people was electric. All the pent-up hatred of the past six years seems to have exploded, and large groups of patriotic Chinese are demanding an immediate declaration of war against Japan. The days in which the Nanking government looked to Tokyo for its instructions have come to an end. Whether the present conflict will precipitate the long-expected war depends primarily on the extent to which the new Japanese government under Prince Konoe can restrain the bellicose activities of the military leaders. Japan's recent skirmishes along the Soviet-Manchurian frontier would seem to emphasize the folly of a protracted war with China at the present moment. But the Japanese warlords, like their kind elsewhere, have a habit of starting a great deal more than they can finish.

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ALTHOUGH THE NEW IRISH CONSTITUTION, establishing Ireland as a wholly independent state, was adopted by a small majority in the recent elections, De Valera encountered an unexpected setback when his party failed to obtain an absolute majority in the Dail. The defeat is of little immediate significance, since De Valera can count on the support of labor and certain independents in matters of general policy. But it presages further difficulties for the Fianna Fail in the future. Mr. de Valera has been an extraordinarily good strategist in carrying out his campaign for gradual independence from Britain, and he has succeeded where the extremists of the Irish Republican Army certainly would have failed. His success, however, has been obtained at a tremendous cost. Years of economic warfare with Britain have greatly weakened Irish agriculture, and led to indefensible wastes in an effort to attain the will-o'-the-wisp of self-sufficiency. For a time his battle with the Crown was extremely popular. The majority supported him even at the expense of their economic well-being. But now that the struggle is all but completed, it is apparent that the Irish people desire nothing more than to return to normality. In order to offset this very human aspiration Mr. de Valera may have to invent a new devil to replace the British Empire.

* * *

THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART AND Fred Noonan is ending as we go to press. Now that the chance of rescue is all but gone it remains only to hope that the two aviators died many days before the search was over. Their death ends two lives that stood for gallantry and spirit. Miss Earhart in particular had become more symbol than woman; and this was rather ironical because she thoroughly forswore the conventional attributes of heroism. She was direct, unpretentious, hardworking. In spite of the publicity that flooded her activities and the commercialism which marked out her trail through the skies, she managed to convince a skeptical world that she enjoyed her profession more than the fame it brought her. She will be missed not because bravery is rare or sudden death a novelty, but because a symbol of high-hearted, reckless adventure is a continuing need of the human psyche—now, perhaps, even more than in other less commercial times.

BUT ALL THE GENUINE EMOTION THAT surrounds the loss of the two fliers has not suppressed a measure of criticism and cold appraisal. Apparently it is established that Amelia Earhart had scrapped the 500-kilocycle transmitting wave length universally used by ships at sea. Neither she nor her navigator knew how to send or receive messages in code and it was for this reason that she decided against an equipment involving an awkward trailing antenna which demanded added attention during landings and take-offs. As a result it was impossible for her to communicate with the Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* or for that vessel to use its radio direction-finder to take a bearing. Her decision appears, incredibly enough, to have been unknown to the commander of the *Itasca,* who frequently requested her to transmit messages on 500 kilocycles. Such an error of judgment seems inexcusable. Another focus of post-mortem attacks is long-distance flying when undertaken for no scientific purpose. To her credit Amelia Earhart never claimed any objective other than her own pleasure. But it still remains a question whether the government should permit useless and perilous flights that may, if disaster overtakes them, involve the expenditure of vast work and expense. Apologists insist that the rescue flight provided the Navy and the Coast Guard with an opportunity to use in an actual emergency equipment which would otherwise be tried only in set maneuvers. But no one pretends that the $250,000 a day spent on the search would have been needed for routine practice or testing. The tragic death of two fine fliers should force the government to reconsider its present free-and-easy policy toward flights of this kind.

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THE C. I. O. HAS ADDED ANOTHER LINK IN the chain of labor strength that it is forging across the country. A seven-man maritime organizing committee, headed by John Brophy and including Harry Bridges, Joseph Curran, and Mervyn Rathborne, has been formed, and is starting its organization work in earnest. On the Atlantic Coast, where the former rank-and-file insurgents are now in power, the move to affiliate with the C. I. O. has received the approval of the Maritime Council. A National Unity Convention is scheduled for September in Chicago, at which time it is expected that the main work of consolidating 300,000 workers in a National Industrial Maritime Federation will have been accomplished. There are two stumbling blocks the new committee must confront immediately. One is Joe Ryan, still czar of the New York longshoremen. But it is clear that the C. I. O. will proceed with its work regardless of Ryan, who for some time has been making overtures to John L. Lewis, and that if Ryan goes along with the new movement it will have to be on C. I. O. terms rather than his own. The second stumbling block is the bitter struggle for power between Bridges and Harry Lundberg, head of the Sailors' Union on the Pacific Coast. Harry Bridges has now been appointed C. I. O. head of the West Coast. It is a post that Bridges has earned by his brilliant organizing, his tactical skill, and his popularity with workers outside as well as in the maritime trades.

THE INVESTIGATION OF THE AMERICAN Telephone and Telegraph Company by the Federal Communications Commission is now ended. It was hampered throughout by the skill with which the A. T. and T. handled its public relations. We shall comment later on the investigation as a whole. Meanwhile one bit of history unearthed by the investigation should be mentioned, especially as it has received no attention in the newspapers. Our largest public utility, the Bell Telephone System, advanced $20,000,000 in 1916 to the British government, under the goading of J. P. Morgan and Company. This demand loan was made in December, 1916, by the A. T. and T., the parent company, despite the opinion expressed a year earlier by the company's general counsel that its charter did not give it the right to lend money; despite the fact that in August, 1916, Comptroller du Bois had stated to President Vail that there would be no surplus to invest at the end of the year; and despite Vail's refusal in November to invest $5,000,000 in Morgan three- and five-year notes at the request of Messrs. Lamont and Davison. The bankers seem, however, to have had some mysterious power over the management, and in December the A. T. and T. sold $20,000,000 worth of bonds, and lent that sum on demand to the British government, through J. P. Morgan and Company. The argument used was that the loan was needed to preserve favorable industrial conditions in Europe—a curious argument, considering the fact that the A. T. and T. had nothing to export. The loan was repaid in February, 1917. But by that time the country was already far down the slippery incline that led into the trenches of the war to make the world safe for the dollar.

Violence, Law, and Labor

IN the labor struggle now being waged our sympathies are frankly with John L. Lewis and the C. I. O. We have the great good fortune to be living in the midst of a great renascence of American energies, and the center of that renascence is the new labor movement.

But that does not keep us from turning a critical eye on labor tactics when they merit it. The question is whether there is anything to alarm the progressive mind in the methods the C. I. O. is using to achieve its ends. The fact that the reactionary press is so violent about labor violence does not move us. If editorial javelins and columnists' venom could kill Mr. Lewis, he would have been dead long ago. But when Secretary Frances Perkins, in an official statement, condemns the sitdowns; when Mr. Roosevelt calls down a plague upon the house of labor as well as the house of capital; when even the New York *Post* declares for a drastic program of labor control, it is time to scrutinize charges and remedies.

The main charges are four: that the C. I. O. has been unable to control such "wildcat" moves as the shutting off of power in Saginaw, Michigan, the labor holiday at Lansing, and the guerilla warfare waged by some of the automobile locals in breaking the terms of the strike settlement; that it has resorted to violence and violation of property rights in its sitdown strikes and its picketing tactics; that it achieves a tyranny of the minority by throwing an industry into disorder through the action of a small group; and, finally, that its affairs are in the hands of a dictatorship which makes no accounting to the public. You have to thread your way warily through these charges, which vary in their truth-content all the way from substantial accuracy to the sheerest poppycock. The C. I. O. in its mushroom growth has not been able to move along the entire strike front with equal control of its constituent units. There have been cases of wildcat strikes, some spontaneous, some engineered by *agents provocateurs* of the employers. There have been instances of violence, although they have been fewer than we are asked to believe; and the sitdown itself, as we have pointed out, is not legal, although its legality is being forged in the crucible of social usage. The instances of tyranny by a strike minority have been few; far truer has it been that large majorities, long repressed by employer intimidation, have eagerly awaited the entrance of the C. I. O. into their field, knowing that its organizers meant business. As for the charges of dictatorship, they are compounded of hysteria and lies.

A good angle from which to view most of these charges is one that commands a view of the pay rolls of today and the ballot-boxes of tomorrow. The C. I. O. is the greatest threat that the holders of economic and political power have had to confront in our time. It increases their wage bills and challenges their autocracy in industry. And it enrolls in a cohesive labor movement millions of men whose votes will go far toward electing the next President and the next Congress. Put yourself in the place of these men who rule America's economic destinies. Would not this combined threat move you to take whatever measures you could, however desperate, to smash the organization that embodied this threat? Hence the drive to turn middle-class opinion against the C. I. O., a drive in which many liberals are unwittingly joining.

Another angle from which to consider these charges is one that commands a view of the Chicago Memorial Day massacre and the brutal beating of the automobile labor leaders by Ford thugs. We have just seen the Paramount news reel of the Chicago massacre. And we have been reading with an irrepressible nausea the details uncovered by the Labor Board hearings on the Ford beatings. We do not believe that violence justifies retaliatory violence. We do believe that violence begets violence, and that the violence of labor is puny and trivial compared with the mammoth violence used by Girdler and Purnell and Grace and Ford. It is significant to compare what has happened since the automobile settlement and what has happened since the settlement with Big Steel. Wildcat strikes and guerilla warfare have broken out in the automobile area. There have been none in the Big Steel area, following the agreement between Myron Taylor and John L. Lewis. The reasons are not difficult to get at. The steel settlement came at the end of an arduous and systematic organizing campaign, kept well in hand by Philip Murray and his committee; and it was a voluntary settlement, without the fierce strike struggle that took place in automobiles. The moral is a dual one. If employers sow the wind, they must be prepared to reap the whirlwind; and if the wind consists of labor espionage, repression, and bitter strike-breaking tactics, the whirlwind will be a lack of labor discipline, sporadic contract-breaking, and violence. Where the C. I. O. has had a chance to do the painstaking, detailed work of labor organization and has not been swept into a strike by the pent-up and spontaneous sentiment of the workers, it has combined responsibility with strength.

All of which leads us to the conclusion that the approach to the question of labor responsibility and labor violence goes far deeper than any program of legislative control. There are two ways of insuring order. One is to create it by *fiat* from above. This method implies the use of troops, court injunctions, legislative outlawry of certain kinds of strikes and ultimately of all strikes and of trade unions themselves. It is the method which, innocently as it may start, finds its logical culmination in the corporate state of Mussolini and the totalitarian state of Hitler. Its method is to create a framework, ever tighter and more restrictive, within which labor is permitted to carry on. Its ultimate result is to identify "order" with the national will and the use of national force to suppress trade-union activities.

There is another plan—let us call it the "American plan," for it deserves that designation far more than the reactionary movements which have adopted it in the past. It recognizes that labor discipline is not a thing that can be legislated without the loss of civil liberties. Labor order is rather the organic outgrowth of a healthy state of industrial relations, and can be achieved only after such a state has been established. It would seek to restrict the role of the government in the industrial struggle to that of preserving civil liberties, setting minimum standards in industry, and providing the machinery which will facilitate a real meeting of minds.

The agitation for legislative control of labor today calls for incorporation of trade unions and publicity of accounts; revision of the Wagner Act to allow the employer the right to invoke a vote whenever he likes; the outlawing of sympathetic strikes, jurisdictional strikes, sitdown strikes, and all strikes not directly involving wages and working conditions; and, often, compulsory arbitration. To our mind, while the individual items vary in importance, the program as a whole is dangerous.

The provisions for incorporating trade unions and for publicity of accounts can serve no useful purpose, and they are subject to abuse. To compel unions to incorporate would be to coerce them into doing something which profit-making business establishments are not required to do. For a business man can operate, if he wishes, as an individual or in a partnership. Moreover, the Coronado cases showed that trade unions may be sued under the law even when they are not incorporated.

On the revision of the Wagner Act the case is more complicated. The general objection to giving employers the power to invoke the Wagner Act election machinery is a clear one. For employers will inevitably use it to scotch an organizing campaign at the outset. But we see no reason why the employer should not have the right to invoke the election machinery when an independent union asks for a contract. By asking for a contract, the union is declaring its readiness for a test of strength. We agree, moreover, with the New York *Post* that no strike should be allowed where the union is under contract, unless a violation of the contract by the employers is charged. The history of the garment unions is proof that a militant unionism can operate with strict observance of all contract obligations. But we do not by any means agree with the proposed ban on the sitdown strike, the sympathetic strike, or the so-called jurisdictional strike. The sitdown strike must be allowed to work out its own legal fate in the rapidly shifting complex of rules about property in the industrial situation. To freeze that fate now by prohibitive legislation would be both unfortunate legally and disastrous economically. The sympathetic strike, moreover, is an integral part of industrial unionism. The strength of that unionism lies in the united front of labor which it establishes all along the line of an industry. To ban sympathetic strikes would be to hamper industrial unionism at the outset. And to ban jurisdictional strikes would have much the same effect, since every C. I. O. strike in an industry where there is even a vestige of an A. F. of L. craft union would be construed as a jurisdictional strike.

There can be no doubt that American labor today must maintain discipline. But the discipline must for the most part come from within; it cannot be imposed from without. The final reliance for the maintenance of labor discipline and order must lie in trade-union democracy. We must remember that the energies which have produced a militant labor movement representing the greatest stride this country has made toward economic democracy are turned not only outward but inward as well. The rank-and-file enthusiasm that produces wildcat strikes is also the best insurance against racketeering, dictatorship, and irresponsible leadership within the trade union. But such discipline is not an over-night product. It is part of a civilizing process that must take time but is worth waiting for. America has not yet produced a good substitute for democracy, whether in government or industry.

Palestine Is Divided

As was expected, the Palestine Royal Commission's plan for partitioning the Holy Land into three segments has pleased no one. Zionist organizations have denounced it as a flagrant violation of the Balfour Declaration. Arab nationalists are equally incensed at a program which hands over to the Jews the choicest portions of the land in which their ancestors have lived for centuries. From an economic point of view, it is manifestly absurd to divide a tiny country of not more than 10,000 square miles into three distinct political and economic units.

Yet no one, least of all the Zionists and Arab extremists, would maintain that the mandate as it is now administered is even tolerable. The peace of the Holy Land was shattered by sanguinary rioting in 1925, 1929, 1933, and 1936, the disturbances of last year being much more severe than in any of the previous years. Conciliation and plans for inter-factional cooperation have been tried and failed. As Jewish immigration increased, the conflict between an emotional, irreconcilable Zionism and an equally uncompromising Pan-Arab movement has grown steadily more intense. Both have reasonable and legitimate claims to the whole of Palestine, and both are correct in saying that anything less involves a breach of faith on the part of Great Britain and serious political and economic disabilities to their peoples. The Arabs as well as the Jews have strong historic claims; but the Jewish claim is far more urgent in view of the anti-Semitic policies of the German and Polish governments. Although the proposed partition violates both of these claims, it provides a feasible plan of national self-government for a great majority of the present inhabitants of Palestine, and will permit somewhat greater Jewish immigration during the present critical years than would otherwise have been considered practicable by the British.

Once the principle of partition is accepted, the details of the commission's plan stand out as a reasonable compromise. While territory assigned to the Jews represents a considerably greater value per inhabitant than the land assigned to the Arabs, the discrepancy will be partially made up by extensive irrigation projects in the Arab portion. Similarly, it seems reasonable that the holy cities of Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth should not be put in the hands of either group, and that the British have the right to expect access to the sea if they are to assume the responsibility of administering these cities. But the same protection for the religious shrines might have been secured if the British administration had been limited solely to the cities, and free access to the sea guaranteed in the treaties which are to be drawn up with the new states.

The chief danger in the commission's recommendations lies in the immediate future. Feelings are being aroused to a high pitch, both among the Zionists and the followers of the Mufti of Jerusalem. Despite the elaborate precautions which the British have taken, serious disturbances may be expected at any time until the final decision is reached. After the new states have been established, the opportunities for friction will be fewer, although it is quite possible that the bitterness which is now distributed throughout Palestine may center in Jerusalem.

The first Jewish state in two thousand years will struggle under tremendous handicaps. Everywhere enemies will be seeking to capitalize on the slightest misstep. Despite Mussolini's explicit assurances to the contrary, we may be certain that he will do all that he can to weaken the new Jewish state, if only to embarrass Britain. Arab hostility will continue to be an unsettling influence. And whatever policies are adopted will be twisted and misrepresented by the Nazis in their diabolic efforts to justify their anti-Semitic program. The difficulties will be magnified if the Socialists gain control of the new state, as is highly probable. No matter how moderate or wise such a government's policies might be, they

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would be held up as a terrible example of Jewish radicalism. And Jewish capitalists from whom aid would still be needed might find it increasingly difficult to reconcile their belief in a Jewish national home with their bitter opposition to socialism.

It may be argued that the Zionist groups in Palestine are not yet ready to assume this almost terrifying responsibility. In some ways it would be much easier to go on under the present arrangement, sparring for time in the hope that conditions would improve. But the last ten years have seen an increase rather than a decrease in the problems which the new Jewish state must face. To prolong the *status quo* would mean only to insure the continuance of bloodshed and bitterness in Palestine.

Thus despite the obvious dangers which are inherent in the division of Palestine, the plan seems to make the best of a nearly impossible situation. A minority of extreme Zionist organizations may be expected to attempt to persuade the United States, because of its treaty obligation with respect to the Palestine mandate, to oppose the change. But if the League Mandate Committee approves the plan, we see no reason why the United States should stand in the way of an experiment which at worst will merely prolong a hopeless conflict, but which may contribute to the peace and well being of Jews and Arabs alike.

Loyalist Spain Takes the Offensive

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Madrid, July 11

"IF we win military victories, our internal politics will cease to be a problem for us," a prominent member of the Negrin Cabinet said to me ten days ago. The military, internal, and international situations all dovetail and improve or deteriorate together. Every Spanish Loyalist believes that the present government was put into office primarily to win the war. This is what the people expect of it and, above all, they expect signs that steps are being taken in that direction. "Offensive" has therefore become a magic word, for its use would indicate the beginning of a new phase which can end with victory. The first offensive need not be crushing; it need not bring the Loyalists into Badajoz or Sevilla. Its greatest significance would be psychological. It would break the ice. General Miaja, whose understanding of public sentiment is at least as good as his grasp of military strategy, knew he was touching the Spaniards' most responsive chord when he stated in his proclamation yesterday, "The offensive so eagerly desired by all has commenced."

The first few offensives will probably be partial and indecisive unless the enemy reveals a surprising weakness. They will be rehearsals for an army whose reflexes are those of trench warriors rather than those of rapidly advancing phalanxes. They will modify the map, and that is important, but in a larger sense their chief value lies in their modifications of the habits and fighting qualities of the troops. The moment the Negrin Cabinet was formed it energetically undertook to make the usually slow and painful transition from resisting to attacking. I believe that all observers were startled by the excellent and quick results. From what I have seen on various fronts, it is obvious that the Loyalist army is not only better equipped than it was several months ago, but it has mastered the manifold aspects of the use and care of its equipment. The authorities make no secret of this fact. Yesterday Loyalist aviators dropped leaflets over Madrid commencing, "The people's aviation is already here, reinforced and mighty, determined to deliver the last blow which definitely will free Madrid from the Fascists' claws." Such sanguine hopes would provoke resentment if recent performances did not justify the claim, at least in part. Without aviation no offensive is possible in this war, and from what we have seen in and around Madrid during these last few days this has become apparent to the government, and its air force has acquired a new striking power.

Military moves may solve political problems, but there are problems between the government and its opponents. Its critics have been hushed. Nevertheless, difficulties persist in Catalonia, which is so pivotal for war industry. In that province separatism joins with anarcho-syndicalism to become a thorn in the Cabinet's side. The separatists are not always loyal. Indeed, Franco has many friends among them. Separatism was a product of bourgeois economy in feudal Spain. But to the Anarchists separatism represents a desire to evade the central government's authority. This complicated situation is one which, it seems, will require the permanent attention of one or more Cabinet ministers with prestige, power, and tact.

My own view is that the relations between the elements within the government are far more interesting than the friction between it and those outside. The line of demarcation in Loyalist politics is becoming clearer. One camp consists of the Communist Party and groups or individuals who are ready to cooperate with it; the other camp is unfriendly to the Communist Party, although sometimes claiming to be more communist than the Communists themselves. The Communist Party has abandoned its earlier tactics of self-effacement. Irked by Caballero's attacks while it maintained a helpful, defensive attitude, it too has taken the offensive, and the result is that its best friends are worried. Its policies, they maintain, are wise, sober, and best for the new Spanish nation now emerging, yet its new-found ambition to dominate has unhealthy possibilities.

Washington Sweatshop

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Mrs. Norton, Chairman

Washington, July 12

THE Administration's wage-hour bill emerged from committee as emaciated as if it had spent the past month in a reducing cabinet. Once ample enough to cover some 12,000,000 workers, it now blankets a scant 3,000,000. Broad enough at one time to outlaw such practices as use of strike breakers and labor spies, it is nothing now but a wage, hour, and child-labor bill, and an inadequate one at that. It permits a proposed Labor Standards Board to go as far down the scale as it likes in fixing minimum wages *but forbids it to go above 40 cents an hour*. The sky is the limit in establishing a work week *but this must never be less than 40 hours*. Most railroad workers are exempted and so are seamen and agricultural hands of all kinds. Even the child-labor restrictions are loaded down with reservations. They do not apply to farm children or to those working for their parents or to those in whose cases the Children's Bureau may rule that work does not interfere with their schooling or harm their health. That leaves, as beneficiaries of the bill, those employees of manufacturing plants, mines, and public utilities whose products move in interstate commerce, plus railroad maintenance-of-way men—those, that is, who now earn less than $16 a week. Reduced to this gaunt ghost of its former self, the measure has little charm for most of its early admirers.

At the moment its chance of passage seems as slender as its new proportions. There are three reasons for this:

First, and most important, is the indifference of organized labor. Two years ago when the NRA was garroted by the Supreme Court, labor was extremely anxious for a wage-and-hour law. Today, absorbed in a fierce family vendetta, it has little time or thought for anything else. The C. I. O., making a desperate bid for power, has its forces scattered over a hundred fronts. It would like to have a wage-hour law but it is much more concerned with what Congress says and does about the sit-down strike and the massacre of workers in Chicago. Its leaders have had little time to think about new legislation. John L. Lewis did appear at the joint committee hearings, but he appeared with a statement an aid had written and thrust into his hand which inveighed against one of the chief provisions of the bill—Section V, permitting adjustment of wages upward above the 40-cent minimum. To correct that *faux pas* Sidney Hillman rushed to the committee with a fervid plea for the higher wage provision, but the damage had been done. The bill, as it was reported, had none of the provisions which Hillman hoped would be used to improve a large number of textile wages instead of just a few. Neither did it contain the ban against Southern differentials which Lewis wanted.

The A. F. of L., while apparently friendly to the bill, secretly has been sabotaging it. It has dark suspicions of the whole thing because it thinks the legislation was instigated by the C. I. O. This isn't true, but so vindictive are the Federation moguls that anything bearing C. I. O. approval automatically incurs their hatred. William Green, yessing and no-ing with characteristic pomposity, bestowed his pontifical blessing on the measure at the committee hearings, but the zeal with which the A. F. of L. usually lobbies its bills through Congress has been missing. In fact behind the scenes the Federation's official Congressional lobbyist has been sniping at the bill.

Members of the Senate Labor Committee were not slow to recognize this apathy or to take advantage of it by stripping the bill down to a shadow. To please the President, the committee members agreed to a wage-hour bill, but they saw no point in courting employer wrath if there was to be no corresponding gain in labor favor.

The second handicap under which the legislation labors is the threat of protracted debate on the Supreme Court issue. One of the principal objectives of Supreme Court reform is to insure permanence of a wage-hour law, but that fact will not prevent Congress from shelving the bill and stampeding for home if it gets a chance. The longer the Senate fight over the court measure lasts, the more the wage-hour bill's chance of passage dwindles. On the other hand if the court bill should be defeated, directly or by being sent back to committee, action on the wage-hour bill would be futile, for its fate depends on a change of the collective judicial heart.

Finally the death of William P. Connery, chairman of the House Labor Committee, was a body blow to the wage-hour bill. If Connery had lived the measure might already have been passed by the House. He knew the subject backward and forward, was wholeheartedly for the legislation, and would have lost no time in getting it onto the floor. His death brought to the committee chairmanship, through the rule of seniority, Mrs.

Mary T. Norton, henchman of the egregious, refulgent, and anti-labor boss Frank Hague of Jersey City. What Mrs. Norton doesn't know about the wage-hour bill would fill volumes. Administration leaders tried to dissuade her from taking the chairmanship but she insisted on her seniority rights. Their forebodings about her were well founded. Committee members are reporting that she has been secretly urging them to shelve the bill for "further study."

With Mrs. Norton's succession, the Administration had to reshuffle its whole plan of strategy. Instead of taking the lead in the House Committee it had to switch to the Senate Labor Committee. Unless the House Committee swings into line promptly and gets the bill onto the floor there is not likely to be any wage-hour legislation this year.

The Supreme Court fight makes up in zest what the wage-hour engagement lacks. So far the Administration definitely has the upper hand. It started the floor combat with a bang and has maintained an aggressive, hard-hitting offensive ever since, striking out this way and that with an ardor that has been missing in New Deal attacks this session. Floor Leader Joe Robinson, whether stung by the criticism on his desertion of Roosevelt in the relief fight, or for some other reason, has been on top of the ball and hitting hard. He has had excellent support from Senators Hatch, Logan, Guffey, Schwellenbach, Minton, and others. All have been merciless in exposing the hypocrisy of the opposition's arguments.

One of the principal weaknesses of the opposition is its oversupply of leaders. It has more prima donnas than the Metropolitan Opera Company. Several, such as "Kemal Pasha" Vandenberg and Bennett Clark, cherish presidential ambitions. Burke of Nebraska is an incorrigible grandstander and Burt Wheeler has so far abandoned his one-time liberalism as to consort openly with Alice Longworth, Frank Kent, and other reactionary storm troopers. None of the group is personally liked in the Senate and their malice is so great that other Senators are wary of them. Moreover, the opposition is badly split on the question of strategy. Old-timers like Borah and McNary are opposed to a filibuster. They contend it exposes the weakness of their position and, more serious, is certain to alienate public support. They want to center their efforts on a move to send the court bill back to committee. The maneuver admittedly is a last-ditch plan. It is their hope that the worthy Democrats who don't quite dare vote against Roosevelt and yet are against the bill will take this way out of their dilemma.

In the other camp is a group of amateur die-hards who see in a filibuster a chance for notoriety. Senator Joe O'Mahoney is representative of still another group. He is opposed to the court plan but he is also opposed to a filibuster or a move to recommit. As a member of the Judiciary Committee he had to take a stand and he wants his colleagues to have to take their medicine, too.

The Administration's plan is to let debate run until the end of the month, meanwhile making things as tough as possible for the opposition by recessing from day to day, so that no Senator may speak more than twice, and enforcing all other rules usually honored in the breach. At the end of three weeks or so it will start pressing for a vote. It has a majority of the Senate and is sure to win on the Logan compromise if it can wear out the opposition and force a vote. Filibusters in the past have been successful only at the end of a session, when adjournment was fixed by law or when trunks had been packed and there was no holding the boys. Neither condition prevails now. There is no limit to the session, and if the Administration will be tough enough it can smash a filibuster. It has the votes, and the opposition knows it. There is every indication at present that in the end they'll be counted.

Running the International Blockade

BY ALBERT WEISBORD

THE international control over Spain was established with the ostensible purpose of isolating the Spanish war through cutting off volunteers and rigidly checking the shipment of all supplies. How unevenly this control works to the ultimate detriment of the Spanish republic has already been reported by numerous witnesses. Jay Allen, for example, writing for Esquire Features, stated in a dispatch published on May 11:

> Over eastward, near republican Spain, it's tough. This correspondent's car was stopped and searched six times after he entered the twenty-kilometer control zone. One morning he drove to Dancharia on the rebel border and was not stopped until he was within twenty feet of a Carlist sentinel.

For anyone who tries to get into the left-controlled side of Spain there are almost insuperable difficulties to overcome. Even Norman Thomas found this out when he tried to enter legally. As for penetrating illegally, the chances are many to one that it cannot be done. Thousands of soldiers stand guard at the border. They watch the sea. They patrol the mountain passes, even the ones used by expert smugglers. They search every village, every tavern. Each week, at the border near Andorra or Perpignan, many arrests are reported, sometimes running as high as one hundred and fifty or two hundred. But no such arrests take place on the western border of Spain, where only reactionary sympathizers cross. Although the opinion is current that the French People's Front government favors the cause of democratic Spain, there is ample evidence, supported by my own experience, that if such favoritism exists it is certainly kept well under cover when it is a question of permitting left adherents to enter the Iberian peninsula.

Naturally anti-fascist forces in France conspire to defeat the effort of the French government and the international control. In many cities of France committees have been set up to aid republican Spain. Some are controlled by the parties represented in the People's Front, others by Anarcho-Syndicalists and other working-class factions opposed to the People's Front. Whatever struggles may exist between these sets of forces in Spain, I have found that the French committees cooperate to a certain point. At the important towns near the southern border of France the committees are links in an underground railway relaying left adherents into Spain.

Although the illegal methods of getting into Spain are many and ingenious, it is virtually impossible at the present time for any mass of volunteers to pass over the French border. The Mediterranean might appear an obvious route, but fascist vessels are warned in advance and make this trip exceedingly difficult, as was demonstrated by the torpedoing of the *City of Barcelona,* in which over one hundred persons lost their lives, including fifty Americans.

At one time the anti-fascist committees tried the daring scheme of sending a large mass of volunteers straight through the French guard, with the idea that, since the French soldiers are instructed not to shoot, only a few could be stopped. Such tactics, however, can be used successfully only once or twice. Now all the approaches are so well guarded for many miles in advance of the border, and the trains are so closely watched, that it would be impossible for several hundred men to be mobilized and concentrated in any part of southern France near the frontier without the authorities being fully aware of the situation.

Despite all these obstacles, however, if the individual Loyalist sympathizer wants to put up with a bit of hardship and is ready to take the risk of being arrested, there is always a chance of slipping through. It is still possible to find a friendly fisherman who will row you across some dark night from one point in France to another point in Spain. There still exist devoted friends of the cause who know difficult mountain passes not too familiar to the soldiery. Then there are dark railroad tunnels through which one can grope one's way despite the guards—a harrowing experience warranted to give one nightmares afterward.

Some have used the dare-devil method of racing the guard to the border. The road is a winding one that twists and turns just before the car that carries you to the border has to stop. You jump off your car at the point immediately before the last turn in the road where you would be seen by the guards. You run as fast as you can the several hundred yards of rough country hillside till you reach a point where the road has wound around and crossed the Spanish line. There, if you have beaten the French guards who by this time have seen you running up the hill, you may possibly be able to persuade the Spanish soldiers, often headed by officers who by no means love the proletarian leftist and would secretly like to cooperate with France in barring all reds, to let you stay in Spain and go on your way.

If you don't like to run you might try to walk across the frontier *via* the little village of "X" that stands astride the border, one part being in France, the other in Spain. This method calls for considerable histrionic ability. You arrive in the village one fine morning armed with papers showing you to be a respectable business man, preferably French, working for a firm shipping supplies into Spain. A shipment is supposed to be awaiting your attention there, and when hours pass and your stuff fails to show up you fume and fret in the cafes that line the road. You take good care to denounce the "damned Anarchists" to all and sundry, so as to ingratiate yourself with the "impartial" international control and the business men of the village. By the time late afternoon arrives, when the highway is extraordinarily busy with the loading and unloading of goods for the customs inspection, you casually ask to be permitted to telephone to some place in Spain from the Spanish side. You are so dressed that no one would possibly suspect that you want to leave France for good. Once having crossed the heavily guarded road to enter the cafe on the Spanish side, it is not necessary for you to return. France can see you no more. You can then go out by the back way, through devious side paths, until you reach the Spanish soldiers at the other side of the border.

The legal difficulties created by the People's Front government of France find a sinister counterpart in the activities of the French Admiralty operating under this same government. French consuls and naval officers working together have made it extraordinarily easy for fascists fleeing the Spanish government to get out of the eastern side of the country in order to pass through France and reenter on the western side controlled by France. Nor do the French Admiralty or consulates care whether they violate French law, Spanish law, or the rules of the International Control Commission to accomplish their end of aiding Spanish fascism. They extend their most cordial welcome to such reactionaries, give them favored treatment, and furnish them with consular escorts so that those in flight can pass through France, even though they may have no passports. These things I saw with my own eyes.

In the beginning of June I decided to get out of Barcelona into France as an evacuated refugee, that is, to get the permission of the French consul to take the French boat, *Imetherie II,* which each week sails from Marseilles to Barcelona to take out refugees who wish to leave Spain. The ship is under the watchful eyes of two representatives of the control commission who hoist their white pointed flag with two balls for all to see. I was interested to watch how the international control actually worked and what took place under the guise of evacuation.

Those who took the boat were, in the main, people who were afraid to leave Catalonia by train, who were friendly to the republic and therefore feared, whether justifiably or not, that they would be taken off and arrested. Under the protection of various foreign consulates in Barcelona thousands of rightist elements have been evacuated who knew that once outside the protection of these foreign flags in Barcelona their lot would not be an easy one. Most of the refugees on the trip I made were former nuns, pale, timid creatures, bewildered and plainly incapable of adjusting themselves to the stern realities of the life they had found outside their cloisters. Mingled with the nuns were a few families of the business class that had lost their all in the revolution and wanted to get out. Then there were others.

That these prospective passengers were suspect to the Spanish authorities was made very plain, once we had entered the pier and come before the customs men. Most of the voyagers, playing safe, were traveling light. But I, not having been warned, had a big suitcase and plenty of literature, including a map of Spain, pictures of the victims of the recent bombardment in Barcelona, and similar material. In my pockets, too, were military notes I had taken at the Aragon front, notes of interviews with some of the commanders at the Aragon headquarters. It was a jittery moment for me when the customs officials, searching my baggage, came upon this stuff plus a tourist's map which had been put out by a German company and, linking all this with my German name, decided to put me down for a German spy. Had they found the military notes I doubt whether I could now be writing this article. As it was, I had to spend some harrowing minutes before I got by the last inspection, with my military notes still safe, having convinced the Spanish republican officials I was not an enemy of the Spanish left but its friend.

I was one of the first passengers to board the *Imetherie II*, but I found ahead of me a faultlessly dressed passenger who, I am certain, had not passed through the customs. This individual was already ensconced in the best cabin in the ship. I should point out that the only accommodations for some 350 refugees who were to overcrowd the ship for the night trip were miserable bunks of straw in a filthy, unventilated freight hold. Knowing what sort of bunk had been given to me, I became all the more interested in this favored passenger.

Walking around the ship, I knocked into the delegates of the International Control Commission, an Englishman and a Dutchman. The British representative, I soon discovered, was a member of the British Naval Reserve. He evidently conceived his job on the commission as a fine opportunity to do some spying for the British Admiralty. His chief concern was the identity of every vessel, especially every ship of war, to be found in Mediterranean and Barcelona waters. The Dutch member, however, took his duties conscientiously. A newcomer, he was worried about the fact that the captain of the ship was not making him very welcome. Things looked rather suspicious, he confided to me.

It was the Dutch member of the commission who informed me of the manner in which the interesting passenger had come aboard. Before the *Imetherie II* had reached Barcelona harbor, a French destroyer had stopped the boat and placed this passenger on board. Thus his presence was unknown to the Spanish authorities. While the stolid Dutchman was puzzling over the question, I made up my mind to do a bit of sleuthing of my own.

I was soon in conversation with the stranger. He told me that he was a "special aid" of the British consul at Alicante. But when I questioned the British member of the control I learned there was no British consul at Alicante and that such small consulates never had "special aids." What was more suspicious was the fact that this "British aid" could speak no English and, although a Spaniard, had no passport of any kind. Later he unburdened the real facts. He was the son of a very wealthy aristocratic family now fleeing republican Spain. With the help of the French consul he had been able to get on board a French warship and then had been transferred to the refugee ship, since it would create a scandal for the French Navy to disembark private passengers. The French consul would take care of him and see that he got off all right at Marseilles. Once in France, he would go to the west coast, and from Bayonne would enter fascist Spain to help Franco.

I made it my business to check all these facts. Sure enough, as the boat docked at Marseilles and the immigration authorities came on board, one of the French consuls who had traveled on the boat with us took this stranger in first of all and made a special plea for him. He was then given a special pass for debarkation, and as I got off the boat at the same time he did, he asked me to help him find the prefecture of police. I accompanied him to the prefecture and saw that it took only a short time to fix him up with the papers necessary to stay and travel in France, to enter England if he so desired (London is the center of Spanish monarchical intrigue), or to go to the Franco side of Spain.

But he was not the only one the officials aided. As the *Imetherie II* steamed out of the harbor of Barcelona, it was stopped, and again a French warship drew alongside. This time six more passengers were deposited. All of them were well within the draft age; all of them, like the first one, were Spanish and were thus violating Spanish laws in fleeing the country. All of them were extremely reactionary in their views, as I found in conversations with them, and, with the help of the French Admiralty, most of whose officers are members of the fascist *Action Française*, were on their way to join the rebel side.

There was such a glaring contrast between this situation and the one that had confronted me when I had tried to enter leftist Spain that I determined to take up the matter with the representatives of the control commission on board the boat. But the British member declared his job was only to prevent the entrance of volunteers into Spain, not to report the escape of fascists from the leftists. If the French Admiralty violated the laws of France and of Spain that was not his business. If these favored refugees wanted to get into Spain on the other side, that was for the control in western France to worry about. The Dutchman wanted to help but felt he could not if the British member would not cooperate. And so the matter rested.

Save the Arts Projects

BY ELIZABETH McCAUSLAND

THE Renaissance lasted three centuries, the Age of Pericles and the Augustan Age each a half century; for the "cultural birth of a nation" our government allows less than two years. With drastic cuts in the Federal Arts Projects effective July 15, the arts in America are on their way back where they came from, to the status which made necessary the WPA and white-collar projects.

Yet already the Four Arts Projects have been justified. Since its first performance, February 1, 1936, the Federal Theater has played to more than 25,000,000, 87 per cent free and 13 per cent paid admissions. From October, 1935, to May 1, 1937, almost 60,000,000 persons have listened to 81,000 performances of WPA music units, many of them in orphanages, hospitals, community centers, parks, playgrounds, and churches. Besides murals, easel paintings, sculptures, and prints allocated to public buildings, the Federal Art Project has reached the public through its art teaching and through thirty federal art galleries and art centers established in Tennessee, Alabama, the Carolinas, Oklahoma, Florida, Utah, Wyoming, and New Mexico, all in communities where there were none before. More than a million people visited these centers and galleries in one year. The Federal Writers Project, handicapped by lack of publishing outlets, has not yet contacted its widest audience. It is expected, however, that the state guides will have at least 2,000,000 circulation.

In "Government Aid During the Depression to Professional, Technical and Other Service Workers," Jacob Baker, assistant to WPA Administrator Harry Hopkins, wrote: "It is only a wide popular participation in artistic activities of any kind that keeps the arts genuinely alive." By this test, the Federal Arts Projects have justified themselves. Nevertheless there has been incessant pressure to reduce expenditures for the arts. Critics argue that to employ 40,000 persons for fourteen months cost the government $46,000,000; and is art worth it? So the cuts continue, because of the Administration's failure to press for adequate appropriations.

In the Federal Theater, employing at the peak more than 13,000, 31 per cent of the personnel has been dismissed throughout the country, and Delaware, Rhode Island, Nebraska, and Texas no longer have a theater. This slash is characteristic of what has happened in the drought lands of American culture. Yet it was the hope of the Federal Theater Administration to build a theater belonging to the people. Indeed, it did so; witness the attendance of 14,000 children at one federal circus matinee—free. Or take Valley, Nebraska—population 1,000—where 800 men, women, and children tried to attend the Federal Theater performance; some had ridden 25 and 30 miles to get there. They wrote begging that the company be permitted to settle down there. But the Nebraska unit was wiped out. As regards community drama work, in New York City alone there are over 1,000 non-professional groups, attended each week by between 25,000 and 34,000 adults and children, which have given over 1,500 plays. All over the United States, in communities so remote and unprivileged that even "the road" had passed them by, this work has gone on.

On the creative side, New York offers outstanding successes, the "Living Newspaper," "Macbeth," "Dr. Faustus," "Murder in the Cathedral," and others, while the simultaneous opening in 18 cities of 21 productions of Sinclair Lewis's anti-fascist "It Can't Happen Here" was a major event in the American theater. In four months it played to 275,000 persons, grossing $80,000 at an average of 30 cents. "Macbeth," the Negro theater's Shakespeare improvisation, gave 144 performances to a total audience of 120,000, touring 4,000 miles, to close at the Texas centennial.

With metropolitan successes have gone important services to the stage, the revival of "the road" through 150 resident companies in 27 states, the revival of repertory, and the revival—notably in Los Angeles—of stage hits of ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, such as "Potash and Perlmutter," "The Fool," "Madame X," "The Goose Hangs High," and "Ladies of the Jury," a great aid to students of the evolving American drama. The "Living Newspaper," a montage of cinema, stage, and political rally, is a definite contribution in form.

Of great value, though little advertised, has been the work of the bureaus of research and publication in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Birmingham, Seattle, and Oklahoma City, cataloguing, card-indexing, and analyzing every play ever performed or published in the United States. The magazine *Federal Theatre,* published in New York, has filled a real need of the American people, treating of the theater in human terms. This publication has been discontinued.

So the Federal Theater, which brought the living stage to millions of Americans who had never seen a flesh-and-blood actor before—only one high-school pupil out of thirty even in New York City has—faces the future seriously crippled. This, despite the fact that it has won the support of playwrights like George Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill, who offered their plays at extraordinarily low royalties because they believe in a federal theater.

"The salvation of the arts," the Federal Art Project has been called by Lewis Mumford. No less enthusiastic is Ambrose Vollard. The exhibition, "New Horizons in

American Art," at the Museum of Modern Art in September, 1936, offered a visual record of the project's first year and won wide critical approval. There were then over 5,000 on the FAP'S pay rolls. Now almost 600 have been dismissed in New York City alone. Public demand for federal art may be seen in allocations made in New York in 18 months: 134 murals, with 800 separate panels; 4,000 prints; 2,950 easel paintings; 204 sculptures, including busts, panels, plaques, figures, fountains; 200,000 posters for libraries, hospitals, etc.; and the creative photography record, "Changing New York," for the Museum of the City of New York.

The Federal Art Project is notable for art teaching of children centered in New York City, though isolated examples like the work being done in Breathitt County, Kentucky, and in Hawthorne, New York, show what could be done elsewhere. In New York 30,000 children attend painting and modeling classes.

The use of art in mental hygiene is only beginning. At Bellevue Hospital in New York City art teaching is used for diagnosis, while at Hawthorne-Cedar Knolls it is used both diagnostically and therapeutically. Both theater and music have also been useful, the Federal Theater giving performances at Bellevue and the Federal Music Project working at the hospital and also at the House of Detention. Such experiments, though unfortunately confined to New York City, point the direction for other communities.

The Index of American Design, set up to record applied arts in our American tradition, ferrets out, collates, and makes accessible source materials in the field of design. The Shaker portfolio, the Pennsylvania German data, and the colored plates already produced in New Mexico of local textiles, hand-carved chests, and folk lore are invaluable. How the projects can be integrated is shown by the Community Playhouse in Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the building was erected by WPA engineers, the drapes woven by WPA women in Colonial Mexican designs, the furniture made by WPA craftsmen after Colonial period furniture, Mexican tinwork used for indirect lighting by WPA artisans, and murals of New Mexican scenes painted by WPA artists.

Music for music's sake has been the aim of the Federal Music Project. Founded because of the interpretative musician's plight, its emphasis has been on performance and on teaching, although through the Composers Forum Laboratory new music by contemporary Americans like Roy Harris, Aaron Copland, Howard Hanson, Roger Sessions, and Virgil Thomson has been given a hearing, while 4,000 other compositions by 1,400 American composers have been presented. Chiefly the FMP has given music back to the people, as the Federal Theater has given back the living stage. Thus it is not uncommon to hear Brahms wafted by a string quartette from the backyard garden of a settlement house.

An important activity of the project has been recording the folk music of America. Early Mexican, Texas plains and border, Acadian and Creole songs in Louisiana, bayou songs of the Mississippi delta, Kentucky hills folk songs, white and Negro spirituals from the Carolinas, settlers' songs and songs of Indian origin from Oklahoma, early Spanish songs from California, liturgical music from California missions, songs sung by the Penitentes of New Mexico, are a few of the types. Here, too, is aid for those seeking the American tradition.

Music teaching has been carried on by the group method rather than individually. Weekly throughout the United States 1,300 teachers have met with 200,000 students, aged 6 to 75. In Mississippi the classes number 70,000, in Oklahoma 300,000. Before the Federal Music Project's creation two-thirds of the 4,000,000 children in 143,000 rural schools were without music instruction. In New York City weekly attendance is 60,000; and in nine months prior to April 1, 1937, the total was almost 8,000,000. Participation of the Music Project in National Music Week is another instance of usefulness. Of the 13,300 musicians then on the rolls 11,000 took part in New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Detroit, California, Mississippi, Minnesota, and Oklahoma. Now this project has had lopped off a fourth of its man-power.

Least favorably situated has been the Federal Writers Project, smallest in numbers employed (about 4,000), and seriously handicapped by lack of outlets for its work. Even so, it has in print or in press 32 of the state guides, which are its most ambitious undertaking, a job of writing expected to win at least 2,000,000 readers in the 48 states. The impact of literature is not as easy to evaluate statistically as theater, concert, or gallery attendance. Nevertheless in a window display at project headquarters on East Forty-Second Street, New York City, almost two score titles are shown, including the best seller "Who's Who in the Zoo" and four small magazines published by project workers on their own time and with their own funds. The state guides are a collective adventure in that rediscovery of America which has been going on now for a decade. There are to be separate volumes for each state, Puerto Rico, and the principal cities—in all a total of 20,000,000 words, later to be condensed into six regional guides, the volumes to sell for about $2.00. Washington, D. C., and Idaho guides, already published, have won much favorable comment.

Collateral are the survey of federal archives and the historical records survey, which have salvaged valuable public documents. Folk heroes have also been unearthed, such as the New York fireman Mose Humphrey, a worthy companion of Paul Bunyan and John Henry. And a history of the Negro in America has been begun.

Such are the Federal Arts Projects in outline. "One of the gains of the federal work program," wrote Mr. Baker, "has been in its progressive revelation to the American public of the economic significance of cultural activities, which, instead of being luxuries that can be dispensed with, are enrichments of our lives, and material as well as spiritual enrichments." The Roosevelt Administration is dispensing with these enrichments, pleading recovery and economy. Yet in a conference in Washington June 25 with a delegation from New York, Aubrey Williams, assistant

WPA administrator, admitted that the only solution of the cultural workers' problem is to establish a permanent arts project, since private industry and private patronage will never absorb these workers. To this end, the unions of the four arts projects are urging a permanent Bureau of Fine Arts, functioning independently under the President. By recognizing the arts' identity of interest and by consolidating administrative duties, pay-roll economies can be accomplished. On the other hand, the economic rights of the worker will be safeguarded, and artist control guaranteed. After the present crisis has been mastered, the next step must be to push this bill.

Gadsden Is Tough

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

Gadsden, Alabama, July 5

THE strike wave which has engulfed a large portion of the industrial areas of the United States in the past few months has not touched Gadsden. Well-to-do members of the community will tell you that this is because Gadsden workers are satisfied and will not tolerate outside agitators telling them how to run their affairs. More realistic observers will suggest that Gadsden has developed a technique which makes it unhealthy for its workers to show signs of dissatisfaction with wages or working conditions. For Gadsden may lay claim to being the toughest labor city in the United States.

Other cities have had riots, occasional shootings, and sporadic vigilante activity. But the reign of terror which has been maintained in the employers' interest in this small Southern town has not been spontaneous or sporadic. It has been well organized, coolly carried out, and incomparably efficient—so effective, according to local newspapermen, that it cannot possibly be overcome. On three separate occasions during the past thirteen months, labor organizers have been mercilessly beaten on the streets in the very heart of the city, twice in broad daylight. Other beatings, less public in character, have been an almost weekly occurrence. In addition the C. I. O. was charged with complicity in the bombing of a theater in nearby Attalla some weeks ago, and even more recently three C. I. O. members who were arrested with dynamite in their car were accused of plotting to blow up the automobile owned by the head of Goodyear's company union.

On the invitation of the local labor unions, a committee of prominent ministers, writers, and teachers, primarily from the South but including a few from the North, has been in Gadsden for three days investigating the alleged reign of terror. The committee has made every effort to conduct a fair and impartial survey of the situation. Officers of the company, city officials, and other observers have been asked to present their testimony along with that of the workers.

But the well-to-do portion of Gadsden has not exactly welcomed an investigation of its formula for maintaining labor peace. The members of the committee were shadowed whenever they went out. On the opening day of the hearings the City Commission issued a blistering statement which declared that the commission did not believe that the committee was "interested in the welfare of the community," and which ended very dramatically by asking why the group was devoting its attention to "this law-abiding community" and overlooking the opportunity of investigating conditions in many cities of the North and East. One of the members of the city commission assured the chairman of the committee that there was no trouble whatsoever in Gadsden, but added a moment later that he could not be responsible for the safety of the committee if it chose to carry out its investigation. The commission refused to grant permission for a public meeting of the committee in the municipal auditorium, and dug up an ordinance forbidding the distribution of handbills without a license to prevent the announcement of an open-air meeting. Yet the town is littered with bills announcing a speech which the mayor delivered yesterday lauding "peace, prosperity, and happiness." One of the larger hotels turned away several members of the committee because it had no riot insurance. Even the bricklayers' union, in whose hall the first day's hearings were conducted, found it advisable to withdraw its hospitality on succeeding days!

A few years ago Gadsden was little different from any other Southern town of thirty to forty thousand population. While never fully organized, it had more than a score of unions which were reasonably active. A general strike was staged in 1922 without undue violence. But there have been no strikes since 1934. About two years ago the three principal manufacturing concerns in the city—the Goodyear Rubber Company, the Gulf States Steel Company (recently acquired by the Republic Steel Corporation), and the Dwight Manufacturing Company (a textile factory)—began to take active steps to prevent the unionization guaranteed by New Deal legislation. Company unions were organized and a number of notorious thugs were imported as company guards.

The new anti-union offensive was formally launched on June 4, 1936, when Sherman H. Dalrymple, international president of the United Rubber Workers, attempted to address a meeting of Goodyear employees in the courthouse. Newly organized "squad men" from the Goodyear plant broke up the meeting and beat up Dalrymple while he was in the personal custody of the sheriff.

That worthy gentleman made no effort to protect his charge beyond saying, "Never mind, boys, we will take care of him."

Angered by the attack on their president, the rubber workers' union sent Gadsden eight of its toughest and most effective organizers. Headquarters were opened near one of the main corners of the city, a stone's throw from the police station. At one o'clock in the afternoon of June 25, about four days after their arrival, these headquarters were attacked by a mob of 250 Goodyear employees. They were completely wrecked, and the eight men who happened to be inside, including four of the "tough" organizers, were cruelly beaten. Although the police had been notified of the impending attack more than a half hour before it actually occurred, they failed to arrive until the job had been completed. Thereupon they arrested the eight victims and forcibly escorted them out of the city. No criminal action was ever instituted against any of the attacking squadron, although many were identified. A civil suit brought by one of the union men encountered cold hostility in the courts and was lost despite the fact that one of the defendants admitted being a member of the mob. When called before the La Follette committee, Mr. Michaels, superintendent of the Goodyear plant, admitted that 150 men had left the factory about noon on June 25 and had not returned until 3 o'clock. But he declared that he had instructed the foreman to stop them, and, failing this, that he had given strict orders that they should be docked for the time spent in extra-mural activities. However, pay-roll sheets showed that the men who had been identified as members of the mob drew a full day's pay.

If we are to credit the testimony of more than a score of Gadsden workers who appeared before the investigating committee, the attack on the rubber organizers was only the beginning of organized terrorism. Men were beaten up on almost any pretext, and frequently for no very obvious reason. One worker was attacked on May 31 and injured so severely that he was forced to remain in bed a week, merely because he refused to join the Gulf State-Republic company union. Another worker, employed at the Goodyear plant for seven and one-half years, was beaten so badly on June 7 of this year that he lost nine teeth, apparently because he refused to sign a statement declaring that working conditions are entirely satisfactory. There have been other cases even more serious, but in most such instances the testimony has been heard in private, since the victims fear that their lives would be put in jeopardy if any inkling of their testimony reached the public. Several witnesses have insisted that they were followed to the union hall when they came to appear before the committee.

In most parts of the country the Supreme Court decision upholding the Wagner Act has served to check company gangsterism. But not so in Gadsden. Practically all of the witnesses have agreed that validation of the Wagner Act was the signal for redoubled vigilance against unionism, particularly against the hated C. I. O. It happens that Gadsden is one of the few towns in the country where the local labor council makes no distinction between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. But the employers insist that they are opposed only to the C. I. O., and that they have no quarrel with the A. F. of L. The distinction, however, has apparently not been made clear to the "guard men," because the great majority of the workers who have been beaten up have been A. F. of L. members.

The latest outrage occurred just two weeks ago tonight, on June 21. That morning a report had gone around the city that five C. I. O. organizers had arrived to unionize the plant of the Republic Steel Company. Rumor had it that these men were staying in the Reich Hotel, the city's most impressive hostel. About five o'clock in the afternoon a crowd of tough-looking characters began to congregate around all the exits to the hotel. Local newspapermen were tipped off to hang around and see the fun. A few minutes after five, two strangers came downstairs and walked up the main street. The "squad men" followed, cursing because three of the men had presumably gotten away.

When the two strangers were finally revived in a nearby drug store, they were identified as Dowell E. Patterson, representative of the International Typographical Union from Charleston, South Carolina, and the secretary of the Gadsden local of the same union. It was merely an unfortunate case of mistaken identity; no C. I. O. organizers had actually arrived.

Of course, physical violence is not resorted to with every rank-and-file union member. All of the conventional weapons used against unions elsewhere are also employed here. Scores of union members have been discharged on one pretext or another, usually a false one. Threats have been more frequent, and probably more effective, than actual violence. There is evidence that an extensive espionage system is maintained through the various company unions. The newspapers cooperate by emphasizing the fact that all Gadsden workers are satisfied with their conditions. For many of the mountaineers who have crowded into Gadsden in recent years to work in the new factories the average wage of 30 cents an hour, or $12 a week, may indeed seem like an adequate sum. But the fact remains that $12 a week really goes little further, if any, in Gadsden than in similar small towns of the North. And the wage is markedly lower than is paid by the same companies for corresponding work in Akron or Youngstown, where unions at least have a fighting chance.

At the moment the forces opposing Gadsden labor appear overwhelmingly strong, so much so that many sympathetic observers insist that any attempt by outsiders, whether by the government or unofficial groups like the present investigating committee, can only lead to a more crushing suppression of labor activity, possibly involving the sacrifice of hundreds of lives. If Gadsden could in some manner be isolated from the rest of the United States, as the local officials would desire, this might indeed be true. But it is impossible to believe that the forces which are at work elsewhere in the country will not eventually affect the deep South. The workers are determined to prevent a second secession from the Union.

After Chautemps, What?

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, June 27

AFTER a year and fortnight in office the Blum government—the first ministry of the Popular Front and the first in the history of France to be headed by a Socialist—was forced to retire by an adverse vote in the Senate over finance. The voters cannot yet believe their eyes and ears. Not only the Socialist voters, who take it hardest, but all those who less than two years ago took the solemn oath to stand together, who subsequently went to the polls to keep the faith, and after the magnificent victory were assured that the government of their choice would stay where the will of the people had put it until the last fragment of the Popular Front program was converted into law.

They understand it all the less in that, on the surface, nothing has changed. They, the people, still stand solidly behind the majority they returned to the Chamber of Deputies (the only body they were consulted about, the only one they are ever consulted about), and that majority has held together beyond Léon Blum to the last. The Senate? But that is a chamber of "old beards" elected by limited and indirect suffrage. For over a year it has obediently eaten out of the hand of the lower house, unresistingly passing all the legislation submitted to it, until everyone was sure that it never again would dare upset a ministry willed by the voters.

Not only that. Outside parliament the Popular Front functions as loyally as ever. In numerous by-elections of recent date the four constituent parties have worked together with the same solidarity as in April and May of last year. On the very day the thunderbolt fell several municipalities and Paris districts elected Popular Front councils, and in the suburb of St. Denis the would-be fascist chief Jacques Doriot, despite his "Liberty Front" and the support of the Louis Marin group, was eliminated from his own stronghold by a smashing defeat in the very first poll.

How then could the Senate dare? The voters had for a year been told, and had believed, that "something had been changed in France" since May, 1936.

What is most puzzling is that Blum—the most courageous premier France has had in decades—submits. Constitutionally and by tradition he should have stayed where he was. President Lebrun (Ah, but he is an ex-Senator, a former president of the Senate even.) should have called on him, or at least on a Socialist, to form the new government. But Blum not only does not resist. He pleads with the National Council of his party, summoned by telegraph, not to insist on the point and to permit their deputies to enter the Chautemps government. He explains why: the country cannot now be exposed to the tumult of a general election, and since the Radicals have loyally shared the responsibilities of office with the Socialists, these cannot fairly refuse them a like cooperation. What he leaves to the imagination is that without support on their left the Radicals would have no choice but to turn to the center and the right. And that would mean the end of the Popular Front.

The National Council by a huge majority follows its leader's advice. In the back of its head, and in the back of the voters' heads too, the hope lingers that after Chautemps Blum will come back. One need not be a black pessimist to feel that, short of new elections (or revolution), it is a very faint hope.

Camille Chautemps has twice been Premier of France. The first time he lasted one day, the second a few months. Not because of his record but because of his personality and his political line he is essentially the transition leader. He sweeps away the left and clears the decks for the national union. His enthusiasm for the Popular Front is most lukewarm. In his very first public statement he called his ministry a government of *"rassemblement républicain"* (instead of *rassemblement populaire*). What with Sarraut and Queuille and Bonnet in his team, he could scarcely do otherwise. He promises to leave untouched the reforms of his predecessor but is somewhat vague about the unexecuted part of the program.

The Senate will doubtless vote him (or rather Bonnet) the plenary powers it has refused Blum and Auriol. But the stock exchange is not reassured, and the gold of the Bank of France continues to cross the Channel or go to Switzerland. At this writing it seems likely that drastic measures will have to be taken against the speculators (an embargo on gold?). If this occurs Chautemps will improve the treasury situation, reconquer confidence, and thus leave a better heritage for his successors. Who these will be depends upon whether the workers come out of their lethargy and react. And that in turn will depend on what line the Communists adopt. Thus far Thorez, like Blum, has counseled calm.

With Chautemps at the helm it's the "Stavisky gang" that comes back. But one would hardly guess it from reading the right press, or from conversing with conservative neighbors. In 1934 Chautemps was the ringleader of a band of thieves that rifled the public treasury, the chief of the mafia, the assassin of the "honest judge" Prince. But much water has passed under the bridge in the interval. Today M. Camille Chautemps, Premier of France, has saved the republic from Socialist chaos and incompetence; he has snatched the state from the grasp of Marxist revolutionaries to restore it to the parties of order.

The Communists, too, have grown in these three years —not merely in numbers but in wisdom and self-discipline. In January, 1934, they lumped radicals and conservatives together and consigned them to "the same garbage can," and on the Place de la Concorde their followers echoed the Croix de Feu's shouts of "Down with the thieves!" In 1937 they see in Chautemps merely the head of the second Popular Front ministry and vote him their confidence—with a good deal more fervor, one feels, than they felt for Blum.

Even the new finance minister is welcomed to the left fold by Messrs. Thorez and Cachin. Yet M. Bonnet has never made any secret of his unfriendly sentiments toward the Popular Front. He is a Radical of the same temper as Caillaux and the Senate majority. He too was tarred by *Humanité* three years ago with the Stavisky brush. In the devaluation debate last September he openly sided with the right against the government. But then the Communists themselves were not enthusiastically for that measure, and though supporting the government deemed it necessary to explain that they voted not for devaluation but for the integrity of the Popular Front.

To those who have followed the progress of the Third International in the U. S. S. R., in Spain, and in France these evolutions of the French Communists are not wholly unintelligible. Some other incidents, per contra, remain mysterious. How explain, for instance, Duclos's offer on behalf of his party to assume his share of responsibility in a government drawn more nearly in the image of the Popular Front (i.e., with a few portfolios distributed to Communists)? A year ago Blum pleaded with Thorez and his friends to do that very thing, without avail. Had they accepted, Blum's task would not have been so heart-breakingly difficult, and French history these thirteen months might have followed a very different course. Why after refusing it when the Popular Front was flushed with victory, did the Communists demand it when the Popular Front Cabinet was in its agony? And why after having refused participation to a Socialist premier who begged for it, did they offer it to a Radical one who would certainly reject it?

It remains to be said that, Caillaux having forced Blum out, *Humanité* now maintains that Blum should have resisted the assault of the reactionary Senate and refused to go; and that the seventy-two Communists have not made the slightest difficulty about voting plenary financial powers to Chautemps and Bonnet.

We are already beginning to hear disquisitions about Socialist wastefulness and incompetence—the first seeds of a legend that the Treasury deficit and the whole financial mess in which France now finds itself is a heritage of Blum and his confrères. Now it is perhaps true—Socialists themselves do not deny it—that the finance minister was the weakest member of the late Cabinet. He made a serious mistake in not resorting to devaluation earlier, and in not extracting all the possible profit from it when it was made. (But do we know all the obstruction he encountered in the country, in parliament and within the Cabinet itself?) He made a fatal one when, a little intoxicated with the triumph of his five billion National Defense Loan, he followed it almost immediately with another three billion bond issue at the same figure and the same interest rate. But to admit these errors, grave as they may be, is not the same thing as saying that V. Auriol, or the Socialists, or the Popular Front have plunged the country into the present financial crisis.

The French Treasury deficit is a very old story, as old at least as the World War. Governments of every stripe and color have had to tussle with it. But whereas Poincaré and Tardieu, Doumergue and Laval, enjoying the confidence of bankers and bigwigs, lost very little sleep over the problem, it has broken the back of every left government that has tried its hand at a solution—of Herriot in 1926, of Daladier in 1934, and now of Blum. Even a moderate like Flandin found it too much for him, and unless I am much mistaken Chautemps is not likely to fare any better than his Radical and center predecessors.

Senator Caillaux was brutally truthful when he told Blum that as he, Blum, did not have the confidence of the "investing public"—meaning the financial and industrial oligarchy—the plenary powers for which he asked to meet the situation could not be granted him by the staid and responsible upper house. But it was only part of the truth. Another fraction of it is that the crisis was deliberately hatched by the bankers and speculators—by artificially depressing the *rente,* by the massive emigration of capital, and finally by the elimination from the *Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas* of its director, M. Finaly—the last man disposed to come to the aid of the government. In short, Léon Blum, whose term of office began in the midst of a strike of labor, ended in the midst of a strike of capital.

And the remainder of the truth is this: The French Treasury deficit has long ceased to be a purely financial problem and has become instead a political weapon whereby the privileged classes impose their will upon the voting masses, irrespective of what the latter may do at the polls. In this respect the money difficulties of the state are in a class with "the hereditary foe beyond the Rhine" and the antiquated Senate itself—a restraining influence upon those who in the lower chamber might be tempted to go in for radical social or economic reform.

The "French House of Lords" is a very curious institution. Nominally the majority at the Luxembourg, though it calls itself the democratic left, belongs to the Radical-Socialist Party. Owing to its indirect mode of election and its long tenure, the Senate has remained "radical," even though at the last general election the Socialists came out on top in the lower house. But radicalism in France is an elastic label. When one bears in mind that men like Caillaux and Malvy are influential Radical Senators one begins to understand Blum's difficulties there. The Constitution of 1875 deliberately erected the upper house as a kind of American Supreme Court—a brake upon the vagaries and extravagances of manhood suffrage. This function it has faithfully fulfilled. It is the radical Senate that has kept the French woman in subjection to the Napoleonic Code, though the radical chamber has again and again passed bills in favor of woman suffrage. It is the Senate which until last year resolutely set its face against all progressive social legislation.

Nominally, too, the Senate represents the agricultural countryside, the majority of its members being the mayors (and political bosses) of the provincial towns and villages. In reality, however, their constituencies are upper bourgeoisie, the feudal lords of industry and finance—in a word, the famous 200 families which despite all revolutions and under all regimes have remained the effective masters of France. There is the ironmaster group, the bank and insurance clique, the railroad delegation, not to mention the coterie of the titled landed artistocracy, and the rest of them. The working-class parties, despite their remarkable gains in the last thirty years, have to this day a bare ten seats in this stronghold of conservatism. It is no wonder that the Socialist platform contains a plank looking to the ultimate abolition of the Senate. The Radicals themselves have long advocated a like reform.

But the Popular Front Chamber majority and M. Blum have only themselves to thank if the Senate's feudal constituency is today in a position to make and unmake cabinets. It lay in the hands of the Blum government to break the grip of the twin incubus upon the Republic, or else to be broken by it. The friends and the press of the Popular Front have for more than a year warned them of these alternatives. The Popular Front program made it a simple duty for them to act and thus redeem their campaign pledges. The nationalization of the trusts—railroads, banks, and natural monopolies—was part of the platform upon which the present majority in the Chamber was elected. They could have made the Senate swallow this reform as surely as they made them swallow the forty-hour week and all the other progressive legislation which overnight raised France from being socially one of the most backward nations in Europe to being the most advanced. But to have triumphed under this head, the government should have acted swiftly—while the Senate and its constituency were paralyzed with terror by the strike wave and the rumors of revolution. It was under the threat of what the Popular Front—fresh and vigorous, and moving under the momentum of its own enthusiasm—might do that privilege and its representatives in the Senate submitted to the sweeping legislation of last year. It was in a mood to submit to a great deal more.

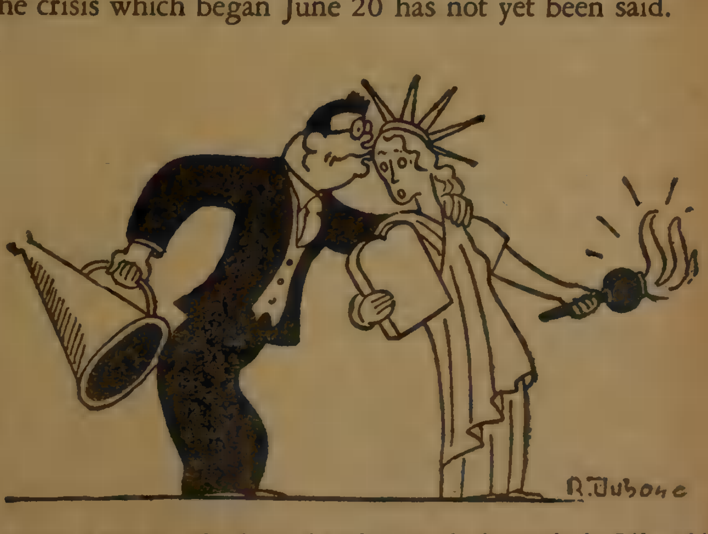
But the Socialists in the government, no doubt restrained by their Radical partners, let the historic moment pass. Instead of going on with their mandate to the end, they sought to placate the enemy, to win his confidence, to show him that they were not the extremists they were painted. To this end they dangled before his nose the reassuring legislation and financial "pause," and while the security of France and the peace of Europe were in the crucible they lulled themselves into imaginary safety by subscribing to the monstrously unreal and one-sided "non-intervention" in Spain. Thenceforward the offensive passed to the foe, and today we see the first fruits of that incredible folly. What are we likely to see tomorrow?

Since the Senate never made a secret of its dislike for the Socialist-led government, the General Confederation of Labor and many of the political and non-political member groups of the Popular Front made ready for possible conflict. Again and again we have heard in the left press, at meetings, on posters, and in the very Chamber that if anyone ever dared to touch the government freely elected by the people, he must be prepared to reckon with the people, with mass resistance, perhaps with a general strike or with revolution.

Today the crisis has come and gone and, in round figures, nothing has happened. There have been protests, a few posters lambasting the Senate, and a very vigorous resolution from the Seine branch of the Socialist Party. The Communists have not budged; not a single strike has broken out that was not scheduled before June 20. And, apart from a minor and very orderly demonstration near the Bastille, the masses have not moved.

Why? The answer seems to be that the change of government was not due to financial difficulties purely—that in the background lurked some new and undefined international danger. Léon Blum himself cryptically alluded to such a possibility on the morning after his resignation and again yesterday. Elsewhere the air is full of rumors and alarums.

I freely confess that I do not know what it is all about. I am aware—but so is everyone else—that Europe is nearer to war than it has been in twenty-three years. But there is nothing either new or undefined about that, and being near war in Europe does not by any means mean that war is imminent. Europe is chronically near to war; nevertheless there are pauses of peace and semi-peace at intervals. I know that "non-intervention" in Spain, unless the powers which have an interest in the *status quo* assert themselves vigorously and swiftly, is fatally leading to war, and so is the economic crisis in Germany and the incipient civil war that is rumbling in Russia. Certainly this is not the time to add oil to the flames by creating disorder in France. But the disorder is already here; the first stone was thrown in the Senate a week ago. Are the democratic forces forever to capitulate because the privileged classes have, in their terror before the advancing new order, set up a gendarme beyond the Rhine to bar the road to revolution? In that case I understand why the reactionaries of France have favored Mussolini in Ethiopia and Hitler in Spain against the patent interests of their own country. And I am beginning to understand what the French workers mean by "external danger blackmail." But I doubt whether the French people are going to let it fool them. I have a suspicion that the last word in the crisis which began June 20 has not yet been said.



Jacques Doriot—the kiss of Judas on "le front de la Liberté."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Liquidation—American Style

NOTHING indicates more clearly the heat to which the passions of the day have given rise than the prevailing bitterness in some circles against all who dare to differ with John Lewis, the C. I. O., or F. D. Roosevelt in his attacks upon the Supreme Court. I have already pointed out that it is "off with his head" if anybody dares to disagree. If execution is not advocated, then the offender's past, back to his grandfather and great-grandfather, is raked with a fine-tooth comb to prove that at heart the rascal always was a Tory. In any case judgment is immediately passed on him and he is the target of unlimited abuse. He is rigidly liquidated from the ranks of the desirables. His motives are proved as black as those of any Trotskyist, and if we were living in Russia he would be shot at daybreak—loudly announcing his guilt. There is a fury about it all not in accordance with American tradition, but much more in the spirit of a Sicilian vendetta. If the appetite grows with the eating, so the successes of the New Deal and the C. I. O. seem to have aroused a fighting spirit which will not only brook no opposition but seeks to liquidate by aspersion anyone who ventures to dissent.

I am moved to these remarks by various amusing letters of hearty abuse *The Nation* and I have received in connection with my letter on labor, A Letter F. D. R. Ought to Write, in *The Nation* for June 26. That article has been widely reprinted in such dailies as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* the Cleveland *Press,* the Chattanooga *News,* and the *Des Moines Register and Leader,* and has called forth an unusual number of congratulatory and defamatory letters. That is usually a sign that a particular article had some "punch" in it. But I confess I have not been prepared for the revelations of my hideous past which have come to me, especially from a gentleman in San Francisco. He has discovered that, inconceivable as it may seem, in bygone days while helping to edit the New York *Evening Post,* I daily commuted to my task "sitting in the same seat with John D. Rockefeller, Sr.," as a result of which apparently I committed the *Evening Post* to the support of Grover Cleveland's bond issues and his 1894 Pullman action. It's a pity to spoil this explanation of my treachery to labor in 1937, but as it happens I cannot recall ever having talked with Rockefeller, and when the 1894 events took place I, a boy just out of college, was somewhere in Europe.

However good this particular alibi may be, it will not save me from other blows. Here is a man from Washington who says I am "just another Walter Lippmann." That certainly liquidates *me.* Worse than that, from Denton, Texas, comes the word that there is no longer any difference between my writings and those "of such fellow-columnists as Frank Kent and David Lawrence. Mr. Villard's article might well have been an editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post.*" Baltimore, Maryland, has been heard from, too: "I am referring to Oswald Garrison Villard, the last vestiges of whose liberalism are rapidly petering out in a pathetic and discouraging mess of legalistic and muddle-headed sentimentality." So I suppose that those who have written on the other side, including a P. W. A. worker just kicked out of a job, and the editors who have commended the article, are all in the pay of big business. What has particularly infuriated the protestants is that I have insisted that labor must not resort to violence because to do so would alienate innumerable friends. To this the answer is: "It would be advisable for Mr. Villard to take a job in a steel mill and learn at first hand what it feels like to duck a bullet."

Well, the opinion people hold of me is not of importance in such a crisis as we are in. But I am wondering whether the torrents of abuse will now be poured forth upon Governor Earle and Frances Perkins to liquidate them for their recent utterances. Speaking at the mass meeting at Johnstown on the Fourth of July, Governor Earle said to his labor audience: "But if you want to have the public sentiment on your side, you must end all violence." A little later he said: ". . . And I say to you, the second thing to do is for the labor unions also to offer a reward [for the dynamiters] to show the general public that they won't stand for violence of any kind. . . . Don't let violence and the breaking of contracts lose your public sympathy." Frances Perkins not only declares her belief that sit-down strikes are not "lawful, desirable, or appropriate," but adds: "In fact the officers of the department and the secretary have urged union leaders and members not to use the [sit-down] method and to bend every effort to take the men out of a plant where used." She then went on to declare: "I am opposed to the use of force and violence in labor disputes by the employers, as well as the wage-earners. . . ." Plainly these two very distinguished friends of labor have been reached by the "interests."

Well, I may be an apostate too, but I believe that the truest friends of labor are those who give it this advice—never to resort to force. I stick to that belief in the face of the very alarming reports published in the New York *Times* and other New York newspapers of the growth of the vigilante movement among employers, their determination to disobey the Wagner Labor Act and the decision of the Supreme Court upholding it. Labor is not the law-enforcing arm of the government; that power belongs to the duly constituted authorities, however weak or partisan.

BOOKS and the ARTS

One for Diogenes

INTEGRITY, THE LIFE OF GEORGE W. NORRIS. By Richard L. Neuberger and Stephen B. Kahn. The Vanguard Press. $3.

MESSRS. Neuberger and Kahn, although newcomers in the field of biography, have done a solid and satisfactory job. Their life of Norris is not as dramatic as it might be; nor is it distinguished by far-reaching interpretations of the national currents against which Mr. Norris has swum during all of his political life. But their facts are well marshaled and carefully compiled and they have shown good taste and skill in refusing to worship their hero or to become mere eulogists. Those temptations were surely hard to avoid, because the character of their subject does compel admiration, and because of the absolute, almost unique, fidelity of Senator Norris to his oath and to his conscience. He ought to be today the best-known and best-beloved man in Congress; hence this excellent volume is in every way justified. Had the Senator been a flamboyant, strutting person, he would be much better known than he is. His trouble is that he is not a great orator, only something vastly better, and that he does not go cavorting around the country to speak at every county fair. Instead he has just stuck to his job and earned the unbounded respect and regard of every political observer. Men marvel every time they look at him that here is one man in Washington who would absolutely satisfy Diogenes; who has remained unaffected by political considerations.

The admirable restraint of the two authors is never better shown than in their handling of what remains to my mind the greatest episode in Norris's career. His opposition to American entry into the World War was positively heroic and as an example of lofty and self-sacrificing patriotism is unsurpassed by any other act of personal devotion in our entire legislative history—of course I rank with him the other five Senators who voted against the war. My only regret in connection with the authors' description of his conduct during the period immediately before the World War is that they did not print in full the Senator's story of his going back to his constituents in Nebraska in March, 1917, to account for his acts, which story he wrote in detail to the author of this review on December 21, 1927. There could be no more dramatic episode than this man's journeying to Lincoln and taking a theater there to meet his friends and critics face to face. He was told he would be mobbed, perhaps lynched. Few friends met him; he was befriended only by a reporter whose name he did not learn for ten years. He walked out alone upon the platform. "I have come home to tell you the truth," he said simply. When he finished the crowd cheered and cheered, stamped on the floor, and whistled, which demonstration repaid him "for all the turmoil, the agony, and the suffering I have endured."

The authors have none the less done ample justice to this extraordinary event and to the magnificent speech Senator Norris made in his final, farsighted opposition to the greatest blunder this country has ever made. Other men have risked political extermination; as the authors have recorded, to few has it been given to live to see themselves completely vindicated. Mr. Norris's five associates in the Senate who voted with him on April 2, 1917, are dead; but when the twentieth anniversary of our entry into the war came there was not a single man as honored or as often interviewed in Washington as George Norris, whom almost the entire press of the country execrated in 1917 and accused of treason.

As this life sets forth, in the last twenty years, far from being embittered or rendered cynical, Mr. Norris has accomplished more for the plain men and women of this country than any other legislator in Washington. Indeed, this record is the story of the progressive movement in the United States during that period. But in 1923 Norris was so dispirited that he refused to run and was kept in office only by a trick. None the less he has built four great monuments to himself: his record in 1917; his saving of Boulder Dam to the American people and thus making possible the TVA; the Lame Duck amendment to the Constitution, with its change in the day of the inauguration of the President, and finally, his establishment in Nebraska of a unicameral legislature. All of these achievements are set forth clearly and correctly in proper perspective and also many additional fights and accomplishments. Here is the story in full of the dastardly effort to defeat him by running another George W. Norris, an obscure young grocer, in the primaries against him with the obvious connivance of President Hoover.

Despite all these attacks and base stratagems, Senator Norris has steadily risen, until in the last election he found himself praised to the highest degree possible by the President of the United States, who called him "one of the major prophets of America" and hoped that the people of Nebraska would keep him in public life as long as he lived. He is 76 years old now and undoubtedly serving his last term in the Senate, but personifying always the finest traditions and ideals in our American life. His credo is a short one, but if every man in political life would only live up to it as he has we should find that most of our political difficulties would disappear. Here it is: "I am not conscious of having a single selfish ambition. Neither money nor office holds any enchanting allurements. . . . I have received all the honor I can ever expect. I should like to repay the people by an unprejudiced and unbiased service in their behalf. I have no other ambition." While other men may have been similarly unselfishly devoted, to no other that I know of can also be credited such an extraordinary record of constructive achievement in his country's service. OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Goldwyn for President

THE GREAT GOLDWYN. By Alva Johnston. Random House. $1.50.

READING "The Great Goldwyn," you feel rather sorry that its hero is content to stay in the picture business. Here is that great rarity, a man who always gets his way—nor rain nor sleet nor Louis B. Mayer seems ever to have stayed him. Rival picture makers have wilted before his eloquent charm, or else fled for their lives; the most international of international writers have been no match for him.

So it would be fun to see him operate in some other field—

politics, for example. Put him at a disarmament conference and all those present would certainly disarm if Sam Goldwyn wanted them to—or he would be at them again in the morning, hammering away until he conquered. And his victory would be the triumph of virtue—for Sam Goldwyn's way is the right way, as witness his present preeminence in the motion-picture field. Plainly, his are talents that should be put to work on behalf of his country. Goldwyn for President, and Charlie Chaplin, if need be, for Secretary of State. Certainly, before he got through with his appointments, we would have at least a handsome-looking Cabinet.

Alva Johnston's thin volume makes no pretense of being a full biography—it skims the surface amusingly, with many a bow to the Goldwyn anecdote, apocryphal and otherwise. In essence it is a not unfamiliar success story, no less remarkable because of its familiarity. From a Polish immigrant of thirteen Sam Goldwyn has risen to a high spot in our fourth or fifth industry (or maybe it's the third by this time). Somewhere along the line he picked up a sound sense of motion-picture values, and out of his early struggles he developed the power to fight for them. The result is written daily on a thousand screens.

Mr. Johnston makes you understand his hero thoroughly, and does it with the entertainment of the reader always as the first consideration. Maybe it isn't important, but it is gay and interesting and what is known as "easy reading." In fact, the publishers really ought to give away a hammock with each copy. GEORGE S. KAUFMAN

Corwin vs. Five Justices More or Less

THE COMMERCE POWER VS. STATES RIGHTS. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton University Press. $2.50

THIS is a suit before the Court of Informed Opinion. The plaintiff is one Edward S. Corwin, a distinguished student of constitutional doctrine. The defendants are some five justices—more on some counts, less on others—of the United States Supreme Court. The cause of action is an uninformed application of the Constitution to cases affecting the New Deal. The USSC has declared invalid a Railroad Retirement Act, a National Industrial Recovery Act, an act for bringing order into the affairs of bituminous coal, and sundry other measures. Corwin demurs that the federal power over commerce has been arbitrarily narrowed, and that the results were reached through error. The cause is here for review.

In support of his suit Corwin submits an imposing indictment of recent judicial utterance. His brief is an argument uncompromising in its logical severity. It sets down some six theses from the records of the USSC for the notorious "October term of 1935"—all converting commerce into a legal category little touched by reality—and traces the doctrinal history of each from the days of Marshall into the Great Depression. To this task Corwin has brought intellectual resources of a high order—insight, industry, clarity, integrity, and courage; and the results of his inquiry are devastating. On each count the justices—one, five, six, or even nine—are shown to have strayed far from the path of orthodoxy. As national action has become more insistent, the words on parchment—upon which federal authority must be rested—have been pent within narrower confines. As he alleges, so Corwin proves. Recent constraining decisions are out of step with earlier statements of constitutional doctrines. Of that there can be no doubt whatever.

The error of the justices is proved, but the question of their intent remains. Corwin indicts but does not explain. The brief is all doctrine—its beginnings, its articulate statement, its departure from the norm of orthodoxy. But doctrine does not of itself go astray; nor is it a dialectical confusion which impels judges along the path of error to wrong conclusions. The novelty in doctrine is usually due to some urge from without—the zest for verbal adventure, the lure of new ideas, a public necessity recognized, a new interest to be served—which make yesterday's phrases live with a later meaning. In doctrinal terms we learn from Corwin exactly where the justices went astray, but nothing of the temptations which drew them from the beaten path. For the domain of commerce to be narrowed just when the federal government was asserting its responsibility for the rightful conduct of industry, we find to be appalling. But if the proneness of the justices for novelty had resulted in enlarging the concept of commerce to allow the national government to serve larger national needs, we should hardly call it error. In the USSC the real conflict has been between public control and leaving business alone. It has appeared as a clash between the commerce power and states rights only because judicial positions must be fortified by sanctions drawn from the sacred document. In the law reports preferences—and even philosophies—appear far more impersonal when wearing the liveries of doctrinal conflict.

The plaintiff Corwin asks for a mandamus compelling the justices to go "back to the Constitution." At the moment the question is moot. Since his suit was begun, the five justices who persist in saying "states rights" when they mean *"laissez faire"* have become four; the USSC has rediscovered—possibly from the Corwin brief—a number of lost interpretations; and the domain of federal authority has been enlarged. If in the future a judicial backsliding renders such an imperative necessary, we cannot issue a back-to-the-Constitution order. That document is an expression of the spirit of 1787. The language of the Fathers, the paths for their minds, their problems of policy belong to an age which is gone. The member of USSC most scrupulous about his oath to uphold the Constitution could not possibly recapture their contemporary meaning. But the Constitution is a charter for the state which has its enduring values.

Therefore the Court of Informed Opinion will hold its decision in abeyance. It will make judicial activities the subject of its constant observation. And it will, upon the petition of the said Corwin, order a rehearing of this cause—if, when, and as the USSC does not go "forward with the Constitution."

WALTON H. HAMILTON

Rubber Stamps

TWELVE POETS OF THE PACIFIC. Edited by Yvor Winters. New Directions. $2.50.

POEMS: 1929-1936. Dudley Fitts. New Directions. $2.

NOT ALONE LOST. Robert McAlmon. New Directions. $2.

ONE finds little in these three books of poetry to justify the name of the press publishing them. None of these poets actually takes a "new direction." Yvor Winters's group of poets are writing in the manner of the middle eighteenth century; Dudley Fitts is a cross between Cummings and Eliot; and Robert McAlmon, if a poet at all, is an imagist.

Yvor Winters edits "Twelve Poets of the Pacific"—Janet Lewis, Don Stanford, Howard Baker, J. V. Cunningham, Clayton Stafford, Richard Finnegan, James Atkinson, Ann

Stanford, Henry Ramsey, Achilles Holt, Barbara Gibbs, and himself. It is obvious (without Winters's preface) that these poets have worked together toward a common end and that Winters himself is the leader of the group. He defines their aims thus: "In the matter of conception, [it is] clarity, as opposed to contemporary obscurantistic tendencies, or, to put it otherwise, the expression of feeling in terms of the motive; in matter of style, [it is] purity, and freedom from manners, as distinct from the contemporary tendency to substitute mannerism for true originality." "This temperance we deify," as one of these poets says. But the clarity here in reality proceeds from nothing more than a formal substitution of mere rhetoric for subject matter. The feeling behind these poems is generally stultified; not one of these poets, with the exception of Janet Lewis, Winters's wife, eludes the dictates of a group. She, in her feminine and delicate lyrics, achieves authenticity.

As for the remainder of these poems, they seem largely rubber-stamped. Each poet looks for an agreeable subject, either in nature or classical mythology, and each is careful first to picture whatever he is talking about and then to generalize from his picture in a few, usually too obvious, statements about life as Life. The trouble is, I think, that under the leadership of the older members of this group (Winters, Stafford, and Baker) the younger poets have been taught to revere form out of all proportion to subject matter. They all write neat quatrains or rhetorical odes. Disliking "obscure" poetry, these poets evidently dislike also the attendant labors of thinking and feeling engaged in by most artists today. In rebellion chiefly against such poets as Eliot, Crane, Cummings, and others, the group often puts one in mind of the early romantic poets who, although still laden with the lumber of classical references and "poetical language," made much of their pretensions to rural simplicity. Stanford University, where the group meets, is indeed a rural community; but California has known dramatic events of late, and fascism sometimes seems closer there than in most states. Nevertheless one is unable to discover in these poems a word about the condition of the world today.

Dudley Fitts is not temperate or simple. His unusual rhythms, his ironic wit, his complex imagery, tending in general toward the vague and the merely suggested, are his own. Nevertheless, he is distinctly of the Wasteland school of poetry. Disillusioned and bored, his philosophy is half Eliot's despair, half Cummings's mockery. Fitts is a romantic, though he would probably deny it, and this world, uncongenial as it is to individualism, apparently does not please him. Technically he is very interesting, but he has essentially nothing very new to say and no entirely fresh or outstanding command of the poetic medium. He has written some quite musical lyrics and he is, indeed, a poet in love with words, not generally concerned with ideas. He takes, almost always—and with a good deal of complacency—the intellectual's skeptical pose.

Robert McAlmon is, in one sense of the word, not a poet at all. The verse in "Not Alone Lost" is really broken lines of prose—notes, as it were, on unusual images, clever ideas, and exotic scenes. McAlmon is more the short-story writer than the poet by temperament. If he were as interesting technically as either Fitts or any one of a number of Winters's poets, he might produce good proletarian verse, as his rousing, though faulty, poems about the Spanish Loyalists would seem to indicate. Unfortunately his lines are awkward, unmusical, and stubbornly rhymed against all reason.

EDA LOU WALTON

Social Cleavages in the South

CASTE AND CLASS IN A SOUTHERN TOWN. By John Dollard. Yale University Press. $3.50.

IN his "Criteria for the Life History" John Dollard set forth his belief in the life history of the individual as, in its own right, a valid method of social research; and through a searching comparative analysis of diverse uses of the life history, ranging from Freudian to anthropological and literary, he arrived at certain criteria of adequacy. For many of us this critical bringing together of methods of study hitherto used largely in isolation had the effect of making them spring suddenly into rich, new relationships, so that subsequent thinking involving them had to be of a much higher order. "Southerntown" represents the elaboration of one of these criteria: "the careful and continuous delineation of the social situation." Desiring to study the emotional development of Negroes, Dr. Dollard perforce turned to the study of the culture in which these personalities are rooted. His findings offer fresh material to the student of race relations; to the person interested in wider aspects of personality in relation to culture they give an excellent demonstration of the adaptation of psychoanalytic methods to community study.

Implicit in Dr. Dollard's approach is the assumption that there is no such thing as human nature independent of the social structure in which it is found. He stresses the fact that each individual is a specimen of a particular group, that men in the same situations tend to develop the same feelings. In so doing he goes beyond Freud's identification of Western European culture patterns with human nature, but does not recognize adequately the variations among individuals occupying the same social roles.

The basis for the emotional life of this Negro-white community Dr. Dollard finds in its caste and class structure. He uses *caste* as a social grouping which allows no vertical mobility in contrast to *class,* in which, theoretically at least, such mobility is possible. Caste, based upon physical differences, he regards as more important in determining individual personality and community structure, than class, which is the result of a variety of differentials, including economic factors. And yet the actual evidence at a number of points calls into question this primary importance of caste. Dr. Dollard points out, for example, that poor whites show "less than the predicated amount of resentment" toward Negroes, and that the greatest rapport is found between middle-class whites and middle-class Negroes. At times when he is nominally discussing caste distinctions he recognizes that the differences are actually those between lower-class Negroes and middle-class whites. Furthermore, many of the distinctions in economic advantage, prestige, sexual freedom, and so on, which Dr. Dollard attributes to caste would appear almost as strongly as class distinctions in, let us say, certain steel towns in the North.

The importance of this question lies in its bearing on where one is to look for determinants of social structure and of social change. Some lack of clarity in Dr. Dollard's class analysis may lie in the fact that his economic interpretations are not as completely interwoven with his thinking as are his psychological interpretations. One questions the adequacy of his historical analysis of *laissez faire*; one notices that the idea of increased production as a prerequisite of economic welfare is attributed to a psychoanalyst. In all the discussion of class the Marxian theory of class is not mentioned. It is not that economic data are lacking—an entire chapter is devoted to the economic gains of the white middle class—but rather that their significance is underplayed, and that they lack the support of such underlying theoretical analysis as is implicit in the psychological data.

What this approach does accomplish is to provide an indispensable corrective to an over-simplified economic explanation of the position of the Negro, and to show up the falsity and shallowness of purely biological or "racial" explanations—though here it is strange that there is no reference to Klineberg's work. There is admirable treatment of the way in which the habits and attitudes which we call the "personality of the Negro" have been built up through long years of learning "accommodation"; of the role played by epithets and symbols in the emotional structure of a group; of the significance of the patriarchal family pattern in building up the paternalistic attitude of the whites toward the Negro. The study of fear—of the Negro toward the white and the white toward the Negro—with resulting hatred and aggression, often misplaced, runs through the book and offers fresh illumination. This book, like Horney's "The Neurotic Personality of Our Time" and Dr. Dollard's own earlier work, is significant for what it points toward. It suggests new factors that must be taken into account in any study of personality and culture.

HELEN MERRELL LYND

Rumbles on Radio

NOT TO BE BROADCAST: THE TRUTH ABOUT RADIO. By Ruth Brindze. Vanguard Press. $2.50.

WITHOUT a doubt radio broadcasting deserves this book. It is a thoroughgoing ABC on how the American broadcasting system operates. In thirteen short chapters Miss Brindze analyzes the advertising playground of radio, touches on the ownership of the "air," patent medicine plugs, free speech censorship, news dissemination, and appends a full chapter of solutions. The theme of the 320 pages is the radio industry's biased treatment of political and economic thought. It may come as a surprise to Americans that their radio is after all just as full of propaganda as the broadcasts emanating from Moscow, Berlin, and Rome. The book explains that, because of the myth of impartiality in this country and the government's domination of the industry, the propaganda is inserted with relative subtlety. In short, the economic preachings are candy-coated with music and "friendly chats" during intermissions.

Like every other book, the volume has its high and low points. The high points are the fast-paced quotations from reports, speeches, and letters, while the low points may be found in the very occasional degeneration into pure "soap box." There is no question but that Miss Brindze has undertaken a diligent research into this modern-day problem. She marshals her facts and figures into a very convincing indictment of radio as it now operates. However, it is the opinion of many government, radio, and newspaper experts that she has been able only to skim the surface. The understandable assumption, perhaps, is that a more detailed treatment might detract from the pace of the volume as a whole, so that it would be another dull bit of reading. Radio, moreover, is a fast changing business: the reality of today is the dim past by tomorrow, and consequently the author could not be expected to present a coverage of the radio situation that would be entirely up to date.

The importance of this book is, then, relative; to reach its highest effectiveness it would have to be read by the listening millions who also patronize the drugstore lending library. While good-natured public tolerance acknowledges that many of the radio claims are as fraudulent as those of a side-show barker, few have realized that today's radio operates with tax-free licenses issued under a ten-year-old law which clearly did not foresee the rapid strides or the potentialities of this modern means of communication. It may be said, in passing, that Miss Brindze renders unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's. While not hesitating to criticize severely the chains and independents for improper practices, she does give them praise when that praise is due. Her closing paragraph correctly concludes the work with this note: "About this, and other of radio's problems, we need more free discussion. We need greater realization that radio is not a toy, not a special gift to the advertising profession, but an instrument that can enslave or free. We need a sufficiently aroused public opinion so that radio broadcasting in the United States will in truth be made to serve the public interest, convenience, and necessity."

EDGAR M. JONES

Our National Disgrace

CHILD WORKERS IN AMERICA. By Katharine Du Pre Lumpkin and Dorothy Douglas. Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.50.

UNPLEASANT facts rarely have widespread currency. The average person is prepared to admit that child labor is a blight on our national life, but he believes that the evil is rapidly being eradicated. Katharine Lumpkin and Dorothy Douglas, after years of exhaustive study, find that child workers in America must still be counted in the millions. Complete figures are not available because the census does not recognize child labor when the workers are under ten years of age or when they are enrolled in school on April 1—before the season for agricultural work. Yet even the census figures show at least 250,000 children between ten and thirteen years of age regularly at work and more than 400,000 between fourteen and fifteen. Another million and a half are over sixteen but under eighteen.

The conditions of child labor in industry are less disgraceful than in other fields. Most of the children employed in the larger industries are more than fourteen years of age. Their working conditions are subject to more or less strict regulation. Little or no control exists, however, over conditions in sweatshop factories, street trades, domestic service, industrial home work, and agriculture. In 1931, for example, 17 per cent of New York's newsboys were less than twelve years old, and some were as young as six. In several cities as many as 20 per cent of the newsboys were under ten. Thousands of these children work until midnight or later, especially on Saturday nights, and their pay, after the usual deductions and fines, is pitifully small.

For children as for adult workers, the worst conditions are found in agriculture. At least 100,000 children from ten to fifteen years of age are listed as working in commercial agriculture—as berry pickers, beet-sugar workers, cotton pickers, or in vegetable gardens. The majority of these youngsters work not as individuals but as parts of families which hire out to contractors for a wage barely enough to keep them alive. On truck farms in New Jersey, for example, the father's earnings averaged only one-third that of the entire family, or 15 to 18 cents an hour. Children work the same hours as adults, twelve hours being normal in many sections. Housing and sanitary facilities for these migratory farm workers are less satisfactory than for any other group in America.

The authors are not optimistic about the elimination of child labor in the United States. They point out that many of the movements for the "regulation" of the evil have only resulted in diverting attention from it. While favoring immediate passage of the amendment, they believe the evil will persist until a strong labor movement is developed.

The Administration's new program for eliminating child labor on goods moving in interstate commerce, brought forth after the completion of the book, will not even touch the sectors of our economy where child labor is most prevalent. Nor can we expect state legislatures in the more backward states to grapple with the problem. There is still need, as indicated by the votes of the New York and Massachusetts legislatures on the child-labor amendment, for a long-range educational program. Drs. Lumpkin and Douglas have made an invaluable contribution to that end in this first scientific study of our national disgrace. MAXWELL S. STEWART

Summer Fiction

THE MAKING OF A HERO. By Nicholas Ostrovski. Translated from the Russian by Alec Brown. E. P. Dutton. $2.50.

OSTROVSKI, a veteran of the Civil War and a product of the militant generation of October, was a hero. His novel, however, is not heroic. That a man afflicted with blindness and paralysis in his middle twenties could have found within himself the resources to turn to writing and make it a means of recapturing his waning life seems a manifestation of high resolve. All the more unfortunate it is that Ostrovski's imagination was so completely at the mercy of a simplified and dogmatic outlook that it was unable to cope with the dramatic events and transformations he had lived through. To act heroically is at times only a matter of courage and simple faith; to create the heroic in art, however, requires a range of qualities much more varied and profound. Above all it requires an independence of consciousness, which is clearly at odds with the urge to conform so typical of Soviet writers today.

Largely autobiographical, Ostrovski's narrative describes the development of Paul Korchagin from an illiterate worker's kid to a Bolshevik fighter and leader. The behavior of a White Guard in political struggle is given the same tonality and subjected to the same moral standards as that of a woman in love. Korchagin experiences the Revolution, the Civil War, the ordeals of reconstruction, and a cycle of personal suffering without so much as once facing himself and others except in terms of official beliefs that in their very nature are too abstract to explain individual conduct and psychology. Interesting in places for its documentation of the early Soviets, the book is otherwise banal and occasionally quite silly, as in the episodes of Korchagin's love affairs. Marxists, being fond of discerning contradictions in the social process, ought to apply their analytic prowess to investigating the discrepancy between the prodigious dimensions and meanings of the October Revolution and the feeble records of it recently produced on its home grounds by writers seemingly most devoted to its progress. PHILIP RAHV

AMERICAN DREAM. By Michael Foster. William Morrow. $3.

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on the shores of the Pacific. While his wife packs his household goods and cooks his meals, the hero retires to the attic for a few days, where, among the letters and papers of his ancestors, he gives himself a spiritual housecleaning. Pictures of his forebears are evoked. There was his grandfather, a hell-for-leather, damn-your-eyes Irishman, sea captain, and merchant, who, after an interlude of Boston respectability, ended his days as the polygamous rajah of a Malay coast settlement. There was his father, a fighting country lawyer, who defended Mexicans in Dakota and pacifists in wartime, and eventually died penniless in San Francisco. In the lives of these people Mr. Foster sees the American dream dramatized. It would appear from the plot to be a kind of permanent, lively intransigeance, but Mr. Foster, after a good deal of troubled reflection, prefers to define it as "the old, old human faith that somehow, somewhere, a time might come when man would stand on the ruins of an old world and an old self, with the starlight on his shouders. That a time might come when men would live and deal among themselves with justice. And tenderness. And truth." These are fine sentiments, but hardly precise. Mr. Foster's program for the materialization of the dream is equally starry-eyed and ectoplasmic. He puts his faith in "the quiet, decent people. . . . The silent ten per cent. Whose names are not often on page one, because they are so busy, and who pay very little attention to the loud antics of the shouters and grabbers." It is probably natural that a newspaperman should experience revulsion against the men-in-the-news, but to exalt that revulsion into a philosophy of life is absurd. MARY MCCARTHY

THE FRIENDLY TREE. By Cecil Day Lewis. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

WHAT distinguishes Mr. Lewis's romance from those of Ruby M. Ayres might be described as Mr. Lewis's writing hypothesis: from the outset he regards his characters as the absolutes of refined sensibility and exquisite reaction. The premise, implied rather than developed in the course of the narrative, is that Stephen, Anna, Evelyn, and Richard all possess a mystic, internal poetry, exalting the cheap, romantic events of their lives and bringing subtlety to what the reader finds trivial, grace to what is infelicitous, and mystery to what is commonplace or melodramatic. He proceeds from this premise through the device of a stream of consciousness sprinkled with inexact and incongruous metaphors: a hill is described as though it were an emotion, and an emotion as though it were a garden rake. Inanimate objects lose their identity in a welter of vague and strained descriptive associations, while psychological analysis and dramatic motivation are reduced to blunt clichés. The terms in which Mr. Lewis finally establishes his characters are banal, vulgar, and sentimental. They make love to each other like people who have seen too many movies; they become profound and intellectualize about life and death like the schoolboys sitting behind you in the bus. They wander from situation to situation, desperately happy or desperately near the breaking-point, but always and forever entangled in emotional confetti. Finally, on the last page of the epilogue, they are resolved in a way the reader would least expect. It is all reduced to a struggle between civilizations: the old, degenerate civilization of the Cranes and the new, good civilization of Stephen and Anna and their love. Such a distinction, occurring where it does, with no plausible relationship to what has gone before, is meaningless.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

RECORDS

THE performance of Mozart's lovely Clarinet Quintet by the Roth String Quartet and Simeon Bellison (Columbia: four records, $6) is stodgy; and instead of finely modulated phrases Mr. Bellison produces sequences of big, round, shrill pumpkins. Claudia Muzio's voice is a delight to the ear in songs—by Delibes, Donaudy, Bizet, Pergolesi, etcetera—that ask nothing in feeling and style beyond what she could give (Columbia: five records, $6.50).

Beside Muzio's voice Gina Cigna's sounds like very little in "Casta Diva" from "Norma" and "Suicidio" from "La Gioconda" ($1.50). On another Columbia single ($1.50) is beautiful singing by Kipnis in Schubert's "Haidenröslein," "Ungeduld," and "Erlkönig"; on another ($1) the fine voice of Kullman in Carissimi's "Vittoria," and, marred by a vibrato, in the Italian aria from Act 1 of "Der Rosenkavalier." Szigeti wastes superb playing on a Weber sonata, Ravel's "Habanera," and an arrangement of Scriabin's piano study in thirds with which he gives a demonstration of a dog walking on its hind legs ($1.50). Beecham's performance of Berlioz's "Roman Carnival" Overture with the London Philharmonic is less hair-raising in pace than some American performances, but beautifully phrased and colored and excellently recorded ($1.50). A two-record set ($3), finally, offers a fine performance by Yella Pessl of Bach's Partita No. 2.

Even non-metallic needles, I find, do not always enable one to escape fuzzy reproduction with new Columbia records; the records vary in this respect. I have tried Kakti needles, and like them better than B.C.N. because of their greater hardness; but they too cause a little richness and impact to be lost in reproduction of orchestral tone; and here I would like to add a postscript to my remarks on needles last November. Steel needles reproduce high frequencies—e.g., 5,000 to 6,500 cycles—with greater intensity than non-metallic needles; but if your phonograph does not reproduce beyond, say, 4,000, the advantage of steel disappears; and that is true also if the phonograph goes up high but the record is an old one that stops at 4,000. Steel will then merely intensify the noises of high frequency. If, in such an old record, the music is weak and there is a great deal of noise, only a non-metallic needle will permit you to step up the volume enough without increasing the noise too much. Even where both phonograph and record go up to 6,500 you may find it worth while to take the slight loss in orchestral reproduction with non-metallic needles for the sake of the lessened noise and increased volume. And if the record is one like the new Victor "Don Juan" or Brahms's Third, in which the high frequencies are overemphasized to the point where they are unpleasantly sharp with a steel needle, you will use a non-metallic needle to avoid or reduce this distortion. The thing to do is to try both the steel and non-metallic needles and compare the results—and not once for all, but with each record; for not only is there a difference between the record of today and the record of five years ago, but there are, unfortunately, appreciable differences between the record of today and the record of last week. The first difference represents the improvement in the process; the second represents the lack of precision and standardization in the use of the improved process. We have higher fidelity today; but how much higher is different in every record.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Pacifists Face the Dilemma

Dear Sirs: The civil war in Spain has brought to revolutionary pacifists a conflict of loyalties closely resembling that which faced their predecessors twenty years ago. Shall we who condemned war in round terms when it stood for capitalism, aggressive imperialism, and exploitation of the workers extend our approval and support when it is waged by our own side in defense of legitimate government and against the counter-revolution? The dilemma is a real one, but, like every other dilemma, wears two horns: support of war in full realization of its twentieth-century consequences or non-support of war with deliberate renunciation of the hope of a military victory.

To us there can be no question as to the abstract justice of the case. The Loyalists of Madrid are the legitimate government of the workers, defending homes and rights against fascism. Pacifist radicals are heart and soul on their side against the illegal revolt of capitalist militarism. The issue is very concrete, however. In this situation, which horn of the dilemma seems to involve a lesser degree of calamity for Spain and for the world?

Support of the first, in the hope of eventual victory, is ethically justifiable if war ever is justifiable. But pacifists repudiate war, not merely because it is unethical but because it is futile. Is there some new magic in the rightness of the Spanish cause to make this particular conflict an exception as regards futility? The people of Spain are fighting heroically to defend not only their constitutional government but their homes, their wives, and their children. In any concrete sense of the word, however, twentieth-century machines have destroyed all possibility of successful defense by force of arms. Such inventions as the long-range gun and bombing plane have put permanently behind us the time when strong lines of soldiers could say with assurance, "They Shall Not Pass!" We all know that the European military commands have no hope of defending the civil population against air and gas raids, but count only on reprisals, while they drill non-combatants in the use of gas masks and shelters which experts pronounce ineffectual. The best that can be hoped for in Spain is that after cities have been destroyed and thousands of non-combatants slaughtered, the Spanish people may perhaps win the war as Belgium and its allies eventually won the World War. Such victory is an abstraction, however; defense is both concrete and different.

A cool view of history leads to several definite conclusions. First, revolution, in the Marxian sense of complete transfer of power, is accomplished by economic forces rather than by war. Violence often accompanies the change but usually hinders and often blocks the revolution itself. The permanent achievements of the French Revolution were almost entirely secured by the regularly elected National Assembly; the ultimate surrender to the bourgeois Directory was the direct result of fatal divisions among the revolutionists which found expression in the spectacular violence of the Reign of Terror. The Soviet Republic, economically so successful, is politically so held back by the elements of violence within it that twenty years after the beginning of the revolution it has executed, rightly or wrongly, a large number of its former leaders.

Second, no revolution can prove anything but abortive until the people as a whole are ready to assume power. The outbreak of the Spanish rebellion was a sign of the inadequacy of the popular organization, and the defeat of Franco, if it takes place, will be followed by one counter-revolution after another until the Spanish workers can obtain a breathing spell from war sufficient to build up a united political party. Our romantic sympathy with the Spanish people should not blind us to the extreme closeness of the vote which brought the popular front into power, the absence of a common working philosophy among its groups, and the failure of the enlightened industrial proletariat to reckon with peasant and military reaction.

The pacifist rejects the first horn of the dilemma, accordingly, because he is convinced of the concrete impossibility of defending a country or a revolution through military measures. Instead he grasps firmly the second horn—deliberate non-support of military victory.

But have we a "right" to refuse support to our struggling comrades in Spain without offering some substitute for armed resistance already proved effectual? It is not our "right," we declare, but our obligation to use what small influence we may have to prevent world catastrophe. Moreover, substitutes for armed conflict clearly exist—agitation, education, organization on the political and industrial fields, the peaceful general strike, and the scarcely tapped resources of non-cooperation. They cannot be tried out by the war-resistant minority, however, or even elaborated in completeness while the revolutionary working class continues to waste itself on real or imaginary barricades. To demand from the pacifist minority a tried-out substitute for war is quite as absurd as to demand from the Socialist minority a tried-out substitute for capitalism.

The present counter-revolution could never have arisen if the Spanish Republic had been pacifist in theory and in practice. Such a republic would have liberated the Moors, disarmed the old-regime generals, allayed the fears of church and peasants, and renounced violence against clerical reactionaries on the one hand and working-class dissidents on the other. To be sure, pacifism was as impossible to the working-class psychology of 1931 in Spain as to that of the United States in 1917. We are confronted with a situation. What do war resisters propose for Spain? Frankly, the proposal which we unhesitatingly bring forward for Spain is that an armistice be arranged as soon as possible and peace negotiations entered upon, through the offices of non-fascist governments.

The greatest good now obtainable would appear to be the avoidance of conclusive military victory on either side. A victory on the part of Franco would be obviously disastrous; even a victory of the Loyalists could not fail to be followed by such drastic retaliations upon clerical and political reactionaries as to prepare the way for new rebellions, and a regime of rigid suppression, punctuated by "Moscow trials," would be the most probable sequel to armed victory on the part of the republic.

Particularly in view of the danger of world war is a negotiated peace to be desired. To be sure, the European Powers will in any such negotiations brazenly utilize both Loyalists and rebels as counters for their own advantage. The sooner

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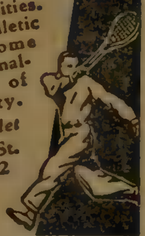

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Plainfield, N. J. Millington 364

the negotiations can be set in motion, however, the further from disintegration will be the Spanish working class which must establish the post-war commonwealth, the less weighty will be the influence of foreign interests that have been drawn in, and the more closely will the peace terms be related to the just claims of the Loyalist government.

At more than one point in the World War pacifists urged a compromise peace, but the Allies refused to consider it, sometimes fearing a German victory, sometimes eager to dictate peace "Unter den Linden." The result was the Versailles settlement, which came to full flower in Nazism.

JESSIE WALLACE HUGHAN

New York, June 30

The Ghost of Göttingen

Dear Sirs: The German people found themselves suddenly in an atmosphere of freedom. The forces of liberty and democracy had triumphed over the prevailing oppression and tyranny. The conforming mind was replaced by the free mind as intellectual activity once again flowered. . . .

But then, with the suddenness of a thunderclap and all of its terror, reaction struck back. The liberal constitution was summarily abrogated. The universities and their leaders were the first to suffer. Professors and scholars were expelled; in disgrace many went into exile. The structure of tyranny was being re-erected and intolerance was once again its cornerstone. . . .

This was the Germany of 1837—this is the Germany of 1937. It was the University of Göttingen that suffered so disastrously one hundred years ago. For protesting against the revocation by King Ernst Augustus of Hanover of the liberal constitution, which he had sworn to accept (Führer Adolf was a little cleverer: he acted in the name of the constitution), seven of its most illustrious professors—*Die Göttinger Sieben,* among whom were the brothers Grimm and the famous historians Dahlmann and Gervinus—were expelled. Germany's most talented teachers, her most able scholars, her outstanding literary figures were forced into exile. The interdiction of "Young Germany" meant the suppression of young Heinrich Heine's works.

One hundred years later exile is again the refuge of Germany's great. Thomas Mann, the Heine of modern Germany, we hear confess his love for the "true Germany"—in the words of Heine: "the real Germany, the great, mysterious, anonymous Germany of the German people, the sleeping sovereign with whose scepter and crown the apes are playing."

And it is a mourning ghost of Göttingen that sees our universities fraternize with the avowed and shameless enemies of both.

ELVIN J. LASKY

New York, July 1

Dorothy Thompson

Dear Sirs: You are to be commended for your recent note on Dorothy Thompson's "outrage flight." It is high time someone called Miss Thompson on her bitter anti-labor bias. While she has a perfect right to be as anti-labor as she likes she has no right to be anti-labor under a cloak of extreme liberalism. She is increasingly likely to preface every attack on workers with the plea that this hurts her worse than it will them; but that, in the name of true liberalism, she must go on. It might interest her to see some of the letters that pour into the papers in admiring response to her call to arms. I quote from the public-mind column of the Kansas City *Star*, June 16: "Every day we have less of democracy and more of the dictatorship of the proletariat. Dorothy Thompson suggests a vigilance committee. I would amplify that suggestion and propose the immediate formation of a citizens' national committee of public safety." It can't happen here, Miss Thompson? Watch those curves.

SARA SAPER

Mayville, Mo., June 17

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The Shape of Things

*

GOVERNOR LEHMAN'S LETTER TO SENATOR Wagner opposing the court plan will probably leave the Senator's vote unchanged. But there can be no doubt that it will strengthen the opposition and stiffen the lines on both sides. We believe that not only court reform but the entire Administration program, and the President's leadership, is now at stake. Governor Lehman could not have thought so, or he would not have timed his letter as he did. Despite his friendship with the President and their comradeship in a common progressive cause, he may have deemed it his duty to express his views and preserve his integrity. But we should respect his integrity the more if the letter were not timed to affect the vote over the Senate leadership, which may decide the fate of the court bill and the President's whole program. The voice was that of the governor: is it possible that the hand was that of his friends in the banking fraternity?

*

GREAT BRITAIN'S PROPOSAL FOR GRANTING belligerent rights to Franco on condition that "progress" is made toward the withdrawal of foreign "volunteers" fits neatly with the devastating appraisal of British foreign policy presented elsewhere in this issue by Robert Dell. From the beginning of the Spanish conflict, British Conservatives have been caught in an apparently insoluble dilemma. By inclination and temperament they have favored a rebel victory. At the same time it has been evident that a victory for Franco might give Germany and Italy a permanent foothold in Spain, which would be a direct threat to Britain's imperial and economic interests. The present proposal seemed to offer a solution to this perplexing dilemma. Removal of foreign "volunteers" would reduce the probability of Germany or Italian domination of Spain, while the granting of belligerent rights to the rebels might make it possible for the rebels to win, through the imposition of a blockade, without the assistance of the fascist powers. Fortunately, events in Spain and resistance from France and the Soviet Union may prevent this diabolical scheme from becoming a reality. Incidents such as the recent seizure by the rebels of a British ship should dim British enthusiasm for a rebel victory, while the new strength exhibited by the government armies at Madrid may persuade the Foreign Office belatedly that it has bet on the wrong horse. In the great battle which marked the first anniversary of the rebellion the Loyalists have shown their ability to stand

PUBLIC

firm against the greatest of rebel concentrations. Victory for the government now seems only a matter of time, if France and Russia can show equal firmness on the international front.

* * *

ADD MIDDLE-CLASS FEARS TO EMPLOYER SELF-interest to strong-arm brutality and what do you get? For the moment you get a movement like that launched last week by the National Citizens' Committee at Johnstown, Pennsylvania. The statement issued by that assemblage was a call to "loyal American citizens" to take the law into their own hands. It wasn't put that way. The authorities were accused of permitting the violation of constitutional rights and the "citizens" were given the duty of "restoring and protecting" those rights. But this, translated into simple American, is lynch law. Ordinary violence on either side in a labor struggle is of little consequence beside action such as this. For the resolutions issued by the Johnstown meeting and published in full-page advertisements throughout the country were revolutionary in all their implications. And America is not yet ready for fascist revolution. In fact the meeting will undoubtedly create its own opposition. Senator Wagner has announced that the National Labor Relations Board should investigate the men, money, and motives behind the new movement; Ray Daniell, writing in the New York *Times,* has revealed the fine American hand of John Price Jones, publicity firm, in the organization of the committee; and still other observers have hinted that Grace finances stand back of Jones finesse. More will be learned about this little revolution before it is liquidated.

* * *

WHILE THE FARM TENANTS HAVE BEEN LET down shabbily by the new compromise legislation, which we discuss elsewhere, independent farmers remain the darlings of Congress. Back in 1933 the Farm Credit Administration was set up to take the farmers out of the doldrums. With it went emergency legislation fixing the interest rate on farm mortgages well below the market rate. Now President Roosevelt has vetoed a new bill to extend the emergency for two years and provide for loans on farm mortgages at 3½ per cent the first year and 4 per cent the second. Mr. Roosevelt's veto, written probably on the recommendation of Governor Myers of the Farm Credit Administration, is a sensible document, just as his past three bonus vetoes were. But it stood no more chance in the House than did the bonus vetoes. The President pleaded that farm income had doubled, that farm prices were up, and that the bill would cost the Treasury $50,000,000 and play havoc with budget balancing. His pleas were met not so much with argument as with indifference. "Many of you have lived on a farm, as I have," said Chairman Jones of the Agriculture Committee to the House. That was argument enough for three-quarters of the members. Farmer-Laborites, liberal Democrats, and other progressives voted to override the veto, along with conservatives of both parties who welcomed the chance to hit at the President. It is not the first time that a farm measure has made strange bedfellows.

THE REPORT OF THE NATIONAL RESOURCES Committee on Technological Trends and Social Policy stands as a monumental illustration of the possibilities of planning in a country as advanced technically as the United States. A dramatic picture is drawn of possible developments in the field of science and the effects of those developments on society. The committee points out that many of the experiments which are now being carried on with air-conditioning, prefabricated houses, tray agriculture, artificial cotton, and the photo-electric cell will have results of great potential value to humanity; but that each new labor-saving invention will throw thousands of skilled workers on the scrap heap along with the discarded process. While the committee is correct in asserting that much social dislocation could be avoided by coordinated, long-range planning, it must not be assumed that planning consists merely of preparing elaborate reports which are filed away in the government archives. The mechanism for true social and economic planning has not yet been created in this country and cannot be as long as business interests balk even the mildest invasion of the government into the economic field.

* * *

NEITHER HUMANITARIAN CONSIDERATIONS nor economic horse sense has been able to stop the wholesale cuts in work relief for needy persons. "William P. Farnsworth, administrative officer of the Federal Theater Project," we read in the New York *Times,* "was instructed by WPA executives in Washington not to defer the dismissal of 1,708 workers from his project *for any reason*" (our italics). The brutality of this order is matched by the cold chauvinism with which Congress added to the relief-appropriation bill a rider barring from employment on work relief not only non-citizens illegally in the United States, but aliens who have not declared their intention to become citizens. A companion clause provides that preference must be given to war veterans. All aliens are accordingly being dropped from work-relief rolls, whether they have any means of subsistence or not. The protests of organizations of the unemployed may be expected to increase; they should be seconded with telegrams and letters by those who feel that to cut down relief in this arbitrary fashion is to accelerate the next crisis and by those who merely feel that letting people go hungry is a cruel and dangerous way of saving money.

* * *

THERE ARE TWENTY-ONE NAZI CAMPS IN America now. The twenty-first, Camp Nordland, was opened last Sunday at Andover, New Jersey, amid military pomp and grotesque speech-making. Everything was there that could be transported from the mother-heaven in Germany—the swastika, the goose-step, the Nazi salute, and Fritz Kuhn as *Führer.* The Nazi-American storm troops (the *Ordnungsdienst,* they are called: OD for short, instead of SA) marched in military formation, in natty new uniforms with Sam Browne belts. The speeches were terrific. "We are living in a day of exaggerated tolerance where we have let aliens, absolute aliens, come in and partake of the things we have built up," shouted Dr. Salvatore Caridi, one of the *duci* of the Italian-American fascists. And he and other speakers proceeded to attack that "absolute alien" John L. Lewis and his whole "alien" organization. The attack on the C. I. O. by the American Nazis is significant. Following the lead of Goebbels, who assailed Lewis in the *Angriff* on July 5, the Nazis are dedicating a good part of the energies of their American organization to the attempt to smash the C. I. O. At a meeting at the Hotel Biltmore several weeks ago, at which Kuhn was reelected *Führer,* the German-American Volksbund took an anti-strike oath. Add to that the revelations of the tie-up between the Nazis and the vigilante organizations in the Michigan automobile area, and you have the emerging pattern of American fascism. The German-Americans are welcome to camps and speech-making. But when they resort to vigilantism they are outside the pale of the law. And Congress should consider legislation which would outlaw all uniformed bodies that engage in military drill.

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"FOR THE HIGHEST FUEHRERS ONLY" WAS THE way Alfred Rosenberg marked his "strictly confidential" encyclical letter as the head of the Nazi neo-pagan movement. This encyclical, sent to the New York *Times* by a special correspondent in Munich, is the most valuable account we have thus far seen of the aims and methods of the anti-Catholic measures taken by the Nazis. It strips these measures of all their elaborate pretense, and shows that the Nazis regard the Catholic persecutions as necessary steps in the displacement of Christianity by neo-paganism. It speaks of the "skilful exploitation of a few smuggling cases and the masterful staging of the moral turpitude trial" as having had "a most devastating effect on priestly authority." It proclaims triumphantly that the church is fighting "with her back to the wall," that "there is no Catholic press to speak of," and that the Catholic schools are so rigidly regulated as to have become indistinguishable from the Hitler schools. And all this has been accomplished, Dr. Rosenberg boasts, under the pretense of adherence to Christianity. There were some neo-pagan leaders who preferred an open break, notably Hauer, Dinter, and Reventlow, but they were silenced by the state. It was found easier to absorb Christianity slowly into the new movement than to reject it outright. Hence, although Rosenberg, who calls himself "the despiser of the Papacy," has been put in charge of Germany's spiritual life, the Nazi leaders still pretend formally to be Christians. Their Christ, however, is "the modern Christ—a tall, lean, strong, light-haired Nordic fighter."

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A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP HAS BEEN ENDED. Jefferson Caffery has gone from Cuba to seek his diplomatic fortune in Brazil, and Colonel Fulgencio Batista must comfort himself with the services of Butler Wright, the new American Ambassador in Havana. There are signs that Batista is already suffering from a sense of insecurity. He has been talking about a three-year plan for Cuba, where the economic situation is at present a bit worse than usual. The plan remains vague talk—Batista is even reported to have said that it is not yet typed—and close students of his rule are frankly skeptical of the plan's future. They see in it rather a sign of uneasiness and, along with the talk of amnesty, a demagogic attempt to draw attention away from the corruption and terror in Cuba which have reached a pitch unequaled since Machado's heyday. These same observers point out that if Mr. Wright should exercise his American privilege to praise democracy and civil liberty out loud in Cuba he could become a hero overnight and his words, like the shouts of Joshua, might bring walls tumbling down, in this case the walls of Batista's dictatorship. Meanwhile the American press and public, so easily aroused over the excesses of a Hitler in Spain three thousand miles away, might well turn their attention to the sorrows of Cuba, where terror reigns and a second-string farce of "non-intervention" is being played out with the Cafferys and the Welleses and the Wall Street bankers in the leading roles.

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THE MOST HOPEFUL ASPECT OF THE WORLD Conference on Church, Community, and State, which opened last week in Oxford, England, has been the recognition of the need for militant intervention in political and economic life if the church is to survive. As might be expected, the conference has lined up unanimously against the idea of a national church as proposed in Germany. It has sought to build up a positive ideal of human brotherhood to set against the divisive and war-making tendencies of nationalism. Beyond this the Protestant church is apparently not willing to go, even to assure its own survival. In the fragmentary reports which have been thus far received there is no indication that the conference as a whole is prepared to apply the teachings of the church to the basic injustices of our times, or to make a frontal attack on the world forces which have throttled free religion in the Reich. A church which is silent in the face of falsehood, intimidation, and terrorism such as are being used in that country and many others to prevent men from bettering their standards of living will almost certainly put up no resistance to the ultimate terrorization which will put the church itself out of existence.

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ONE OF THE NOTABLE PUBLICATIONS OF THE year has just been issued by the American Civil Liberties Union. "Let Freedom Ring" tells the story of the nation-wide fight for civil rights in this past year of economic and political tension. The document cannot be summarized; it must be read. Its impact comes from the mass of fact that fills its pages: the detailed record of repression, of violence, of censorship, and, on the other side, of growing militant resistance to injustice. The story is by no means disheartening; rather it offers a challenge that should be irresistible to all Americans who still care about their country's future.

Death and Politics

NO sooner was Senator Robinson's death known than it became the occasion for political maneuvering in Washington. We don't want to moralize over the fact, but we believe that both sides showed an undue avidity in turning death to the service of their aims. The nation is learning that the vaster the social issues involved in a struggle, the more ruthless are the weapons with which it is fought. It is no pink tea that is being staged currently in the capital. Nor is it even the usual kind of midsummer madness that comes with the jungle heat and the end-of-session fraying of nerves. It is a desperate struggle over a progressive legislative program—a struggle in which the liberal Democrats and their radical Republican and Farmer-Labor allies are arrayed against the tightest united front of reactionaries that the nation has witnessed in many years. It is in the nature of history that while the long-time trends are shaped by the great social movements, immediate alignments are at the mercy of just such tricks of fate as the death of the man who, next to the President, was the key figure in the current legislative and party crisis.

It was thus inevitable that Senator Robinson's death should have sharp political consequences. Not only was he probably slated as Justice Van Devanter's successor; as Senate majority leader he also bore the brunt of carrying through not only the court compromise bill but the rest of the essential Administration program as well. He was a sturdy party wheel-horse, endowed with a stubborn strength and intelligence. Yet paradoxically his death, putting it in cold terms, rescues Mr. Roosevelt from a quandary. If the President had named Robinson for the court, his first appointment would have been a man whose conservatism was as intrinsic as that of Van Devanter himself. Such a choice would have had to be balanced by that of a real progressive, thus causing Mr. Roosevelt's first two court appointments to cancel out. Moreover, Senator Robinson's death gave Senator Barkley a good chance to succeed to the party leadership in the Senate. And Senator Barkley could at least be counted upon actively to support the measures which must follow.

Thus, however much the President personally mourns the loss of a close and devoted friend, the inherent consequences of Senator Robinson's death should be, in political terms, favorable to the President's larger program. It was to offset these consequences that the reactionary bloc quickly swung into action. They moved quietly, among the more lukewarm supporters of the bill, to get a vote that would send it back to the committee and thus shelve it not only for this term but undoubtedly for good. They sent a deputation of these supporters to the President, suggesting that he could retreat now with good face. Most important, they sought through a newspaper campaign to give the impression that the President was already on the run. Reporters were told that Senate sentiment had, with Robinson's death, finally swung completely against the court bill; and names of Senators were even mentioned as having switched—a charge which in every case proved false. Throughout this campaign the attempt was to link the court program with the taboo of death. Dr. Copeland unctuously warned his colleagues in his most professional tones that their health demanded the adjournment of Congress. Senator Wheeler announced in a pompous statement that to pass the court bill would, after the warning of Senator Robinson's death, be tantamount to flouting the will of God. General Johnson, in one of the most violent of his splenetic columns, implied that Senator Robinson's death must be laid at the President's door, since Mr. Roosevelt had driven his Senate leader beyond his strength in "the black hole of Calcutta" and made him a martyr to a cause in which he did not believe.

The President's letter to Senator Barkley spiked this whole movement effectively. It administered a sharp rebuke to the opposition for its tactics. And above all, it made it abundantly clear that Mr. Roosevelt had no intention of retreating either on the court bill or on the rest of his program.

The time has come to shift the perspective in which liberals have been viewing the proposal for court reform. It is not merely a first step toward the overthrow of judicial supremacy in America. It is the key to the whole Administration program of Mr. Roosevelt's second term. We do not refer merely to the logical connection between court reform and the necessary social legislation. More important at this juncture is the psychological connection. The opposition, thoroughly frightened both by the projected New Deal program and by the growing strength of labor, is out to break both for good. Their path, as they see it, lies through breaking Mr. Roosevelt's prestige and his leadership of his party. They have picked the court proposal as their best bet.

But once they have forced Mr. Roosevelt to retreat on the court bill, they will harry the Administration forces until they have surrendered all along the line. We quote from a wire sent to various prominent industrialists by Frank E. Gannett in his capacity as chairman of the National Committee to Uphold Constitutional Government:

> If court battle is lost next move will be to jam through pending bills setting up one-man rule over industry, agriculture, and labor. Our fight will build opposition to these other dictatorial measures.

That lets the cat out of the bag. The eye of these newspaper owners and big industrialists, and the eye of their senatorial champions, is on the real object. And the real object is not to rescue the "independence of the judiciary," but to kill the movement for control of industry and the increased strength of labor. And Mr. Roosevelt knows as well as anyone that the court opposition is only a set-up for a larger battle. He is not the headstrong and dictatorial figure he is reported to be by the yes-men of the press. He is a thorough realist, aware that if he should give up court reform he would be giving up not only court reform but the rest of his program as well. He would have to fight every inch of the way for the Black-Connery labor-standards bill, for Senator Norris's power and regional-planning bill, for the ever-normal granary measure and the farm-tenancy measure. And he would have to carry on this fight with forces whose morale was shattered, against a triumphant and continually more demanding enemy.

War in the East?

TEN days have passed since the first clash between Chinese and Japanese troops on the outskirts of Peiping. The fact that war has not actually broken out may be taken as an indication that neither country instigated the clash in order to precipitate hostilities. The danger of war remains, however. Japan has made it plain that it will not allow any interference with its program of political and economic exploitation in North China. It is willing to allow Nanking only fictional sovereignty over the region. Nanking's rejection of the Japanese ultimatum, on the other hand, indicates that Chinese nationalism has risen to such a pitch that it will tolerate no further Japanese aggression. Although neither government wishes war at present, it is evident that both are prepared to fight rather than give way on a question involving both "face" and fundamental interests.

General Sung's capitulation momentarily eased the local situation in North China, but it did not in the least affect Nanking's attitude. Sung virtually had no alternative. His small army was isolated from the main Chinese armies in Southern Hopei by the Japanese positions along the Peiping-Tientsin and Peiping-Hankow railroads, he himself was practically held a prisoner by the Japanese forces at Tientsin. The chances are that Chinese troops could not hold Peiping under any circumstances, but this does not mean that Japan can seize and keep it as it did Manchuria, Jehol, and parts of Chahar. Peiping, much more than Nanking, symbolizes Chinese unity. It has been the capital of the country for the greater part of seven centuries. And while it is of no large value economically or strategically, its sentimental importance is such that any attempt to occupy it would force Nanking into war.

In attempting to forecast the limit of Chinese patience, considerable significance must be attached to the agreement recently reached between Nanking and the Chinese Communists. It is not likely that anything could have persuaded the Communists to suspend their ten-year war against Nanking except a definite promise of resistance to Japan. The sincerity of Nanking is attested by the fact that the Communist troops, who are only a few hundred miles southwest of Peiping, have recently been supplied with food, trucks, equipment, and money for the ostensible purpose of strengthening them for a war with Japan. The widening of representation in the coming Kuomintang Congress to include left-wing elements and Communists means that Nanking no longer intends to resist anti-Japanese feeling among the masses.

The Nanking-Communist alliance greatly increases China's defensive possibilities. Although the Communists have only about 80,000 experienced troops, they are unusually skilled in guerilla warfare such as may effectively be employed against Japan. The alliance, however, materially increases the danger that a Sino-Japanese conflict might develop into a world war. If Japan fights, we may assume that it will treat the struggle as part of a holy crusade against communism. The Soviet Union might easily, because of its geographical proximity, find itself led into the conflict even against its will. Germany's alignment would be a foregone conclusion.

In such a war—or even in a war limited to China and Japan—the American neutrality act would almost certainly prove a boomerang: We would find ourselves in the unenviable position of actively aiding the aggressors, or of committing an unneutral act by shifting our policy after the war started. As the law now stands, the President would be compelled to declare an embargo on war materials as soon as a state of war existed in the East. This means that China, which has no war industry, would be denied arms, although Japan would have no difficulty getting raw materials to supply its efficient munition plants. More serious, however, is the prospect that the President would have to insist, as was the undoubted intent of Congress, that all supplies for the belligerent countries be put on a cash-and-carry basis. This would virtually amount to an economic alliance with Japan against China. For Japan would command the seas, and it alone has the ships with which to collect the raw materials and secondary war materials which we can supply in abundance. And it so happens that Japan is one of the few countries in the world to which credit is not restricted by the Johnson Act. The Neutrality Act, as we pointed out when it was signed, indicated little understanding on the part of Congress of its probable consequences. Evidently the Administration is now seriously worried by the consequences that loom in the Far East. Repeal of the act is hardly likely, but nothing short of that will save this country from embarrassment and prevent breaches of neutrality which might ultimately precipitate us into a general conflict.

Loans for Farm Tenants

THE sound and fury over the court reform, relief, and other major bills has obscured for the time being the quiet but bitter altercation going on in Washington concerning the tenancy problem. Fundamentally, it is another evidence of Southern Democratic revolt against the New Deal. After the almost masterly report of the President's Committee on Farm Tenancy, two different bills were brought forward in the House and Senate. The Senate bill provided for direct land purchase, whereas the House bill granted loans to tenants, without retaining title to the land for the government. Both, in effect, defeated every substantial measure recommended by the President's committee, yet both were passed.

The compromise measure, already passed by the House and still under consideration in the Senate, follows closely the original House bill. It attempts to build small landowners out of tenants, and for this purpose provides for loans, increasing in two years to $50,000,000 annually.

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These would be repayable in forty years at 3 per cent. All land so purchased is to be transferred in fee simple absolute, with the government holding first lien. The tenant may indulge in any form of speculation that he chooses, such as accepting a loan from a private bank at several times the government's rate of interest for a slightly larger principal. In such a case, the administrative agency may declare the loan to be due in full but, of course, the damage will have already been done. The President's committee had recommended strongly that the government should lease the land to the tenant for a long period (forty years was suggested), at the end of which time it was to be completely owned by the tenant.

The method of selecting those tenants who are to be beneficiaries will probably be the same as was provided in the original bill. In the first place, preference will be given to persons who "are able to make the initial down payment, or who are owners of livestock and farm implements necessary successfully to carry on farm operations." This is a little like giving relief preference to those who have enough cash on hand to repay the government for some of the money expended on them. The entire act is to be administered by county committees, consisting of three farmers in each county, who are to be appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture. They alone authorize the purchase of land and decide upon the "character, ability, and experience" of the applicant. There is no provision whatsoever for any participation on the part of the tenants themselves. In short, a smooth political bureaucracy will be established, probably made up of prominent Democratic landowners in each county, who will be able to disqualify anyone so ill-advised as to be militant in demanding tenant rights.

The most serious failure of the act, however, lies in the faulty philosophy behind it. For example, it classifies sharecroppers and those who rent for money together, although they are widely separated economic categories. The South itself has been undergoing a tremendous agrarian revolution in the last few years. The increasing use of agricultural machinery, the increase in production of cotton per acre in the older cotton-growing states, amounting to 25 per cent in the years 1934-1936 over the preceding ten years, the growth of a large class of agricultural day laborers, these indicate that the small individual holder will in the future find himself increasingly unable to compete with the great machine enterprises now rubbing shoulders with the sharecropper and all that he signifies. The only possible method of organization through which the tenant can hope to compete without bowing to a perhaps more brutal taskmaster is some form of producers' cooperative. No such set-up, however, may be created under the proposed act.

While America's world cotton markets go to pot, with foreign production increasing, with a crushing surplus of cotton impending this year or next, the mere creation of another administration and the appropriation of a few million dollars is not a solution, but a sop. American cotton culture and the body of submerged tenants who go with it demand fundamental change, not alleviation.

Nazi Exhibitionism

"THE Reich now calls into being an astounding blossoming of German art. . . . Works that are not generally intelligible will no longer reach the German nation. . . . Artistic cheats will be suppressed." With these words Adolf Hitler last week opened the House of German Art in Munich, with its exhibition of 850 *objets d'art,* all Nazi. The world could rest assured, he said, that lunacy in art had come to an end.

But the world refuses to be astonished. Herr Hitler has been announcing these death-blows to lunacy at the opening of every new exposition. This one, we suspect, is nothing new but is part of a general program which has provided a series of such shows all over Germany, each with its special objective and its own slogan. The recent Berlin exposition, for example, symbolized by the words "Give Me Four Years' Time," glorified rearmament and reemployment. In Düsseldorf the "Creative People" Exposition now displays the synthetic goods to be produced under the second Four-Year Plan, while Frankfort has been celebrating "Larger Families and Healthier Babies."

These expositions are a device of the dictatorship that has been little discussed outside of Germany. The exposition or fair has been converted from its ordinary use as a means of stimulating business into a large-scale political weapon. By all the arts of display, Herr Goebbels attempts to sell Nazi Germany to its population. He has devised three types of exposition: those in which the history of the Nazi movement is dramatized and drilled into the citizens; those in which they are urged to do their part by producing more babies, avoiding waste, or depositing money with the government; and finally those in which the leaders glorify their Kultur.

The job is well done, yet obvious dangers lurk in this graphic exposure of the new Germany. In the Berlin Ratshaus an exhibition was recently held celebrating the "Ten Years' Struggle for Berlin" of the Nazi Party. The chief attraction was a collection of knives, razors, slugs, pistols, and hand grenades—confiscated, it was said, from a Communist stronghold. The label read, "They fought with arms. We fought with ideas." But the walls were covered with pictures of Storm Troopers in the midst of riots, wounded "martyrs" on the streets and in hospital beds. The real story was not hard to read.

Even more revealing were the examples of Nazi Kultur presented recently at Dresden. There a whole armory was devoted to a demonstration of the superior virtues of the Germanic as compared with the Latin script—the preference of Martin Luther and the Emperor Otto for the Germanic being heavily stressed. This point settled, the crowning literary achievements of Aryan genius were exhibited in a display labeled "The People Live in Books." Here on plush-covered tables appeared rare editions of "Mein Kampf," the works of Rosenberg, Goebbels, and Göring, and a few Teutonic fairy tales. Such is the nature of Germany's rebirth under the aegis of Herr Hitler. Can even a Nazi miss the point?

Will Europe Go to War?

BY LUDWIG LORE

IF we were to take a poll of public opinion on the chances for war in the near future the vote would probably be overwhelmingly negative. There have been so many "war dangers" and "war crises" in the last three years that the public has developed a sort of immunity against them. The general feeling is that Germany would be the aggressor in any war that is likely to come, and that Germany is not ready for war. But history has a way of laughing at human predictions. It has a logic of its own which scoffs at the limitations of our puny understanding.

Those who discount the possibility of war proceed from the assumption that Hitler and his associates are preparing like true systematic Germans, with every intention of striking out when and not until they are ready to meet the enemy on something like equal terms. History knows of such instances. Bismarck's war against Austria (1866) was the result of just such cold-blooded calculation. The first Balkan War, in 1912, was another instance of a carefully prepared conspiracy against the peace of Europe. But 1914 was another story. It is true that Germany cast the die that brought on the war, but not because she was ready for it or wanted it at that moment. Careful research into the records of the German Foreign Office of that period has brought to light the paradoxical fact that German diplomacy, while sincerely trying to maintain the peace, was, with inexorable fatality, driving Europe into war.

All that is history. Yet we refuse to learn from the past and persist in the fallacious conception that no war will come until the nations of Europe are ready for it. That Hitler is preparing for war cannot be doubted. That his policy is a war policy is incontestable. Indeed, National Socialism became a power in the Reich chiefly for the reason that it guaranteed a political and diplomatic offensive against the restrictions imposed on Germany by the post-war treaties. But Hitler and those behind and above him are not fools rushing blindly to certain destruction. They know Germany's military, economic, and financial weaknesses and recognize them for the handicaps they are. But such handicaps can be overcome.

At present the Nazi government rests almost wholly on bluff and a talent for extortion. To these qualities it owes its popularity at home, a popularity which depends almost wholly, however, on its ability to continue in that dangerous course. A serious diplomatic defeat might destroy the confidence of the masses in the Hitler regime and even alienate the support of the large capitalist interests on whose continued approval its preparations for war so largely depend. German industry cannot live forever on hopes. The glory of a Germany remilitarized is a poor substitute for markets and foreign exchange. It is possible, therefore, that a crisis such as might arise out of the liquidation of the Spanish Civil War might drive the Hitler government head over heels into another world catastrophe. In other words, one cannot judge the chances of war on the basis of logic and reason. Nevertheless, it is profitable to investigate those conditions which, other things remaining equal, would encourage or deter the German government from inviting war.

THE PROBLEM OF FOOD

Could Germany feed its population in case of war? The terrible sufferings of the German people during the blockade of 1914-1918 taught the Nazi government the importance of being prepared. The fantastic self-sufficiency policy, which has been so roundly condemned by economists as blocking the course of German economic recovery, is of course not a recovery measure at all but an important part of Nazi Germany's war-preparedness program. Thus far, however, German self-sufficiency has been more spectacular than real.

German economists point out that the standard of living of the German people could be reduced by one-fifth without lasting harm to the physical condition of the population. In theory that may be true. Laboratory experiments may show that such a reduction is possible. Put into practice in the homes of millions of German workers, it would soon result in a retrogression in public health. There is no doubt that it would be put into practice, since war-time production in the Reich would fall decidedly below the best efforts of scientific management in peace time. War is destructive even in those sectors where bullets and shrapnel do not fall. War draws to the front a large percentage of those who work in the fields; technical replacements stop; factories manufacture explosives instead of fertilizers. We have no detailed figures regarding German farm production during the World War. We do know that the supply of pork fell from 25,300,000 head in December, 1914, to 16,600,000 in August, 1918; that the number of milk cows was reduced by 2,000,000 (20 per cent) during the four war years, and that the average yield per cow dropped so sharply that the total output of milk declined from 24,000,000 liters in 1913 to 11,300,000 liters in 1918.

Figures for grain production for the World War period were never published, but a study of war-time food distribution is enlightening. In the summer of 1918 the basic daily ration per person in Berlin was 280 grams of "bread," baked of a mixture of grain and turnips, and 500 grams of potatoes; the monthly ration of butter was 70 grams. During the war years 900,000 more persons, non-combatants, died in Germany than in the same period before the war from causes growing out of malnutrition.

Food conditions in the Reich today are not so bad as they were then, but they are bad enough. During the last eighteen months Germany has gone through a whole series of acute shortages, and the end is not in sight. There are no food cards—as yet—but various food categories, particularly fats, are apportioned by means of a system under which each customer gets a ration card from his dealer. There is an allowance of half a pound of fat per person per week, with butter fats at a premium. In a recent address Walter Darré, Reich Supervisor of Agriculture, declared that Germans eat a disproportionate amount of fat and demanded that the present daily average of 90 grams per person be reduced to 65 grams.

The acute meat shortage of the past winter was somewhat alleviated by a bumper crop of pigs, but prices are still inordinately high. Regulations for meat products do not affect the prices of "luxury cuts," which are hoisted by desperate retailers to fantastic heights to offset the practical elimination of profits on the cheaper parts. Because of the difficulty of getting feed, over a million more hogs were slaughtered in the final quarter of 1936 than in the corresponding quarter of 1935, but most of this increased supply was withdrawn by the government for storage. Bacon is almost unobtainable.

Last winter the Nazi government issued a series of regulations on the collection of foodstuffs produced in the Reich. A *Reichsnährstand* (Reich Food Estate) was appointed with power to organize production, fix prices, supervise the work of the peasants, and compel them to deliver certain quantities in fixed periods at fixed prices. Concurrently there has grown up a flourishing bootleg trade in farm products, such as cream, eggs, and butter. Whipping cream, for instance, is obtainable only in homeopathic doses in the better hotels and restaurants. Eggs, due to the lack of feed, are so scarce that the housewife rarely gets more than one or two at a time from her grocer's carefully hidden supply. Coffee is a luxury. Beet sugar is plentiful but sells at 30 per cent above the world price. New experiments for procuring sugar from wood have been successful but as yet the process is too costly to be practical. In general, the manufacture of synthetic foods and textiles is still too expensive to result in genuine self-sufficiency.

While there is no acute shortage of bread grains, the whole problem of grain production has become extraordinarily vexing. During the first two years the Hitler regime had the good fortune to harvest bumper crops, so that it was able to feed up to 75 per cent of the population out of its own resources. The drought of 1934 brought the first setback. Whereas the Reich produced 5,200,000 tons of wheat in 1932 and 5,800,000 in 1933, it raised only 4,000,000 in 1936, thus falling a million tons short of requirements. The situation in feed grain was even worse. Germany has had to import between 55 and 65 million dollars' worth of grain, and will probably use another 20 million dollars' worth before the next harvest. The shortage was covered in part under clearing agreements with Canada, Argentina, and the Danubian countries, but a considerable amount had to be bought outright. For the necessary exchange German citizens were forced to sell their foreign securities, cutting down a permanent source of foreign exchange from interest, dividends, and amortization payments.

Prospects for the coming harvest are anything but favorable due to heavy rains which delayed sowing. The farmer, who was one of the chief beneficiaries of the Hitler regime in its early stages, is becoming restive. He points out that the government's refusal to buy feed for German cattle in 1934 and 1935 led farmers to slaughter their livestock, causing the present shortage of milk and fats. He resents the order requiring a permit for every pig slaughtered for private use, and forcing delivery of all others to government agencies at a fixed price. Bootlegging of farm products has become so general that the Gestapo is enforcing compulsory delivery of milk and other farm products. Withholding produce has been made high treason punishable with prison and, if the courts so decide, with decapitation.

A contributory factor is the reduction of Germany's agricultural area for military purposes. In 1935 alone about 1,169,500 acres were withdrawn from agricultural utilization "for the new upbuilding of Germany"; in 1936, 200,000 acres. Meanwhile the demand for labor power in the arms and ammunition industries has produced an acute shortage of farm workers in East Prussia, the grain area of the country.

What does all this mean for the German people? Children are collecting bones, tin-foil, paper, etc., under the direction of the school authorities. Their mothers stand in line for hours to get a coveted piece of meat or a pound of fat or butter. The housewife no longer chooses what she wants to buy. She must be satisfied, in respect to quantity as well as quality, with what the storekeeper has to offer. The condition of Germany today is incomparably worse than before the World War. The Germany of 1914, in fact, had such vast reserves of every description that no one even thought of making special provisions for a coming war. The line-up of Germany's presumptive foes in a coming war makes it certain, moreover, that she would be cut off from foreign markets by a much more effective blockade than encompassed her defeat in 1914-1918. Germany's financial condition then was excellent; today it could hardly be worse.

The Hitler government would not repeat the mistakes of Imperial Germany. It would be less wasteful; its resources would be more carefully conserved and more adequately organized. Everything would be rationed from the first day of war. But starvation, too, would begin at once, and Germany's war lords would have to deal from the very start with a dangerous psychological element—the masses of the people.

IRON AND OIL

As the World War progressed it became increasingly plain that the side best supplied with the materials of mechanical warfare would be the ultimate victor. By the end of the war "motorization" had become the aim and end of all military wisdom. The outstanding drawback of motorized warfare is its enormous consumption of explosives, metals, and fuel oils of every description.

Germany's chemical industries can produce almost inexhaustible supplies of the first, provided factories can be kept intact. The Reich has also accumulated tremendous stores of copper, aluminum, manganese, zinc, lead, etc. How long they would last in case of war is another question. Undoubtedly Germany would continue to depend on the world market for its iron ore. In 1936, after every available source of supply was put in operation, Germany's iron mines produced 6,652,000 tons (1,340,000 tons in 1932) and 18,469,000 tons were imported. Translating these figures into pig iron makes the ratio even more unfavorable, since the yield of German ore is relatively much lower than that of imported ore.

At present Germany gets most of her iron from Sweden and France. Should her dreams come true, and Spanish intervention give the Nazi government a monopoly of Spanish iron production, it would relieve her economy of a tremendous burden—in times of peace. But what chance would there be of getting Spanish ore into Germany after the outbreak of war? Sweden would be the only certain source. Seventy-five per cent of Sweden's iron output now goes to Germany, but her agreements with Berlin expire at the end of the year, and Great Britain, whose financial position is strong, is planning to move into the Swedish iron market. Moreover, in war time the opposition of Norway's Socialist government could become a serious obstacle to Swedish-German trade. Transportation through the North Sea would certainly be blocked by England and perhaps by the Soviet.

The Third Reich has made a stupendous effort to free itself from dependence on the international market for fuel oils. Output was increased from 174,300 tons in 1930 to 437,400 tons in 1935. But in 1918 the Allies on the French front alone used 500,000 tons a month. Only the United States and the Soviet Union have a surplus supply of fuel, which would not be available to Germany in case of war. And the chances of getting oil from other oil-producing states would be just as unfavorable.

The question of oil for war is one of many which draw a sharp line of demarcation between Germany's military experts and the military dilettantism of Hitler and his associates. In the *Deutsche Wehr*, generally looked upon as the official organ of the military authorities in the Reich, H. Steinberg, a prominent mining engineer, has estimated that a great power would use at least 12,650,000 tons of oil in one year of war, 5,500,000 tons for the land army and 1,700,000 for the aerial force, 2,000,000 for the navy, and 3,450,000 for domestic purposes. This estimate is too low rather than too high, since it roughly approximates World War figures. Much more will be required in a new and modern war.

How are such quantities of the precious fluid to be procured? To buy in advance is out of the question. An English expert estimated not long ago that Great Britain would have to invest £30,000,000 for oil and for storage facilities for half a year's supply. In 1935 Germany produced 1,380,000 tons of *Ersatz* motor oil, or about 12 per cent of the amount she would need. The problem is not only technical. The production of an adequate supply of *Ersatz* oil would necessitate an increased production of hard coal of 800,000,000 tons, or 60 per cent more than the present total. Furthermore, assuming that the requisite number of mines were available, an army of 300,000 additional workers would be required to mine the coal and manufacture the oil. In war this would mean withholding twelve army divisions from duty at the front.

Other European powers are equally dependent on the world market but, having unimpeded access to the sea, they will always be able to supplement their deficiencies. For Germany the chances are practically nil.

This is the first of two articles on the chances of war in Europe. The second will appear next week.

Robert Vansittart, Europe's Arbiter

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, July 6

IF I were asked who were the two ablest diplomatists in Europe, I should reply without hesitation Titulescu, who was until recently Rumanian Foreign Minister, and Sir Robert Vansittart, permanent head of the British Foreign Office—his official title is permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Vansittart has much more scope than Titulescu has ever had for the exercise of his abilities, and is undoubtedly at this moment the chief arbiter of the fate of Europe. Except when the foreign minister is a man with great force of character and a policy of his own, whether good or bad, such as Salisbury or Curzon in England, Delcassé or Poincaré in France, foreign policy in both countries is in fact conducted by permanent officials. Ever since Vansittart became permanent head of the British Foreign Office he has made British foreign policy, whether the marionette of the moment was called Simon, Hoare, or Eden. Now and then, no doubt, one marionette or another has tried a little dance of his own, but the strings have remained in the hands of Sir Robert Vansittart, and the deviation has not lasted long. At the present moment Anthony Eden appears not quite to see eye to eye with Sir Robert Vansittart, but in fact Vansittart is using Eden with remarkable dexterity. Eden is allowed to say things that he himself perhaps believes, or at least half believes, so as to deceive people about the real nature and aims of British policy.

In France, too, foreign policy is made by permanent officials, by M. Léger, permanent head of the Quai d'Orsay, and M. Massigli. The latter does not conceal in private his desire for the victory of Franco and his

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belief in the necessity of an understanding with Mussolini at all costs—in short, he adheres to the policy of Laval. Léger believes in blindly following the policy of England, and acts on his belief, so in fact the policy that he makes is also the policy of Sir Robert Vansittart, who is for all practical purposes foreign minister of France as well as of England.

France is as necessary to England as England is to France, for France is a buffer state between England and Germany, and Germany will never attack England without first attacking France. When Baldwin said: "Our frontier is on the Rhine," he enunciated a truism. Whether or not there is an alliance or an entente cordiale between England and France, the British government, whatever its complexion, will always go to the aid of France if that country is attacked by Germany, because England will never tolerate the Germans at Calais, or, for that matter, at Antwerp or Amsterdam. England went to war in 1914, not to save France or Belgium but to prevent the Germans from holding Calais or Antwerp, and incidentally to destroy the German fleet. England will always go to war with Germany for the same reasons in the same circumstances. This being so, the French government of the People's Front, in sacrificing everything else to secure British support in the event of a German attack on France, has been paying for what it could get for nothing. Could any policy be more inept? And what a price the French government has paid! The Franco-Belgian alliance is gone, the Franco-Polish alliance no longer exists in anything but name, the Franco-Soviet pact has been emptied of all its value, the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente are dislocated. France has been separated from all her eastern friends and isolated in Western Europe.

These conditions are the consequences of the policy of Sir Robert Vansittart, in which France has acquiesced, and he is far too intelligent not to have foreseen them. This does not mean that he is hostile to France or desires to do harm to France. On the contrary, it is probable, indeed almost certain, that he regrets what he believes to be the necessity of leaving Hitler a free hand in Central and Eastern Europe. The traditional aim of British policy has been to hold the balance in such a way as to prevent any other power from becoming dominant on the Continent and, when there has appeared to be a danger of that happening, to intervene on behalf of the weaker side. This traditional policy of the balance of power has now been abandoned. It is true that there has always been in British diplomacy a school in favor of an alliance with the strongest power on the Continent, but that school has nearly always been in the minority and has rarely succeeded in applying its policy. The only important departure from the policy of the balance of power, which involves freedom for England from any definite and permanent commitment on the Continent, was made by Salisbury and Joseph Chamberlain more than forty years ago, when they offered an alliance to Germany.

It is perhaps too soon to say that an alliance with Germany has once again become a definite aim of British policy, but it cannot be doubted that it is the policy of Sir Robert Vansittart and of Neville Chamberlain, the new British Prime Minister, whose dream is to revive his father's policy and to succeed where his father failed. Pro-German feeling is strong in the House of Lords, in the City of London, and in the English ruling classes generally, and, strangely enough, the friends of Hitler include some politicians on the left, such as Lord Allen of Hurtwood, Lord Ponsonby, Lord Noel-Buxton, and George Lansbury, whose motives, however, are not the same as those of the Tory pro-Nazis. They are for peace at any price and fondly believe that peace will be secured by making concessions to Hitler.

An alliance or even a close understanding with Nazi Germany would not, however, go through without strong opposition. In the British Cabinet itself there is a minority opposed to, or at least uneasy about, present British policy. It includes Eden, who is probably sincerely favorable to the system of the League of Nations and what is called collective security. Unfortunately his past conduct suggests that he has neither the character nor the courage to make a stand. In the City of London there is an influential group, which is said to be growing in numbers, strongly opposed to any financial or other concessions to Germany. It is represented by an ably edited periodical called the *Banker*. This group is in strong opposition to the Bank of England and its governor, Montagu Norman, who is intensely pro-Nazi and works in close cooperation with Dr. Schacht. In politics there are Conservatives like Winston Churchill and the Duchess of Atholl and independents like Eleanor Rathbone opposed to the foreign policy of the government and in favor of a system of collective security for Europe with the participation of England; but one can never be sure how long Winston Churchill will remain of the same mind.

The danger is that, since few people in England seem to realize what British policy really is, the country may some day be presented with a *fait accompli* and rushed into accepting it. There is no effective political opposition. The Labor and Liberal parties have no leadership and seem incapable of any energetic action. The Labor Party is actually losing ground in by-elections because it has no alternative policy to offer the electors, thousands of whom do not trouble to vote at all.

The new British policy is based on the following argument. England must never go to war unless the interests of the British Empire are involved—that is to say, the only war permissible is the kind of war forbidden by the Kellogg Pact. British interests would not be involved in the event of a war between Germany and any country east of the Rhine. It follows that Article 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations must be got rid of and that England must join in no pact of mutual assistance. The League of Nations must be "reformed" in such a way as to make it a mere debating society. If, however, Germany attacked France or Belgium or Holland, British interests would be involved, and England would have to go to war with Germany. This being so, France must be compelled to abandon all its commitments east of the Rhine. For if Germany attacked Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, and France went to the aid of Czecho-Slovakia, England would almost certainly be involved in the war between France and Germany, and that must never happen in such circumstances.

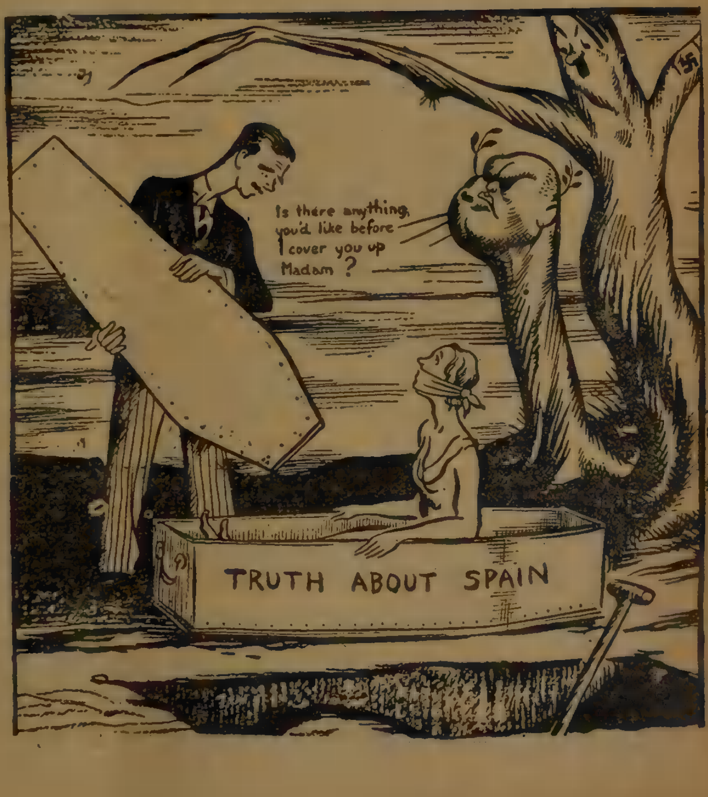
It will be seen that the policy is quite logical. Whether it is not a shortsighted policy is another question. When Hitler had become the master of the greater part of the European Continent, he might follow the example of Napoleon and turn his attention to England. Hitler himself has said in "Mein Kampf" that for the moment Germany must not try to be a world power, because an alliance with England is necessary, but he has also said that ultimately "Germany will be a world power or nothing at all." The aim of Vansittart's policy is to force Germany to be and remain a European Continental power and not to become a world power. The calculation is that by the time Hitler has made himself master of the Continent east of the Rhine, England will be so strongly armed that it will be hopeless for Germany to attack it, and England will be in a position to make an alliance with Germany on its own terms. This is the real reason for England's rearmament. France would then be forced to come into the Anglo-German combination and would sink to the position of a second-class power under Anglo-German control. In my opinion this policy, which is not unlike a division of the world into British and German spheres of influence, is a serious menace to the United States of America.

Even if I had no solid grounds for my conviction that this description of Vansittart's policy is accurate, I should say that it is the only hypothesis that will explain British policy during the last four years. It explains British acquiescence in German rearmament and the refusal of the British government in 1933 to join in any steps to stop it. It explains the Anglo-German naval agreement, which gave Germany the command of the North Sea but not a navy large enough to embark on a world policy and enter into competition with England. It explains why the British government persuaded the French government to capitulate to Hitler in March, 1936, when he sent the Germany army into the demilitarized zone. There is ground for suspicion that the British government knew of Hitler's intention in advance and did not inform the French government. The military occupation of the demilitarized zone furthered the British policy of cutting France off from Central and Eastern Europe because the fortification by Germany of the frontier has made it much more difficult for France to go to the aid of Czecho-Slovakia or any other country east of the Rhine.

My description of Vansittart's policy explains the action of the British government in the Abyssinian affair. The British government agreed to sanctions only to win an electoral victory, with the firm intention of making them ineffective so as to have an excuse for never applying them again and of dropping them as soon as the electoral victory was won. This policy was initiated by Vansittart, and the general lines of his plan, which was made public about three weeks after the English general election, were communicated by Baldwin to Count de Chambrun, then French Ambassador to Rome, at Aix-les-Bains in September, 1935, during the Assembly of the League of Nations at which Sir Samuel Hoare made his famous speech. Vansittart's policy, as I have described it, explains British hostility to the Franco-Soviet pact and British action in regard to Spain. It explains why the British Foreign Office encouraged Poland to come to terms with Germany in 1933, encouraged Belgium to break the alliance with France and to return to "neutrality," encouraged the Henlein party in Czecho-Slovakia, encouraged Yugoslavia through the British Minister to Belgrade to come to terms with Italy and Germany, and in short did everything in its power to break up the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente. At the Dardanelles conference at Montreux last year Titulescu told the British delegates to their faces that they were trying to break up the Balkan Entente, and he was right. It was evident to everybody at that conference that the British delegation was working for Germany.

I have left to the last what I am convinced has been one of the most important factors in Vansittart's policy, which is also the policy of the majority of the British government, namely, hostility to Soviet Russia and fear of communism. This above all has rallied so large a proportion of the English ruling classes to the idea of an understanding or alliance with Nazi Germany. In spite of all their declarations against the division of Europe into "ideological blocs," they know quite well that the fascist bloc has already been formed, and in their hearts they prefer fascism to communism—a term by which they denote any attempt of organized labor to seize power. They prefer Franco to the Spanish government, although they know that there is no chance in Spain of a Communist regime in the true sense of the term.

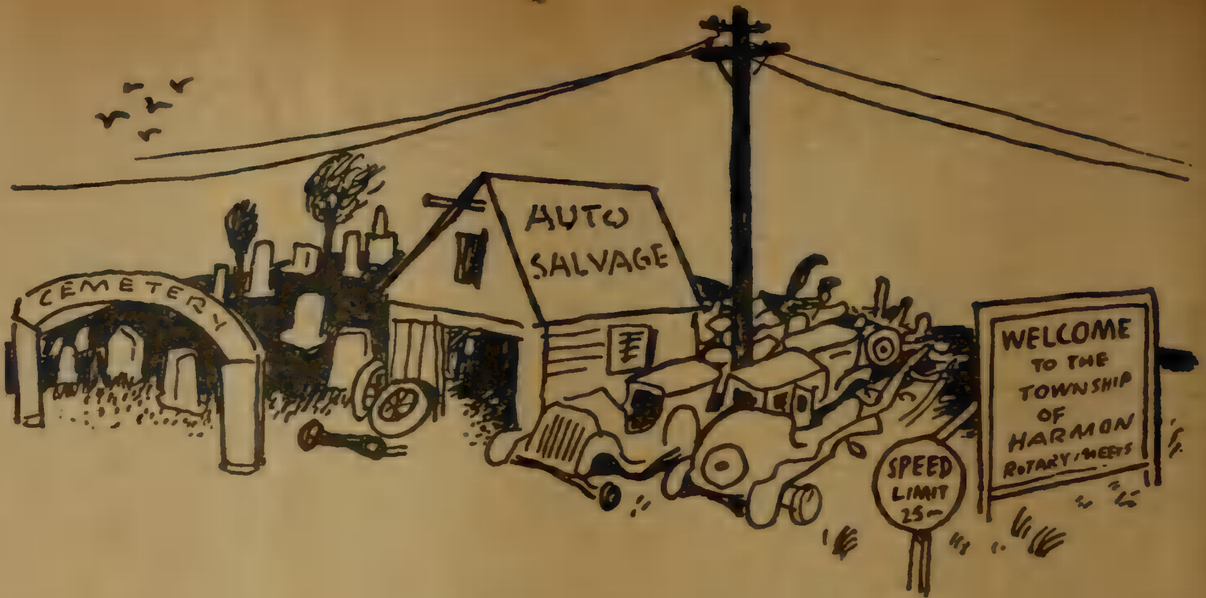
The question now is whether liberal and labor forces in England will awaken to the realities of the situation in time to prevent their country from joining the fascist bloc. The symptoms are not encouraging.


Is there anything you'd like before I cover you up Madam ?
TRUTH ABOUT SPAIN

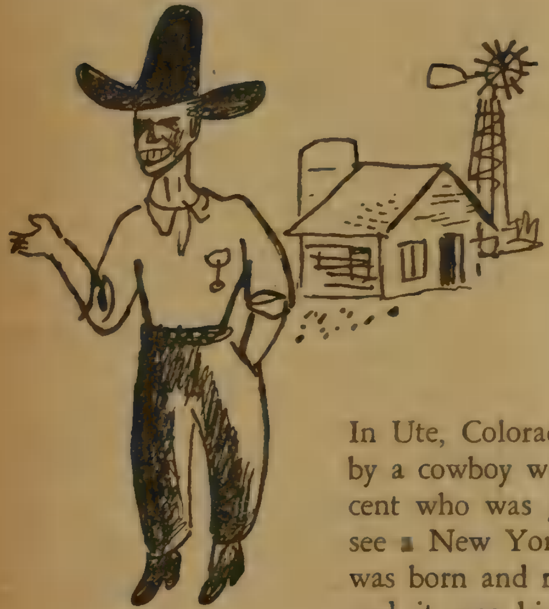
Out West

BY

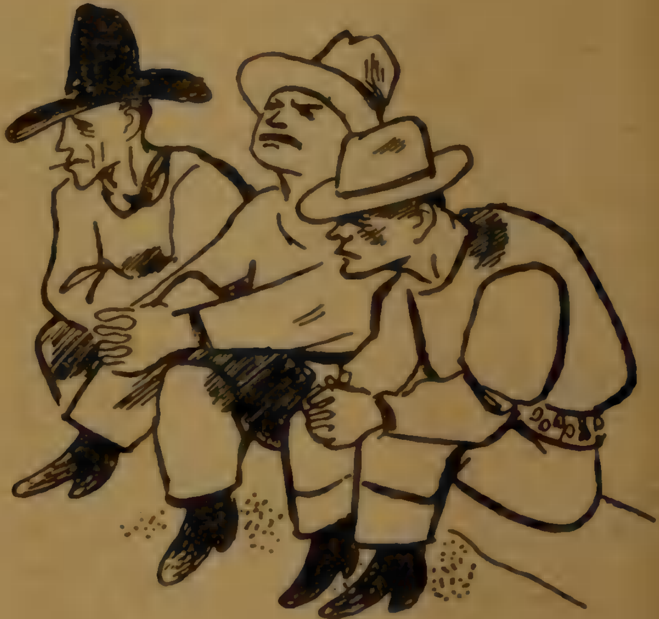
WILLIAM GROPPER


CEMETERY
AUTO SALVAGE
WELCOME TO THE TOWNSHIP OF HARMON ROTARY MEETS
SPEED LIMIT 25

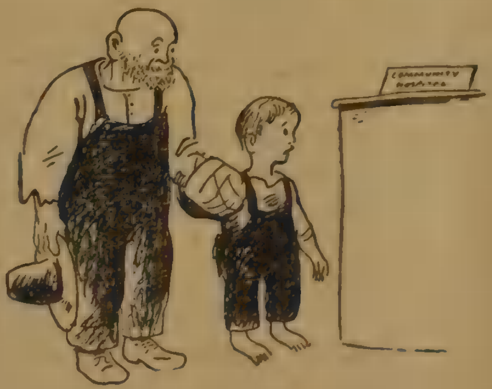
At the entrance of almost every town the tourist is greeted with a welcome sign, the name of the town, the population, when the Rotarians meet, and the speed limit. Right next to it is a junkyard and a cemetery; then you go along Main Street. All Main Streets look alike, with cars parked in front of general stores and the Post Office.



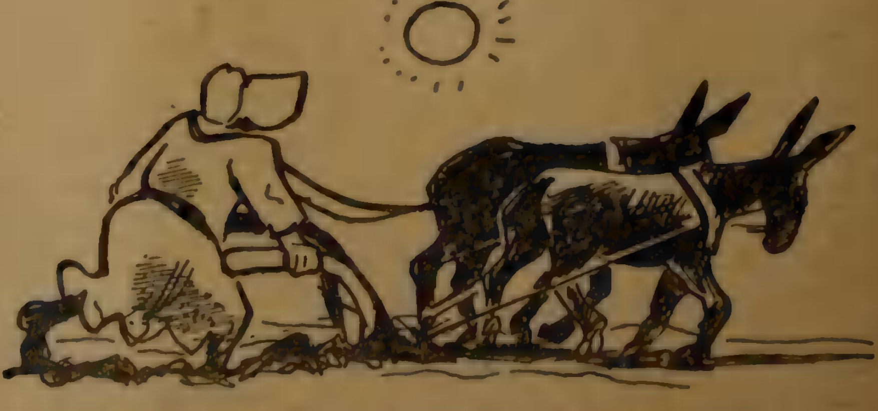
In Ute, Colorado, I was greeted by a cowboy with a southern accent who was gosh-dern glad to see a New York car, because he was born and raised in Brooklyn and it was his home town for thirty years. I asked him how long he had lived in Colorado, and he said three months.



In the State of Kansas men sit on the curb for hours and just look.



In Elk City, Oklahoma, while I was waiting to meet Dr. Shadid, of the Community Hospital, a youngster led in his granddad, who had hurt his hand playing with firecrackers. I also heard a farmer say that if Dr. Shadid ran for Congress he would get all the farmer votes in the vicinity.



Out on the farms, I've seen women do the plowing.

Maine Is Not in the Union

BY AARON LEVENSTEIN

IT'S really true: Maine is not a part of the United States. And what is worse, the people of Maine know it and don't care. Maine's secession from the Union was emphasized in the recent shoe strike conducted by the Committee for Industrial Organization in Lewiston and Auburn. Six strike leaders, together with their attorney, were jailed because they thought they had the protection of the Wagner Act.

Soon after their strike began, the local press informed them that they were strangers in a strange land. The Lewiston *Sun* opened a barrage calling on the manufacturers to have nothing to do with the C. I. O. "The manufacturers should not dare to accept and surrender to the 5-4 Wagner law decision," it thundered. "Our local manufacturers should insist that whatever the Wagner Act means, it does not apply to our Auburn and Lewiston manufacturers." And again: "The shoe manufacturers should refuse to have any conferences with any federal official or with any other outsider." In connection with the Wagner Act, Roosevelt was referred to as "your No. 1 lawbreaker of America . . . your queer-minded President."

These two small Maine towns, separated by the Androscoggin River, which cascades picturesquely between them, have a total population of 50,000. Some 6,500 of them are shoe workers, predominantly French-Canadian. Conditions were rotten-ripe for unionism, with wages averaging $14 a week at most and frequently falling as low as $7 and $8. I talked to two little boys who alternated between French and English in telling how they received 25 cents a week for working long hours after school sweeping up the floors in the Lounge Shoe plant. Organization was inevitable. Led by Powers Hapgood, New England secretary of the C. I. O., the United Shoe Workers of America called for conferences with the manufacturers last March but received no reply. The strike followed, with an overwhelming majority walking out. Action came fast and furious from the companies. In spite of the state's liberal labor-injunction statute, Judge Harry Manser of the Supreme Judicial Court refused to listen to witnesses called by the union, and in the midst of the hearing signed a decree declaring the strike "illegal" because it was directed toward a closed shop.

Meanwhile the chief of police in Auburn forbade picket lines within a radius of 500 feet of any factory. A local attorney, Benjamin J. Arena, who advised the strikers that the chief had no authority to make such a ruling, was thereupon indicted with many others on charges of conspiracy, a felony in Maine. After a two-weeks trial, Arena was acquitted by a jury, but nine of his codefendants were convicted and sentenced to five months' imprisonment and fines of $100 each. During the examination of talesmen, the effect of the newspaper propaganda on the public mind became evident. Three panels were exhausted as prospective jurors passed through the following questioning:

Question: Will the fact that some of the defendants come from outside the state of Maine affect your verdict? Answer: Yes.

Q.: Will the fact that the defendants are connected with the C. I. O. affect your verdict. A.: Yes.

Q.: Do you know what C. I. O. means? A.: No.

At the same time, the authorities proceeded with the enforcement of the injunction. They threatened to close down the food commissary of the strikers, but backed water when faced with determined refusal. Powers Hapgood and five other strike leaders, together with Sidney Grant, a Massachusetts labor lawyer, were charged with contempt of court and haled before Judge Manser. Attorney Grant's contemptuous conduct was an address delivered to a strike meeting. "He stated," testified a witness, the son of a shoe-company executive, called by the manufacturers, "that he was counsel for the organization and that in the event the advice which he gave the shoe workers—in the event that they were arrested—they had a perfect right to use the telephone, to plead not guilty, and if they were subjected to any third degree that they were to notify or let their counsel know immediately, that they might serve action for assault and battery against those who would be responsible for such action of the third degree upon them. He also stated that no judge or any court of law can proclaim a strike illegal. That is all I recall of what he said." Grant was jailed for advising his clients of their legal rights.

Governor Lewis Barrows contributed to the drive against the union by sending in the militia. While the newspapers were telling the manufacturers to disregard the Wagner Act as hostile to their interests, Barrows issued a proclamation in which he declared, echoing Judge Manser, "The present strike is illegal under the terms of the Wagner Act"—despite the explicit provision of the law that "nothing in this act shall be construed so as to interfere with or impede or diminish in any way the right to strike."

The conduct of the contempt proceedings before a jury, as required by the Maine statute, was a further illustration of judicial contempt for law. Judge Manser proceeded on the theory that the defendants were being tried for a civil contempt, subject to fine or assessment of damages, and so charged the jury: "If you reach a verdict of guilty, you are not branding a person as a criminal; in other words, this is not a criminal case." But on receiving the verdict of guilty, the learned court imposed jail sentences as in a criminal case.

Manser packed the defendants off immediately to the

Androscoggin County Jail and refused to fix bail. He even kept Ernest Henry, 63-year-old union organizer, under guard in a hospital to which he had to be removed because of tuberculosis, and refused to release any of the men unless they apologized to the court and promised to leave the state. Of course, they all refused. It was only after Arthur Garfield Hays, acting in behalf of the American Civil Liberties Union and the Workers' Defense League, together with C. I. O. attorneys, obtained a writ of habeas corpus from another judge that the right of bail was allowed the union leaders and they were finally released.

The workers have since voted to return to the factories, in view of the decision of the National Labor Relations Board ordering elections under the Wagner Act. In five plants consent elections have already been held, all of which have been won by the C. I. O., and some manufacturers have signed agreements. It is still not known whether the shoe manufacturers in the others will accede to the order of the board or will listen to the Lewiston *Sun*, which says: "You manufacturers must not, after so fine a fight, surrender and submit to anything Dr. Myers (Regional Labor Director) or any of that new-fangled Administration is going to put over on you."

Freedom of the Press Again

BY RUTH BRINDZE

THE newspaper publishers of America have discovered a new threat to freedom of the press. It has nothing to do with the publishing business, with unionization, or with the Newspaper Guild. Radio is the cause of the present agitation. The publishers have discovered a "conspiracy" to prevent them from gaining control of the air.

Until recently the official attitude of the publishers emphasized the essential differences between the radio and the press. As late as the 1936 session of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, Edward H. Harris, chairman of the association's radio committee, had proclaimed with indignation and alarm:

> Journalism could not exist if it were subject to a government license. Radio broadcasting, facsimile printing, and television by their very nature must always be under government license. Attempts of radio to function in the field of journalism must fail, because a government license destroys the freedom on which any journalistic endeavor rests.

These sentences ring with conviction. Yet it now appears that radio stations licensed by the government can function freely in the field of journalism *if* the stations are operated by publishers. In fact, say the leaders of the fourth estate, the only way the free press can be saved is to permit and encourage the publishers to go into the radio business. Their reasoning runs along these lines: the press is a free, unlicensed agency; the radio is licensed; joint ownership makes it possible to operate one as a check and balance to the other.

Back in 1933, when the publishers decreed that news broadcasts must not be sponsored by advertisers and established the Press-Radio Bureau to supply news to radio stations ("See your newspaper for further details"), they also posed as champions of freedom of the press. Permitting an advertiser direct control over the news was a direct affront to a free press, they said, and with this point of view there can be little disagreement. However, the rules and regulations formulated by the publishers, their worry over "spot-news" broadcasting, and the leeway permitted the radio commentators to color the news indicated an obvious attempt to control a competitor which was threatening not only the publishers' advertising income but their circulation as well. If the public could get the news on the radio, it would not buy a newspaper; therefore news broadcasting must be controlled.

The Press-Radio Bureau is still in existence and the few stations actually owned by the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System still adhere to the provisions of the contract signed with the publishers at the famous "Biltmore Conference" to broadcast no spot news except that supplied by the bureau. But the affiliated stations of the networks are not bound by the agreement, and the number of news broadcasts sponsored by brewers, silk-stocking manufacturers, gasoline refiners, and others has steadily increased. The bureau scheme is an admitted failure. Since 1935 the Associated Press, the United Press, Mr. Hearst's two newsgathering organizations, the International News Service and the Universal Service, have been selling their news to radio stations, which in turn sell the news programs to advertising sponsors. Last year it was estimated that the news agencies collected $3,000,000 from the radio industry, while from the sale of news programs the stations derived an income in excess of $15,000,000.

Some of the publishers are still bitter about the defection of the press associations, but the more practical and realistic among them realized several years ago that the only way to compete with radio was to go into the broadcasting business themselves. In December, 1933, when the Press-Radio Bureau was established, only 98 stations were owned by publishers; in February, 1937, they controlled 200 stations, and had filed with the Federal Communications Commission 103 applications for new stations and eight other applications for the transfer of stations to newspaper control. Information on ownership required by the commission does not extend to the ultimate control, and there is no way of learning how many of the other 685 stations in operation in February of this year were dominated or owned by newspapers. According to a conservative estimate, the publishers now own or control more than one-fourth of all radio stations. They intend to increase their holdings. At the 1937 convention of the A. N. P. A. there was a meeting of all publishers who owned stations, had applications pending, or intended to apply for permission to operate a station to discuss ways and means of spiking the enemies in Washington. It was decided that no open lobbying was to be carried on; but pressure was to be exerted in other ways.

The campaign is, of course, to be based on the free-press issue, and the publishers have discovered an effective ogre to parade before the public—namely, a bill introduced during the present session by Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, providing for a $750,000 appropriation for the establishment of a government-owned broadcasting station. Such a station, Mr. Harris warned his fellow members of the A. N. P. A., "will be capable of broadcasting a governmental news service not only to all foreign countries but also to all parts of our own country."

Irvin Stewart of the Federal Communications Commission took a different view in his dissenting opinion on the granting of a license to the El Paso *Times*. The application had been opposed by Station KTSM of El Paso, on the ground that "public convenience, interest, or necessity" would not be served, since the city could not support two stations, and that to license the newspaper station would force the independent one out of business. The threat to free speech and a free press of such unified control of the instruments which mold public opinion was clearly enunciated by Commissioner Stewart in one of the last opinions rendered before his resignation on June 30.

> Broadcasting has given the listener the means of checking on the newspaper. More important, it has given him a means to supplement the information he gets from the paper, to get matter denied him in the process of editorial selection or because of the limited resources of the publisher. . . . Obviously the newspaper and the broadcast station cannot be checked against each other when both are under the same control. To some this solicitude for channels of information independent of each other may seem a counsel of confusion; to me is a principal hope of democracy.

There are now 113 cities in which all local broadcast stations are under newspaper control. To what extent this number will be increased during the next year remains to be seen. The publishers pooh-pooh the argument that any danger exists in the unification of control of radio and the press, but one of the incidents reported in the American Civil Liberties Union study of radio censorship indicates the possibilities. In July, 1934, State Senator Paul Stewart (no relation to the commissioner) was campaigning for election to the Oklahoma Corporation Commission, and for one of his stump speeches he bought time from WKY, a station owned by a subsidiary of the Oklahoma Publishing Company. When the speech was submitted to the station censors, in accordance with the usual requirements, they discovered that one paragraph was devoted to a criticism of the corporation owning both the station and the local newspapers. Senator Stewart was asked to delete the paragraph. When he refused he was informed that he would not be permitted to broadcast, and his money was refunded.

The powerful publishing chains now have a firm foothold in the radio industry. Hearst Radio, Inc., holds ten stations in its own name: WINS, New York; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WBAL, Baltimore; WISN, Milwaukee; KYA, San Francisco; KEHE, Los Angeles; WACO, Waco; KOMA, Oklahoma City; KNOW, Austin, and KTSA, San Antonio. Another Texas station, KFJZ, was bought in June of this year by Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, whose husband is vice-president of Hearst's radio company. Hearst is said to be playing the angel to other stations, including WSAY of Rochester and WMEX of Boston. Recently he has been angling for WGST of Atlanta, for which Sam Pickard former radio commissioner and executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System, now holds the license. It is Hearst's reported ambition to own a radio station in every city in which he publishes a newspaper. He is also widening his sphere of influence by the sale of Hearst news to radio stations. There were, in 1936, 185 stations broadcasting Hearst news.

Scripps-Howard has not fared so well with the commission. Shortly before the 1936 election, Scripps-Howard's broadcasting subsidiary, Continental Radio, Inc., filed two applications which were denied on the ground that the company's financial condition did not warrant the granting of the licenses. Continental was then operating two stations, WNOX of Knoxville and WCPO of Cincinnati. A few months after the denial of its applications, Scripps-Howard bought the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, and with it acquired stations WMC and WNBR, two of the three biggest stations in Memphis. These purchases were approved by the commission. There has recently been a reorganization of Continental Radio Company. Its name was changed to Scripps-Howard Radio, Inc. Jack Howard was elected president and M. H. Aylesworth, formerly president of the National Broadcasting Company and before that managing director of the national Electric Light Association, became a member of the board of directors. In addition to the four stations for which it holds licenses Scripps-Howard is affiliated with at least one other, KOB, of Albuquerque, licensed to the business manager of Scripps's Rocky Mountain division.

The Gannett newspaper chain owns seven stations, six in New York and one in Connecticut, and had four applications for new stations filed with the commission; in Pennsylvania the Steinman brothers have four stations and two more in Delaware; the Capper publications have two stations, and the McClatchy interests five.

There is no indication that immediate legislative action will be taken to prevent the acquisition of radio by the publishers. The Wearin bill, introduced early in the present Congressional session, which would prohibit joint ownership of newspapers and radio stations, is still in committee, and the radio inquiry suggested by Senator Wallace White, Jr., coauthor of the Radio Act of 1927, will apparently not even be started. But the publishers' campaign is under way. Free speech is the theme.

Behind China's Conflict

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

AT eleven o'clock on the evening of July 7 Japanese troops conducting night maneuvers in the countryside southwest of Peiping suddenly became engaged in a sharp armed conflict with the Chinese soldiers who were intrusted with the defense of that area. The immediate cause of the clash is shrouded in mystery. The Japanese assert that their troops were engaged in regular maneuvers when they were attacked by a band of Chinese soldiers. As proof of the claim that they had no aggressive intention they have stated that each soldier had only one ball cartridge, the remainder being blanks. The Chinese, on the other hand, insist that the Japanese did the attacking, and point out that the battle started deep in Chinese territory.

If this sudden outbreak of hostilities had occurred any time between May, 1933—when the Japanese first marched to the gates of Peiping—and the beginning of the present year, it would have occasioned no surprise. But for the past six months the relations between China and Japan have been unusually placid. Following the defeat of the Japanese-supported Mongolian-Manchurian troops in Suiyuan last winter and the change in Nanking's policy after the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek, Japan appeared to have abandoned its territorial and political aims in favor of a more subtle program of economic penetration. On China's side, there seemed to be a let-down in anti-Japanese agitation, accompanied, paradoxically enough, by a stiffening of Chinese resistance to all threats of Japanese aggression.

But beneath this seemingly placid surface lay the fundamental instability created by Japan's five years of unceasing aggression. Japan had repeatedly failed in its efforts to create a five-province puppet state in North China similar to Manchoukuo. It had succeeded, however, in dividing this region into three zones which it dominated in varying degrees. Jehol and parts of Chahar are controlled directly by the Japanese administration of Manchoukuo. The so-called "demilitarized zone," with its capital at Tungchow, twelve miles east of Peiping, is almost as directly under Japanese domination, though nominally ruled by Yin Ju-keng, a renegade Chinese who has openly embraced Japanese "culture." The remainder of Hopei, the province in which Peiping and Tientsin are located, together with parts of Chahar, is controlled by the Hopei-Chahar Political Council, headed by General Sung Cheh-yuan. Although this council is composed in large part of old-line Chinese officials who are favorable to Japan, it has never formally severed its connections with Nanking. Some of the leaders of the council, including Sung Cheh-yuan himself, are at heart anti-Japanese but were too good politicians to oppose Japan as long as its power was predominant. The upsurge of Chinese nationalism in recent months has been reflected in a reassertion of Nanking's influence on the council. A Japanese protest against this development was filed, significantly enough, just a day or two before the outbreak of hostilities.

Equally disquieting to the Japanese has been the prospect of an alliance between Nanking and the Chinese Communists. Recent reports from China indicate that such an alliance would have been concluded by the end of this month. The Communists have called off their war against the Kuomintang; the soviet system is being abandoned in favor of a democratic system; and the Red Army has nominally recognized the authority of Nanking. The central government, in return, has apparently pledged itself to uncompromising resistance to Japanese aggression. Opposition to communism has long been the cardinal principle of Japanese policy. It served a multitude of purposes. It has been used as a smoke screen to conceal aggression; it has also been valuable tactically as a means of creating a breach within China and of forestalling an alliance between China and the Soviet Union. The possibility that the events of July 7 may have been deliberately planned to prevent the Kuomintang-Communist alliance from being consummated is supported by the fact that Japan has included the suppression of communism in its four demands for a settlement of the immediate controversy.

There still remains the question why Japanese troops were maneuvering late at night in Chinese territory. Technically, the Boxer Protocol gives Japan a right to station troops in Peiping. Most of the leading powers, including the United States, maintain small detachments in the former legation quarter. But in addition to its troops in Peiping, the Japanese have maintained a detachment at Fengtai, a strategic railway junction southeast of the city. In an attempt to justify this obvious infringement of Chinese sovereignty, the Japanese have cited the provision in the Boxer Protocol giving the powers the right to keep the railway open between Peiping and the sea. But this still does not explain the presence of the Japanese troops at Lukouchiao, which is some distance from the Peiping-Tientsin railway.

It is difficult to believe that the Japanese actually wanted a war when they planned these night maneuvers. All that was probably intended was an impressive demonstration of military prowess such as has been successful in the past. Japan has little to gain and much to lose by a war with China. It already has as large a colonial empire as it can handle in Korea, Manchuria, and North China. Without railroads and highways, it would be impossible to overrun the whole or even the larger part of Chinese territory. Moreover, the Chinese army must not be discounted. Numerically it is much larger than any the Japanese could possibly put in the field. While the greater part of it is wholly unfit for modern warfare, there are units, comprising several hundred thousand soldiers, which in equipment, training, and morale are at least the equals of the Japanese. If Japan were motivated solely by self-interest it would avoid war regardless of the loss of "face" that might be involved in backing down at this late date. But it is the law of aggression that there can be no turning back.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Reelect La Guardia

"THERE is no *Ersatz* for justice," said Fiorello La Guardia, Mayor of New York, recently, in one of those flashes of wit and wisdom which he often shows. It was a body blow to Hitler and all the dictators, for to that sentiment there is no answer possible. It was even more effective than his remark that Hitler ought to be in a chamber of horrors—a statement that I applauded; a statement that got so completely under the skin of the Führer that his errand-boy, the Ambassador in Washington, had to run to Secretary Hull. It is this frank speaking which makes the Mayor so likable and helps to make me eager for his renomination and reelection. I want an official in the City Hall who is not afraid to say what he thinks; who is not considering every minute what he ought to say lest he make some slip or offend somebody. Let us thank heaven Fiorello has so much of the Italian in him—if that is what causes him to say things to make dictators wince and set ambassadors running.

As the years go by the little Mayor seems to shrink in height and get rounder and rounder. On the back seat of his limousine he almost sinks out of sight, especially if he swings from the right-hand door the writing table ingeniously attached to it and goes to work on a pile of official documents in order to save time. The supersensitive are sometimes shocked when the Mayor appears. They say he lacks the impressiveness, the dignity, the fine appearance one might expect in the head of the greatest American city. But no one can listen to La Guardia very long without being impressed and forgetting his physical attributes. He was not too small to be one of the few Congressmen to do what all should have done who voted for the war—go abroad, learn to fight, and go to the front. Here is a genuine personality, hot-headed, perhaps inconsiderate, certainly no dandy, and quite the politician, yet an honest, fearless man withal, lovable in spite of his mistakes, for his humor, his courage, his refusal to respect human monstrosities because they happen to be in seats of power.

Errors? Quite enough. I, for one, have a genuine grudge against him. He asked some of us to serve on a committee to report on the evil conditions which led to the Harlem riots of 1935. We worked hard and conscientiously, only to have our work go largely for nothing because the Mayor received our reports and then delayed their publication for months until their timeliness and much of their effectiveness were gone. He insisted that before publication he must submit each report to heads of his departments criticized, and these gentlemen, perhaps understanding the game, jolly well took their time about replying. So Harlem thinks the Mayor's commission was a dud, and I can't quarrel with its thinking so. Had I been chairman, I should have released each report to the press the day after it was laid on the Mayor's desk, and to the devil with his consideration for his departmental heads. Most of them are not personally responsible for the errors and sins charged to their departments, for the city's abominable neglect of its colored people goes back at least to slavery days. But whether these officials are innocent or guilty of neglect, we were appointed not to regard their feelings and waste our time, but to tell the truth as we saw it.

There are plenty besides myself who have their sore spots. Some deservedly so. I have no sympathy with the complaint of the machine Republicans. Their grievance is at bottom that Fiorello has honored himself by not giving them more jobs and perquisites. Others have genuine cause for complaint because of this omission or that commission. Those of us who have for years fought the third-degree wickedness of the police grieve deeply that the Mayor killed the bill at Albany to end the disgraceful torturing that goes on in our prisons and police stations. The city has a right to growl some because Fiorello is one of those executives who seek to do everything themselves and are constantly behindhand or behind time—he sometimes fairly disappears behind the papers piled up on his desk. Work? Yes, he works all the time. Never in my lifetime has there been a Mayor who worked as hard or conscientiously and took so little time off for himself. Politics in his office? Yes, quite a little, for after all he is a politician, but I have not been able to say of a single act that he took the stand he did to advance his political fortunes. If he were thinking of himself and his future many of those fine "wisecracks" would die upon his lips. And as for honesty! Never have we had in the City Hall anyone more certainly or completely honest, more rigidly set against all graft, all favoritism.

So there he sits, and there he should be kept, this apparently cherubic Mayor. But cherubic he is not. He gets righteously and gloriously mad too often, mad against injustice, against any pretended *Ersatz* for justice, against those who bear down on the poor and struggling. He *is* for the underdog; he *is* for the disadvantaged; he *is* for labor; he *is* against special privilege, and he has proved it over and over again. Less important but true is it that as a whole his administration of New York stands unsurpassed for its great record of achievement in almost every line in the face of terrific social and financial odds, unequaled in its freedom from scandal. Under no mayor that I can recall has the city gone forward so steadily, so sanely, so economically, in short, just as the American metropolis ought to serve its people and ought to rise higher and higher in the scale of decency and humane trusteeship for all within its boundaries. I am for La Guardia's renomination and reelection, first and last and all the time.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

HOW GERMANY PERSECUTES WRITERS

BY LION FEUCHTWANGER

THE resolution which the German group has submitted to the congress* is in no wise prompted by political considerations, but emerges from a sincere and profound anxiety for German literature, which we consider a notable part of world literature. As you are aware, this protest is directed against the German government's interference with the activities of a large number of German authors who stand opposed to the regime, and against its attempts to defame them in the eyes of the public at large.

Book catalogues before Hitler's advent had listed about 10,000 German authors. It is not easy to discover objectively which of these writers enjoyed eminence and reputation within Germany. If one applies as a yardstick the size of the editions and the number and fervor of the reviews—at best, a rough measuring device, although there is scarcely a better one—it appears that out of these 10,000 authors roughly 100 may have been of importance within the boundaries of Germany. It is somewhat easier to ascertain which of these authors were renowned outside Germany—*i.e.*, were of world importance. American scholars have been at pains to answer this question.

As a basis for their calculation they took into account the number of translations, the size of editions of such translated works, and the number of reviews exceeding fifty lines in length. In this manner they reached the conclusion that eleven authors writing in the German language enjoy world reputations.

The figures which I now have the honor to place before you are based on booksellers' statistics which endeavor to be as objective as possible. From these statistics it appears that of the one hundred authors who were highly regarded within Germany twelve are still living within its boundaries. Even if one adds to them, to maintain complete objectivity, the authors Hitler, Goebbels, and Rosenberg, they number only fifteen. Of the authors who, according to these methods of calculation, are of international importance, just two are living within the German frontiers—if one includes Hitler the author, there are three.

I beg of you to consider these figures; they are worth thinking about. We believe that the literature of a country cannot flourish when its most important representatives are forced to live outside the country in which their language is spoken. We believe that such a condition is harmful not only to the individuals concerned but also to the country itself—indeed, to the world. It must also follow that the German language, both spoken and written, must lose in vigor and purity from month to month, and that, in consequence, all intellectual life must suffer.

Permit me now to tell you something of the petty warfare carried on by the German government against German authors who, like ourselves, are living in exile. You can scarcely imagine, dear colleagues, the meanness and spitefulness of this struggle.

The German authorities were not content to prohibit and to burn the books of these authors. The property of many of them has been confiscated, the homes and libraries of some have been pillaged and destroyed, and the most prominent of these writers have been deprived of their citizenship, so that, without papers of identification, they are robbed of their liberty and freedom. Furthermore, the official German publishers and booksellers threaten with every form of reprisal foreign publishers and booksellers who print or sell works of these exiled German men of letters. Moreover, the authorities drove a good bargain by exiling those writers who do not support the Nazi cause. For example, they did not destroy all the copies of the books which were so spectacularly consigned to the flames. A great number of them were saved, and these copies, with the approval of the authorities, were shipped abroad and sold. The German government therefore has permitted books which were suppressed within Germany as poisonous and destructive to be offered and sold to Germans abroad. The authors, however, were not credited with the royalties from the sale of these books; the profits thus made were returned as foreign exchange into the coffers of the Reich government. It thus became impossible for an author to have his works reprinted abroad, because the market was glutted with these cut-price books, which the German government had ordered sold without paying the writer the profit to which he was entitled.

The German government has used its entire state machinery to prosecute this campaign against the free German authors. The government-controlled newspapers and the government-controlled radio proclaim that these authors are guilty of high treason; they even attribute to their literary activity the vilest of motives. One and all, we are corrupt and bribed. The official organs of the German government publish the exact figures. I, for instance, am supposed to have received 450,000 francs. If one believes the German government, those whom the world in general considers representative of German literature are scoundrels and fools—with the exception of the two who remain in Germany.

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* Lion Feuchtwanger, noted German author, now in exile, headed a delegation of his countrymen to the Fifteenth International Congress of the Pen Club in Paris last month, on which occasion he delivered the above address.

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In its classical period, German literature gave currency to the idea of a universal literature and a commonwealth of learning. Its representatives, in the finest sense of the word, were cosmopolitans. They would have turned away in disgust from the program of self-sufficiency which now trammels all intellectual life in the Reich, and many of their works read as if they were protests against what is going on in Germany today.

I think, dear colleagues, we all have good reason to protest vigorously against the methods with which the German government persecutes the free German author. It seems to me that this is a fight which concerns not only the writers of Germany but all who are interested in literature.

Therefore the German group asks the Fifteenth International Congress of the Pen Club to resolve:

"The fight which the German government is waging against the German author Karl von Ossietzky, winner of the Nobel Prize, is unworthy of a cultured state. Unworthy of a cultured state are, furthermore, the methods by which this same government tries to prevent a great number of noted German authors who remain steadfast to their convictions from the pursuit of their craft. The congress disapproves of these methods and protests against them."

BOOKS

Pitimini's Advocate

SPAIN: A TRAGIC JOURNEY. By F. Theo Rogers. The Macauley Company. $2.50.

THIS book is dedicated to the proposition that General Franco (known in Spain as Pitimini, on account of his treble voice and hysterical nature) is the savior of the Spanish people. The reader is informed in an introduction, on the dust-cover, and in all the ads that Mr. Rogers is a liberal newspaperman who was a sympathizer with the republic when he went to Spain but later turned to Franco as the only hope because of what he saw. We are assured of this by the Reverend Francis Talbot, S.J., and by Mr. Rogers himself.

No one, says Mr. Rogers, could have been better equipped than he to judge between the two sides without partiality. If his opinions diverge sharply from the findings of the great majority of foreign newspapermen who have been reporting the war, it is because they were not as well equipped as he to ascertain the true facts. The best people, he says, can be fooled: witness a British Catholic M.P. named McGovern who went to look on his own and came out sympathetic to Madrid. Mr. Rogers speaks Spanish, has lived for many years in the Philippines, and went on vacation trips to Spain, where all the nicest people called him Theo. Mahatma Gandhi calls him Theo too. When he got to Barcelona in July, certain wealthy friends told him the army was going to take over the government in order to save Spain. It was to be a "democratic uprising," backed by "everybody" in Spain—everybody, that is to say, except the populace, which, as Mr. Rogers is sure, is made up of Anarchists and thugs. True, the republican government was a legally elected government, but it wasn't democratic and it wasn't a government, because there was so much unrest and so many strikes. Only one man, Gil Robles, could have saved the country. But the president wouldn't hand the government over, so what could the army and the best people do?

Mr. Rogers was in Barcelona on July 19. If one pauses to consider the thesis of his book, the two pages in which he describes the fighting make odd reading. He classifies the contenders as "the military" and the "Popular Army" consisting of "civil guards, national guards, and the mob." What Theo Rogers saw from his balcony is worth quoting:

> Slowly the military seemed to be gaining the upper hand. Suddenly there was a lull. Some one from the Barcelona mob shouted in stentorian tones, "Soldiers, brothers, why are you fighting us?" And the reply came from a deep-throated infantryman, "We don't know." Then a flag of truce was displayed and there came calls for a conference. . . . The officers could do nothing to prevent fraternizing. All the soldiers knew was that they had been ordered out with war equipment, told that the watchword was "Viva España." . . . It did not take long for the orators of the mob to convince the soldiers that theirs was the side of oppression. . . . Before this spectator could realize it, the soldiers, almost in a body, had changed sides.

Yet Mr. Rogers maintains that "the military" represents the true Spain and that even in Catalonia 90 per cent of the people favor them. The reason for that, he says, is to be found in the atrocities committed by the Popular Army. In Barcelona Mr. Rogers himself did not see any. He was in a house that was fired on and searched, and in that case the Popular militia not only hurt no one but actually left a guard to watch over the family of the big tobacco industrialist Theo was staying with. Theo walked around until late that night with a little white dog at his heels and nobody bothered him, but he attributes that to the probable intervention of his mother in heaven. The rest he knows only from hearsay, but he assures you that it's reliable hearsay. You can take his word for the atrocities.

Mr. Rogers's vacation was spoiled, and you would think he would have gone home after the war broke out, yet he stayed six months longer. He tells in detail how he got wealthy friends out of Spain by using his American passport and threats of American destroyers (many of these friends are now working elsewhere for Franco). Mr. Rogers also relates how helpful the American consul Lynn Franklin was. The Ambassador evidently wouldn't cooperate, thereby earning the contempt of Mr. Rogers. Theo then went to Biarritz, where there was "a gay cosmopolitan circle," practically all of them dukes and counts and all of them very helpful to Franco. Rogers went into Pitimini's Spain, where he held conferences, he says, with the chiefs. He also saw a good deal of Franco's head press-agent, Major Bollins. From end to end of Franco's territory, he says, he saw not a single Italian. He did see Moors, but his Moors are Spaniards. On the other hand he knows from absolutely reliable hearsay that there are whole regiments of Russians on the Madrid front. Needless to say, the conferences with Pitimini and his friends convinced Theo that their cause was a sacred one.

Next Mr. Rogers, still on vacation it would seem, went to London and through the influence of Marcus Samuel addressed the Commons on behalf of Franco. After that he came to this country, where he saw President Roosevelt and a number of other people in the same cause. No doubt he urged recognition of Franco and the granting of belligerent rights. Mr. Rogers finds it lamentable that in America Franco is regarded as a fascist. To be sure, the general admires

Which Brands Are Best Buys?

Consumers Union Reports for July give you unbiased judgments of experts on the products below—in most cases with ratings, based on laboratory and use tests, as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable"

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Camera experts report on the comparative quality of over 40 leading makes of American and foreign made miniature cameras—including Leica, Contax, Rolleiflex. Eastman Bantam Special, Korelle, National Graflex, Argus, and Retina.

Electric Fans

Tests of 22 models show marked differences in efficiency between apparently similar fans. Only one is rated a "Best Buy."

Golf Balls

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between the yardage you can get from one of the good balls in this test and one of the poor ones. Sixteen brands are rated.

Summer Gasolines

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Sixty-seven samples from the East, South, Mid-West, and West, including Esso, Sinclair Tydol, Co-op, and Shell, were tested this year. Savings of from one to four cents a gallon can be made on some of the "Best Buys"

Sunburn Preventives

SOME WORK—SOME DON'T

CU's tests of sun oils, lotions, and creams disclosed only one that gave complete protection, three that gave reliable partial protection, five that were fair, and fourteen that were "Not Acceptable."

Bathing Suits

Seven women's and seven men's models were tested. The most expensive suit tested had very poor colorfastness to sunlight. The cheapest suit tested had the best colorfastness to sunlight.

Tennis Balls

AND RACKETS

One of the most popular balls was the poorest

Leading brands of balls, rackets and strings are rated as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable" and "Not Acceptable." American-made balls compare very poorly with the best English products.

Coming in the August Issue

REPORTS ON

Refrigerators
Inner Tubes
Photographic Films, Exposure Meters, etc.
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☐ Jan.-Feb.—Men's Suits, Cold Remedies, Shaving Creams;
☐ March—Autos, Flour, Face Powders;
☐ April—Shirts, Cold Creams, Gardening;
☐ May—Trailers, Washing Machines, and the first of a series of articles on the causes and treatment of constipation;
☐ June—Large Cameras. House Dresses, Radio Tubes, Sanitary Napkins.

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MECHANICAL Refrigerators

Ratings of 1937 Models

Westinghouse, Coldspot, Ward's, Leonard, and Crosley models are rated in this issue on the basis of performance tests. The August issue of the *Reports* will carry information, including ratings, on a number of other makes.

Motor Oils

CHEAP OILS ARE "BEST BUYS"

Summer oils from 13 to 20 cents a quart are rated as "Best Buys." Several 25 and 35 cent oils are rated "Not Acceptable." Penn-Rad, New Texaco, Atlantic, Mobiloil, and Essolube included in tests.

Ice Boxes

Fifteen models rated. Recent models show great improvement over ice boxes of past years.

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the totalitarian system, and it is true he is a dictator and has declared that the corporative state would be a good idea for Spain. Yet, like Theo himself, Pitimini is not only a staunch liberal but God's gift to suffering Spain. Rogers really uses language like that.

The Reverend Francis Talbot, S.J., and Sir Willmott Lewis vouch for the integrity of Mr. Rogers. If he tells stories he can't prove and if he twists facts to fit these stories and if he sees Spain from the same angle as Juan March and Hitler, that's just his liberal, impartial, and objective outlook. Another introduction—the book is full of testimonials—says that Theo is a fine fellow, and honest, too. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt wrote that one for him.

ANITA BRENNER

History and Case History

NORTHWEST PASSAGE. By Kenneth Roberts. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

THE WHEEL TURNS. By Gian Dàuli. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THE historical novel offers the reader an escape from contemporary realities, just as it offers the author an escape from any significant literary problems and judgments. Its concern is with the arrangement rather than with the interpretation of fact, and the author's task is one of carpentry and reconstruction rather than of creation. Its value, consequently, depends more upon the reader's mood than any literary qualities inherent in the work, while the author's talent is almost determined by his ability to render facts unconvincing and to surround recorded events with the atmosphere of fictitiousness and unreality. Kenneth Roberts's talent is of just this kind. His pre-Revolutionary yarn reads like a schoolboy's dream of the Wild West. Its action seems hallucinated, its characters somnambulistic. History itself seems reduced to melodramatic implausibility. What saves the book from the furnace and provides its substance and coherence quite beyond Mr. Roberts's ingenuity is fact. Fact comes to the rescue of inferior writing, just as the writing itself often enlivens the fact. Blustering heroism and blood-and-thunder claptrap, when based on real events, cannot avoid the ring of authenticity—even if the authenticity is not the author's own. Accuracy of detail and conscientious research are Mr. Roberts's saving grace. His work is otherwise undistinguishable from the blood-curdling paper-backed G. A. Henty of another generation. Briefly, "Northwest Passage" is an account of Colonel Rogers and the Rogers Rangers, of their adventures during the French and Indian wars, of the taking of the Indian stronghold of St. Francis, of hunger and death and heroism, of Rogers in London, of his attempt to discover the Northwest Passage, of his humiliation and disgrace in debtors' jail, and finally of his exploits against the Colonials during the American Revolution. Rogers is variously represented as childishly naive, poetically brave, superbly heroic, incorrigibly human, as versatile as Da Vinci, as much of a "card" as Davy Crockett. Those are, unfortunately, literary rather than statistical dimensions, and Mr. Roberts's hero does not carry them with convincing aplomb. The lesser characterizations, on the other hand, are automatized, facilitate the movement of the narrative, and do general justice to Mr. Roberts's research.

In contrast to Kenneth Roberts's novelized history, we have Gian Dàuli's novelized case history. Where one author concerns himself with the fact, the other is preoccupied with the "act" and its relationship to the individual in terms of his past, his immediate environment, and his early habits. If Mr. Dàuli had, in turn, related the individual to society, generalized the "act" (which in this case happens to be prompted by sexual unbalance) into causes external to the individual himself, "The Wheel Turns" would be a significant portrait of the decay of the bourgeoisie.

But Mr. Dàuli's method, like the psychiatrist's, is particularized; the individual is interpreted as an isolated "consciousness" whose subjective realities have merely an accidental reference to the greater realities of the world outside. Giovannino is neurotic because his mother and father were neurotic. The cause of their neuroticism, however, is never analyzed or explained. The gradual dissolution of the entire Penta family, their fall from middle-class respectability to beggary and insanity, though brilliant in its recital, is no more general in its implications than the predicament of a household suffering from a special disease. The tragedy of Giovannino himself—his fixation on the victim of a boyhood seduction, his final degradation and death—is, one feels, the result of Giovannino's own weakness in his conflict with himself. Mr. Dàuli's treatment is clinical in its fatalism. The enemy of the Pentas is too invisible, too internal; their struggle becomes mystic and futile, just as their defeat, unrelated as it is to an objective force, loses meaning and dramatic inevitability.

CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

Everlasting Yea and Everlasting No

THE POWER TO GOVERN: THE CONSTITUTION—THEN AND NOW. By Walton H. Hamilton and Douglass Adair. W. W. Norton. $2.50.

"THE Power to Govern" is not just another bolt in the current "storm over the Constitution." Like so many others of late, the authors have drawn heavily upon the words of the men who wrote our constitutional scripture; but they have done more than pile up *ipse-dixits* in support of the New Deal proposition that "the power is there." They have succeeded in recreating the economic climate of opinion in which the founding fathers were nurtured.

Their starting point is the majority opinion in the Guffey Coal case, in which Justice Sutherland liquidated the power to govern on the grounds of an alleged constitutional distinction between commerce and manufacture. The authors deny such a distinction, and proceed to give "the learned Justice" an elementary lesson in the rudiments of American constitutional text. Their immediate purpose is to point out that by "commerce" the Constitution meant something entirely different from what latter-day judicial glossators have made it mean. But in doing this they are led to reconstruct the general economic backdrop against which the framers at Philadelphia played their parts. Their most creative research has been devoted to laying bare the underlying drives of eighteenth-century historical development in the mother country and the colonies. Their appeal from the Supreme Court has been not so much to Philadelphia scripture as to that final arbiter which Hegel called "the world court" of history.

The verdict is unanimous, and Justice Sutherland's definition is read out of court. To an enlightened eighteenth-century statesman, whether in Paris or London or at the Philadelphia convention, the word "commerce" denoted the organic sum total of economic activities which distinguished the mercantilistic type of economy from more primitive types. There was no basis, in eighteenth-century usage, for setting off "manufacture" from "commerce." "Commerce" was the seamless web that a market economy spins for itself; a web which by the eighteenth century had become the mantle of national prestige and imperial unity.

The story is told of Flaubert, that when he asked Gautier the secret of becoming a good writer, he was advised to spend most of his time studying the dictionary. It remained for the authors of this book to reveal so delightfully that the same holds true for the good historian of ideas. Until we have had the patience to do for words like "liberalism," "constitution," "constituent power," "democracy," what Professor Hamilton and Mr. Adair have done for the word "commerce," we shall not know where we stand in our fight for the power to govern.

But the authors have not set "the new constitution" of 1787 in quite as historically accurate perspective as they have intended. The high lights of "the constitution then" they have painted in with telling effect; but they have not dealt nearly so effectively with the shadows. The work of the men at Philadelphia was flooded with the light of eighteenth-century mercantilism; but it was also suffused in the long shadow cast by the Middle Ages. Legislators like Hamilton and Madison officiated at a strange marriage between mercantilism and medievalism. And whereas mercantilism was synonymous with power to govern, medievalism was synonymous with non-power to govern. The American Revolution was more than a struggle between two rival camps of mercantilists; it was a struggle between the advocates of the modern doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty and the advocates of the medieval doctrine of a limited constitution.

Because the founding fathers understood and feared the full implications of the power of the democratic majority to govern, they made provision in their document for the anti-governmental tradition which the American colonists had transplanted from Stuart England. Because of their fears that the democratic majority might turn out to be proletarian in its instincts, the framers of the "limited constitution" of 1787 sought to restrain that majority by reinvoking the nebulous law of the Middle Ages—that "brooding omnipresence in the skies" about which the skeptical Justice Holmes liked to twit his fundamentalist brethren. Because they could never be too sure that their quasi-aristocratic senate and their quasi-monarchic executive could really hold out against concerted democratic pressure, they hit upon the formula of an irresponsible Supreme Court which might serve as the carrier of the older medieval concepts of judge-declared law and non-power government.

It is worth remembering that in its recent rebuttal to the New Deal proposition that "the power is there," the Senate Judiciary Committee directed one of its most telling appeals to the "arch-mercantilist" Alexander Hamilton. For it was the author of the 78th and 81st Federalist Papers who by verbal contortions and subtle misreadings of authorities explained away an irresponsible judiciary on the ground that there must be someone in the government with sufficient "fortitude," as he expressed it, to utter a final, unappealable "no" to the duly declared wishes of the majority of voters. It is this "everlasting no" of the Middle Ages which the authors of "The Power to Govern" have tended to drown out with their "everlasting yea" of mercantilism.

From the democratic point of view, the authors have done yeoman service in disproving the notion that the founding fathers believed in *laissez faire*. But the power of the people

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to govern is beset by an even more redoubtable adversary than the myth of *laissez faire*. The "brooding omnipresence" of the Middle Ages, as reembodied in American constitutional logic, is a far more difficult ghost to lay. In coming to grips with the second adversary we cannot turn to our Philadelphia ancestors with any real confidence. There is plenty of 1787 scripture substantiating the right of an irresponsible judiciary to say "no." So it would pay us to dispense with the notion of a race of giants before the flood, on whose broad shoulders we can proceed to doze. The founding fathers were living in as profoundly transitional an era as we are. Their thinking encountered as many dilemmas as our own. The incipient democratic movement of 1937 will not get very far toward the realization of its own objectives by resting on the authority of the distinguished anti-democrats who said so-and-so about so-and-so one hundred and fifty years ago.

EDWIN MIMS, JR.

In Bothwell's Defense

LORD BOTHWELL AND MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. By Robert Gore-Browne. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

BOTH the defamers and the glorifiers of Mary Stuart found it convenient to blacken the memory of Bothwell, says his biographer. He has been portrayed as a vicious and sinister figure, murderer, and seducer; at best a great lover and fighter; criminal, but with vices which were the tribute forced from his strength by his passions and the barbarous and confused duplicities which surrounded him. Mr. Gore-Browne takes a different view. He has spent seven years of research to build up a picture of a statesman and patriot, loyal to his country and to his queen both before and after she became his wife; no angel, but superior to his enemies in religious tolerance, generosity, and honesty. Such a radical reconstruction necessarily affects every big scene in the tragedy of Mary Stuart, and where light is thrown on the dark figure of Bothwell it illumines also that of Mary.

In the welter of politico-religious and dynastic strife, involving nations, groups, and individuals in complex and unstable relationships, a network of double-dealing and crime, it is difficult to follow the shuttle of demonstration with clear perception and judgment. There are eighty-four chief figures in the drama as here presented, and the treatment is often, and especially in the most crucial matter of all—the murder of Darnley—confused and inconclusive. But certain important points are made, it seems to me, convincingly. The long casket letter and the sonnets, the author holds, were not written by Mary but by Anna Throndsen, Bothwell's Danish sweetheart, whom he deserted and who reappears in the last act by a trivial coincidence, unwittingly to seal his fate in a Danish dungeon.

The analysis of the letters, of the interpolations and forgeries held to have been combined with the words of Anna and possibly of Bothwell's wife, is consistent with the author's view of the relations of Bothwell and Mary. Their marriage was not one of passion but of reason on his side, of resignation on hers. Bothwell saw the snares closing in on him and thought that only as her husband and as king could he be safe, and only under his guidance could she be so. Yet on Mary's part one is permitted to surmise a growing affection after the fact and, in both, a sustained and necessary loyalty to each other. Bothwell is acquitted of the actual murder of Darnley, who, forewarned in some way, is seen rushing

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out of the house to be killed by his enemies outside, but the suggestion that Bothwell touched off the explosion and the explanation of his doing so leave both the quantity and the quality of his guilt and the act itself in doubt.

Certain aspects of this devoted and searching study impress one, particularly its air of realism and reasonableness. In spite of gaps and discrepancies, Mary and Bothwell seem more understandable in this version than in most others, less romanticized and fantastic for good or evil; and even though the character of Bothwell is hardly consistent with the author's complete intention, yet its inconsistency is psychologically convincing enough as the opportunistic struggle with forces too strong for him. Mary's tendency to trust and forgive the wrong persons appears as a major element in their fate, but one is glad to see her rescued from the sultry "womanliness" of Zweig's conception.

CLARA GRUENING STILLMAN

A Rural Strain

HOUNDS ON THE MOUNTAIN. By James Still. The Viking Press. $2.

COUNTRY MEN. By James Hearst. The Prairie Press: Muscatine, Iowa. $2.

THESE two books of regional pastorals prove that the poetic huntsmen are similarly up in the Middle West. In each instance the work of these young Americans springs from a single locale and expresses itself in what is almost a single vein: Mr. Still sings in a hushed, though more bitter-edged, voice of the highland farmer and the highland flowers of Troublesome Creek, Kentucky, while Mr. Hearst, introduced with restraint by Miss Suckow, confines his more muted songs to descriptions of Iowa exteriors. Both poets appear to have taken to heart the preface to the "Lyrical Ballads." Certainly they go the full way with Wordsworth and Coleridge in believing that the principal end of the poet should be to choose the incidents and situations of common life and render them in familiar language.

The common things of rural character and rural scenery out of which Mr. Still and Mr. Hearst make their poetry stand upon daily knowledge. The titles are homespun and suggest the Frostian influence. Mr. Hearst writes of Farm on a Summer Night, of Cows Bawl on Sunday, of Spring Plowing, of When a Neighbor Dies; and Mr. Still uses mountain preachers, horse-traders, passenger pigeons, fox-hunting, and mountain dulcimers for his subject matter.

Mr. Still, by reason of his illative mind and his broader sympathies, seems the better poet. He gains his effects by a slow, cumulative method and through the compressed line that opens suddenly to allow a sheer, sudden ingress of light. In Spring on Troublesome Creek and Pattern for Death the concentrate of awareness and close imagery distinguishes his poetry from the more facile but looser observations of Mr. Hearst, and from those of his fellow-Kentuckian, Mr. Jesse Stuart, whose bucolics have been lately over-drummed.

Neither of the poets under review seems much concerned with the new struggles and the pressing fears of the moment, although Mr. Still, in his small section Earth-bound, writes of the bleak mountain coal towns with a cold inner fury. But for the most part, both poets write detailed descriptive observation that is confined to comment upon life and death, the seasonal changes, and man and nature within what appears to be a static society.

STANLEY YOUNG

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Letters to the Editors

Challenging Mr. Villard

Dear Sirs: In his column Issues and Men in *The Nation* of July 10 Oswald Garrison Villard writes: "With England in an alliance with Hitler, what would become of the passionate demand of so many of our American liberals that we be ready to go to war in behalf of the democracies?"

Mr. Villard is not the first to make the charge that American liberals, meaning those who are giving vigorous support to the Spanish Loyalists, are in favor of American participation in a war between the democracies and the fascist powers. But no one, so far as I know, has made the charge in such outright fashion as Mr. Villard does here.

It is time that the accused liberals ask for names and quotations. I know many American liberals who passionately denounce our present embargo regulations. But not once have I heard or read the suggestion, not to speak of a "passionate demand," that America should participate in a war on behalf of democracy against fascism.

The North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy has taken a leading part in asking American sympathy and support for Spain in her struggle against fascism, and one imagines that if anyone must plead guilty to Mr. Villard's indictment it would be the leaders of this committee. Bishop Francis J. McConnell is its chairman and wholeheartedly supports its work. I challenge Mr. Villard to find the slightest justification for his attack in anything written or said by Bishop McConnell or by any other executive of the committee. Dr. Harry F. Ward, another liberal who has spoken often and vigorously in defense of the Spanish Loyalists and criticized our so-called neutrality, has declared explicitly that he does not favor American participation in a war against the fascists, and precisely for the same reason Mr. Villard gives—that it would mean a dictatorship here.

It will not do for Mr. Villard to reply that agitation against our present embargo regulations is equivalent to a demand that America go to war against fascism. Indeed, if anything is calculated to make a general war inevitable, it is refusal of aid to a democracy fighting for its life and the granting of aid to warring fascism. Nor can Mr. Villard claim that even the most vigorous speaking and writing in defense of the Spanish Loyalists or the solicitation of money for humanitarian relief in Loyalist Spain constitutes a "passionate demand" that the United States be ready to go to war. He might as well say that his own denunciation of the Nazis is a request that the United States go to war with Germany.

HERMAN F. REISSIG

New York, July 12

Not Guilty

Dear Sirs: Since Mr. Reissig gratuitously assumes that I referred in my article of July 10 to the American liberals who are supporting the Spanish Loyalists, I suspect that his letter is nothing but a would-be clever publicity stunt for the benefit of the organization which employs him.

The simple truth is that I did not have the members of any organization, or any liberals working for Spain, specifically in mind. But I did mean to refer to a number of American liberals who deliberately take the position that we must if necessary go to war for the so-called democracies if they are attacked by the dictators. Recently, for instance, in a group of some thirty liberals only myself and one other spoke up against the attitude in favor of going to war on behalf of democracy. I had also in mind the editorial policy of *The Nation* which points in that direction.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

New York, July 13

Staggering Statement

Dear Sirs: My attention has been drawn to an article in your issue of April 24 by Frank C. Hanighen entitled The War for Raw Materials in Spain. The point which interests me particularly is the somewhat staggering statement that "Sir Andrew McFadyean, commercial director [of Rio Tinto] vociferously proclaims his sympathy for the rebels."

The consistency of my views is of no particular importance to anyone but myself, and I am not so foolish as to suppose that my name is known in the United States except to a few valued friends. It happens, however, that I am associated in a humble capacity in my own country with liberal views and policies, and as your journal deservedly circulates in Europe, this must be my excuse for asking you to correct a statement which is devoid of any foundation.

I severed all connection with the Rio Tinto Company on March 31, 1936. I can hardly, therefore, as commercial director of that company have expressed views, vociferously or otherwise, on rebels who did not come into existence until many weeks thereafter.

So far as my memory serves, I have made no public utterance about the Spanish situation. It is of course difficult to remember everything one has said in private, but it is not difficult for an honest man to remember the things that he has not said, and I can assert, without claiming to possess a particularly retentive memory, that I have never in private expressed "my sympathy with the rebels." On the contrary, I hold, and must have expressed, the view that it would be an unspeakable outrage if a properly constituted government were overthrown by a section of the population which can only batter its way to power with the aid of Moorish soldiers, the Foreign Legion, and foreign troops.

ANDREW MCFADYEAN

London, May 1

Apology with Notations

Dear Sirs: First of all I acknowledge my mistake in designating Sir Andrew as managing director of Rio Tinto during the present Spanish Civil War. At the time I wrote the article, last March, all available reference books—the British Stock Exchange Manual and the Directory of Directors—so listed him. In the new manuals, just out, this has been corrected.

An international publicist of high reputation who had met Sir Andrew abroad in October, 1936, conveyed to me in conversation the distinct impression that Sir Andrew was "vociferously" sympathetic to the rebels. A distinguished historian who was present at this conversation tells me that he received the same impression. My informant, however, now wishes to correct this impression. He says that Sir Andrew was very critical of the Spanish government because of its labor policy but did not take a stand in favor of the rebels.

Since neither my informant nor witness wishes to be quoted I apologize—

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and rejoice that such a prominent public figure as Sir Andrew (I cannot accept his description of himself as "humble"—after all, he was secretary to the Reparations Commission from 1922-1924 and Commissioner of Controlled Revenues in Berlin, 1924-1930) has come out so openly in favor of Spain's "properly constituted government."

May I take this opportunity to do full justice to Rio Tinto in respect to a situation which has changed since I wrote my article? Rio Tinto's last annual report (April 30) stated in by no means disapproving language that after the arrival at its Spanish mines of Franco's troops labor troubles had disappeared and showed that under Franco 30 per cent less labor was required to produce 21 per cent more ore. But Rio Tinto is by no means satisfied. It seems that Franco credits the company at times—"some pesetas received, some owing"—in pesetas at the rate of 40 to the pound sterling, whereas the rate in London is about 70 to the pound sterling. Some millions of pesetas in the company's account are thus of such uncertain value that the balance sheet shows them as worth £7. The British government, according to the report, has assisted Rio Tinto in obtaining concessions from Franco which have "slightly temporarily eased the company's position." But the company still regards the situation as unhappy. And the shares which jumped on the arrival of Franco's troops, reaching a high of 32½, later dropped to 20. Time—and the level of Rio Tinto shares—will tell whether the British government has assisted Rio Tinto further. **FRANK C. HANIGHEN**

New York, July 5

Voyage of Discovery

Dear Sirs: In order to make it possible for qualified persons to study the Spanish situation at first hand a trip has been arranged by the Open Road in consultation with Spanish government authorities and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. Fifteen carefully selected persons will be admitted to the group, and arrangements are being made in Spain for a genuine study of the social and political as well as the military situation there. It is just as important to understand Spain as it is to sympathize with it, and I believe that a few of your readers may be personally interested in this unusual venture. The group will sail on the *Queen Mary* August 11 and return on the *Aquitania*, arriving on September 14. Information about the trip may be obtained from its leader, Dr. Herman F. Reissig, at the North American Committee, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ROGER BALDWIN

New York, July 14

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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The Shape of Things

RECAPTURE OF BRUNETE BY THE REBELS HAS temporarily dashed the Loyalists' high hopes of lifting the siege of Madrid. Although it is too soon to say whether the rebel gains have been worth the fearful price that has been paid for them, any loss of ground is bound to be disappointing after the early promise of the government's offensive. Madrid has made no secret of its surprise at the strength of the insurgent counter-offensive. The strengthened Loyalist armies have been faced by new contingents of Moors and Italians, and have had to contend with large fleets of the most modern aircraft, such as were not in the rebels' hands even a few weeks ago. While England and France have debated the advisability of sending supplies, the fascist countries have poured in millions of dollars' worth of munitions for what they believed would be the final drive on Madrid. In the hope of maintaining this situation, the fascist powers have cleverly played for time on the international front, accepting the British compromise proposal for the withdrawal of "volunteers" in principle but imposing every obstacle to the discussion of practical plans for achieving this end. This strategy has been somewhat offset in Britain, however, by the signing of a commercial agreement between Franco and Germany, and by confirmation of the fact that the rebels, with German and Italian aid, had placed guns in a position to dominate the Strait of Gibraltar. Eden's speech in Commons warning Italy against attempting to dominate the Mediterranean suggests that British imperial interests are not yet wholly forgotten. A Loyalist victory might jog Britain's memory.

THE KILLING OF SOME FIFTY JAPANESE Embassy guards at the southwest gate of Peiping by Chinese troops defending the city has again brought North China to the brink of war. For a few days it seemed as if Nanking would quietly accept the terms of surrender forced upon General Sung Cheh-yuan by the Japanese. But subsequent developments illustrate the marked difference between the present-day political atmosphere in China and that which existed at the time of the notorious Tangku truce in 1933. Despite General Sung's orders, members of the 30th and 37th divisions refused to withdraw from their positions in the vicinity of Peiping, while Nanking dispatched Hsiung Pin, vice-chief of its general staff, to bolster the morale of the anti-Japanese officers of these divisions. Further reinforcements from

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the central government continued to pour into southern Hopei to match the huge Japanese reinforcements from Korea and Japan. Heedless of these obvious storm warnings, the Japanese continued their provocative tactics. After the Sung agreement had been reached, they shelled the Wanping barracks west of Peiping, inflicting heavy damage, and staged an impressive aerial display over the city. A few days later Japanese planes bombed Chinese barracks at Langfang, midway between Peiping and Tientsin, and additional Japanese troops were illegally dispatched to Peiping. Peace is still possible if China will submit to Japan's terms, but the possibility becomes more remote with every act of Japanese arrogance.

*

WHEN SENATOR NYE CALLS THE LABOR Relations Board a C. I. O. adjunct, and when Representative Rankin accuses it of "conspiring with communistic influences to destroy industry," neither set of charges will bear scrutiny. The sufficient answer to Senator Nye would be to set him the rigorous but cleansing task of reading the evidence and findings in every Labor Board case since the C. I. O. was established and challenge him to match the board's record with that of any other body for absence of bias and for painstaking respect for facts. And Mr. Rankin should be asked to read before the House the disclosures about peonage in the Mississippi cotton mills made last year by Southern and Northern journalists alike. But neither desires that sort of answer. Mr. Nye, a reputed liberal for his munitions investigation, has national ambitions. Mr. Rankin, a reputed liberal for his T. V. A. sponsorship, has local worries. Both are piling up conservative political credit by joining the attack on the agency whose integrity is dangerous to the American business Bourbons.

*

IT WOULD BE A SAD MISTAKE TO THINK OF the dog-eat-dog mayoralty fight among New York Democrats as a struggle between New Dealers and anti-New Dealers. While there is no question about the bitter anti-Roosevelt stand of Candidate Copeland and his Tammany backers, it is the sheerest effrontery for the other Democratic leaders to offer Grover Whalen as a pro-Administration progressive. At best the intra-party battle is no more than a squabble between those who feel that City Hall can be recaptured for Tammany by an alliance with Republicans and Liberty League reactionaries and those party leaders who see more hope in lending lip-service to Washington in return for the powerful support of the national machine. It is important that such support be withheld. The picture of Dr. Copeland piping Tammany back into green pastures is more appalling than probable. The Hall at present is hardly strong enough to dictate the Democratic nomination, much less win an election, and the sudden death of James J. Dooling will probably weaken Copeland's candidacy still further. The fight now promises to become a three-way affair, with Whalen for the Flynn-Farley Democrats, La Guardia for the New Deal, and Copeland for an impending alliance between the Republicans and Tammany Hall. In a battle of that sort the New Deal and all its works will be the real issue. Only a desperate belief that Roosevelt's popularity is on the wane could induce the local Republican machine to jettison La Guardia, as they now seem ready to do, and merge their forces with the anti-New Deal Democrats of Tammany. With such a line-up in prospect and such an issue at stake, La Guardia has every claim to whatever aid Washington can afford.

*

ALABAMA'S ACTION IN FREEING FOUR OF THE nine defendants in the Scottsboro case came as welcome news after six and a half years of seemingly hopeless struggle to obtain elementary justice in the Southern courts. The importance of the victory may be judged from the fact that it has been only a few days since the state announced its determination to demand the death penalty for all but one of the Negroes. But the battle is only half won. One of the defendants, Clarence Norris, is still under sentence of death; another, Andy Wright, is faced by a ninety-nine-year sentence; while two of the others, Haywood Patterson and Andy Weems, face seventy-five years' imprisonment. Ozie Powell was cleared of the charge of rape, but sentenced to twenty years for his attack on Deputy Blalock. From the standpoint of justice, Alabama's position is even less tenable than before. The evidence against the four who were convicted was identical with that against those who were released, consisting solely of the unsupported, and frequently contradictory, testimony of Victoria Price. For some months rumors have been heard of a compromise agreement to free the boys on terms which would save the face of the Alabama authorities. But the final outcome does not appear to have resulted from any such bargain. Justice demands that the fight be continued until the state of Alabama not only frees all of the Negroes but makes some amends for their six and a half years in prison.

*

THE NAZI TALENT FOR MAKING ENEMIES HAS been getting a pretty thorough workout in the United States in the past few weeks. When the American Hitlerites manage to draw sparks from the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion, they are getting places. And when they provoke the labor-baiting Representative Dies of Texas into demanding an investigation of their "un-American" activities, they may be said to have arrived. The starting point of the inquiry would be the Nazi camps. Foremost among these camps, now twenty-one in number, is Nordland, at Andover, N. J., operated by the German-American Bund and the weekly scene of heiling, parading, saluting, and general swastika-worship, with beer and gymnastics on the side. Apparently the week-enders don't know where to stop, for feeling in the Jersey countryside is running high. August Klapprott, state leader of the Bund, even accuses the Legion of planning an invasion of Nordland. In his simple Nazi way Herr Klapprott warns: "If there is going to be any physical action by any of these private organizations, they would not get away alive." We can hardly be accused of siding with the Legion in its periodic outbursts against "un-Americanism," but when it comes to foreign military groups organizing in this country, we can only support the veterans' demand for a genuine investigation. By that we do not mean a sweeping heresy hunt, such as we fear Mr. Dies has in mind, but a realistic inquiry conducted by a man of Senator Borah's caliber.

*

THE ACTION OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS in passing the buck to the League of Nations in the matter of the Palestine partition plan suggests that it will be drastically modified before adoption. Since the pressure against the plan has come primarily from the Jews, it is probable that the territorial lines will be altered to their advantage. Fear of Italian influence over the Arabs may also lead to readjustments further protecting Suez and Egypt from attack by the new Arab state. It is significant, however, that in the welter of discussion over the Royal Commission's report no one has come forth with an alternative proposal which has the slightest prospect of success. For Jews and Arabs alike, the only practical line of procedure has become that of obtaining as many concessions as possible in their favor. From the standpoint of abstract justice, the delay in the final decision might seem welcome as a means of obtaining necessary adjustments in the program; actually, however, each week the plan is debated only intensifies the bitterness on all sides and increases the danger of serious outbreaks.

*

CONGRATULATIONS ARE BEING HEAPED ON the pertinacious A. P. Herbert, the English humorist and novelist who came to the House of Commons on a divorce-reform platform and who stuck to his bill until opposition melted and public opinion swung to his side. Without government support and against the resistance of the church the bill slowly made its way through the Commons and the Lords, emerging slightly battered and amputated but still a reform. By adding other grounds to the historic single ground of adultery, the new law should greatly reduce the practice of collusion and false evidence which had developed into a major trade under the old code. Under Mr. Herbert's bill as passed, divorce may be granted for desertion over a period of at least three years without cause, for cruelty, and under certain limitations for incurable insanity. It is easy to lament the serious operations performed on the measure in the House of Lords, but its final terms mark so striking an advance not only over previous English law but over prevailing practice in most of the United States that it deserves the general enthusiasm with which it has been received.

*

PRESIDENT MANUEL QUEZON'S HINT THAT the Commonwealth might welcome a substitute for the Tydings-McDuffie Act has been interpreted in many circles as proof that the Filipinos do not really want independence. A close reading of Quezon's statement reveals the falsity of this interpretation. His objections to the present status are based not on the pitfalls of self-rule, or even on the "Japanese menace," but on the fact that Congress has made a half-dozen alterations in the terms of the Independence Act, all of them unfavorable to the Filipinos. Quezon's remedy against a continuation of these arbitrary and unfair changes is not a prolongation of American rule, as was suggested in the Scripps-Howard press, but the granting of immediate independence. Under the present arrangements the Filipinos feel that they are suffering many, if not most, of the economic disadvantages of independence without having the privileges of complete self-rule. If Congress was really sincere in its solicitude for the Filipino people, instead of being motivated primarily by a desire to exclude Filipino products, it would accede to President Quezon's request for full freedom by 1938.

The Pack in Full Cry

THE defeat of the court plan is the most drastic blow the New Deal has thus far suffered. There can be no flinching from that fact, either by the President's immediate supporters or by those whose social objectives, while more far-reaching than his, nevertheless include his. We are aware that the principal feeling of most of the public, including our readers, is one of relief at the ending of a bitter and fruitless struggle. But a lifting of tension is not the same as a solution of difficulties. Perhaps we are bleary-eyed with too much reading of Senatorial statements and editorial rejoicings; but the outstanding thing our eyes encounter as they survey the national scene is the reactionary pack in full cry after the New Deal. And the taste of blood is not likely to slow them up in the pursuit of their quarry.

To be sure, there is a brave show of concord on both sides. Jack Garner, treason or no treason, is back in the councils. Ed Burke of Nebraska is given a Presidential handshake with special warmth. Everywhere there is forgiveness and gentlemen crying, "Peace, peace." But there is no peace. When President Roosevelt talks of having partially achieved the objective of court reform through the changed tenor of the court's recent decisions, he is only putting the best face possible on his defeat. We agree with Mr. Allen, in his article elsewhere in this issue, that Mr. Roosevelt is by no means through with court reform—not court reform in the sense of the shotgun liberalism of the recent decisions, nor the purely procedural "reform" that is now being discussed, but in the sense of making the court responsive to the national will without going through a major constitutional crisis each time. It is true that something has been gained by the court's change of heart; and that the judges will think twice in the near future before they invalidate another important New Deal measure. But the real gain thus far lies not in the liberalization of the court but in the education of mass opinion. Despite the middle-class pressure brought against the bill, it is still true that the common man knows a good deal more than he once knew of the role the court plays in our economic

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system. And it is upon this knowledge that the real court reform of the future must depend.

So much for the President's side. The opposition is even clearer in its reluctance to accept the status quo. There are already ample signs of a movement against the New Deal as a whole. For those who care about the program which has been held up in the legislative log-jam, the immediate prospect is one to arouse despair. Undoubtedly there will be a good deal of talk of "constructive" legislation, carried out in a new spirit of harmony. But we are ready to climb out on a limb and risk the prophecy that the "constructive" legislation will be mainly desultory where it is not actually harmful.

Even when the Administration program is whittled down to a shadow of its former self, it still leaves certain measures that ought not to be held over for another session. Our own seven-point program, modest enough from a progressive standpoint, would run somewhat as follows: an adequate Black-Connery wages-and-hours bill; an adequate farm program to replace the AAA, including a farm-tenancy measure; an adequate housing bill; the Norris proposal for a network of T.V.A.'s to deal with the problem of conservation and electric power; a bill plugging the loopholes in the tax laws; an anti-lynching bill; and a bill reconsidering our neutrality policy in the light of developments in Spain and China. Last January, when Congress first convened, we hopefully published a fourteen-point program for its consideration. Now in mid-summer, with every force lined up on the side of adjournment, we know the country must go on half rations. But we realize that even the seven measures enumerated above stand little chance of enactment. The tax-loophole bill may go through; a housing act and a farm-tenancy act seem almost certain of passage, but in a form that drastically compromises the essential principles behind both; the Black-Connery bill, tragically meager as it is now, stands relatively little chance against the opposition of big enterprise; it would be utopian to expect the Norris proposal successfully to buck the utility interests; as for the farm bills, there seems a hopeless split between Secretary Wallace and the heads of the Congressional committees on agriculture—a split which is likely to doom any substantial legislation in this field; an anti-lynching bill, after the surprisingly good showing it made last week in the form of the Copeland rider to the McCarran freight-car bill, stands a fair chance of passage; finally, anything as valuable and socially conscious as a revision of the neutrality act seems almost incongruous amid the Washington shambles today.

Undoubtedly, adjournment will win the day. But adjournment is only the rhetoric to conceal the sabotaging of the New Deal program. The biggest drive today is the drive to take the country off the New Deal standard. The New York *Herald Tribune* tells Congress, editorially, that it has just two more mandates: one is to revise the Wagner Act; the second is to adjourn and go home. A Boston paper last week ran the alarmist headline that Mr. Roosevelt actually meant to go on with the New Deal. Walter Lippmann's new crusade is against the Black-Connery bill. Amos Pinchot's latest open letter to the President is important only as a sign of what is happening. It links the Black-Connery labor-standards bill and the government reorganization proposal along with the court bill as dictatorial measures. One letter remains for Mr. Pinchot to write, and we know he will write it: a letter pointing out that if Mr. Roosevelt does not take the lead in revising the Wagner Act, it will be because he and John Lewis are planning to divide the country into two dictatorship satrapies.

We have said from the beginning that more was involved in the opposition to the court bill than the court bill itself. We believe our analysis is being proved true. Exactly the same forces that started the cry against the court bill are now starting the cry against the Wagner Act and against further extension of the New Deal. These forces are reactionary, but already, as with the court proposal, they are being joined by so-called "liberals." Senator Wheeler's success in leading the light-horse liberal troops against the President while the heavy reactionary batteries stayed in the rear is sure to invite duplication. Thus Senator Gerald Nye, whose reputation as a liberal is chiefly based on his munitions investigation, seems to be aching for a chance to become the Wheeler of the anti-labor drive. His attack on the Labor Relations Board as a partisan body is so patently false in the face of the restraint and integrity the board has shown that it is best explained as a shrewd attempt to exploit a united business and middle-class sentiment. After the "liberal" spokesman appears, the other steps are sure to follow. A section of the Democrats split off from the rest of the party on the new issue. Maneuverings and betrayals go on, engineered by the Garners and others. The newspapers join the chase in full force. So does the Catholic church. Charges of dictatorships (or communism) are leveled against Mr. Roosevelt (or Mr. Lewis). A middle-class hysteria is built up. A new united front is formed in which the "liberals" do the talking, mushroom "leagues" prepare letters and telegrams—and the Liberty League stays in the background.

Thus a new formula is evolved for breaking progressive legislation, very similar to the Mohawk Valley-Johnstown formula for breaking strikes. Its success in the court fight means that it will be tried again and again. And the only thing that can meet it is further organization and more education.

What Is a Yardstick?

THE course of a true T.V.A. does not run smooth. Two winters ago there was the question of constitutionality. Last winter there was a Montague-Capulet feud among the directors. Repeatedly the T.V.A.'s path has been blocked by propaganda and snarled up with court injunctions. Now there is a new T.V.A. tangle for conservative rejoicing: Congressional friends of the T.V.A., headed by Representative Rankin of Mississippi, have become alarmed over the proposed contract to sell T.V.A. power to the Arkansas Power and Light Company (yes, the Harvey Couch outfit) without provision for resale rates. The Rankin group of about thirty Congressmen held a meeting last week in Washington at which they grilled Mr. Lilienthal on the "abandonment" of the yardstick principle.

Which raises the question: Just what is a yardstick in electric power? Does it mean, as some members of the Rankin group take it to mean, control by the T.V.A. through contracts with private utility companies over the resale rate of electric power? Or is it broader than that?

The essence of the yardstick lies in the fact that it is something to measure by. What is being measured in this case is private-utility rates for electric power, and the measuring-stick is provided by T.V.A. rates. There are, roughly, three broad courses open for dealing with electric power. One is complete nationalization, and it is the one we favor in the long run. A second is public regulation of private-utility rates. This is essentially the course that had been followed before the advent of the T.V.A. We have sought to regulate utilities through our state public-service commissions, operating on the principle that utility rates are to be fixed at the point where they will yield the companies a fair return on some mythical "fair value" of their properties. To determine what that "fair value" is, we have had to appeal over the heads of the state commissions to the courts. And the courts, despite the remark of Justice Stone that they "have been projected into the most speculative undertaking imposed upon them in the entire history of English jurisprudence," have almost uniformly given the benefit of all doubts to the utilities.

It was to remedy this situation that the T.V.A. and its yardstick policy were inaugurated. Very simply put, the yardstick idea is that any region, state, or local community can by generating and distributing power to its citizens furnish a means of comparison with the private-utility rates, and thus force them down. Reliance is thus placed not upon regulation by state commissions, in the field of government, but upon government example and competition in the economic field itself.

Thus the contract with the Arkansas Light and Power Company is not a violation of the yardstick but falls outside it. The government needed some money and had extra power waiting about unused because court injunctions have tied up the contracts it has made with municipalities in the T.V.A. area. It therefore proposes to sell the unused power on a five-year contract to the Arkansas company, which operates outside the T.V.A. area. Thus the T.V.A. will receive $3,000,000 for "secondary" power—that is, power which is made available to the Arkansas company for 300 days a year, at times selected by the T. V. A. in such a way as not to interfere with the peak load.

We can see nothing wrong with this contract as it stands. It does not violate the yardstick principle as that principle has been stated in Senator Norris's early speeches and in President Roosevelt's famous Portland speech in the 1932 campaign. It is a stop-gap revenue measure—not to be construed as a new T.V.A. policy. If it were considerably extended and became the basis of T.V.A. policy we should protest forcibly. As matters stand, however, it is a harmless expedient. The essential thing is not to confuse the yardstick idea with contracts carrying a resale clause. While Congress has before it Mr. Roosevelt's message asking for a network of T.V.A.'s over the country, it is of the first importance to understand what the T.V.A. principle means.

Open Letter to the Middle Class

YOU have recently received through the pages of thirty newspapers in twenty-two cities a full-page communication from the Citizens National Committee, with headquarters in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. It was headed Common Sense, a concept dear to Americans; and it appealed to your deepest feelings and convictions. It spoke of protecting the "individual citizen in his legal rights"; it advocated a "peaceful solution to the present industrial strife," a phrase that was welcome to your ears after the horror of the Chicago killings; it quoted the Constitution, a document of noble words from which even citizens committees are free to quote; above all, it defended the "constitutional right to work," a phrase that must have gone straight to the heart of every man who earns his bread and has at some time lost a job.

Altogether it was high-sounding and persuasive. But did you notice that this pronouncement, devoted to constitutional rights, ended with a resolution in which it was proposed that citizens take law enforcement out of the hands of duly elected officials *in the name of the Constitution?*

The communication was signed by the Citizens National Committee; it was in reality a letter from Big Business to the middle class; and it was designed to turn your sympathy away from the working population of this country which has dared at last to demand a living wage and to claim its share of wealth and power in this great industrial empire. This letter you have just received was suavely written because Big Business commands the services of such letter writers as John Price Jones; it appeared in the most respectable organs of public opinion because Big Business can afford to pay the high advertising rates of newspapers like the New York *Times.* It appealed brazenly to your dearest convictions because Big Business does not scruple to exploit the best traditions of men and nations if by so doing it can preserve or increase its own power.

The proclamation of the Citizens National Committee declares that it is not anti-union. But it was formed in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, a company town of Bethlehem Steel, which has declared unremitting war on unions. It has been careful, of course, to hide its tracks, but there are strong indications that its expenses have been underwritten by Bethlehem and E. T. Weir and other independent business men. The men who appear as its officers are, most of them, small fry but dangerous. For example:

The Reverend John H. Stanton is a fanatic red-baiter. Lawrence W. Campbell, secretary of the Citizens National Committee, is also secretary of the Johnstown Chamber of Commerce, and Johnstown is a company town. He hates aliens, unions, and "reds." George C. Rutledge is with the Johnstown Bank and Trust Company. Rembert G. Smith is a reactionary of long standing. He took an active part in the National Conference of Clergymen and Laymen at Asheville, North Carolina, a year ago; he is associated with Gerald Winrod, anti-Semite and editor of the *Defender*, a pro-Nazi publication in Wichita, Kansas. Ormsby McHarg is a regular right Republican.

One of the important people behind the scenes, John Price Jones, does not deign to sign the advertisement; but his connection with the movement was established in a dispatch from F. Raymond Daniell of the New York *Times*, when he visited Johnstown. Now let us look at Mr. Jones's other connections. He is a member of the firm of Thornley and Jones. Mr. Jones has had much more publicity than Mr. Thornley, but who is George H. Thornley? He is, for one thing, one of the closest friends of Henry Ford. He was formerly vice-president of N. W. Ayer, one of our most "patriotic" advertising agencies, and in that position he handled the Ford account. Is there any reason to doubt that Mr. Thornley, like Mr. Jones, is interested in saving America from the C.I.O. and that he could easily enlist his friend Mr. Ford in such a worthy project?

So much for the committee's background and motivation. So much for its claim that it is not anti-union, that it believes in the right to strike. In another section of its letter to you it expressly declares that it is not a vigilante committee; but in its resolution in the very same announcement it proclaims that

> WHEREAS occasions have arisen where we can no longer look to certain constituted authorities to protect human constitutional rights,
>
> THEREFORE, as loyal American citizens we feel it is our patriotic duty to perfect a nationwide organization whose function it shall be to restore and protect those constitutional rights that have been taken from American citizens by certain unworthy officials.

This is vigilantism in its simplest and most vicious form, and when we recall that the word "certain" was inserted in the first clause only after a furious debate at the meeting of the C.N.C. we realize the full implications of the Johnstown resolutions.

Surely you will realize by now that the committee's appeal for the "constitutional right to work" is of the same stripe as its defense of the "right to strike." This phrase is in fact the mainspring of the C.N.C. trap to catch middle-class men and women of good will and use them for its own ends. There is no such thing as the "constitutional right to work"—bourgeois capitalism provides for no such working-class right. Our Constitution does provide for the protection of life and liberty, and to the American worker that can have only one real meaning—the right to a decent and secure living in the industrial plenty he has helped to create. It is that right which organized labor, under the banner of the C.I.O., is now fighting to obtain. It is that right which the C.N.C. and the forces behind it are determined to drown in propaganda and in blood whenever necessary. They have on their side the Liberty League, the National Civic Federation (whose own plan of "law and order" for America we shall refer to specifically in a later issue), the Republican Party, the pro-Nazi groups—in a word, every reactionary in America. They work through, because they influence, chambers of commerce, editors of newspapers, and city officials. For a vivid example of how they control officeholders, read carefully the testimony of Chief of Police Switter of Massillon, Ohio, before the National Labor Relations Board. They will work through law-and-order leagues, such as were represented in the Johnstown meetings. They will, above all, woo you, the middle class.

And the middle class? Economically weak, politically important in a transition period, you stand between predatory capital on the one hand and aspiring labor on the other. Which is your enemy? The Citizens National Committee will assure you in expensive ads written by expensive publicity men that labor "threatens" you. But who forecloses your mortgage, or forces the local small-town banker to foreclose it? If you are a doctor, a lawyer, a real-estate man, a storekeeper, who is it that cuts wages, throws your neighbors out of work, and reduces your income, though corporation profits soar? Who runs your town? And do you think it would be better or worse if the workers in your town, through unionization, came to have an organized voice in the way it is run? Which is more likely to have genuine regard for human rights: a corporation striving to retain its power, or an organization of ordinary men and women seeking decent wages, a better life, a future of security and culture for their families?

In Germany and Italy, capitalism, crooning the sweet phrases of the right to work, of justice, and of freedom, has led the middle class into a trap of economic starvation and political degradation, without rights and without hope. We abjure sensationalism, but it is our firm conviction that the advertisement of the C.N.C., that suave letter from Big Business to the middle class, is the first insidious music of fascism in America. Follow it and it will lead you imperceptibly into political silence, where you cannot even discuss with the workers who will be your fellow-victims what might have been. The middle class can save itself only by joining its strength with that of labor to fight every trespass upon free speech and the right to organize and strike, every threat to override the law when it supports that right. The formation of the C.N.C. is a major attempt at such a trespass. Today the police of Massillon, armed by Republic Steel, are messing up union headquarters; tomorrow they will be shooting up liberal forums and church gatherings and suppressing liberal magazines and newspapers.

Last week in *The Nation* the Workers Defense League published an answer to the C.N.C. and called for a nationwide campaign to thwart its obvious purpose. Such a campaign will soon be overdue.

Big Steel, Little Steel, and C.I.O.

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

ON March 1, 1937, Big Steel, with a marvelous sense for dramatic publicity, recognized the union. It seemed that Myron C. Taylor, the strong, silent, far-visioned chairman of United States Steel, had successfully conspired with John L. Lewis to usher in a new age of industrial peace and statesmanship. Little Steel, on the other hand, is corrupting the authorities, is heavily subsidizing vigilantism, has turned its plants into arsenals, and has literally hired the organized underworld in its fight against organized labor. Obviously the House of Morgan, which is Big Steel, is enlightened. And obviously the Graces, the Girdlers, and the Purnells, who are Little Steel, are barbarians.

Such is the picture today in the more or less intelligent public mind. And indeed, half of the picture is quite true: the Graces and Girdlers are glorified industrial toughs who stop at nothing. Since the strike in Little Steel began, eighteen unarmed workers have lost their lives, ten of them were shot in the back. Hundreds have been wounded, many seriously. The steel citadels in the Mohawk and Mahoning valleys, in East and in South Chicago, are more like concentration camps than industrial centers. The Little Steel towns are not merely under a psychological but actually under a legal reign of terror. But the other half of the picture is not quite true. For the fact is that Big Finance interpenetrates behind the scenes in the domination both of the United States Steel Corporation and of the large independent steel manufacturers. The powers which control steel form a club whose members more or less act together or split apart according to the dictates of strategy.

United States Steel is controlled by the Morgans. But the Mellons and Kuhn, Loeb and Company are also large stockholders. The Mellons have also enormous stakes in Bethlehem; and through its relations with the Guaranty Trust Company and otherwise, Bethlehem Steel is also tied up with the Morgans. The Pickands, Mather interests of Cleveland, whose dealings with the Morgans have been many and close, are heavily interested in the Republic Steel Company, on whose board sits J. F. Schoellkopf, Jr., of the Niagara Hudson Power Company, one of the largest utilities with which the Morgans maintain close relations. And Pickands, Mather completely controls the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company. Obviously the enlightened gentlemen who dominate Big Steel are at least on speaking terms with themselves and their cronies in Little Steel.

All this of course does not mean that there are no authentic and bitter rivalries for the market between the two groups. Nor does it mean that the Graces and the Girdlers and the Weirs are not outraged at the "treachery" of the interests which dominate Big Steel. Big Finance is never clearly conspiratorial and is often at odds with itself, because its immediate interests and its long-range diplomacy are as contradictory as capitalism itself. But it is also true that Big Finance in steel, and elsewhere, is at present consciously operating on two fronts against organized labor. One front is watchfully awaiting the outcome of the struggle on the other.

BIG STEEL

The independent steel barons of course hate the "irresponsible" John Lewis and the Steel Workers Organizing Committee with murderous bitterness. Still, they hate Lewis as Capone might hate a hard-hitting district attorney. For it is impossible to hate John Lewis without respecting him. Their really rabid and foaming rage is reserved for Myron Taylor. He "betrayed" them. He is the Judas in the Garden of Bessemer, the Benedict Arnold of the Iron and Steel Institute. But the simple truth commands us to come to the defense of Mr. Taylor, for he really was nothing but a stooge in recognizing the union. To be sure, he signed the contract, but it was practically automatic writing. And here is the story of how the United States Steel Corporation recognized the union, a story which has never been told.

Mr. Myron Taylor is on the eve of retirement from a long and successful career. He is impressive and handsome in the clean-cut, strong-weak sense. He is platitudinous-profound, inordinately vain, and none too bright. In short, he is a stuffed shirt. But his perfect linen is not stuffed with sawdust. It is stuffed with plaster of paris, which gives him both the sense and the appearance of unbending strength. Mr. Taylor can't be told. He must be patiently flattered into thinking that it is he who does the telling.

The steel business was on the up-and-up all through 1936. It promised to be even better in 1937. The American market was excellent, and the foreign armament business was growing. Mr. Walter Runciman, president of the British Board of Trade, paid us a holiday visit this spring, calling for a weekend at the White House and spending much of his time with our international bankers and big business men. Mr. Runciman felt reasonably certain that the British rearmament program would bring a good deal of trade to the American steel makers, especially in armor plate. But the British wanted to be sure of continuous production.

The most enlightened man in the House of Morgan, almost professionally so, is Thomas W. Lamont. By that I do not mean that Mr. Lamont could hold down, on his own intellectual merits, an ordinary instructorship in economics at one of our leading universities. I mean to say that Mr. Lamont is enlightened in the sense that he is shrewd, a clever strategist, and a man of wide worldly contacts. Above all, he knows what is good for the House of Morgan. He appreciated that the American steel trusts could not very well take on any British armament business and at the same time refuse to bid for our own naval construction because they objected to the labor provisions of the Walsh-Healy Act. He also knew that the Steel Workers Organizing Committee had a majority of the workers in United States Steel, especially in the Pittsburgh district; he also probably knew that the union had few members and would have much trouble in Little Steel. He wanted continuous production, and he was impressed with the fact that General Motors lost a whole season's business through the strike. He knew that the La Follette hearings were not doing big industry any good; and that if the hearings should ever get around to an exposé of Big Steel, the revelation of the number of gangsters and spies and personnel fakers employed by Big Steel would give him the shock of his life. He knew that the industry, in fighting the union, was messing up its entire productive process. Carnegie Steel, for instance, had 11,000 ratings for 100,000 workers. He knew that the intransigeant reaction of the Liberty League in the last campaign had enormously strengthened the New Deal. And finally he knew that John Lewis had not changed overnight from a conservative labor leader to a flaming revolutionary and that Lewis's record in the United Mine Workers—and Morgan dominates a lot of coal—has been highly responsible, indeed the most rationalizing influence in this most irrational of industries; Lewis is radical only in the sense that conservatism cannot organize the masses. And Mr. Lamont probably also suspected that the large independent steel companies, over which the House of Morgan has no immediate control, would keep the union worrying. All these factors decided Mr. Lamont and the House of Morgan to become far-visioned industrial statesmen. This attitude was shared by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., the Morgan chairman of the finance committee of United States Steel. Their main problem was to make Myron Taylor believe that he had given birth to the big idea. The thing to do was to play on Mr. Taylor's vanity.

Mr. Taylor held out for a long, long time—in fact, to the very last. But finally he became convinced that his recent trip to Europe had been for him a journey of deep personal meditation, and that under the gaze of Italian primitives in his Florentine villa he had discovered what emerged as the famous Taylor Formula, with a capital F. The Taylor Formula is what the average high-school boy calls union recognition. John Lewis valiantly helped to build up the myth of Mr. Taylor's industrial statesmanship; it was a cheap price to pay. The House of Morgan kept out of the picture. And there was even a suggestion, made on whose authority no one knows, that the Ambassadorship to the Court of St. James's might come Mr. Taylor's way.

Accordingly, on March 1, 1937, Messrs. Taylor and Lewis were able to announce that United States Steel had recognized the Association of Iron, Tin, and Steel Workers of North America. Benjamin Fairless, president of United States Steel, learned about it for the first time on Sunday, the day before. On Monday Mr. Fairless began cleaning out all the stooges and spies from his various plants, put away the tear gas and machine guns, and started negotiations with Phil Murray and the other leaders of the S. W. O. C. On March 2 the agreement was signed. The corporation recognized the union as the sole bargaining agency for its workers. It raised wages, as of March 16, 10 per cent, with necessary differentials. It established the eight-hour day, a forty-hour week, and time-and-a-half for overtime. It laid the foundation for the machinery of bargaining. Within two months some 260 lesser steel companies followed in the wake of Big Steel, including the large independent Jones and Laughlin. Seventy-five per cent of the industry is now organized. Some 450,000 workers are in the union. And for the time being many of the Big Steel executives are cooperating with the union in rationalizing the industry.

"You must talk to Edgar Lewis, president of Jones and Laughlin," my old friend Clint Golden insisted. Mr. Lewis is one of those paragon steel executives who want to produce steel in a state of industrial peace. Unfortunately Mr. Lewis was out of town, and so I talked with Mr. Mossman, for many years the publicity director of Jones and Laughlin and an uncle of Alf Landon. Mr. Mossman's attitude toward the Graces and Girdlers makes him sound very much like a union official. Jones and Laughlin is especially angry at Tom Girdler, for the Republic Steel Corporation tried to swallow up Jones and Laughlin last year. Girdler was superintendent and president of Jones and Laughlin for sixteen years, and when he left the company to join Republic Steel he knew all about Jones and Laughlin. Senator Joseph Guffey was correct in imputing the use of this knowledge to Tom Girdler, who feels that John Lewis is too "irresponsible" to live up to his contracts. Jones and Laughlin had developed an enormous business in making caps and stoppers for beer and soft-drink bottles. These caps are made, through a secret process, of soft metal for the Crown Cork and Seal Company. Today the Republic Steel Corporation does a lot of this business. It is this sort of cutthroat competition which divides the executive officers of Big and Little Steel. The interpenetrating financial powers behind the steel industry speak much more softly of each other.

LITTLE STEEL

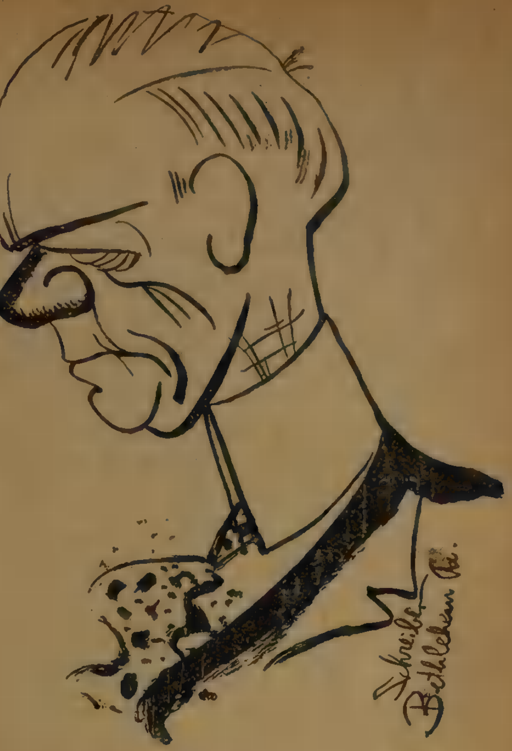
In the middle of May the S. W. O. C. decided to tackle the four large independents in steel: Bethlehem, Republic, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, and Inland Steel. The union did not dare strike Weir's National Steel Corporation for fear of a wholesale massacre. Weirton is literally a little fascist principality, patrolled by notorious killers who keep the plants in a state of terror. The S. W. O. C. has sent a complete dossier on Weirton to the La Follette committee. Without a national exposé of the underworld at Weirton the place is too dangerous to ask the men to strike for their rights.

From the very first Little Steel in weasel language refused to recognize organized labor, obviously defying the Wagner Act. And there can be little doubt that the independents were permitted by the large financial interests, who dominate American big industry, to test the strength of the C. I. O. The Youngstown Sheet and Tube and Inland Steel were not enthusiastic, and in the beginning were tempted to follow Big Steel in recognizing the union. But they were brought into line. Eugene Grace and Tom Girdler, on the other hand, are ideal men for the task of strikebreaking. Each combines the big industrialist and the congenital small-time vigilante in one and the same person. Grace is quiet and shrewd, a black reactionary. He achieved a national notoriety by paying himself almost $4,000,000 in salary and "bonuses" during the worst years of the depression. He is the General Franco of Little Steel, busily engaged in whipping up big industry to support a national vigilante movement. Tom Girdler is his chief of staff. Girdler is an open fascist, to whom Roosevelt, Miss Perkins, John Lewis are "Communists." He poses as an impulsive, plain-spoken, colorful, rough personality. But his colorfulness rests entirely on an unpicturesquely foul vocabulary. He is indeed plenty tough.

On May 26 about 76,500 workers were called out on strike on a steel front which starts at Chicago, swings along the lake front to Indiana Harbor, Cleveland, and Buffalo, and down through the Mahoning Valley from Warren to Youngstown. On June 11 some 13,500 additional workers were called out of the Cambria plant of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation in Johnstown. These workers were called out in a sympathetic strike with some 350 trainmen on the Conemaugh and Blacklick Railroad, which is the transportation unit of the Cambria. This sympathetic strike was a rather senseless stratagem, for a strike on a small intra-plant freight service can be easily broken with 100 scabs. And so it was.

As one looks back on the strike in Little Steel one is almost tempted to regret the easy victory of the S. W. O. C. over Big Steel. Though as yet not officially called off, the strike is lost. To deny it is plain silly. The strike has been lost for various reasons: the successful organization of the vigilante spirit; the corruption of the local authorities and the clever use of "incomplete" martial law; the incredible gall of Governor Davey's bold use of the National Guard in Ohio as a strikebreaking agency; the comparative isolation of the steel communities. But the strike has been lost mainly because it was called on too far-flung a front, without adequate preparation, and because it was conducted by people who have had no experience in steel.

Much of the enthusiasm of the S. W. O. C., which precipitated the strike prematurely, was infectiously derived from the brilliant campaigns in the rubber and automobile industries. Unfortunately the situation in steel is very different. For one thing, in the highly automatic belt-line industries the sit-down is an immediate and paralyzing weapon, whatever its dangers may be to an established union. Also, both in rubber and automobiles the rank and file is young, enthusiastic, and militant. Thousands of them are hillbillies, many of whom only recently were in the Klan and even the Black Legion.


Schreiber Bethlehem Pa.

Eugene Grace

But once their eyes were opened and they joined the union, they gave it the same militant allegiance they had formerly given to some know-nothing movement. Above all, during the last two years they had developed their own leaders, right from the belt line. The experience of these leaders is not wide or rich or deep. But it is relevant, immediate, and fearless.

The steel workers, on the other hand, never had a chance to develop leaders out of their struggles. In the Pittsburgh district, the heart of Big Steel, the S. W. O. C. was very successful in its organization work, partly because in 1936 the New Deal politicians were still strongly "for labor," partly because in the old Homestead area there is a great tradition of crucified labor. But in the fastnesses of Little Steel—in Johnstown, Youngstown, Massillon, Warren, Niles, Canton, in East and South Chicago, in Indiana Harbor—there is no tradition of militant labor. And the New Deal governors have become wary of "public reaction" against the C. I. O., whipped up by the big press and small-town Babbittry. The Little Steel communities are isolated, backward, dependent entirely on busy mills.

In Johnstown, for instance, most of the workers have worked for the Cambria for years; the turnover is small. Many of them own their homes, such as they are, and the mortgages are held by the local bankers. They have bought things on the instalment plan. Their families have been on starvation rations during the depression. And the women especially are not anxious for the men to strike. The worker in these Little Steel towns is half lower middle class, half labor. And under the pressure of vigilantism and the prospect of a long-drawn-out fight, the petty bourgeois in him is apt to win out—*unless he and his wife have been thoroughly educated and organized by the union.* And this has not been done. Newspapermen who were sympathetic to labor and knew the situation well told me that the majority of the workers in Johnstown would have voted at any time to join the C. I. O. and would *also* have voted against a strike. In short, the vigilante terror and the violence of the authorities were not entirely responsible for the "back-to-work" movement. A good deal of it was authentic. When in the course of three weeks 8,000 men out of 13,000 return to work it is foolish and insulting to call them all scabs. They return either because the strike is broken or because they have been prematurely called out, because they have not been sufficiently well organized. In my opinion the second is mainly what happened in Little Steel.

The weekly pay roll of the steel workers in Johnstown varies from $400,000 to $500,000; practically all of it is spent among the local merchants. In such a community, unless the working class in it has a long proletarian background, as in the mining industry, the business elements are always potentially vigilante. Every merchant is ready to join a citizens committee. The church is incredibly backward, the civil authorities are invariably corrupt, the newspapers are both amenable and reactionary, for all community life is a reflection of company tactics. The most loud-mouthed fascist in Johnstown is the Reverend John H. Stanton. The mayor is Daniel J. Shields, a former federal convict and large-scale bootlegger. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Citizens Committee, Lawrence W. Campbell, is openly a company man.

Practically the same situation obtains in all the Little Steel towns. In Youngstown one of the leading politicians is Roy Thomas. He is a former district attorney of Mahoning County who left office some time ago under a cloud. He was called back by the Youngstown Sheet and Tube to be the attorney and leader of the "employees' representation" plan, which the company "recognized." "Give me 200 good, tough, armed men and I'll clean up them sons of bitches on the picket line in no time," he told me. Thomas and a bunch of gunmen, whom Sheriff Ralph Elser permitted the company to import, are responsible for a riot in which two workers were killed. The sheriffs and police chiefs in Warren, Canton, Massillon are all notoriously pro-company. In Massillon, a Republic Steel town, two workers were killed and one mortally wounded. The chief of police testified that he "deputized" company gunmen and accepted sawed-off shotguns, tear-gas guns, shells, and other munitions from Republic Steel.

All this murder and violence was made possible because the local authorities, guided by the vigilante forces and egged on by the companies, found a new way to misuse the state authorities. Both in Pennsylvania and in Ohio the National Guards were called out soon after the strikes began. The troops were to maintain the status quo—that is, to keep plants open or shut as they found them when they moved in. But soon Governor Earle and Governor Davey discovered that the right to work is no less "sacred" than the right to strike. The closed plants were allowed to open, and the state police and troops were assigned only to the immediate vicinity of the plants; otherwise they "assisted" the local authorities, who interpreted the civil rights of the strikers to suit themselves and used the state police power to help them break the strikes. Governor Earle had really intended to use the state motor police for neutral patrolling purposes. But his representative, Captain William Clark, played in with the Bethlehem Steel and the local authorities, and actually helped frame two union men on a charge of trying to dynamite the Conemaugh and Blacklick Railroad. Governor Davey of Ohio simply used the National Guard to break the strike.

In such isolated and terrorized communities an inexperienced, backward, and confused working class can be organized only through a thorough and patient process, by organizers who know the industry, the psychology of the workers, the whole social lay of the land. Unfortunately the easy victory over Big Steel and the overenthusiastic reports of the organizers, who seemed to see double all union activities, misled the top leadership of the S. W. O. C. This top leadership—Phil Murray, Van Bittner, Clint Golden, John Lewis himself—are extremely able men. But they are also desperately busy men. The incoming reports were optimistic. Little Steel was losing business. Big Steel was cooperating beautifully; and in its wake small firms were signing up right and left. And so the top leaders left the job of running Little Steel to the secondary tier of leaders, most of them officials in the United Mine Workers. In Johnstown the man in charge of the strike is James Mark, president of District 2 of the U. M. W. In Cleveland the two leaders are Bozo Damich and Lee Hall, both Ohio miners. In the Youngstown district, which includes most of the lesser steel towns, the leader is John Mayo, an Illinois miner. Most of their assistants are also miners. In the Chicago area the two most influential organizers under Van Bittner were Jack Russek and Joe Weber. These two gentlemen are political factionalists who were hell bent on a strike, reporting wonders from the field and seeing nothing but victory ahead.

The American miner is the most proletarian of all American workers. He has an old tradition of unionism. The union is his whole social life. He does not need to be educated to stick in a strike. The secondary leaders in the United Mine Workers had not had to organize anybody these last twenty years in Pennsylvania or Ohio or Illinois. For the moment a mine is struck everybody quits, and that's that. Mark and Damich and Hall and Mayo have had a great deal of experience in adjusting grievances and signing local agreements. They have had none in coping with the situation they found in steel.

I came into Johnstown on July 2. By that time over 8,000 workers had gone back to work. The atmosphere in the town was like that of a concentration camp. I went to see Mark. He is a man of sixty, quiet, kindly, fearless, honest, and obviously used to running things on a shoestring. He had no secretary, no publicity man, not even a typewriter.

"We have things pretty well under control," he said. "Like hell you have," I answered. And then we talked. The strike was obviously petering out, though Jim refused to admit it even to himself. Practically the same situation existed in Youngstown, Canton, Warren, Niles, Cleveland. The leaders knew that the plants were operating at half or three-quarters normal capacity.

Early in July the S. W. O. C. called off the strikes at the Youngstown Sheet and Tube in East Chicago and at the Inland Steel Company in Indiana Harbor. The union claimed victories in both cases. In the case of the Inland Steel Company there might be some highly theoretical claim of a far-fetched victory. Both the union and the company wrote letters to Governor Townsend of Indiana, leaving the whole issue to the National Labor Relations Board. In the case of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube the union was clearly defeated. The company sent a memorandum to the governor, repeating its willingness to recognize "collective bargaining." But it insisted that this memorandum must by no means be interpreted as a possible recognition of the S. W. O. C. And when the workers filed back the plants of the company were plastered with signs to the effect that "we signed no agreement with anybody."

The position of the C. I. O. in steel is far from desperate. After all, 75 per cent of the industry *is* organized. Over 450,000 workers are enthusiastic, dues-paying members. The union in steel is here to stay. The loss of the strike in Little Steel may be considered as a tragic but not fatal overhead expense in necessary experience. But the lessons of the strike must be taken to heart. The C. I. O. must realize that Little Steel is a hard nut to crack. Each of the great independent steel companies must be tackled separately and the ground must be laid carefully. The top leadership must devote a great deal of personal attention to the job. It must ferret out ability and leadership among the steel workers. Miners cannot organize steel. Political factionalism must be rooted out mercilessly. Patience is essential. Money must be spent. An adequate publicity machinery must be provided to expose corrupt local authorities, the vigilante movement, the gangster tactics of the companies. And the leadership must not kid itself with imaginary "victories."

Another year of hard and intelligent organization under the direction of people who know steel and its workers, and whose only interest is the union, and Little Steel may yet squeal for peace.

[*This is the first of three articles by Mr. Stolberg. The second will appear in an early issue.*]

Roosevelt's Defeat—the Inside Story

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, July 25

JOHN NANCE GARNER finished Charles Evans Hughes's job of garroting the Supreme Court bill. The lofty, bearded Chief Justice led the measure to the gallows with consummate guile and finesse. The ruddy little Vice-President struck the death blow. Hughes betrayed it "to preserve the sanctity of the courts"; Garner killed it "to save the Democratic Party." Both are greatly pleased with their handiwork, although privately neither is sure he has laid the ghost of the issue.

There is good reason for their uneasiness. One reactionary decision by the court next term, and Mr. Roosevelt will be at the throat of the Chief Justice. And although the President took his licking calmly and pleasantly, the victorious rebel Democrats have no illusions about the depth of his smile. They know, as he knows, that there can be no lasting peace between them; that the bitter personalities they hurled in the heat of the fierce struggle have left burning scars, and that if the opportunity arises he will retaliate. Don't be fooled by the newspaper stories that Mr. Roosevelt is taking his defeat philosophically. He is putting on a good show of affability, but he hasn't forgotten or forgiven a thing.

Garner's role as executioner was accidental. The death of Senator Joseph T. Robinson brought him back into the capital picture and gave him the opportunity to finish Hughes's work. The extent and effectiveness of the Chief Justice's blows against the court legislation generally are little realized. Most of the press during the protracted struggle signally failed to grasp his real significance in the opposition's fight. Hughes was not the only factor in Roosevelt's defeat. There were a number of others: the President's overconfidence in the opening stages of the fight, his lack of loyal, aggressive leaders, stealthy axing by the Catholic church, the unexpected astuteness of the Republicans and the Liberty League in keeping in the background, thus depriving the White House of the chance to raise the party cry, personal ambition and pique on the part of Senator Burton K. Wheeler and other leaders, and the death of Robinson. But towering over them all was Hughes's wily sapping that destroyed the political underpinnings of the President's plan.

Chronologically, the inside story of the court fight falls into three phases. The first was Hughes's deft attack. Had the court invalidated one Administration measure last term, nothing could have prevented the President from winning. Hughes realized this with Machiavellian clarity—and, what was equally important, made Justice Owen J. Roberts realize it. Without Roberts's cooperation he would have been helpless, as Van Devanter, Sutherland, McReynolds, and Butler were willing to bring the court down about their heads rather than yield one point to the hated New Deal. But with Roberts's aid, Hughes, snuggling up to the three liberal justices, in a series of 5-to-4 decisions completely reversed the court's ruthless hatcheting of the AAA, the Guffey Coal Act, the NRA, and the New York minimum-wage decrees. It was a miraculous acrobatic feat,

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but not too miraculous for the agile Chief Justice.

The second phase of the fight was the abandonment of the original six-judge bill and the substitution of the Logan compromise. One of the mysteries of Washington is why the President, after the smashing Wagner Act validation, did not drop his measure and propose a compromise. Such an offer in May would have certainly won over a number of the oppositionists. It is known that some of them, looking for a face-saving compromise, expressed willingness to support a two-judge bill. It is also known that some of the White House advisers urged such a proposition. What is not known is that the President was willing to accept it, but was stopped from doing so by the personal ambitions of Robinson. After the Wagner Act decision, Roosevelt realized fully that Hughes had outflanked him and was ready to give ground in order to gain at least a partial victory. But Robinson flatly refused to go along, and the President didn't dare go over the Arkansan's head. He was the only major Congressional leader who was making any show of supporting the White House on the issue, and the President would not risk offending him by overriding his objections.

The reason Robinson refused the two-judge compromise was this: In order to "sugar it up" the plan provided that all future appointees had to be appointed from circuits not represented on the present court. In other words, thereafter the Supreme Court would be made up of a justice from each of the eleven judicial circuits. Now it so happens, by some strange quirk of gerrymandering, that Arkansas is in the same (eighth) circuit as Minnesota. And Minnesota is represented on the court by that incorrigible defender of railroads, reaction, and monopoly, Justice Pierce Butler. That meant that Robinson would have no chance of realizing his ardent ambition to be a Supreme Court justice until Butler retired or died. Being sixty-five years old, Robinson knew that the adoption of the plan would slam the door on his hopes. So he refused to go along, the proposal had to be junked, and the President lost his great chance to make Mr. Hughes at least partially unhappy.

After the collapse of the two-judge scheme, Robinson went into a sulk. The Administration's position became increasingly embarrassing, but he made no move and prevented the White House from doing anything. The Van Devanter resignation, engineered by Hughes, Senator Borah and Hatton Sumners, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, gave Robinson the hope of gaining his long-desired goal. To close Senate pals of the Arkansan the President made it clear that he would name Robinson to the court only in a group of other appointees. That is, because of Robinson's advanced age and conservatism, the President was reluctant to elevate him alone, but in a panel of several other younger and more liberal men he would have done so. This information galvanized Robinson into action, and after several weeks of hard work he negotiated the Logan compromise, under which the President would have secured two new justices by January, 1938, and Robinson presumably would have been given the Van Devanter seat. Had he lived, the chances are that Robinson could have put through the Logan bill. At the very most the opposition did not have more than forty-two votes against it, and several of these were doubtful. It would have been a long and vicious fight, but the advantage was definitely with the Administration.

The third and concluding phase of the struggle was Robinson's sudden death, Garner's return to Washington on the funeral train, and his whirlwind double-crossing of the President in order "to save the party."

When Garner conferred with Roosevelt he told him that from his conversations on the train he was convinced there was no hope of putting through the Logan compromise. He also warned that the party was on the verge of a disastrous split and urged that, as a fresh hand in the situation, he be allowed to see what he could do to work out a peaceful solution. Senators Sherman Minton of Indiana and Lewis Schwellenbach of Washington, first-term New Deal militants, told the President they were convinced the Logan bill was not licked and counseled a finish fight. Their "pep talk" inspired the "My dear Alben" letter to Senator Barkley, declaring that the "fight must go on." But Garner was not disturbed by the announcement. He summoned Wheeler and, in effect, told him to "write your own ticket." Then, to hamstring the bitter-end Administrationites and to force Roosevelt to accept his betrayal as a *fait accompli,* Garner, with the connivance of Senator Clyde Herring of Iowa, engineered a meeting of seven Democratic fence-sitters who announced they would join with the opposition in shelving the Logan bill by sending it back to committee unless the Administration agreed to a compromise abandoning all provisions affecting the Supreme Court and lower courts—in other words, complete capitulation.

This desertion was the death blow. Next morning at the extraordinary session of the Senate Judiciary Committee, where the armistice terms were formally arranged, Garner made his pathetic plea for party harmony and good will. "I want to do everything I can to help my country," he explained, "but I also want to preserve the Democratic Party. The President is licked, and he knows it. Don't bloody his nose. Let's get together and be brothers again. I told Burt Wheeler that his side can 'write their own ticket.' I meant that; the Administration means it."

"What about political reprisals?" demanded Pat McCarran, beefy reactionary from Nevada who bolted to the opposition when he was refused a United States marshalship he demanded and who is facing almost certain defeat next year.

"There will be none of that," Garner assured him soothingly, "I can promise you that I will do everything I can to prevent it."

"I am sure," observed Borah with a smile, "that we Republicans will be glad to help you."

Then the camera men were admitted and all had their pictures taken amid smiles and handclasps. But in the inner White House circle there were no smiles and no hand-shaking. One of the President's intimates summed up the feeling there with the bitter remark: "Garner was told to compromise, and he did so by surrendering."

Zionism in Extremis

BY HERBERT SOLOW

THE idea of creating in Palestine a Jewish homeland extensive enough to solve the material problems of European Jewry or culturally rich enough to solve its psychological problems has long since proved to be utopian. With the publication of the new report of the British Royal Commission, Zionism after forty years' effort finds itself *in extremis*.

During the World War England, through such agents as Sir Henry McMahon and Colonel T. E. Lawrence, promised to create an independent Arab kingdom under the Sharif of Mecca in return for Arab aid against the Turk. At the same time, through Balfour, England promised to set up in Palestine a Jewish national home in return for Jewish sympathy and aid. England got what it sought, but, as it now admits, according to the New York *Times*, its promises were irreconcilable. The resulting compromise was the mandate for Palestine, which satisfied neither Jews nor Arabs. The prolonged struggle which followed proclamation of the mandate has cost hundreds of lives and boosted to $10,000,000 the annual police appropriation for umpiring the slaughter.

The Churchill White Paper in 1922 and Passfield's in 1930 eliminated Transjordan and otherwise narrowed the idea of a national home. The present proposal is to partition Palestine itself: Jerusalem is to be a permanent British mandate; the Emir of Transjordan is to get the lion's share of Palestine; the Jewish national home is to be restricted to the coastal region. Minor modifications are being discussed, but the British Cabinet has wide press and Parliamentary backing for the main lines of the partition scheme. Plainly that scheme is imperial: whoever dominates Palestine can easily move troops and supplies in the eastern Mediterranean, dominate the Suez, tap Iraq oil at Haifa, exploit rich markets. England will continue to hold not only Jerusalem but a corridor to the sea, will retain military, air, and naval bases, and will reserve to itself "ultimate responsibility" for maintaining public order. Partition, including abrogation of the present mandate, guarantees that the sun will still rise on Palestine without setting on the British Empire. Parliament has postponed final action but the delay is admittedly a finesse. After Geneva has played its hand, the British government, with an overwhelming majority in the Commons, will produce its trump. The outcome is quite certain.

To some extent recently, especially since the successful invasion of Ethiopia, England's Palestine policy has been increasingly pro-Arab to head off Italian efforts to organize anti-British sentiment. Mussolini, hunting a base in Spain, also covets one on the eastern littoral of Mare Nostrum. His pledge to Anthony Eden on July 7 not to stir up Arab Anglophobia inspires little confidence among informed observers. It means hardly more than that Jamal al Yussef, the Duce's anti-Zionist agitator who was recently deported from Palestine, will delay his debut as special lecturer for the Fascist radio station at Bari.

The Duce's basic plan is unaltered. He has not yet visited Jerusalem, as did Wilhelm II, but it is obvious that he seeks the status the Kaiser sought in the Near East as Defender of the (Moslem) Faith. Free Italian mission schools for Palestine Arabs have been supplemented by cheap tours to Italy, scholarships for Arabs expelled from Kadoorie School for anti-Jewish rioting, juicy advertising contracts for petty Arab papers in Palestine. Italian agents are busy in all the Near Eastern states, the Bari radio station continues its Arabic hour on the delights of Moslem life in the Prophet Mussolini's empire, and Zionism is proscribed in Italy.

In Mussolini's Near East ambitions is to be found the real meaning of anti-Jewish propaganda in Italy today. True, some third-string Fascist papers have published racial attacks against the Jews, and two Tripolitan Jewish merchants were recently flogged in public for resisting the abolition of their traditional Saturday closing rights. True, social and academic anti-Semitism, such as is known even in the United States, exists in Italy. But the Duce and the King still exchange visits with Jewish communal officials. Ambassador Fulvio Suvich remains in Washington, Senator Isaiah Levy remains wherever Italian senators remain, General Liuzzi remains on the Spanish front, and other Italians of Jewish blood have recently been given important posts.

The object of Mussolini's attack is Zionism. Under the heading Rome or Italy, *Tribuna* tells the Jews to drop Zionism or leave. Oreste Gregorio, in Mussolini's *Popolo*, denounces Zionism as the concept of "the English Jew, Balfour," and "how can one claiming to be an Italian and a Fascist support a movement opposed by Arabs and Moslems, in view of the well-known pro-Islamic policies of the Fascist regime?" Again, Gregorio shows readiness to believe that Italian Jews have not "the same mentality" as wicked foreigners, but insists they "acknowledge themselves the outspoken enemies of international Judaism, which is Masonic, subversive, and always anti-Fascist, or renounce Italian citizenship and residence." *Stampa* complains about Anglo-Franco-American Jewish missions to the Falashas (Ethiopian Jews) out of fear that Zionism may be implanted among them. One Italian writer declares that "Zionism tends to establish in the Mediterranean another permanent zone of British expansion," and on May 25 Mussolini's own organ denounced Zionism as "definitely opposed to Italy's Mediterranean spirit."

Hitler commands Jewish writers to work in Hebrew;

Mussolini has compelled Tripolitan Jewish clubs to abandon Hebrew for Italian names. Hitler drives Jews abroad, Mussolini orders them to remain good Italians. Hitler tolerates, the Duce fights, Zionist activity. While Hitler tells the Jews to go or die, Mussolini brusquely offers the 50,000 culturally assimilated Italian Jews the classic alternative of liberal nationalism: Rome or Zion. The proscription of Zionism, of course, is carefully reported to Mecca by the Duce's agents.

Of course, to anybody who would rather have his right hand wither and lose its cunning than forget Jerusalem, all these words from London and Rome are cold comfort. Nor are Arab reactions to the partition scheme of a sort to reassure informed Zionists. Judged superficially, the reaction seems to be opposition. Haj Amin al Husseini, chairman of the Palestine Arab High Committee and Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, has denounced partition and, with the support of his Moslem clergy, threatened to excommunicate any Arab who accepts it. It should be noted that Haj Amin, who is a highly paid British official, thus not only defends himself against the loss of prestige involved in separating Jerusalem from the Arab states but also provides the government which employs him with a counterweight against Jewish criticism.

The anti-partition statements of Chisba-Difa al Watani (Palestine National Defense Party), the Sheik of Koweit, and Iraq's premier are characterized by the *Times* correspondent as "a big bluff." These gentlemen ultimately want a partition which leaves Zionism in the sea. But if the Emir of Transjordan decides to take the cash and let the credit go, they will "bow to the inevitable."

The fact is that the decisive word must come from the outstanding Arab chief, Ibn Saud, king of the Wahibis. Ruler of Mecca and leading candidate for a pan-Arab throne, Ibn Saud waits, builds his army, lets all bidders come to him. And they come. Recently the Grand Mufti went to Mecca, where Ibn Saud cold-shouldered him. In reply to the Grand Mufti's telegraphed appeal against the proposed division, Ibn Saud said not a word about partition. With Ibn Saud's approval, the Emir of Transjordan will accept the share partition now offers him. Tomorrow's protests against leaving Zionism even a shred of what it once hoped for will be no bluff but the basis for a united Arab sovereigns' front.

Talk about "independent" status for the new Jewish area does not change the fact that Zionism is undergoing the most extensive surgical operation in its rich clinical experience. No doubt the World Zionist Congress next month will be philosophical and find that the patient is doing as well as can be expected. What else can the congress say? As one Jerusalem Zionist puts it: "Though the government has failed us, we dare not court irretrievable failure by failing the British. We are the allegorical earthen pot; woe to the pot if it fall on the stone; woe to it if the stone fall upon the pot." Zionism is entering its greatest historic crisis since it secured the Balfour Declaration in 1916. The movement which became a real political factor in one war is being ground to pieces in the scramble of the powers preparing for the next.

The crisis is variously reflected in the national segments of the Zionist movement. Already the Italian Zionists are surrendering as those of Germany did when England put an Allied uniform on the movement. Milan Jewish spokesmen, while defending Palestinian charity, have attacked political and cultural Zionism. The Florentines have renounced a communal election slate. Representatives of fourteen communities have adopted a joint anti-Zionist resolution. Italian Jewish leaders support the Fascist remaking of Ethiopia and exclude Zionism. Carlo Viterbo, who recently surveyed the Falashas for Italian Jewry, reported directly to the colonial minister. The Italian Zionists' answer to the Duce is "Rome!" Perhaps the Duce will finally reward them with the project that Professor Corrado Gini tried to peddle to American Jews when he came to this country to get a degree at Harvard's tercentenary: a new "Zionist" movement, with the Isle of Rhodes, whose Greek population the Duce has been unable to break thoroughly to his yoke, as the scene of their labors.

Polish Zionists, become desperate, are to a great extent supporting Captain Vladimir Jabotinsky, Zionist "revisionist," who stands for preparing the forcible seizure of all Palestine and Transjordan, to create a Jewish state with a Jewish population. Warsaw revisionists, who are something of a "shirt" movement, recently demonstrated aggressively before the British Embassy. The Polish police, who as a rule crack down on Jews for sneezing out of turn, tolerated the demonstration. The Warsaw government press has denounced partition, since it is pushing mass emigration of Jews. In Palestine Jabotinsky also has followers, and in the reduced area may gain at the expense of old-line leaders who have led the Zionist movement from one operating table to another.

British Empire Zionists are beefing about partition, but they will forget their resentment against the Royal Commission. It *is* royal, after all, and Viscounts Samuel and Swaythling, Lords Melchett and Reading *are* vassals of George VI as well as Jews. Moreover, there is still a virgin luster on 226 Coronation medals gratefully accepted by deserving Jewish imperial servants in Palestine. As for American Zionists, they always denounce the latest "astounding" treachery of Albion—and soon indorse its terms.

In short, when partition is put before the League's commission for approval, there may appear delegations of protesting Arabs and Jews, but the real battle will come after partition, and it will be initiated by the Arab leaders in order to finish the liquidation of the Jewish national home.

Problems remain not only for the 400,000 Palestine Jews but for Jewish masses the world round and for the Arab peasants, exploited both by clerically oriented feudal landlords and the rising nationalist Arab bourgeoisie. Today all these problems are one in Palestine, and can be solved only with reference to general international politics. The question presses: Can there be any human, stable solution under a social order in which Italian fascism and British democracy are equally eager to harness Arab and Jewish national aspirations to their imperial chariots?

Will Europe Go to War?

BY LUDWIG LORE

II

IT has been reliably estimated that the World War cost Germany more than 80,000,000,000 marks. What the country produced at home was paid for mainly with treasury notes covered by war loans which lost whatever value they had in the ensuing inflation period. What was bought abroad usually had to be paid for in cash. A few figures will show what enormous sums went out of the Reich to pay for its imports during the war years. There was an unfavorable trade balance for 1915 of 4,000,000,000 marks; for 1916 of 4,600,000,000 marks; for 1917 of 3,400,000,000 marks—altogether, for the duration of the war, about 16,000,000,000 marks. How was this deficit covered?

Two decades of prosperity, interrupted briefly by a few short crises, had made Germany one of the richest countries of Europe. At the end of 1918 the Reichsbank still had a gold reserve of 2,250,000,000 marks. In addition it had foreign securities variously estimated at or near 30,000,000,000 marks. A part of this was confiscated by the Allies, but there remained enough for one of the most audacious maneuvers of modern times. The war had not seriously affected the solidity of Germany's foreign credit. Its domestic securities were sold all over the world. German paper money found a ready market, thanks to the fiction that it was due for a rapid rise. Hundreds of thousands of patriotic German-Americans bought heavily of Fatherland currency and lived to see the day when they could paper their walls with those worthless lithographs.

A large part of Germany's post-war imports was paid for by the sellers themselves, for the money they received was valueless before it reached their hands. During the war the Reich carried on a vigorous "buy in Germany and keep our money at home" campaign. Where this policy was really put into practice, it meant overwork and hunger for the population at home. It was not applied to raw material for ammunition and war supplies. To get these the Reich mortgaged its shirt without the slightest compunction.

Today the situation is incomparably worse. Before 1914 the foreign market had only a hazy idea of the Reich's financial status. Today everybody knows that the Reich government is deliberately spreading a cloak of darkness over its financial condition because it does not dare reveal the full extent of its bankruptcy. Germany, which was once a creditor, is now a debtor nation. Its gold reserve, including that which is still in the hands of private individuals, does not exceed 300,000,000 marks. Dr. Hans Priester, in an investigation of Germany's foreign investments, estimates that just before Hitler came to power Germany owned foreign securities to the amount of 1,500,000,000. These securities have since depreciated in value; what remains has been liquidated by the Third Reich in exchange for Reich bonds; the securities themselves the government used to finance the buying of raw material abroad.

At present, Priester estimates, Germany's reserve of foreign exchange and securities is somewhere between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 marks. It may even be slightly higher. German credit abroad is, in other words, practically non-existent. In case of war Germany would have to pay cash for everything it needs. Washington has made this quite clear where the American market is concerned. Yet, in spite of the Four Year Plan and autarchy, Germany's needs would greatly exceed the requirements of the World War.

From every point of view Germany is worse off than any other power, with the possible exception of her Italian ally. Military cooperation from Italy may or may not be valuable. In any war which the two fascist nations would fight against the rest of the world Germany would have to bear the brunt of the financial burden.

It is noteworthy that of all the countries which went through the World War, Germany and perhaps the Soviet Union have been the only ones to learn from their experiences. Perhaps it is true that only unsuccessful generals learn from the experiences of the past. Certainly the energy and perseverance with which the German government and its military leaders have gone about correcting past errors would be admirable if it were in a better cause. The first and most important of these lessons is the necessity of economic as well as military preparedness. All Germany lives and breathes "war economy." Social production, industrial planning and organization, the systematic subordination of the individual, of science in all its phases, of education, and of propaganda to the social and economic needs of the community; its foreign policy, and its preparedness program—that is war economy as the Third Reich understands it. There is—to mention only one of many—a Reich Bureau for Industrial Redistribution (*Reichsstelle für Raumordnung*) to which has been intrusted the task of adjusting and transferring industrial units into those localities in which they will best serve the nation's defense apparatus. The idea originated in Great Britain, but nothing was ever done about it there. Germany, on the other hand, is building up a new economy, step by step, against the background of its war needs. In the legend-filled forests of mountainous central Germany

—*Futuro*

(Harz, Holstein, Thüringen, etc.) the wanderer comes upon closely guarded areas of which not even the local population knows the exact purpose. The men who work in these areas are brought from other parts of the Reich and live in strict seclusion. A dense secrecy surrounds all these operations, but everybody realizes that another fortress, another flying field, another stronghold, or another ammunition or airplane factory is being built for the use of the German army in case of war.

What this process of reconstruction has cost the German government we cannot even estimate. Fantastic sums have been spent on the strategic redistribution of industries, on subsidies for *Ersatz* experiments and the creation of *Ersatz* industries, on the building of war-material and ammunition factories, on barracks, airdromes, automobile highways, etc. The figures are carefully concealed and one can only guess at their size from the evidence that meets the eye. In his book "Das deutsche Wirtschaftswunder" (Germany's Miracle Economy) Dr. Priester estimates that the government of the Third Reich spent some 30,000,000,000 marks over and above its normal budget between the beginning of 1933 and the end of 1936. These 30,000,000,000 marks went almost exclusively for armaments and related purposes. Other German and foreign experts place Germany's preparedness budget at double that figure. Nothing before or after the World War can compare with this criminal drain on the nation's financial resources. It is comparable only to the terrific sacrifice of the World War years.

HUMAN MATERIAL

I have already spoken of the importance of material in a new world war, but the decisive factor will still be the human quantity. In the last war the Central Powers fought against overwhelming odds, yet they held out against their adversaries for four long years and fought numerous successful battles. The source of this extraordinary strength was the high state of Germany's cultural development. German tradition always had it that it was the "German schoolmaster" who won the victory over Austria in 1866. In 1914-1916 it was Germany's industrial worker who went from victory to victory. It was the German industrial worker who in 1918 swept away the old Junker rule. It was the realization that Germany's strength lay in her people that impelled the Allies in Versailles to limit the German army. The General Staff made a virtue of necessity and set about organizing a small but highly efficient army of professional soldiers. Recent experiences have proved the fallacy, however, of the conception that a small, highly trained, and highly mechanized army can advance into the enemy's territory with a short offensive and an immediate victory practically guaranteed.

The Nazi government was quick to draw its conclusions and translate them into practice. It denounced the arms limitation clause of the Versailles Treaty almost at once and set about preparing the nation for war. Every man in Germany knows where he will stand when war breaks out, on what day he must report for service and where, though this is merely an intensification of the old imperial army system. Every prospective soldier, old and young, is closely scrutinized for his peculiar abilities and placed where he can render most efficient service—at the front, in industry, behind the lines.

Before the greater need of the state more than one National Socialist theory has had to be discarded. Women are being brought back systematically into industrial life, after having been ousted from the factories and mills and offices of the Reich by the hundreds of thousands to make room for unemployed males. During the World War female labor in the basic war industries—mining, metal, machine building, and chemistry—rose from 195,000 in 1913 to 1,043,000 in 1918. The Nazi government is training women for the most skilled occupations in anticipation of the time when they will be needed to replace every man who can shoulder a gun.

An important problem, and one that must be prepared for by systematic organization, is the question of the nation's morale at home and at the front. The soldier will not starve and suffer for months, perhaps for years, without rebelling unless he is given an ideal he can understand. What will it be? Will he fight to defend the slave state Hitler has given him? Will he fight for conquest and expansion? For colonies? For *Anschluss*? Even Hitler doubts it. Instead of relying on the enthusiasm of the German people for these concrete aims, he infiltrates young and old, man, woman, and child, with that transcendental spirit of militant nationalism without which war becomes a long, dark nightmare of unmitigated horror, anguish, and deprivation. The child in school learns to carry a gun. The Hitler Youth is trained in soldiery and marksmanship. Newspapers, motion pictures, the radio—every medium for influencing public opinion is used to prepare the spirit of the German people for the coming struggle. Racial and religious mysticism is producing a nation of megalomaniacs. The spirits of Thor and Wotan walk again, lifting the young German above the drabness of a life of self-abnegation with intoxicating delusions of grandeur. Mass murder has become a religion, mass propaganda the end and aim of all cultural endeavor. The creation of the new German soul has only just begun.

What has this propaganda accomplished? At home it has won the unconditional support of a large part of the younger generation. Abroad it has injected a new element into international relations: the element of fear—fear of the coming greatness, of the conquests, of the ruthless adventurism of the Hitler regime. Fear, too, in the hearts of Germany's rulers, of the spirit they have created—a

Frankenstein monster carrying arms which may at any moment turn and shake off their terrorist regime.

When Dr. Friedensburg, after investigating the question of oil and its relation to war, came to the conclusion that Germany could not possibly accumulate or procure enough oil to carry her through a major war, he proposed as the next best alternative an army on horseback in place of a motorized force. General von Seeckt had a better idea. He knew that a war on two fronts would inevitably ruin Germany's chances. Having no faith in the doctrine of self-sufficiency, he favored an alliance with Russia against Germany's *Erbfeind* on the west. With Russia as an ally, Germany would have access to unlimited food and raw-material supplies. In Russia, bread, oil, and iron—the three *ifs* on which Germany's success in any war so largely depends—could be produced in limitless quantities. In his eyes any war that Germany would fight would be a war of revenge. But the new Germany is not interested in revenge. Latter-day capitalism in the Reich is interested in expansion, in colonies, in markets, not in national honor and moral rehabilitation. The things German capitalism needs lie in the east, and war on the east means war against the Soviet Union.

With this new formulation of Germany's war aims, the difficulties she would encounter in any case become colossal. In this crisis German diplomacy appears upon the scene of action. It stretches its feelers toward the Balkan states with attractive concessions in exchange for a foothold in the European southeast, where meat and bread and the precious petroleum abound. It carries its propaganda into the Scandinavian countries in the hope of getting milk and butter and the other dairy products. The Third Reich needs to feed its population with food from Denmark; it needs iron ore from Sweden.

But diplomacy's usefulness stops on the day war is declared. When that day comes diplomatic conquests and trade relations must be backed up by military occupation. Germany would have to take possession of the whole of Scandinavia in order to beat England. Control of the Baltic Sea alone would avail her nothing, since a large part of Sweden's ore shipments goes over Norway, which, of all Scandinavian countries, would be the one most likely to stand by the British. Germany would have to push her offensive southward to the Black Sea, whether backed by Hungary alone or with the aid of a Poland and a Little Entente willing to break with France and her associates. Moscow, knowing only too well that in southeastern Europe lies the answer to Germany's crying need for oil, will do anything to keep the Little Entente intact by holding Rumania's friendship.

In short, as things are at present, any war Germany could precipitate would immediately involve all Europe, with Germany fighting for life on all fronts. Nazi leaders know this and will be cautious in their international relations in consequence. Nevertheless the fact that Germany has thus far failed to win positive allies outside of Hungary and Italy, with Poland as a possible but not a certain backer, is by no means a guaranty against war. Where there is so much powder, explosions will happen, in spite of fear and precaution. Abroad Germany's policy of bluff and terror is piling up resentments. At home the growing burden of living will ultimately lead to complications from which war may become the only escape.

[*The first part of this article appeared last week.*]

Who Chases Ambulances?

BY LOREN MILLER

WE wanted to stop him, but the Mexican insisted on telling us the story of his wife's injuries in an automobile accident. There was no question of liability: the driver lost control of the car and it crashed into the woman as she was standing on the sidewalk. Her injuries were severe: a broken leg, sundry bruises and abrasions, and internal injuries; doctors agreed that she would never regain normal use of the broken limb. But as lawyers we could do nothing for her; she and her husband had joined in a release of "all claims and demands" for the sum of $350. No, they hadn't consulted a lawyer beforehand. The insurance adjuster said it wasn't necessary.

That case may be extreme, but any layman can skim through the law books and find plenty of cases in which some unfortunate plaintiff has tried to set aside some such ridiculous settlement. Generally the attempt fails because the courts hold fast to the theory that a man is bound by his contracts and that if he is foolish enough to enter into a disadvantageous adjustment he must abide by the terms of the agreement. He must show fraud or duress—and necessitous circumstances do not constitute duress. That is the side of the story that is never told when insurance companies whip the public into a frenzy over the admittedly malodorous practice of ambulance-chasing.

What really happens when an automobile or traction accident occurs is that the driver or motorman notifies his insurance company as soon as he makes out the police report. The first ambulance-chasers on the job are the insurance adjusters, and they aren't there as public-spirited, impartial observers either. They're there to help their company escape liability if it can. These adjusters are hard-boiled, bright young men who know all of the legal angles. They construct a possible defense to the possible lawsuit—generally contributory negligence—and they're very keen about insinuating that possible defense into the minds of the witnesses they interview. The driver is made to understand that if the injured person wins his claim, insurance rates will go up. Add that to the very human frailty of not wanting to be in the wrong, and the driver, no matter how remorseful or how negligent he may have been, is soon convinced that he is entirely in the right.

As soon as the witnesses are disposed of, the adjuster goes to see the injured person. I know of a traction case in which the adjuster brought a twenty-five-dollar check with him after the woman had been in bed for two weeks: "You don't need a lawyer; we're willing to settle." At any rate, the adjuster takes the complainant's statement, always careful to frame his questions to help out the possible defense that is being constructed. The injured person has no objections to having the company doctor examine him? Of course not; it's just a formality. The doctor's call follows. An entire article could be written around the inability of some—most—of these doctors to find serious injuries. If the case ever comes to trial the doctor will be called as an expert, but on the stand he won't be an expert in the real sense or even an impartial scientific observe, because he's on the company's pay roll at a handsome fee, and if the company loses many large claims on his testimony he won't have a job.

Or perhaps the injured person procures an attorney before the adjuster can get to him. In that case the adjuster must not interview the client without the lawyer's consent, and most lawyers are rather wary of such interviews. They don't want to arm a possible defendant with a great deal of advance information. The adjuster has to wait for the inevitable letter from the attorney suggesting that settlement can be made out of court. Back goes the reply: "We do not admit liability but . . ." The "but" clause revolves around the fact that the company is willing to settle for a small sum if the company thinks the action is doubtful. If the client is a workingman and in necessitous circumstances he will be tempted to take the sum, however small. Perhaps he takes his lawyer's advice and files suit. Filing suit costs money, and the attorney may have to advance filing fees.

Then acute delay sets in. Clever insurance companies always take depositions where the law permits. A deposition enables them to take the plaintiff's statement under oath and learn just what he will testify to at the trial. Of course, the plaintiff may also take a deposition of the defendant, but we're talking about poor plaintiffs. After the deposition has been taken the defendant calls at the insurance company's legal offices and sees just what his opponent is going to claim. He isn't human if, after the lawyer has explained the possible defense, he doesn't cut his testimony to fit the cloth of the plaintiff's claim.

Meanwhile the insurance company is going over the plaintiff's life with a fine-tooth comb, and when the case comes to trial the company is ready, through its medical "experts," to prove that the plaintiff's injuries many not have come from the automobile accident at all. Isn't there a possibility that the plaintiff is still suffering from the bump he received when he fell off the back porch at Aunt Hattie's thirty-two years, six months, and ten days ago?

The ordinary defense in accident cases is contributory negligence, an anachronistic legal rule which holds that the plaintiff may not recover if he was guilty of the slightest degree of negligence, no matter how great the negligence of the defendant. Circumstances surrounding automobile accidents are never very clear, and the defense of contributory negligence is ordinarily very efficacious. Of course, insurance companies have plenty of ready cash for witness fees; our mythical poor plaintiff hasn't. I remember one case in which a defense witness testified that he had received twenty-five dollars for his appearance. No, he wasn't working. No, he didn't think the fee was too large. The court found for the defendant.

Perhaps, in spite of all, our client wins a judgment. The usual motion for a new trial is made. More delay for the client, badgered with doctors' bills and other expenses incurred during his period of enforced idleness. If the motion for a new trial is denied, the defense threatens to appeal. That is, it will appeal unless the plaintiff will reduce the amount of the judgment. Most hard-pressed clients fall for that one. Maybe the defense does appeal, and attorney and client settle down to a long wait, meanwhile trying desperately to get funds for appeal briefs or run the risk of doing without representation in the higher court. If judgment is reversed the client takes whatever is offered and swears off lawsuits for life.

In short, insurance companies have tremendous advantages over the injured person. They have the machinery of investigation, they have plenty of money, they have keen legal staffs, and every one of the multitudinous delays of the law is in their favor. No stigma attaches to them for the use of these devices in their own favor. That is just good business. Of course, they are mulcted in fraudulent claims; they also pay off many claims at ridiculously low figures. Which is worse for society?

Frankly, I cannot see how either the evils of ambulance-chasing or those of "good business" tactics in seeking the lowest possible settlement regardless of the merit of the case can be eliminated so long as personal-liability insurance remains a private business run for profit. The presence of millions of automobiles on city and country streets, high-speed highways, complicated traffic rules, and the like dictate a new approach to the problem. The old saw that accidents are bound to happen was never more true than today. This multiplicity of accidents breeds ambulance-chasers *and* insurance companies, both anxious to make a profit. As a lawyer I would like to second the proposal often made that society step in and make provision for this new emergency by constructing a new plan somewhat analogous to the workmen's compensation acts whereby *impartial* agencies investigate accidents, apportion blame and damages, and provide for the unfortunate victims without recourse to such strained legalisms as contributory negligence and other technical dodges. To be thoroughgoing the plan would call for the elimination of private insurance companies and in the process would eliminate ambulance-chasers. We sponsors of the plan can expect a mighty battle if we propose it seriously. I'll wager that it will produce a very effective united front of those mortal enemies, the insurance companies and the ambulance-chasers.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN a world which whirls and makes history as rapidly as ours I suppose I have no right to be vexed that the oncoming generation of young women is so completely uninterested in the history of the liberation of their sex in the United States during the last hundred years. They have almost all the rights and privileges anyone can ask for, so why should they care how they were achieved? If this is quite natural, I still cannot help feeling a regret, especially as I have just read the new life of the gentle and lovely Lucretia Mott, and wish more than ever that the pioneer work of such as she might be known and cherished.

Today young people will not believe that a hundred years ago it was an unheard-of piece of license and indecency for women merely to attend any public meeting in the United States, however benign the purpose and however respectable the meeting-place. Thus the mob which dragged William Lloyd Garrison through the streets of Boston on October 21, 1835, intending to hang him, was inflamed not merely by reports that George Thompson, a British Abolitionist, was to address the Female Anti-Slavery Society, but by the fact that there were women in Boston as "froward" and shameless and unsexed as to come together to discuss a public, yes a political, issue. Thompson, having been notified of what was likely to happen, did not appear. Garrison's offense was merely sitting in his nearby office; it all but cost him his life. The women were compelled by the mayor to depart, which they did two by two—some of the loveliest "females" in all Boston—and were soberly warned never to offend again. Five years later some of these same women went to the First World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London, Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mr. Garrison, and others going also. But they were denied recognition as delegates by the Quakers who were running the convention. Women could not plead in England in public for the freedom of those in bondage! They were compelled to be passive spectators in the gallery, where Garrison took his seat with them, refusing to be a delegate if all could not be admitted.

Next fall Oberlin College will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the matriculation of the first women students in a collegiate institution—the beginning not only of college education for females but of coeducation in the United States. For 201 years after the founding of Harvard College no woman was allowed to sample a college training! Two years previously Oberlin had founded a Female Department, which was presented to the public in its first catalogue in these words:

> Young ladies of good minds, unblemished morals, and respectable attainments are received into this department and placed under the superintendence of a judicious lady, whose duty it is to correct their habits and mould the female character. They board at the public table, and perform the labor of the Steward's Department, together with the washing, ironing, and much of the sewing of the students. They attend recitations with young gentlemen in all the departments. Their rooms are entirely separate from those of the other sex, and no calls or visits in their respective apartments are at all permitted.

Whether the real purpose of this announcement was to get free chambermaid service for the young gentlemen's rooms or not, Oberlin moved on quickly to the higher education. Not without some scandal of course: a dismissed student wrote a pamphlet asserting that "joint education" was very similar to free love and that there was quite undue intimacy between the sexes—a charge ever since leveled at every coeducational institution. Mary Hosford, Mary Kellogg, Elizabeth Prall, and Caroline Rudd were the first to be enrolled as regular freshmen; three of them graduated, the other withdrawing at the end of the first year. A year later William Woodbridge wrote in the *Annals of American Education*: ". . . the experiment is unequivocally successful. We consider it now fully established that the sexes may be educated together. This discovery is one of the most important ever made. The benefits which are likely to flow from it are immense. Woman is to be free. . . . Daughters of America, rejoice!"

When I was appointed an assistant in the History Department at Harvard in charge of the written work of Albert Bushnell Hart's course in United States history, I was asked to do the same work in Radcliffe. Where there were 400 men enrolled in our Harvard course, there were only six women at Radcliffe, all of them older than my 22 years, experienced school-marms eager to get belated degrees and taking most unfair advantage of their callow instructor. As for admitting my six students, who knew so much more than I, to our Harvard classroom, that would have been dismissed as a menace to our oldest and best university, and still would. So we crossed Harvard Square and repeated our talks, and at the end of two years I received a salary voucher from Radcliffe reading: "For two years' instruction in U. S. History—$20.00" —beyond question a fair valuation of the services rendered.

Today women throng to 570 college institutions, and President Wilkins of Oberlin believes that more than 1,000,000 women have received a bachelor of arts degree. Surely some of these living degree-holders ought to pause on October 8 next, when Oberlin celebrates their centennial, to praise the two Marys, the Elizabeth, and Caroline who dared obloquy and social dishonor to pave the way for college generations to come.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"BEAUTY'S ROSE"

BY JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IT was recently my privilege to hear a witty speech by a college professor in the course of which he regretted that students of literature ordinarily devote so little attention to literature itself. The investigations they undertake are commonly either linguistic or historic or biographical, and only rarely do they so much as touch in passing upon the qualities which make it seem worth while to investigate, linguistically or historically or biographically, the work or the writer in question. Professing to be no less guilty than the rest, and remembering that his own books were primarily works of scholarship, he concluded: "But at least I make it a rule not to let my research interfere with my intellectual life."

Now the charge is one which critics and journalists are always ready enough to applaud, but I could not help wondering whether, when they had done so, it would not then be a question of pot and kettle; whether what commonly passes for criticism is not frequently just as remote from the central issue as the frankly collateral research of the schools. Suppose we propose a test of significance, suppose we say that no critical or explanatory remark about a writer or his work is valid unless it appear that the remark would not be equally true of any other writer or writings. Surely the test is not unreasonable, but how much would it leave of any of the currently popular "explanations" of a literary masterpiece, whether these "explanations" be psychological on the one hand or economic on the other? Even assuming that all that is said in any one of them is true as far as it goes, how much light does it throw on the fundamental question, which is simply why the work under discussion is more or less valuable than others written by men who grew up under the same economic conditions or whose psychological pattern could be drawn in precisely the same terms?

It happens that I have recently read Sir Sidney Lee, Frank Harris, and a contemporary Russian critic on Shakespeare. Much that the first and last had to say is probably true and, in certain respects, not unenlightening. Even Harris's speculations are sometimes interesting as simple speculation; but even if we assume with him that the sonnets were addressed to a man whom the author loved in an abnormal fashion there are two important facts which remain: homosexuality is not rare; Shakespeare is unique. And suppose, going further, we admit that much in Shakespeare's plays is somehow connected with the economic conditions of his day, or even, as our Russian author maintains, that Falstaff is to be understood as a type of the decaying feudal knighthood. Does anyone really suppose that Falstaff has been remembered for any such reason or that there was no good reason for remembering him until this critic explained his true significance?

Shakespeare's father was once fined by the village of Stratford for failing to remove a pile of manure from his door yard. The uncovering of this fact (duly recorded by Sir Sidney) is one of the proud results of old-fashioned historical scholarship, and it is not a very illuminating one. But at least it does not pretend to be, and one may ask in all seriousness whether homosexuals are, by virtue of their homosexuality, any more likely to write like Shakespeare than are men-whose-fathers-have-been-fined-for-failing-to-remove-manure-from-their-door-steps. Would knowledge that a particular man fell into either one of these classifications enable us to predict that his writings would be supreme works of genius or throw light upon the merits of the work of a man whom, for the moment, we are supposing to belong in both?

In other words, it appears that "explanations" of an author—whether they be in terms of his psychological pattern or in terms of his historical setting—fail to be very significant, for the simple reason that they do not explain the one thing most worth knowing: why the writer in question differs from others whom the same explanation would fit. Any explanation of Shakespeare in terms of the social or economic forces of his time must inevitably explain his contemporaries as well. It may explain why he was an Elizabethan but it does not explain why the other Elizabethans were not Shakespeare. And that is, after all, the important question, since the thing which makes him most interesting is not the way in which he resembled his fellows but the way in which he differed from all the rest of them. I still, to take a different example, believe that Edgar Allan Poe had a "mother complex" and that the fact influenced his work. I still believe that to bear this in mind illuminates to some extent his prose and his verse. But until it can be shown that all sufferers from that supposedly common ailment write as well as he did, I must admit that the secret of his power remains still a secret.

The simplest as well as the severest test of a work of literary criticism is applied when we read immediately after it some part of the work which furnished its subject. Opening Shakespeare's sonnets I find that Number One begins:

> From fairest creatures we desire increase,
> That thereby beauty's rose might never die,

and I ask myself what any of my three critics has to contribute which will help me to perceive, account for, or evaluate the monumental beauty of those lines. Mr. Harris's theory has at least the negative merit of seeming totally irrelevant, while the other two furnish me chiefly with reasons which would render it highly improbable *a priori* that the lines would be interesting. My Russian could explain them away as by-products of the class struggle, and historical research can only demonstrate that what they say has been said many times before. Thanks to his learning, Sir Sidney Lee can show that the thought was commonplace even in the author's own time, that it may be found in various other sonnet sequences, and that the whole business of urging reproduction on a handsome young man goes back at least to the Pastor Fido. But what I really want to know is why, despite the commonplace nature of the idea, the lines are read with an excitement which neither any of the other sonnet sequences nor the Pastor Fido itself can produce. Shakespeare inherited the same tradition as the other writers, he grew up in the same society, and if he was (as is, of course, extremely doubtful) the victim of an unnatural passion, so in all probability were scores of others among his contemporaries. Two lines constitute a unit large enough to demonstrate his greatness and therefore also constitute a unit large enough to test any critical discussion for its relevance to the qualities which make him unique. One may need a whole play or group of plays to prove that he was the representative of a certain stage in the development of society; one may need a certain group of selected lines even to suggest the suspicion that he might have been a homosexual. But one needs only two lines chosen almost at random to prove what is much more important—namely, that he was a poet.

The moral of all this may be that those of us who call ourselves critics are no less likely than scholars to be in reality what is nowadays denounced as "escapists." We escape into history or psychology or economics (which are relatively easy to discuss), and we hesitate to face the problem which remains when history or psychology or economics has done its uttermost. All three are useful enough in their way. The danger is in forgetting what that way is, and it ought to be one of the first cares of the critic "not to let his research interfere with his intellectual life."

BOOKS

Field Work in Bohemia

THIS ROOM AND THIS GIN AND THESE SANDWICHES. By Edmund Wilson. The New Republic. $1.

THERE are the people who work with materials: farmers, men in factories and on construction. There are the people who carry on the services that coordinate these acts: trainmen, telegraph operators, shipping hands. There are the people who keep the books involved in the productive and distributive pattern: the accountants, stenographers, filing clerks. There are the people who trade in the symbols by which the books are kept: bankers, financiers, speculators, promoters, business men. There are the people who coach the responses to these symbols: educators, publicists, journalists, editors, politicians. There are the "contradictions": people out of jobs, business men crippled by other business men, monopolists fighting monopolists, racketeers, gangsters, radical propagandists.

And there is a special, somewhat abstract, highly mobile group of people who may, with varying degrees of success, live off the total muddle. These are in part the people with income, and the entertainers, the artists. Materially they are rewarded, or hope to be. Occasionally they may "go away" to some earthy spot in search of, and sometimes in temporary discovery of, an idyll. When congregating they can build up a somewhat isolated world, with its own values, its own scandals, its own concepts of obligation, trial, heroism, and defeat. They are *on the fringes*—the fringes of political radicalism, of philosophy, of wisdom, of service, of the soil, of ecstasy and drought, of religion, of moralization and demoralization. They make up the stratum of life depicted in Wilson's three clever, engrossing, and moralistic plays.

The steam locomotive is said to be a very inefficient machine; but it is the essence of sound performance as compared with the operations of contemporary society—yet the social plant jerks along somehow, and while it continues it can manage to support a certain percentage of people in this mobile, abstract way of life, with their peculiar kind of secular "other-worldliness." In particular it did so during the war and post-war periods of inflation. And Wilson here gives us a vigorous and imaginative version of this way.

The three plays are points that plot a curve. In the first, "The Crime in the Whistler Room," we get a mixture of realism and fantasy serving as the rites of initiation. It is a ritual of rebirth, a shift in perspective exemplifying in imaginative terms the following proposition: If one abandons one mode of living for another, and the two seem sufficiently at odds, one can call the second mode "life" only by feeling that the earlier mode was "death." Hence we watch a preparation for bohemian "life" in contrast with a respectable family who act like corpses. The heroine is the Beatrice who guides the hero on his journey—and she helps a lot through being got by him with child, though he appears in some of the fantastic scenes as a werewolf.

In the second play, "A Winter in Beech Street," we are wholly within this special world. I doubt whether any one else will catch as well as Wilson does here the norms of sociality that developed about the theater projects of the Provincetown Players as the American center of bohemian protest. The inventiveness of the dialogue is very appealing; one is sometimes startled out of his engrossment at the sudden realization that it is even depicting *delirium tremens* joyously.

In the third, "Beppo and Beth," we come closest to attempts at finding a way out. And after a scene of violently alcoholic protest against the void lurking beneath alcohol, with one suicide stopped only by another attempted suicide, we end:

> BEPPO: We'll get married again tomorrow and we'll take the first boat to Mexico!
>
> BETH: Why Mexico!
>
> BEPPO: Because Mexico's the place where they make those little pottery animals!
>
> BETH: You broke the little bank just now when you pulled the tapestry down.
>
> BEPPO: I know; I want to get a new one!—The train to Mexico City will be our P. L. M. Express! We'll revive the old rebellion!
>
> BETH: You'd better pick up those pennies: we'll need them!

Not forgetting Chang and Chung, the Chinese servants, who had patiently, at intervals, explained to Beppo the Marxist theories of capitalist decay, and did it very well, with what looks like a good stage effect, in the midst of all the hubbub and the antics.

The talent and the incongruities of bohemianism are conveyed in lines that are bright and limpid. The void is made tremendously real, all the more so since the patter that conceals the void is given with verve. "Well, we may not have got the whole of everything," says Sally of the Beech Street Players in a moment of inventory, "but we've got something very precious at this moment—we've got this room and this gin and these sandwiches, and we've got each other's very agreeable company!" Or, as another character who has invented a new religion puts it: "All the religions of the past have either mortified the flesh in the interests of the spirit or have stinted the spirit in the interests of the flesh: and this is the first religion in history that has promoted the highest development of the spirit and at the same time facilitated the ecstasies of the flesh!"

If one would see Murger's world again, shown with an accuracy and taste for comedy that Murger's sentimentalizing made him incapable of, one should read these plays. And if one feels moralistic, he can discern on every page the pressure of the money economy behind the antics.

KENNETH BURKE

The Delphic Language

THE COMMERCE CLAUSE UNDER MARSHALL, TANEY, AND WAITE. By Felix Frankfurter. University of North Carolina Press. $1.

A STUDY of legal history is a means to judicial freedom. If idea, occasion, and issue are stripped away and only the stark lines of decision are left, the reasoned expediencies of one age become the decadent precedents of the next. The results of analysis become mere tags; verbal compulsion strips judgment of its balance of values; and the living law hardens into a system of rigidities—and "no formula can make great judges of little men." The past forever imposes its irrational pressure upon the present; and "unless we know history we may be unwittingly imprisoned by it." So Felix Frankfurter invokes historical perspective and with never so much as a reference shows the littleness of recent judicial utterances.

To secure an effective result he employs the utmost economy. He selects a single doctrine, "commerce"; he presents, from the past, three Chief Justices; his account runs barely beyond 100 pages; he uses the adroit phrase and the overtone of meaning to crowd the stuff of a page into a sentence. The beat of his compact, modernistic line is forever on the judicial process. Here is nothing of such questions as "What is commerce?" "Exactly where is the boundary between national and state authority?" or "What are the lines by which the category is pent in?" Instead the query runs to how "the power over commerce" as "a lawyer's artifice" is used as an instrument of judicial policy. In its preoccupation with commerce the Supreme Court has indulged in statecraft—but "a statecraft bound in by the restrictions of the adjudicatory process." The opportunity to speak arises only through "the accidents of unrelated and intermittent cases"; consideration is limited to "issues confined by the exigencies of the legal record"; elucidation is restricted to "the learning and insight of lawyers fortuitously selected"; and judgment is imprisoned "within legal habituations and past utterances."

For more than a century "commerce" has been a counter of judicial statecraft. The Constitution drew no line between state and federal authority; a state might act if the nation had not invaded the domain. In only three cases did Marshall have occasion to expound the doctrine of commerce, for questions of public control were not yet insistent. The opinions voiced by him are those of his court. If Marshall spoke, his brethren had to be conciliated; "Story had devotion to Marshall, but also vanity and views." And in his speech Marshall created a "dormant" federal power—exclusive in its domain—as a means of subjecting state legislation to federal judicial review.

Taney and Waite took a different view of the matter. Taney was unwilling "to open the door to judicial policy-making wider than the Constitution obviously required." So he was "tolerant of legislative freedom for the states" and willing to override a statute only if "in conflict with the law of Congress." Waite with a rare insight complained, "I cannot give the reasons as I wish I could"; but his outlook had no place for "any attempt to confine legislative powers by a mechanical formula." He sought to hold the court to its litigious orbit, for he believed that questions of public policy could not be handled within "the confined procedure of a lawsuit and the uncreative resources of judicial review."

It is, according to Frankfurter, style which makes the judge. "Humdrum, matter-of-fact, dry lawyer's English" is not likely "to carry a judge's reputation down the stream of history." The cathedral tones of Marshall and the severe clarity of Taney give long life to their utterances; the importance of Waite's cases alone saved him from oblivion. And the gift of style—which is really a tool of the craft—packs into the pages of this book far more of understanding than is to be had from ponderous tomes on the Constitution now emerging from the press. As Frankfurter quotes Maitland, "Today we study the day before yesterday, in order that yesterday may not paralyze today and today may not paralyze tomorrow." Here is history, in the service of current perspective, making a little clearer "the creative role of the Supreme Court" in giving meaning to "the Delphic language of the Constitution."

WALTON H. HAMILTON

Medicine and Public Health

AMERICAN MEDICINE: EXPERT TESTIMONY OUT OF COURT. The American Foundation. Two volumes. $3.50 the set.

IT is no slight to the medical profession that the American Foundation has found it necessary to make a survey of medical care as it stands today. The growth of large cities with their typical diseases, the advance of science, and changing economic conditions have all had their effects on the practice of medicine. The doctor cannot escape his environment.

Although the foundation fully appreciates that medical care is as important to the public as to the medical profession, it has made its survey through the eyes of the doctor. To complete the picture, it would be well to fill the recognized gap by investigating medical care from the point of view of the patient. The method of inquiry used was to send a form letter to some twenty thousand medical men of over twenty years' experience, distributed throughout the United States, and another letter to some five thousand young physicians recently licensed. The enormous volume of material contained in the thousands of replies was then boiled down.

These replies show in no uncertain terms the interest of the medical profession in the problem. But the analysis and synthesis presented in these two volumes could hardly have been worse. The task of summarizing the data was clearly beyond the powers of those engaged to do it. High-sounding sentences are all too frequent. The final conclusions on state medicine, quoted in part, are typical of the poor quality of the summarization, yet at the same time show the wealth of material that has been uncovered. "The views quoted in this chapter are in general the concrete proposals of the writers interested in evolutionary extension of the present functioning of government in the field of health and medical care. These views indicate a growing recognition that this evolutionary process may be expected progressively to continue, . . . that permanent and continuous cooperation between scientific medicine and the governments, national, state, and local, must be achieved, perhaps through a council of scientific medicine acting with public authorities."

Yet in spite of their defects, these two volumes represent a real advance. Other medical men can turn to them and see that the trend toward federal interest in national health is even now a reality. The difficulties of medicine can be attributed partly to the fact that it is becoming daily more a science and less an art. Modern medicine depends increasingly on the "thorough work-up," in the course of which blood, urine, and sputum are sent away for laboratory examination and the results returned to the doctor for his use. X-rays, cardiograms, blood counts, hormone determinations, all done on the same patient, furnish as complete a picture as modern science can draw of his condition at the time of examination. How can the private physician provide this service for even two patients a day? He cannot. He is obliged, more and more, to rely on laboratories. These are to be found only in the large centers of population, and even in these communities there are not enough of them. Such are the physical facts which are driving conscientious medical men to look to government assistance and control, or to such experiments as group practice.

These data should be handed over to some competent authority to be digested and summarized. They could then be presented in some 250 pages rather than 1,500, with corresponding improvement in coherence. The subject warrants a clear, concise statement.

HUGH H. DARBY

Gone with Anthony Adverse

AND SO—VICTORIA. By Vaughan Wilkins. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

IF this picaresque novel does not head the new batch of best sellers it will be no fault of the author. Lodged in pre-Victorian England and built around the rivalries within the ruling family, the novel has the "glory and excitement" which have become the trademark of the past. Its 600-odd pages are swollen with passion, intrigue, and murder; and the reader is swept through a series of romantic escapades as he follows the career of the hero. Naturally enough, a point of surfeit is reached when the swoonings and seductions mount up, yet reading soon becomes automatic as the events of the novel pass before one like some historical pageant, with its lovers and rogues, its full-bosomed Cinderellas and scheming countesses, and its uniformed champions of chastity and honor. Nor are the close-ups of crime and perversion unduly offensive, for Mr. Wilkins's euphemisms keep these gruesome episodes well within the limits of respectability—a respectability, in fact, as archaic as the story he tells.

At bottom, "And So—Victoria" is a simple and sentimental tale of the fortunes of Christopher Harpish, from his tortured youth to his swashbuckling manhood. The child of an incestuous marriage, Christopher is snatched up by one royal guardian after another in the course of the struggle for power within the reigning bureaucracy. Not until he reaches maturity, however, does Christopher discover the secret of his parentage, and except for some boudoir predicaments in which he barely escapes seduction, the rest of the novel is given to Christopher's efforts to repudiate his ancestral taint. A number of duels fail to provide the necessary catharsis: he tours the world; he foils a plot to prevent the succession of Victoria to the throne; finally his frantic search for some act which will plunge him into an honorable existence ends in the arms of a renowned actress. Countless other people play their part in the novel, but they are hardly more than accomplices in the adventures of Christopher. They do, however, provide an atmosphere of regal pomp and gossip, living in a kind of glass house where they constantly expose their most intimate activities to each other and to the reader.

As though to insure the pace of the narrative, none of the characters is burdened with consciousness, and Christopher is equipped with the mentality of a foreign legionnaire. In this respect "And So—Victoria" seems admirably suited for Hollywood production as a historical drama, with perhaps very few changes, for even in its present form it has episodic variety, physical conflict, fireside idealism, and the therapy of love. The novel combines the pageantry of history with the adventures of fiction. Unfortunately, there is a contradiction between its streamlined action and its Victorian sensibility; but that is a failing which the historians of Hollywood can easily overlook.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

The Consumer and His Money

THE BACKWARD ART OF SPENDING MONEY. AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Wesley C. Mitchell. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $3.

THE FIRST essay in this volume, The Backward Art of Spending Money, was written in 1912; the last, Economics, 1904-1929, in 1931. The papers were prepared for different occasions and at regular intervals. While many deal with economic themes, the subject is, as often as not, economics itself, or the social sciences inclusively. Again, it may be a man and his ideas—Veblen, Commons, or Bentham—that is under discussion. The common denominator is the thought and point of view of an able, reflective, and broadly interested mind, an agreeable, easy style, and a concern with economics which includes its history, its methods, its systems, and its point of contact with social life generally.

One of the earliest of these essays, and yet one of the timeliest, is the title piece, The Backward Art of Spending Money. Although it has been part of the literature of consumption for twenty-five years, it takes on new value in the contemporary discussions of consumers and their problems. Most of the points currently presented as "discoveries" of the consumer's position (perhaps they are; there is a wide difference between discovery and priority) are made somewhat more clearly and thoughtfully in this essay.

Dr. Mitchell clearly indicates that family organization for production and consumption is divided in modern life and that the separation is through changes in carrying on production rather than consumption. He considers the degree to which the dominance of women in spending is a factor in the backwardness of the art. He shows how scientific research

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in physics and chemistry feeds production advance, while the arts of consumption await similar nourishment from physiology and psychology. So with values. The relatively prompt and precise answers which the business man finds in the market are not the replies for the housewife.

But to what is it that she seeks a reply? Is it merely to a better comprehension of the scale of conventional values provided ready made, or to deeper and more philosophic ends? It is through the raising of this issue that a reading of The Backward Art of Spending Money would wholesomely leaven the ideas of many who assume that the cure for all consumer problems will be found in grading, labeling, and housewife science (good as these are), or in less capitalistic advertising and salesmanship and more consumer cooperative selling, more national planning, and a different distribution of national income.

The book is not avowedly presented as a mark of recognition, but to many it will appear to be something of a monument suggesting the abilities, variety, and unity of interest of Dr. Mitchell's mind. LEVERETT S. LYON

Johnny Johnson's War Memoirs

MY WAR WITH THE UNITED STATES. By Ludwig Bemelmans. The Viking Press. $2.50.

MR. BEMELMANS, who came to America from the Tyrol expecting to shoot Indians and joined the army instead, was sent during the World War to guard lunatics in a New York military camp. There he collected acquaintances and adventures thriftily, studied the American scene with a perspicacious if slightly impertinent eye, and recorded his conclusions in a diary that reads like a catalogue to our national portrait gallery with explanatory notes by Lewis Carroll's Alice. The brilliance of Mr. Bemelmans's observations on American characters and characteristics is undeniable. He is a born raconteur, and, like an Old World Johnny Johnson, proclaims many truths in few words. He loses no time in understanding that more than geography separates Germany from the United States, that Americans resent authority, are skeptical of dignity, and clamor to learn any fantastic dance except the goose-step. Ever mindful of his own German training, he is courteous and wise enough to hide his sarcasms under a naivete of statement that is meant to be disarming.

Yet there is a danger in Mr. Bemelmans's brilliance, as there is in that of a forward child or a hurried traveler. When the reader gets the glare of bright colors out of his eyes he realizes that he has been looking at a deftly drawn two-dimensional picture of a three-dimensional scene. Americans are not as they seem. It is easy to be witty at the expense of a widow from Scranton with a new permanent wave and a Bronx family quarreling among its mission oak, and to appear profound by cultivating a superior attitude of understatement. The warmth of feeling the author infuses into a few nostalgic pages about his uncle's inn in the fatherland serves only to show up the cold scintillation of the rest of the book. Yet when one has allowed for surface charm and inaccurate conclusions, the diary still makes amusing reading and is bound to be informative to those interested in how Americans look to their foreign neighbors. Mr. Bemelmans has decorated his text with illustrations that promise at first to have the directness of Rousseau and the conciseness of Klee but turn on close examination into just drawings by a talented German amateur. TOM SQUIRE

RECORDS

THE new Victor set of Beethoven's Quartet, Opus 59, No. 2 (four records, $8), provides new evidence of the fact that the playing of the Budapest String Quartet—in its unanimity of understanding, feeling, execution, its precision of intonation and beauty and balance of tone, its warmth and vitality, and withal its unfailing purity and distinction of style—represents the highest excellence in its province. On the other hand, Victor's album of songs sung by Flagstad (five records, $7.50) reminds us that her present international career follows a career of twenty years in Oslö. Like her recital programs, the album is overloaded with songs of the old local career—five by Grieg, one by Alnaes. Worse are the two songs in English—Cyril Scott's "Lullaby" and Charles's "When I Have Sung My Songs"—acquired for the new international career. What remain are two songs of Beethoven: "Die Ehre Gottes in der Natur" and "Ich liebe dich." And of course Flagstad herself, who in the worst trash no less than in the exquisite "Ich liebe dich" commands wonder not only with the physical beauty of her singing but with its musical quality—the unfailing rectitude of the feeling for the phrase that manifests itself in the coloring and placing of every tone.

Matching the unusual conciseness, for Brahms, of his Third Symphony is the unusual directness, for Bruno Walter, of his performance with the Vienna Philharmonic, which is the finest of those now available (Victor: four records, $6.50). Except for a ringing quality and sharpness in the high register of the violins, which can be reduced by use of non-metallic needles, the recording is excellent.

On Victor single records Stokowski nullifies Debussy's precise and fastidious sense for timbre, evident in the cool tone of the piano in "Clair de lune" ("Moonlight"), with a lush orchestral arrangement and performance of the piece by the Philadelphia Orchestra ($1.50); Schnabel is heard in superb performances of Beethoven's Rondo, Opus 51, No. 1, and "Für Elise," assembled from odd sides of album sets ($2); in the Andante from Bach's Sonata in A minor and the Sarabande from the Partita in B minor, both for violin unaccompanied, one is aware chiefly of difficulties of the medium being overcome by Menuhin ($2); if you like Heifetz's playing you will like it in Vivaldi's Suite in A (recorded recently by Milstein as a sonata) ($1.50); the B.B.C. Symphony, under Boult, does well with Walton's gay overture, "Portsmouth Point" ($1); there is a little nervous tautness in brilliant performances by Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra of the charming Dance of the Apprentices and the Entrance of the Mastersingers from Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger" ($1.50).

Of recent records of the Benny Goodman Quartet (Victor) I like "Vibraphone Blues" and "Runnin' Wild" best; but I continue to wish the quartet were the trio once more. "Honky-tonk Train Blues" (Victor), played on the piano by Meade (Lux) Lewis, is unique; and the records of the Quintet of the Hot Club of France (Victor and Decca) offer phenomenal guitar-playing by Django Reinhardt.

Timely Records, Inc., has issued spirited performances, by the Manhattan Chorus and Mordecai Bauman under the direction of Elie Siegmeister, of several strike songs: "Sit Down," "Casey Jones," "On the Picket Line," "We Shall Not Be Moved," "Hold the Fort," "Solidarity Forever."

B. H. HAGGIN

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is the author of a new 10c booklet, "The War in Spain," which is published by *The Nation*. Over 15,000 copies were sold in advance of publication! In this booklet Mr. Fischer authoritatively analyzes the social and economic background of the war, discusses the progress of the fighting, predicts the outcome, and explains the international significance of the struggle. Every progressive should read it! To order send 10c to

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Letters to the Editors

Dramatic Incident

Dear Sirs: With the aid of "an agitated voice," a "sigh," a "handkerchief," a "gust of despair," and a "back" that he "will never forget," Mr. Grobin has made a very dramatic incident out of his meeting with me in Johnstown. If I had anything to be ashamed of I would hide behind the anonymity which he has given me. But he has made me out a coward and a hypocrite, and I resent it for myself and for my profession, which is frequently the victim of the man who finds this a cheap way to get a hand from left-wing audiences. To be suspected as a "semi-Communist" by some of the extreme conservative elements of one's own town, and then to be used as a horrible example of a kept preacher of the Bethlehem Company—well, it is something of a laugh.

In our first conversation I had a natural reserve in the presence of one who introduced himself as a reporter of a metropolitan daily, as I later told him; I therefore gave him a noncommittal answer when he asked me if I were a "McConnell Methodist." I had no need to hide from any of my own men, as he implies, the fact that I am an admirer of Bishop McConnell and agree in general with his point of view. They all know it, as I also told him.

And the paper which I so excitedly "thrust" at him! Mr. Grobin did not state in *The Nation* that this was presented to him for the purpose of subjecting its contents to criticism after he had made what I thought would be valuable observations in our community. Our only difference of opinion at the time was whether a majority of the Bethlehem workers were out on strike or not at the time Governor Earle shut down the mill. Subsequent developments have justified my opinion, not his.

I am a liberal, as Mr. Grobin rightly judged from the sermon he heard me preach. May I remind him of its text? "Pilate saith, What is truth? And when he had said this he went out." Perhaps you can tell me why it is that there are always liberals who try to support the cause by exaggeration, intolerance, and cynicism, when truth itself is a far better instrument?

There *are* phony things in Johnstown, as there are everywhere else (even in news reporting), and a struggle such as we have had shows some of them up. But it does no good to add to the number. Too many of Mr. Grobin's "facts" are phony, including the item that the "Bethlehem Steel Company contributes to the support of all Johnstown's churches." I know of no church of which this is true.

WILLIAM K. ANDERSON

Johnstown, Pa., July 10

Look at the Record

Dear Sirs: Mr. Anderson has seen fit to identify himself as the minister to whom I referred in my article. That the article did not mention his name or denomination should be sufficient proof that the aim was to expose not minor personalities but major forces of pressure behind the steel strike in his city. This reply to his letter still maintains that attitude. I am taking the time and *The Nation's* valuable space to reply to him as a symbol and not as a person. Let us turn to the record:

Mr. Anderson personally drafted the resolution on June 21 asking Governor Earle to rescind martial law at Johnstown. He repeated in that resolution the reactionary propaganda that the civil authorities must maintain the right to work equally with the right to strike. Who wanted the martial law rescinded? Was it the strikers, with whose cause Mr. Anderson told me he sympathized? No. It was the Bethlehem Steel Company.

Next, why did Bethlehem want martial law withdrawn? Because the order proclaiming martial law disbanded the vigilantes whose violence was serving to break the strike, prevented the Johnstown police from terrorizing pickets, and because, objectively, by keeping the steel mills shut it was helping the union win the strike. Whose chestnuts, then, was Mr. Anderson pulling out of the fire?

As a "liberal" he espoused the so-called right to work as being as sacred as the right to strike. Is it as a liberal that he echoed this subtle reactionary propaganda of the vigilante citizens' committee of Johnstown? Is the right to work meant to protect workers honestly opposed to a strike? Or is it meant to protect strikebreakers and to serve as a "cover" for back-to-work campaigns which by physical terrorization and by economic intimidation drive strikers into deserting their fellows?

Has it not occurred to him that in practical and objective terms the right to work can be protected in only one way—by sending in the armed forces of the state to balk, terrorize, and destroy strikers' picket lines; in short, by breaking the strike?

Then, on July 4, Mr. Anderson preached a "strike sermon." In that sermon he demanded incorporation of unions, he imputed all violence in the steel strike to the unions and none to the steel companies, he attempted to persuade his parishioners that employer opposition to unionization had dwindled to minor proportions, and he condemned the "coercion" used by labor leaders to force workers into unions.

Mr. Anderson further deplored the "opportunities" the Wagner Act has given "racketeers to use labor for their own wicked purposes." And he illustrated the argument with that utterly fantastic story of the "bulldozing foreigner with two pistol-toting bodyguards, who owned a labor union" and "summarily rubbed out all the honest workers who demurred at paying him tribute" of a dollar a week.

By the way, he was mistaken when he assured his parishioners that "the railway unions have not lost anything by being incorporated." They are not incorporated. Maybe that's one reason they haven't lost anything.

All of the foregoing are positive acts. Now, how about the negative acts—the sins of omission? Ten days after the strike broke out in Johnstown Mr. Anderson wrote his notorious resolution. It was "justice" for his community he was seeking, he said. But for ten days before, the mayor of Johnstown and his police were inflicting outrageous injustice on members of Mr. Anderson's community. Why did he not write resolutions about that? As typical of the scores of cases that can be cited, why did he keep silent when Mayor Shields sentenced Thomas Meyers, a striker, to ninety days in jail or $100 fine and costs? His crime? He picked up a rag from the ground to wipe some mud off his shoes. The arresting officer, Corporal Tebelin, admitted Meyers did nothing with the rag, but said he thought Meyers might have intended to throw it at someone. Also, why no resolutions when Mayor Shields gave the same sentence to Charles Dragovich, a striker, for sitting admittedly peacefully on a fence a block away from the picket line? Or when Policeman Krise shot two strikers and Mayor Shields congratulated him on his fine marksmanship?

ALLEN GROBIN

New York, N. Y., July 18

Certain Inaccuracies

Dear Sirs: As a resident of Johnstown and a member of the middle class, I am compelled to protest against certain inaccuracies in Allen Grobin's article in the July 10 issue of *The Nation* which greatly mar its effectiveness. The author states, for example, that "there is only one bank in Johnstown . . . which does all of Bethlehem's business." Actually there are at least seven banks in Johnstown, although the United States Bank does handle Bethlehem's business. It is similarly untrue to say that the Penn Traffic is the only department store at Johnstown. There are actually three or four, one of which is possibly even larger than the Penn Traffic.

More serious is the accusation that the Bethlehem Steel Corporation contributes to the support of all Johnstown churches, whose wealthiest parishioners are steel executives. This is untrue. I have access to the financial reports of the two largest Methodist churches. One of them has no steel executives at all, and the nearest to steel executives in the downtown Franklin Street Church are some white-collar men. So far as I know there is only one steel executive in town who goes regularly to church, and there are certainly none in the church of the minister mentioned in your article. One dropped out of his church several years ago, declaring the minister was a "Bolshevik," and an officer in the United States Bank dropped out this spring on similar grounds.

MRS. C. M. HOOVER

Johnstown, Pa., July 15

Militance and Realism

Dear Sirs: I wish to express my admiration for the consummate skill with which your reviewer, Mr. Lore, has taken every opportunity to misunderstand my book on fascism. To make me appear "ardently optimistic" over the prospects for the workingman in fascist countries, he quotes a passage which I had marked as a purely theoretical "blueprint"—and is silent about my many references to the fascist practice of depressing real wages and giving immaterial benefits to labor in exchange. Words to the effect that the fascist party machines were organized for other than warlike reasons in Mr. Lore's register look like an assertion that fascism as such is pacific, although I have devoted a full chapter to the thesis that it will always tend to embroil itself in international conflicts. Indignantly Mr. Lore then asks how I can say that there is freedom under fascism, referring to a phrase torn from a chapter entirely designed to show that freedom, as *we* understand it, is, under fascism, a logical impossibility. Altogether he confronts me accusingly with "things as they really are" and carefully overlooks the fact that my avowed purpose was not to describe present conditions in Italy or Germany but to acquaint the American public with the mentality of the fascist rank and file.

It is only natural that to German Socialists like Ludwig Lore the regime of Hitler seems a nightmare, imposed by a force of darkness upon the "real" Germany in which and for which they have spent the better part of their lives. Hope that the future might revive the past is what keeps most of the exiles going. But the people of other countries have to make up their minds whether they want, out of sympathy with the victims of fascism, to falsify their own picture of its supporters. It is not a question of siding with or against the anti-fascists.

If Mr. Lore asks how I can dispute "the evident fact" that fascism is the creature of capitalists afraid of working-class action, I refer him to the latest issue of *Foreign Affairs*, in which one of Germany's foremost monopoly capitalists voices their distaste for the Hitler regime in no uncertain terms. If Mr. Lore tells me that opposition in Germany and Italy is growing and not abating, I challenge him to name one responsible and disinterested newspaper correspondent who found in the last two years that the normal and never avoidable displeasure of particular groups at particular grievances has spread into a comprehensive and increasing sentiment against the fascist regimes as such. Or even that any one group's resentment has grown vivid enough to create solidarity with other sufferers; that Germany's fighting churchmen showed sympathy with disfranchised labor, or the exploited consumer with the scapegoat Jew.

Mr. Lore accuses me of not drawing a "militant" conclusion, like the one he quotes from Robert Brady's book. I plead guilty. But I should like to point out that even according to Marxist history books this country's "wars of freedom against a tyrannical power" were instigated and fought by the capitalist class of the time and that at least the brains which built its wealth and culture were mostly capitalist brains. Mr. Lore concludes that I am a defeatist. From his angle, I probably am. I do not believe that the world faces a choice between fascism and communism. I believe that progressive aims can be realized without social upheaval. And I happen to dislike the idea of saving democracy from fascism, only to fatten it for the proletarian revolution. I have full confidence in American democracy, and I think I have expressed it in my book, but I fear that its supporters will labor under a great handicap if they let self-appointed auxiliaries prevent them from really learning what they are up against.

E. B. ASHTON

New York, July 15

Ideology of the Dance

Dear Sirs: In his article, New Forms of the Dance, in your issue of June 12, Mr. Love nominates Doris Humphrey's trilogy, "Theater Piece," "With My Red Fires," and "New Dance," as "undoubtedly the strongest work to date" in the dance field. I, for one, view it as one of the most confused, utopian, and equivocal compositions produced by any dancer of note these last seasons. Now Doris Humphrey has been superbly active in various dancers' collective and progressive organizations; she has looked to the social scene for the subject matter of her work; generally she has followed the line of the liberal who, because of circumstance if not conviction, has unavoidably moved left. But a certain lack of clarity, a confusion that is primarily a post-war hangover of impressionism, symbolism, expressionism, has marked her work to the degree that it may easily develop in a direction completely contrary to the dancer's intention. Miss Humphrey's "Theater Piece" represents a futile, isolated, and utopian opposition. Nothing comes from this sort of revolt. It lacks material strength and is buried in psychological and spiritual sentimentalities.

When Mr. Love represents Martha Graham's ideologically well-built "Chronicle" merely as a series of foot movements, changes of costume and of décor, he reveals how completely his approach to dancing is concerned with technical exhibition to the exclusion of idea. All his mention of social idea has a tinny and unconvincing sound. Apropos of his heroic closing call for the removal of modern dance from "Sunday night cultism," is he not aware of the WPA production of Tamiris's "How Long Brethren?" (unequivocal Negro songs of protest) and Charles Weidman's satiric "Candide"? These have been playing to standing room only every night for the past six weeks! I have no reason to debate at length with Mr. Love on esthetic preference, but if the "substance of the dance" is to be considered "movement—not story, not pantomime, not music—but movement," then the dance will prove a rather sorry, thin, and meaningless medium for both artist and audience.

OWEN BURKE

New York, June 14

Catalans Don't Like Franco

Dear Sirs: A few weeks ago you wrote in one of your editorial notes that "the Catalans have done very little to help the Loyalists win the war." The reverse being generally known, I dismissed the statement as a harmless remark. Now comes Louis Fischer in a cable from Madrid (July 17, page 62) charging that "Franco has many friends among the Catalan separatists." This I cannot pass without a few words of dissent, for, if not corrected, it is likely to produce some confusion in your readers' minds. The "unified" Spain proclaimed by Franco and a "separated" Catalonia are as far apart as the North and South Poles. Furthermore, Franco being the embodiment of everything which is repellent to the Catalan character and ideals, I doubt whether it would be possible to find a single sane Catalan willing to call this traitor his friend.

JOAN DEL PLA

New York, July 19

Claim Sustained

Dear Sirs: The Nation for June 26, 1937, describes Richard L. Neuberger as "a Seattle journalist." Now, California attempts to arrogate to itself Crater Lake, which is located in Oregon, as well as Mount Hood, but is usually rebuffed in its efforts by the Portland Chamber of Commerce.

Everyone in this part of the country knows that Mr. Neuberger was born, raised, and cut his eyeteeth in Portland, Oregon, and that he still makes Portland his headquarters. We demand that you relocate Mr. Neuberger in Portland—though the Portland Chamber of Commerce, which usually concerns itself with such geographic inaccuracies, would in this case probably be very glad to lose Mr. Neuberger to Seattle.

ARTHUR A. TARLOW

Portland, July 1

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The Shape of Things

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THE JAPANESE INVASION OF NORTH CHINA is not hard to interpret. In contrast to the seizure of Manchuria six years ago, Japan has made no pretext of self-defense or of the need of an outlet for its teeming population. Nor has there been any suggestion that Japanese citizens were maltreated. No resort was even made to the threadbare story that the local population demanded liberation from Chinese misrule. Without pretext or legal fiction, the Japanese attacked Peiping for the evident purpose of annexing North China to their existing domain on the Asiatic continent. To this end they bombed and burned defenseless cities and destroyed one of the leading universities in the Far East. They even threatened to extend their warfare against French and American troops because the latter did not cooperate in "cleaning up" Tientsin. Despite these crude and blundering tactics, Japan has succeeded in taking over the greater part of North China but at the cost of alienating practically the whole of world opinion, including that which is normally not disturbed by imperialist advances.

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THE SPEED WITH WHICH JAPAN HAS CLEARED northern Hopei of Chinese resistance is not to be taken as an indication that the Japanese can similarly crush the main Nanking armies. Peiping was strategically untenable, and the only first-class troops in the whole region were the Japanese-equipped soldiers of Yin Ju-keng's East Hopei Autonomous Area, who somewhat unexpectedly put patriotism ahead of their jobs. As the Japanese have not yet clashed with the main bodies of Nanking troops north of Paotingfu and Tsangchow, there is still a possibility that Japan may refrain from pushing its conquest southward. But with Chinese nationalism at white heat as a result of the wanton destruction of Tungchow and Tientsin, it is difficult to see how Nanking dares delay longer in forcing a final showdown.

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IN REPORTING NET EARNINGS OF $66,000,000 for the second quarter of 1937, Alfred P. Sloan, chairman of the board of the General Motors Corporation, launched a vicious attack against the C.I.O. for permitting the "unauthorized strikes" which cut into the corporation's profits. In view of increasing costs, Mr. Sloan indicated that a substantial increase in the price of cars was to be expected in the near future. Taken at their face value, the two statements indicate rather forcefully that capitalists have learned nothing since 1929. Let us set aside the charges and counter-charges of "irresponsibility" as irrelevant to the economic analysis. It is still clear that despite the increased wages and the losses suffered from strikes, General Motors made a net profit, after deducting taxes, of roughly $100 on each of the 658,000 cars sold during the quarter. Instead of passing on a portion of these huge earnings to the consumer in the form of lower prices, and thus obtaining greater volume, the management has served warning that it will increase prices even at the expense of reduced sales. The Brookings Institution studies have shown just how such short-sightedness precipitated the 1929 crash.

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FRANK MURPHY HAS GOT HIMSELF TANGLED in as hopeless a web as ever troubled the dreams of a well-meaning labor governor. The Industrial Relations bill which he so hopefully introduced a few months ago came out of the legislative mill a thoroughly bad measure. It placed severe limitations on the right to picket, failed to define unfair practices, and gave a government board wide and dangerous power to control and prosecute unions. The A.F. of L., though opposed to some sections of the bill, urged Murphy to sign it, but from the C.I.O. came emphatic denunciation of the measure as "anti-labor." Responding to heavy and widespread pressure, Murphy vetoed the bill and reconvened his legislature to consider certain changes. These were not fundamental, however, and the revised draft met with no more approval from the C.I.O. than the original. But C.I.O. vs. A.F. of L. was only one part of the tangle. Mr. Murphy has a stubborn and reactionary Senate on his hands, and that body proceeded at once to reenact the original measure and adjourn without the required concurrence of the House. State police may round up the Senators and bring them back to Lansing, but what good that will do is certainly not apparent. The sum and substance of the matter is that Murphy and the A.F. of L., in their craze for some sort of regulation, must have an Industrial Relations bill, and they appear willing to trade with reactionary legislators to get it. In the nature of things, bargaining of that sort can only work to the advantage of the Girdlers and the Graces. Unless a state has both a progressive governor and a progressive legislature, friends of labor would do well to place their reliance on trade-union strength rather than fight for "enlightened" government regulation.

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NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN MUST APPEAR TO Robert Vansittart as the perfect image of a British prime minister. Inspired by a combination of ancestor worship and plain reactionary sentiments, Mr. Chamberlain is busy placating all the fascist and near-fascist rulers of this unhappy world. The spectacle of the British prime minister exchanging personal letters with Mussolini will shortly be followed, no doubt, by the tableau of British recognition de jure of the Ethiopian conquest while Spain burns under the bombs of Italian planes in Mussolini's latest essay in imperialism. Mr. Chamberlain has even said that he would not mind visiting Mussolini himself, but foresees instead a meeting between Count Ciano and Mr. Eden, who will have a lot of distinguished world malefactors to write about in his memoirs. Meanwhile there is a new agitation for a visit to London by Baron Constantin von Neurath. All that is lacking is an exchange of greetings between Mr. Chamberlain and Prince Konoe of Japan, whose army is at present "operating" in China. We are all for cooperation, conciliation, and peace, but the inter-imperial-fascist "peace" which Mr. Chamberlain's policy portends holds little promise for the ordinary man in Ethiopia or Spain or China.

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TRADE PAPERS PAY THEIR WAY BY PLAIN speaking. But sometimes we wonder whether the gusto with which these publications tell all springs entirely from the commercial necessity of giving the trade the "straight dope." *Tide*, trade paper for the advertising business, carried in its issue of July 15 an engaging item about Dr. James Rowland Angell, who recently became associated with the National Broadcasting Company in the capacity of educational counselor. *Tide* began by quoting the fulsome statement of the president of NBC: "Our organization is greatly honored by the privilege of having associated with it in a full-time capacity a man of Dr. Angell's distinguished attainments. . . . In joining us he is only changing his base of educational endeavor from New Haven to New York, from a university to the air. . . . " *Tide* then continued in its own merciless patois: "To most radio men the signing up of Dr. Angell was patently a shrewd bit of public relations." It went on to cite an article by Dr. Thomas H. Reed as revealing the true attitude of the commercial broadcasting companies toward education by radio, and concluded thus:

> Reed's doleful account of the actualities of the situation substantiates handsomely the trade's thinking that while Dr. Angell may be worth his $25,000 salary as a front man, he won't mean a thing as a programmer himself; his ideas either, unless he's guaranteed time and stations.

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THOSE WEARY SOULS WHO SEE FUTILITY IN the work of the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee are referred to a letter sent out by the office of Governor Benson of Minnesota. It is addressed to Pinkerton's National Detective Agency in answer to that company's routine request for a renewal of its state license. "This is to notify you," writes Governor Benson, "that I have determined to refuse renewal of the license. . . . My reason for doing so is that I do not believe it sound public policy for any detective agency to operate in the state of Minnesota which carries on espionage activities against organized labor. I am satisfied that the Pinkerton agency carries on such activities, after having examined testimony taken before the La Follette Senate committee investigating violations of civil liberties pertaining to the activities of your agency."

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SOMETHING CALLED THE CONSTITUTIONAL Educational League has been circulating a pamphlet entitled with heavy irony: "Join the C.I.O. and Help Build a Soviet America." Now in its fifth printing, the little work is packed tight with information such as that "the one place in New York where C.I.O. pamphlets are publicly on sale is at Communist Party headquarters." Powers Hapgood is revealed as using the C.I.O. to organize "on behalf of the Communists." Frank Palmer is described as editor of a "Communist tabloid." And revelation is made of "a very significant step . . . taken in the Red capital." It seems that before Moscow could go ahead with the plans for the American revolution the map of the United States had to be redrawn and the names of its principal cities changed. "The city of Detroit was renamed Lewistown." "Information" of this sort is neither new nor surprising, but the League goes on to strike a fresh note. To anyone "who can prove that a single charge made in this booklet is untrue" it offers a reward of $1,000. It is now two months since Robert Dunn of the Labor Research Association reported some twenty misstatements and demanded his check, but so far the League has been deliberately evasive and has refused to take action. However, Mr. Dunn's action may not have been in vain. The League has just issued a pamphlet version of a bitterly anti-C.I.O. speech by Clare Hoffman, Michigan's vigilante Congressman, and this time it is not offering even fifty cents a lie.

No Philandering, Mr. Lippmann

WITH the debonair playfulness that sometimes relieves his crusading columns, Mr. Walter Lippmann last week rallied the editors of *The Nation* for being "amiable philanderers" with the notion of a farmer-labor party. The occasion was an exultant commentary he wrote on the defection of Senator Nye and Representative Rankin from the progressive ranks and their attack on the Labor Relations Board. Any objective observer could have told us, says Mr. Lippmann, that agrarian radicals and industrial workers cannot make common cause. What separates them is an inherent conflict of economic interest.

We do not want to discuss philandering—either ours or Mr. Lippmann's. If he will forgive us our trespass on the farmer-labor movement, we will forgive him his advances to the Union League Club. We do want to thank Mr. Lippmann for giving prominence to a theme that is among the most fateful in our time. But in doing so, he has muffed the point. It is true that the city worker and the farmer have a conflict of economic interest. Each consumes the product of the other, and each has partly to pay for the increases in the other's income. But Mr. Lippmann should know from a knowledge of our history that American party politics has always cut across just such conflicts of interest. Jefferson, Jackson, and Van Buren successfully united the working farmers and the city workers in the same party. Lincoln performed the even greater feat of adding to this combination the northern industrialists. Since the Civil War both parties, Republicans and Democrats alike, have vied with each other in trying to bring under the same tent the worker, the farmer, the industrialist, and the financier. The control has lain with the last two, who have sought to bribe the worker with the promise of the full dinner pail and the farmer with incessant subsidies. Such bribery was possible as long as we were on the rising arc of national income. But with the Great Depression and the Not-So-Great Recovery, it has become clear that capitalism is not a permanent cornucopia—that our economic life needs to be reorganized and our national income redistributed in a way that makes sense.

Farmers and workers alike are therefore losing faith in the old parties. That much is clear. But it is also clear that they have not learned to pull together. And this not because of any inherent conflict of interest, for there is none. But let us distinguish between two groups of farmers and a third. Out of 6,000,000 American farmers, there are only 23,000 who employ more than ten workers. The rest—the large majority—are working ("independent") farmers. There are thus the agricultural workers, the working farmers, and the large landowners. The real conflict of interest lies between workers in field and factory alike and the large employers in both. The beet-sugar companies, the packing houses, the cannery owners, the cotton barons—these are as much industrialists as the steel moguls. Their fear is that the 3,000,000 potentially organizable farm, cannery, and packing-house workers will be organized. And their fear has some basis. At a convention at Denver early in July a start was made toward such organization, and affiliation with the C.I.O. was voted.

Hence the wave of anti-C.I.O. propaganda that has swept over the Middle West and Northwest. There has always been a standing hostility between town and countryside, between metropolis and hinterland. On this hostility the propaganda feeds. In Minnesota, the Dakotas, Kansas, Missouri, Ohio, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, the Granges and Farm Bureaus, which are dominated by the big landowners, are using press and radio to tell the working farmers that the C.I.O. is organizing against *them*. And it is because many of the farmers are believing this propaganda that the Nyes, the Burkes, the Bennett Clarks dare take their stand against labor and against the progressive phases of the New Deal.

No, Mr. Lippmann, this is not a philandering proposition. It may hold the destiny of your country and ours. The farmers of the Northwest and Middle West may easily, along with the white-collar city workers, become the backbone of American fascism. They have yet to learn that the identity of interest between them and the industrial workers is greater than any conflict of interest. There is a task ahead in teaching them that. It is a task for which no leader with adequate equipment has yet emerged. Meanwhile the C.I.O. must exert every energy not only to fight its enemies in industry, but to fight the lies its enemies are spreading among the farmers.

Wage and Hour Decency

IT is a wise government that limits its labor regulation to three functions: preserving civil liberties in strikes; providing machinery for collective bargaining; and setting minimum labor standards. Paul Y. Anderson's starkly factual account, elsewhere in this issue, of the employers' violence that has been tolerated in the steel strike points to a bad Administration record on the first count. The record on collective bargaining is much better. For the third, the Administration is making a start with the Black labor-standards bill, which passed the Senate last week and is due out of the House committee as we go to press.

We have no high illusions about the bill. It will not legislate a labor Utopia and is not meant to. It is meant to build a ceiling and a floor that will at least shut starvation out. For the industries whose products enter into interstate commerce, it establishes a federal board of five to determine maximum hours and minimum wages and to fight child labor. It was crushed in the Senate by an avalanche of amendments that have squeezed out much of its original strength. Where it once covered some 12,000,000 workers it now covers about 3,000,000. Various industries have been exempted. And what had formerly been an outright ban on child-labor products, basing itself squarely on Justice Holmes's famous dissent in *Hammer* v. *Dagenhart*, the second child-labor decision, has now been made more digestible for finicky Supreme Court stomachs by being modeled after the formula of the Sumner-Ashurst prison-goods act. All in all, the final Senate bill reminds us of Lincoln's remark about soup made by boiling the shadow of a pigeon that had been starved to death.

But a start is unquestionably better than nothing. The essential thing is to enact into law the principle that the federal government cannot escape the responsibility for setting minimum wages and maximum hours and for extirpating child labor as a barbaric survival. Of course there are divided counsels on the bill. There are those on the left whose fervor for labor is so great that they would rather see no legislation enacted at all than see an imperfect bill passed. Such end-of-session perfectionism seems to us as bad as the hypocrisy of those on the right who are (of course) all for wage-and-hour decency but who fear the powers granted to the board and want further time to study the bill.

We do not mean to belittle any sincere opposition. But it is well to eliminate first the specious objections. There remain two serious questions. One is economic: what effect will the bill have on marginal plants and on sectional differentials in the factors that enter into production cost? The answer is not clear in detail but clear enough in general terms. The effect will be to limit the use of labor exploitation as a competitive weapon in cutthroat and sectional competition. That it will also have an effect on the price structure is clear. But no nation can call itself civilized that keeps prices down by starvation wages and exhaustion hours. And the net economic effect, balancing increased purchasing power against increased prices, is certain to be a gain.

The second question is, on its face, political and sectional. Whose toes are trodden on by the bill? Judging from the direction of the cries of anguish, the pain is chiefly located in the Southern regions. It is no accident that the leader of the Democratic forces opposing the bill is Senator Pat Harrison of Mississippi, just as it was no accident that Representative Rankin of the same state was so bitter in his attack on the Labor Relations Board. Both of them take their stand on the five-dollar-a-week wages paid in the Tupelo mills. And whatever may be their liberalism when the issue does not strike home, they will fight the Civil War all over again before they will allow Tupelo pay rolls to be increased by outsiders from the North.

But we should not be misled into placing undue stress on the sectional aspect. The Harrisons, the Byrneses, the Georges are not defending the South: they are defending sub-human wages and working conditions. It is important to note that of twenty Democratic Senators from ten states below the Mason-Dixon line, eleven voted for the measure and nine against. The sectional influences operate within a larger economic framework. The real split in American life is between progressives and reactionaries. And that is true within the ranks of labor as well as among the spokesmen for the middle class. The C.I.O., despite a temporary crossing of wires between Mr. Lewis and Mr. Hillman, is for the measure. The A.F. of L., despite a similar crossing of wires between Mr. Green and Mr. Frey, is lukewarm about it. The sectional fight serves merely to obscure the more basic conflict.

Neutrality in the Far East

WITH war actually under way in the Far East, the discussion of how to keep the United States out of the next world conflict ceases to be academic and becomes one of the most pressing problems facing the American people. Nothing could be more false than to assume that because the war is being fought in Asia the United States is not likely to be involved. The fact that the last World War had its origin in Europe has led many, if not most, Americans to believe that the next must have similar roots. Our Neutrality Act and our national defense program are both based on that assumption. Actually our interests and commitments in the Far East are much greater than in Europe, and second only to those in Latin America. The Hay "Open Door" policy, the Nine Power Pact, and the Stimson non-recognition principle constitute a logical and consistent policy comparable to the Monroe Doctrine.

The present state of the European tinder-box undoubtedly increases the danger that the spark of the Sino-Japanese conflict may start a world conflagration. In

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1931 the agencies of collective security at least exercised a moral influence; now they are completely impotent, destroyed by the shameless weakness of the democratic powers in the Ethiopian and Spanish conflicts. The formation of the Fascist Front has given Japan powerful allies in Europe who may be counted on to come to its support if the Soviet Union becomes involved in the hostilities. While Russia does not want war and is not likely to be drawn in immediately, the chances of its becoming entangled in the event of a protracted struggle are far from remote. The Soviet Union cannot be neutral at heart in a war of aggression launched by Japanese imperialism. If the Chinese Communists become deeply involved, as now seems likely, the Soviet Union can hardly do other than insist on its legal right to ship munitions and supplies to China, a step which will be relatively easy in view of its geographic position. Japan, on the other hand, will not hesitate to provoke a world war if Soviet assistance threatens its stake in Asia.

Even without a world conflict, there is more than a possibility that the United States may ultimately be drawn in. One incident involving the loss of lives of several Americans would not in itself be sufficient to precipitate us into war. But with Japan in its present temper, it is not difficult to envision a series of outrages in which American rights are brazenly disregarded. And since most Americans view Japan with a suspicion that is tinged with contempt, our jingoist papers would soon be crying for Japanese blood. Our financial stake in China may be relatively small, but our sentimental stake, the outgrowth of huge missionary interests, is perhaps greater than in any other country.

Against this threat our present neutrality legislation offers a very feeble defense. Indeed, it is an open question whether it does not actually increase the possibility of our becoming involved. As the act stands, the President is compelled to impose an embargo on the shipment of munitions and implements of war to both belligerents whenever he finds that there "exists a state of war." This embargo would not injure Japan in the slightest, since it already possesses its own munitions factories, but would work to the detriment of China, which is almost totally dependent on outside supplies. More serious would be the application of the discretionary cash-and-carry clause. Lacking both ships and cash, China would be denied access to the American market, while Japan would have no difficulty in obtaining the cotton, scrap iron, oil, and other raw materials which are essential to its war machine. Contrary to a widespread impression, the President has no power to restrict the export of these secondary war materials. Thus the United States would become an indispensable partner in the rape of China. Our economic machine would become geared with that of Japan, so that ultimately we might find ourselves no more able to call a halt than we were in 1917.

Defenders of the neutrality legislation do not deny that Japan would obtain the lion's share of our supplies, but they insist that the effect would be the same whether or not the neutrality law is invoked. The *New Republic* pointed out in a recent issue, for example, that if Japan blockaded the Chinese seacoast, as it is amply equipped to do, we would be denied the possibility of trading with China, and there would be nothing to prevent our building up a vast war trade with Japan. And it argues that under the present law the cash-and-carry provision would ultimately restrict this trade.

One answer to this argument has already been given by Senator Pittman, the author of the Neutrality Act. Under modern conditions countries do not declare war, and consequently cannot legally enforce a blockade. If the President were to declare that a state of war exists, Japan would utilize this as a pretext to impose a blockade which would throttle all trade with China. Left to its own devices, Japan may hesitate for months before taking an illegal action which would bring it into conflict with the other powers interested in China. Considerable doubt also exists whether the cash-and-carry provisions would limit our war trade with Japan in the slightest degree. The Island Empire has gold reserves of more than $450,000,000, and it normally sells some $170,000,000 worth of goods in this country each year. Credits are not barred under the Neutrality Act, and there is always the possibility of utilizing loans obtained elsewhere for purchases in the United States. Furthermore, experience has shown that credits have a way of being transformed into loans if business demands it.

Most Americans are not likely to take kindly to an arrangement which links us so closely with Japan in its attack on China. Yet if we apply the new neutrality regulations, it would be difficult to withdraw them later without openly insulting Japan. The logical way to deal with the dilemma in which the United States finds itself is to repeal the Neutrality Act. The present situation illustrates better than any amount of abstract argument the very real danger which is involved in attempts to avoid war by ignoring our world responsibilities. But the chances for repeal are very slight. It would be difficult for the Administration to reverse itself so completely after the fanfare which accompanied the adoption of an act which was "to keep us out of war." A much easier course would be to do as Senator Pittman suggests and ignore the law as long as possible. Unless war is declared, the President is under no compulsion to invoke the act; he has not done so in the comparable invasion of Spain by Italian troops.

Insistence on the right to trade equally with China and Japan may be a feeble substitute for the penalties of collective security, but it is probably the most that can be done under present circumstances. There is no reason, legal or moral, why the United States should go out of its way to aid the aggression, as it has in Spain, merely because it passed a law which was designed to keep us out of the last war. This does not imply that we should impose unilateral sanctions. Such action on the part of a single state would be an act of war. This does not, however, preclude individuals, organized or acting independently, from imposing such penalties as their conscience dictates. No country can expect to defy the mandates of world citizenship with complete impunity.

Armed Rebellion on the Right

BY PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 30

FOR several months an important section of American industry, led by the Republic Steel Corporation, has been in a state of open, armed rebellion against the authority of the United States government as expressed in the Wagner Act, and its mercenaries have inflicted heavy casualties in dead, wounded, and captured, without suffering any appreciable losses. The explanation of this astonishing military success is to be found in the fact that the government thus far has refrained from sending regular troops against the insurgents, being content to rely on the efforts of citizen volunteers armed with nothing more deadly than moral suasion. And moral suasion is a poor defense against bullets.

The object of this dispatch is to parade recent incidents of the rebellion in a connected sequence, and thereby attempt to explain why the commission of mass murder in certain localities of the United States has become bolder, safer, and more systematically organized during the last two months than at any other period since Al Capone, Dion O'Banion, the Genna brothers, and Bugs Moran made Chicago their private battleground. The two periods are alike in one respect, that the motive was profit. But whereas the police were merely corrupt and quiescent when the gangsters were killing one another, they are now doing the killing themselves; and whereas all sides in the gang wars were well armed, the police victims have all been unarmed workingmen or innocent bystanders.

On the afternoon of Memorial Day Sunday a holiday crowd of some 2,500 men, women, and children attended a mass meeting several blocks distant from the South Chicago plant of the Republic Steel Corporation, where a strike was in progress. At its conclusion most of them proceeded to a point a few blocks removed from the plant, and there a group of about 400 detached themselves from the main body and walked along a dirt road across an open field in the general direction of the plant, with the intention of marching past the gates, displaying signs appealing to the non-striking workers to come out and join them.

At the far corner of the field, before the gates were in sight, the paraders were halted by a long line of uniformed Chicago policemen, numbering 200 or more. During a parley which lasted not more than four minutes individuals at the front of the procession asked the police for permission to proceed through the line and establish peaceful picketing, as had been promised by Mayor Kelly, and were told in reply to "get the hell out of here." Then, upon a signal which consisted either of the firing of a shot in the air or the tossing of a gas grenade into the midst of the crowd, police charged into the left flank of the crowd, clubbing its members ferociously. From back in the throng a shower of small stones and sticks was thrown toward the police.

Instantly there was a terrific roar of pistol shots from all along the police line, and as the front rank of the marchers went down in a bloody tangle the bluecoats charged with smoking guns and flying nightsticks. Total dead: ten, of whom seven were shot in the back. Total suffering from gunshot wounds: approximately 50, of whom 62 per cent were shot in the back. Total injured from all causes: approximately 75, of whom at least two will be crippled for life. Three policemen were hospitalized. No policemen were shot. Cook County authorities took the position that the victims, including those shot in the back, were killed by policemen acting in self-defense. The coroner's jury sustained that position. Among the 67 persons arrested by police and fortunate—or unfortunate—enough to recover from their wounds, a large number are to be prosecuted for "conspiracy to commit an illegal act," a penitentiary offense.

On June 19 a mediation board appointed by Secretary Perkins met in Cleveland. It consisted of Charles P. Taft, chairman, son of the late President and Chief Justice; Lloyd Garrison, dean of the law school at Wisconsin University, and Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady. Also present were Tom Girdler, chairman of Republic Steel; Eugene Grace, chairman of Bethlehem, and lower-ranking spokesmen for Inland and Youngstown Sheet and Tube. The mediators had undertaken their task under the impression—theretofore shared by virtually everyone else—that the only issue was whether the operators would sign an agreement with the union. They were promptly disillusioned.

Spouting purple profanity, Girdler took the floor to declare that John L. Lewis was a so-and-so, that the C.I.O. was a racketeering outfit, that he would never enter into any kind of an agreement, oral or written, in this connection, and that it was his determination to "make wages conform to the price of steel, if it involves changing them from hour to hour." The more delicate sensibilities of Mr. Grace appeared to shrink when exposed to the rigors of his colleague's vocabulary, but at no stage did he fail to support his position. Patiently the mediators strove to devise some formula, but each successive attempt ended when Girdler pounded the table and bellowed: "God damn it, I tell you the answer is no!" The atmosphere of tension eased somewhat when Girdler departed for Washington to stage his act before the Senate Post Office Committee, to the applause of Senator Bailey, patron saint of the North Carolina textile industry, but after a week the negotiations collapsed and the board members returned to Washington to report to Secretary Perkins.

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After his appearance before the Post Office Committee Girdler presented himself at an exclusive press conference attended by six correspondents, and there he really took down his hair. His remarks about Governors Murphy and Earle, Myron Taylor, chairman of United States Steel, Secretary Perkins, McGrady, Taft, and Garrison cannot be printed here or in any other publication which is destined for the mails. They were not merely profane; they included insinuations which are not tolerated in ordinary locker-room conversation. He left a distinct impression that one of the things he needs most is to go to a competent psychiatrist and have his mind washed out with soap and water.

On June 29 President Roosevelt waived the rules of his press conference to allow himself to be quoted as follows: "Charlie Taft and I agreed that in the nation as a whole, in regard to the recent strike episodes, the majority of the people are saying just one thing—'A plague on both your houses!' "

Four days later Representative Ditter, a Pennsylvania Republican who had been tormenting Secretary Perkins for an opinion on the legality of sit-down strikes, received a reply in which she "deduced" from an opinion by the Third Circuit Court of Appeals in the Apex Hosiery case "that strikers may not lawfully use the sit-down method." Two days later Secretary of Commerce Roper made a radio speech in which he said: "The right to strike must be safeguarded, but equally fundamental is the right to work. . . . Extremists on either side of the prevailing controversy should harmonize their views with the attitude of the majority."

Meantime "the prevailing controversy" had continued to prevail at Republic's struck plant in Massillon, Ohio, but something was being done to "harmonize" the situation. Just when President Roosevelt was washing his hands of the distasteful affair by calling for "a plague on both your houses," Carl Meyers, district manager for Republic in the Canton-Massillon district, was sending for Chief Switter of the Massillon police. Switter later testified before the Labor Relations Board:

"Meyers wanted to know what the hell was going on over there—letting those hoodlums run the town. He wanted to know why we hadn't done like the Chicago police had done. They knew how to handle a situation, he said. He told me if the mills closed down Massillon would be nothing but a junction point, with no need for a mayor or a chief of police or any other city officials."

A Law and Order League, composed of Massillon's "leading" business men, was urging Switter to commission extra policemen for strike duty and offering to pay and equip them. General Marlin, who with a fine sense of impartiality had quartered two companies of the Ohio National Guard in the Republic plant, urged Switter to accept the offer. Harry Curley, a retired army officer, now in the contracting business, offered his services in organizing a larger police force. Finally two officials of Republic presented a list of "loyal" company employees and suggested that the proposed new policemen be selected from it!

Switter resisted valiantly for a few days. He emphasized that there had been no loss of life and no serious disorder. Local manufacturers held a luncheon and demanded action. The Law and Order League "climbed all over the mayor." General Marlin wanted to know why Switter wasn't "showing some signs of life," and when the chief of police explained that he was trying to select "neutral" men for the proposed new commissions the gallant general retorted: "This is no time to be neutral!"

On July 7 the city government and the chief of police capitulated, and thirty or forty Republic employees were sworn in as special policemen. Curley picked them from the proffered list. Republic indemnified their bonds. They were given badges and guns. On the evening of July 11 Chief Switter drove out of town on a picnic. Almost immediately, it appears from testimony, Curley took command of the department. He had no official standing. During the afternoon John Veto, a striker, passing a group of the new special policemen, heard Bill Henderson, a Republic foreman, remark: "We're going to clean them out tonight."

About eleven that night some fifteen or twenty of the "specials" arrived in front of strike headquarters and deployed in a line on the opposite side of the street. Two or three hundred strikers were loafing on the sidewalk in front of their building. An automobile occupied by a striker drew up, and the headlights shone on the police.

"Turn off those lights or we'll shoot them out," ordered a policeman. The motorist turned them out; then, becoming frightened and wishing to drive away, he turned them on again. From among the police came a shout: "All right, they asked for it—let 'em have it!"

The order was obeyed. Wild screams and shouts filled the air as the hail of police bullets crashed into the dense crowd before the strikers' building and tear-gas grenades whizzed through the windows. A dozen men fell to the sidewalk and others staggered about in the street moaning with pain. Total dead: two—one of them shot in the back of the head. Total wounded: 15. Total police injured: none.

In the hours following the killing, squads of police and special deputies raided rooming-houses in the vicinity, breaking down doors, dragging men from their beds, and questioning them as to whether they belonged to the union. Those who said they did—along with some who denied it—were loaded into National Guard trucks and carted off to the Massillon jail and the Canton workhouse. They were held two days, after which most of them were freed—but not before they had signed waivers releasing the city from any liability arising from property damage or false arrest. In that respect they fared better than their comrades at Chicago who will be tried.

Early this week a picket was killed before the gates of a Republic plant in Cleveland when he was run down by a truck operated by a "loyal worker." The latter has been arrested and may be tried for manslaughter. It would serve him right: he should know by now that under the rules of this game you are not permitted to kill a striker until you have been provided with a badge, and then you are expected to shoot him in the back—not run over him with a truck.

A few days ago the writer inquired of an authorized spokesman for the C.I.O. whether there had been a "break" with the Administration, and if not, whether one was anticipated. This was the reply:

"We don't want to 'break' with the Administration. God knows we worked and sacrificed to keep it in office. But we don't understand its attitude in the steel strike, and we are resentful to find that suddenly we are no longer politically respectable in the eyes of the Administration. Labor's money and labor's votes were welcome enough last fall, when the Girdlers and the Graces and the reactionary press were damning Roosevelt from hell to breakfast. But now, when Girdler and Grace have their claws in labor's throat, all we hear from the White House is—'A plague on both your houses!'

"We could quote Shakespeare—and the Bible, too—in this situation. President Roosevelt is not the first magistrate to wash his hands when faced with an issue of innocence and guilt. Neutrality ceases to be a virtue when authority is confronted with wanton, cold-blooded, deliberately planned murder. Nor does our case rest on moral grounds alone. The Department of Justice is prosecuting nobody for violating the Wagner Act. It is prosecuting nobody for violating the National Firearms Act. It is prosecuting nobody for violating the act prohibiting the interstate transportation of strikebreakers.

"Yet, with Tom Girdler and Eugene Grace defying the law and spitting in the eye of Secretary Perkins's mediation board, Attorney-General Cummings rushes to indict eight men on charges of obstructing the mails, brought by Tom Girdler's lawyer, although the Post Office Department had informed the Senate that no violation has been reported.

"We expected the Administration to be subjected to the drumfire of criticism now being hurled at it by the Tory press and the vested interests who fought Roosevelt for reelection. Knowing him as we did and do, we expected him to yield a little. But there is a difference between giving ground for strategic reasons and beating a full retreat. There is a stage at which one degenerates into the other. Has that stage been reached? We shall wait a little longer to see."

Franco Cannot Win

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, July 20

I ARRIVED in Paris from Valencia on July 14. Armored cars, big tanks, small tanks, and cannon moved through the streets. I had seen the same kind of machines three days before in the hot hills of Castile. Holiday crowds watched a peaceful parade. In Spain similar equipment, spitting fire, was deciding the fate of villages, of men in uniform, of classes, of regimes, of a country, and perhaps more.

Each time I come out of Spain the calm and peace seem abnormal. Loud sounds do not come from bursting shells nor do airplanes drop bombs. The battalions and material that defiled through the Champs Elysées to celebrate the fall of the Bastille could finish Franco in a month and save France. France and England and Spain. Governments allege that their sole purpose is to keep the civil war from spreading throughout Europe. But why should the Spanish people alone face the forces of darkness?

I have allowed a week to intervene between me and Spain before undertaking a review of the first year of civil war. On July 17—twelve months ago—Franco rose in Morocco. Twenty-four hours later his rebellion was carried to the mainland. What has happened since then?

The oath-breaking generals must be disappointed. They never respected the common people. They never understood the social processes which they wished to stop. They therefore expected victory in a fortnight. Hitler and Mussolini fell into the same error. The whole Spanish civil war rests on a miscalculation. For actually the fascists have nursed their enemy to maturity and power. The Spanish republic was never as strong and real as it is today. When I suggested to a Spanish leader in Valencia that the war was substituting nationalist cohesion for feudal particularism—the Andalusian, Asturian, Castilian, and even the Catalan is becoming a Spaniard—he said the same thing began to happen in 1808. Mussolini is completing the work of Napoleon. Russia and Spain defeated Bonaparte. They thereby resisted the French Revolution and their own future.

Spain's feudal classes impeded economic change and the emergence of a fruitful nationalism. Now the masses, aided by those bourgeois elements whose weakness gave them the time and detachment to read history, have assumed both these tasks. Since July 18, 1936, the Spanish Loyalists have achieved a miracle of organization and discipline. The people of the depths have asserted themselves and discovered unsuspected sources of vigor, resistance, and leadership. The friends of Loyalist Spain are proud of its successful struggle against tremendous odds. Loyalist Spain is beginning to be proud of itself. At public meetings every reference to the beauty and potentialities of Spain, and to the nobility and glory in sacrifice of the Spanish people, is vociferously applauded. Once, when a lyrical speaker used the phrase "from Asturias to Aragon to Catalonia to Andalusia," a soldier shouted "Viva Andalusia." It sounded strange, and there was no echo. In Francoland they cry "Viva España" and mortgage Spain to Germany and Italy. The fact that the war in Spain is more and more a struggle against foreign invasion tends to intensify nationalist feeling. Deserters who have passed into Loyalist lines in recent months usually explain their act by disgust with foreign domination among the insurgents. Nationalism thus offers opportunities for propaganda in rebel territory and makes a pointed and honest argument for outside consumption. Spain is undoubtedly fighting to remain independent and free, and Franco is an enemy of his country because he is defending his class. The radicals must undertake a function which the reactionaries have discarded—to protect national interests. Negrin, the Socialist, is by the testimony of events a better Spaniard than the "nationalist" Franco. He is a better Spaniard because he is anti-fascist and socialist.

Bourgeois-born nationalism seeks to ignore or blur or suppress class differences. The nationalism that has grown out of the class conflict in Spain has the same name but another nature. It contains potentialities of evil, to be sure, yet it is first of all inevitable. Nobody in Spain invented this phenomenon; it came. It is, moreover, a mighty weapon. And as long as revolutionary regimes are few and isolated and therefore confined to limited geographical areas, their form must be national though their content need not be bourgeois.

The civil war was born a class war. In its present phase it is a war between nations. But the Loyalist nation is inspired by a social purpose, and the opposing camp is fascist. Thus the class issue has not disappeared. It has expanded. President Azaña, with whom I had a two-hour talk—it was a thrilling but unpublishable interview—thinks of himself as the standard-bearer of the republic and the supreme exponent of the new nationalism. At the same time, however, he accepts and supports the Communists' economic program. The Communists regard that program as national. Indeed, all Loyalist factions are agreed on the fundamental line of social development—anti-capitalism—so that I was able to ask a prominent left bourgeois Republican why he did not join the Communist Party. For in outlining the policy of the left Republicans he had stressed the necessity and desirability of agrarian collectivization and nationalization of industry.

Actually, bourgeois generals and politicians, and many peasants who approve the Communist Party's policy of protecting small property-holders, have joined its ranks. I think these people influence and are influenced. But essentially their new political affiliation reflects a despair of the old social system as well as a hope to salvage one or two of its remnants. This common platform of the progressive bourgeoisie, the Socialists, and the Communists lends tremendous power to the new Negrin government. Ideological bonds hold it together. The bourgeoisie knows that it is incapable of independent existence as a class. Its little parties are therefore the most weak and modest. It is no bar to the complete unity of all proletarian and peasant groups.

The obstruction lies rather in the moderation which the government parties advocate for the present in the old Spanish dispute as to whether political organizations or trade unions should be the axis of political life and economic activity, and in regrettable personal and group rivalries. The "outs"—the Caballero Socialists and the Anarchists—would stimulate anti-capitalist tendencies to a point where they might easily damage the Loyalist cause. This the government will resist. The Caballero group moreover is now being enmeshed in a peculiar contradiction: although its leadership is presumably Marxist, and therefore in principle anti-Syndicalist, it has lost control of the Socialist Party but still holds on in the U.G.T. trade-union federation. It sees its best chance of returning to power by forming a U.G.T.-C.N.T. coalition. The Anarchists, however, regard the C.N.T. not merely as a possible factor in a government but as a body whose individual trade-union units are to operate factories, collective farms, hydro-electric power stations, mines, trolley-car companies, etc. The entire U.G.T. tradition is hostile to this economic form, and the elements which now compose the government will have none of it. Syndicalist management became practically universal in Loyalist Spain immediately after July, 1936. The result often was ruined industrial equipment, reduced output—to which, however, the scarcity of raw material also contributed—and peasant disaffection. In recent months thousands of enterprises which ran themselves into bankruptcy have petitioned the government to intervene with financial assistance. Thus invited to become a receiver, the federal authorities intend in most instances to step in and take control. The Anarchist movement accordingly is being weakened not only by direct political and police repression, but also by economic measures which broaden the scope of government economy and eliminate the syndicates from industry. Simultaneously the central authorities are increasing their economic prerogative by establishing export monopolies for various important products and by setting up the government itself as sole importer. For the national exchequer is the only source of gold and foreign currency for purchases abroad.

Negrin's firm hand has created order and greater productivity in the rear and put an end to the obnoxious Anarchist terror. But the Anarchists should be courted as well as squeezed, for, notwithstanding the impurities in their membership, their political naivete, and their indiscipline, they are a revolutionary movement of considerable though exaggerated strength which can make a contribution to the new Spain. Under present conditions a danger lurks in the internal political situation. The Anarchists are being eliminated as an active factor. The Caballero Socialists, if they persist in their present tactics, may be outlawed within three months. There would remain the bourgeois Republicans, whose role is a minor one, the Communists, and the Negrin-Prieto Socialists. The Communist Party is conducting an intense, unrelenting, whirlwind campaign for the fusion of Communists and Socialists. If successful, this would mean an enlarged organization under Communist domination even if it joined the Second International. But a Communist political monopoly or the monopoly of any party would threaten the democracy which exists today in Spain and which can and should be maintained.

I recently walked down several central streets of

Valencia with a cabinet minister at eleven o'clock in the morning and drew his attention to many hundreds of young civilian men. They were not in factories, they would be in their offices if they were government employees, and they were not in the army. All cities and villages in Loyalist Spain show a similar picture. The government needs greater power to put these vast human resources to work at winning the war. Yet the power necessary to accomplish this object might easily become excessive and assume the quality of dictatorship. This is a delicate matter which further complicates the problem of political parties.

Through it all, much better economic and military organization has been achieved in the last twelve months. The dislocation of economy is far less than one would expect in a civil war so murderous and prolonged; in fact, in many ways life is much too normal and comfortable. Thanks to the valiant efforts of the Minister of Agriculture, Vincent Uribe, farm output is expected to be 10 per cent higher this year than in the last year of peace. A clever handling of the peseta, energetic mobilization of domestic gold and foreign bond accumulations, and a wise foreign-trade policy make Valencia a financial Gibraltar. I suspect it even profited from the fall of the French franc. The country is not exhausted by the war. Some provinces, indeed, have felt it very little. Nor has the spirit tired. The nearer one gets to the front the more enthusiasm one encounters, and in Madrid and its environs there exists something which is sublime—suffering with dignity, perfect calm in the midst of ubiquitous danger, and a passion for victory.

The most encouraging change has taken place in the army. The war used to be laughably amateurish. What I saw at the fronts recently was impressive in its seriousness. The technical equipment employed in the latest Madrid offensive was superior in quantity and quality to that employed in any similar battle during the World War. And—*mirabile dictu*—the preparations were kept secret. This surely shows that Spain is changing.

I am more convinced than ever that the Loyalists will win. They can hold out for years. Can Germany and Italy hold Franco up for years?

God and Dr. Buchman

BY SAMUEL DUKER

THE dismissal of the Oxford Group movement as well-groomed revivalism is unrealistic. Purely from the religious point of view this movement constitutes a departure from previous revivalist sects, for it has penetrated the upper middle classes and professional groups almost exclusively. Dr. Buchman has achieved this by the adroit use of evangelistic concepts. Talk about sin and God is employed to give religious significance to a comfortable credo of possession in an uncomfortable world. And he has gone beyond enlisting the spiritual allegiance of the wealthy. He has furnished activity which to them has a socially useful meaning; they are "life-changers" and "world-changers." In their work they commute between continents. They stop at the best hotels, meet the most charming people in each community—and all for God. Many have given up their normal occupations to engage in changing lives. These live purely on manna, on "faith and prayer," but in their own words this doesn't mean living in a log cabin; prosperous brethren help the few less affluent. Dr. Buchman himself has been maintaining a high standard of living on faith and prayer for over ten years. He explains it by saying, "God is a millionaire."

But today a religious credo without a social program, however general, must fall flat. The Group, too, reaches out beyond individual conversion and makes its social message a basis of additional appeal. "The Oxford Group," its leader declares, "is a Christian revolution. Its aim is a new social order under the dictatorship of the spirit of God, making for . . . cleaner business, cleaner politics, for the elimination of political, industrial, and racial antagonism." The language differs from that of other political and social cure-alls, but it is eminently palatable for good people, for respectable citizens.

Yet this call to revolution should not be thought an attack on a faulty social system, for primarily it is the individual who is at fault and in need of changing. "I saw it was not a new system we needed, but a new people; not a new division of wealth, but a new discernment of where wealth lies; not a new kind of government, but a new quality of life," writes an American follower. At the same time leaders of the Group freely lambaste the "paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty." They go no further than denunciation, and shy away from analysis of the relationship between that poverty and the distribution of wealth. Spiritual wealth is the sole wealth worth sharing.

The incongruity of crying even such revolution from a Rolls-Royce is made possible by the theology of the Group. God has a plan for everyone and for everything—a detailed plan of thought and action. The faithful in regular "quiet times" listen to him and note his messages. Sometimes these are trivial; like sending the name of an undergraduate who is wickedly cutting classes. But if one is in search of a message, God will not deny it; he is in fact always "broadcasting." Under such circumstances the Christian revolution naturally assumes the character desired by its adherents. The possibilities of such guidance are infinite, and the writings of the Group are sprinkled with references to what will happen under "God-guided statesmen" and, of late, "God-guided dictators." On specific topics the stand of the movement has been sufficiently clear to rally conservatives in the church, politics, and business to its support. Not Christianity, but what Christianity can do against radicalism, is the theme of their doctrine. At meetings of the Group the flags of the nations, including the swastika, are displayed. But the flag of the Soviets is never there.

The Group does not shrink from the problems which radicalism tries to face. On such subjects as unemployment, social unrest, and labor its stand is reassuring to the status quo. The nature and cure of unemployment are illustrative. The Group starts with a redefinition of the term. Members speak seriously of the "leisured unemployed" as well as of "people without fixed jobs." A convert to the movement, without a fixed job, told one of their international gatherings that "there is no such thing as unemployment. Everybody who is not working for God is unemployed." He himself had found employment eighteen hours a day in life-changing. His point of view moved the chairman of the meeting (one of the leisured unemployed?) to remark, "Unemployment on this basis ceases to become a problem and becomes an opportunity." The substance of this view has received official approval from Dr. Buchman. "The church, if it so willed, could quickly dispose of unemployment. It could set every unemployed man to work for Christ."

Now let us look at the Group's specific treatment of social problems. Since it is an "inner revolution" rather than social change which is the answer to the world's needs, the life-changers have been hard at it among the "slum-dwellers." One of the Group, a hotel director, talked with a Communist who had led marches of unemployed on the town hall. As a result the Communist agitator decided "to throw in his lot with Christian revolutionaries." The report of this conversion concludes: "Now there has grown out of a group of his friends who were a center of disaffection a group of disciplined life-changers." Two mayors in the section of England where this revolution took place welcomed "the new spirit which the Group was bringing to their towns."

Restless workers become marvelously tractable under the spell of contact with "changed" persons. The "change" in a foreman in an Oslö factory led the strike committee which had been gathering funds for a strike to abandon its wicked design. The publication of this news caused a Norwegian business man to exclaim that he was reading things in the newspapers which previously he had seen only in the New Testament.

Some members of the Group had taken part in the settlement of a West Coast cannery strike. On the basis of that experience one Grouper reported that neither side was honest, since each tried to get as much as possible. The president of the Vancouver Stock Exchange and a British Columbia packer both thanked the Group for its efforts "which had saved the industry millions of dollars." While the president of the stock exchange later sent a cable to a Group at Oxford, declaring, "My vision for Canada is complete realization of God as the only power, and we must all be about our Father's business, as there is no time to lose." The definitive pronunciamento on this historic achievement comes from the founder, Dr. Buchman. "The strike," he says, "was dissolved before the potent standards of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love."

The strength of the movement is a matter of speculation. It has grown amazingly in the last three years; at the Stockbridge session last summer more literature was sold than ever before in this country. Its expansion, however, is not that of a mass movement. The entire trend of activity is directed toward a strongly centralized organization, with nuclei of faithful and dependable "teams" throughout the country. David Lawrence (*United States Daily,* December 21, 1936) suggested that the Oxford Group movement should follow the organization methods of American political parties and "mobilize" the country against class warfare by the technique used to "mobilize" it for Roosevelt.

No figures on membership are available. Indeed, the leaders of the Group deny that it is an "organization" or that it has "members." They are merely interested in the revivifying of existing institutions. So long as the support of the churches remains one of the prime sources of strength for the movement, the leaders will not attempt to build up a membership body outside the churches. Such rivalry would mean the alienation of the churches. Perhaps another important factor is the view that the Group should "sell" its ideas to the public and get the public's support without its allegiance. "The American people are dumb," a man prominent in the movement in the East declared; "tie a bell to an idea and they'll follow it." The effort is to build public opinion in support of the program of the Group.

As a result, the attendance at propaganda meetings is significant, indicating the activity and efficiency of the inner groups controlling the movement. In America there have been no meetings of 10,000 or 15,000 people, such as have been held in Europe and Canada. However, America is the most recent of the English-speaking countries to receive Dr. Buchman's attention. At the Stockbridge session the attendance during the week varied between 2,000 and 5,000 people. Of these some 1,500 were members of teams, leaders, and regular hangers-on. The names of a few of those affiliated are an index to the appeal of the movement: Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Dodge, James D. Newton of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Mrs. Harry Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hale Smith, Mrs. Henry Noble MacCracken. Mrs. Henry Ford was the featured visitor.

To what extent the political potentialities of the Oxford Group will be exploited is a matter of speculation. Dr. Buchman is politically ambitious. He has repeatedly expressed a longing for a dictator and admires Hitler greatly. He is ever on the search for "key people" who might adopt his movement as their political platform, and the propaganda of the Group is widespread and unceasing. But in effect it is biding its time now; Dr. Buchman is waiting for those who need him and his philosophy most to take it up and exploit its possibilities. Without them he will get nowhere; with their aid he may go far.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SENATOR Hiram Johnson, the former Bull-Mooser, long considered a dangerous radical, cried out "Glory be to God" when he was told that the Supreme Court bill was finally shelved. If I cannot be as dramatic as the Senator, I cannot deny my happiness at the result for various reasons. None of them will seem valid to those who are able to perceive in the opposition to the President's measure merely a desire to strike indirectly at labor and the whole New Deal program; who believe that the hue and cry was solely due to Big Business machinations, to the utterly discredited Republican Party machine, and to the capitalistic daily press; who felt that all the liberals who opposed the proposal had either become senile, like myself, or had been bought, or gone bad out of innate, if hitherto hidden, depravity.

While I have never been among those who accused Mr. Roosevelt of seeking to be a dictator or believed it, there can be no question that the road to dictatorship was opened wide by Congress in the first two years of his administration. Indeed, it has never been denied that seventy-seven new powers and authorities were conferred upon him in the first one hundred days of his rule, and that despotic economic powers no one ever dreamed of bestowing upon an American president were given to him when Congress was too terrified to do else than vote the bills he asked for without even stopping to read them. I hold it, therefore, in these days of incipient fascism a cause for congratulation that Congress has exercised its constitutional right to make its will supreme, for better or for worse.

It must not be forgotten that no one in House or Senate proposed this legislation or had a hand in drafting it. It was secretly prepared and sprung upon the Congress in a manner to raise a question of vast importance—whether the President shall allocate to himself the law-drafting initiative and then demand that his party majority pass it, and back his demand with all the tremendous power of patronage which he wields. Leadership we ask and expect in the President, of course, and the right to recommend measures whenever he sees fit. But to draft such a bill as this in secret without any public demand for it—when he declared the people gave him a mandate for this legislation in the last election he certainly misstated the facts—and then seek to jam it through by cracking the party whip, that is a procedure which if frequently or regularly repeated will lead directly to the downfall of Congress and again open the path to a dictator.

I am pleased by the President's defeat because I believe it will put a crimp in the third-term talk so glibly voiced by Governor Earle and others. If there ever was a time in our history when the country should hold fast to the two-term tradition, it is now. Yet I have before me a letter in the Wisconsin *Progressive* which demands the renomination of Roosevelt for a third term because we have no one else to turn to! When General Grant tried for a third term people were sufficiently aroused to put an end to that aspiration of the victor of Appomattox, which was then only eleven years in the past. Then there was no such world-wide drift to fascism, no such hot impatience with democratic government as has affected many Americans today. There were not many serious domestic issues, although much indignation at the corruption of the Grant regime; but none the less, the revolt against any third term was widespread and effective. If Mr. Roosevelt should make the dreadful mistake of seeking to run again—I am confident that he is far too great a patriot to consider it—I for one should expect to campaign against him by day and by night as for the very life of the Republic.

Again I rejoice that the vote to shelve the Supreme Court proposal was so overwhelming—seventy to twenty—for it proves the truth of what has been said by the opposition, that really only a handful of Senators were, like Senator La Follette, sincerely for the bill. A close vote would have led to all sorts of charges. It is now established beyond refutation that the bulk of the Senators were opposed, and those who were going along merely because of party loyalty took advantage of the first opportunity to throw off their party bonds. My next heresy is that I feel that this affords proof that public opinion can still be aroused and, if aroused, can control. There will be many to hoot at this and say that it was all cooked up and bought by reactionaries and Republican politicians who saw a chance to hit the President effectively at last. Perhaps so. I can only affirm my honest dissent from that on the basis of forty years of experience in observing and gauging public opinion.

So what? Well, I know exactly what. It is up to us who opposed the President's measure but who have always favored the curbing of the Supreme Court's veto power to demonstrate that we are sincere in our demand that Congress shall be free to exercise the same right to legislate along lines of social and economic advancement and security that inheres in every other parliament which is still intact and unchained. I have already been asked whether I would heed a call for a convention to start the fight for an amendment and to marshal the arguments which seem to me unanswerable. How I wish that the President would come forward, admit his defeat, and work for such an amendment! In my judgment it could then be got quickly. But whether he does or does not come along, the demand for the amendment must make itself felt at once.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

New Moon

BY LOUISE BOGAN

Cruel time-servers, here is the crescent moon,
Curved right to left in the sky, facing planets attendant.

Over the houses, leaned in the silent air,
Purest along the edge of darkness infinite.

Under it, men return from the office and factory,
From the little store at the corner of Eighty-eighth Street.

On the gnawed snow, or under the breezes of autumn,
With hope and fear in their hearts, and their arms full of groceries.

Above the trim suit, above the flesh starved or satiate,
Above the set hair, above the machines in the beauty-shops;

Above the young men, thinking the popular song;
Above the children, who now in the dusk go wild.

Crescent, horn, cusp, above the clinics, the lodgings,
Sweet curve, sweet light, new thin moon, now purely at ease,
Above the old, going home to their deafness, their madness,
Their cancer, age, ugliness, pain, diabetes.

Bicentenary

EDWARD GIBBON. By D. M. Low. Random House. $3.50.

WHEN Gibbon came to write the purple passages of his autobiography he had ceased to be Edward Gibbon and had become instead "the Historian of the Roman Empire." What he produced is a masterpiece in its own way, but it is less the life-story of a man than some account of the origins of that already recognized institution, himself. He had had no Boswell; he most assuredly did not want one; and when he called attention to the fact that he was giving no intimate portraits of his contemporaries he was probably politely implying that he would thank these contemporaries to treat him with the same reserve. By no means contemptuous of fame, he wanted to be remembered chiefly in such postures as those he himself preserved in the famous passages which describe how he conceived his great project in full view of the Roman Forum and rose from composing the last page of the last volume to meditate upon a solemn but dignified thought: "Whatsoever might be the future date of my 'History,' the life of the historian must be short and precarious." On the whole he would probably have preferred that posterity should know no more of his one significant romance than he thought it proper for himself to tell: "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son."

Some years ago Mr. Low edited the more intimate "Journal" and now, in a bicentenary biography, brings together what can be collected from scattered sources to supplement Gibbon's own account of his life. It is not, to tell the truth, a very great deal—partly, no doubt, because Gibbon's official and intellectual life was, in actual fact, so much the largest part of the whole. He enjoyed being mildly foppish in the fashionable circles of Lausanne; he attended the dinners of The Club in London; and he so far adopted the reigning convention as to complain on one occasion of being treated more as a writer than as a young gentleman of fashion. But he was bookish by nature and probably never thoroughly at home in society. It would be easy indeed to think that one was being funny at the expense of this shy and pompous man who, besides being fat, falsetto, and less than five feet tall, bulged ludicrously in a particularly embarrassing place. But to the credit of Mr. Low's good judgment be it said, he tries nothing of the kind and is content for the most part to chronicle quietly what he has been able to find out.

From Fontenelle—one of Gibbon's favorites—he quotes a passage in which Fontenelle expounds a pet idea concerning the essential changelessness of human nature. Nothing, I think, could give a more useful clue to the defect which a modern reader of the "Decline and Fall" is likely both to feel most keenly and to find most difficult to specify. It has been said that no other major historical work written before the nineteenth century is so little subject to correction, and that may well be true so far as fact is concerned. But to read on past the point where one has ceased to be hypnotized by the majestic march of the style is to feel more and more strongly that what one is witnessing is primarily a pageant, almost a puppet-show. Down through the long, slow centuries only the costumes change. Men are always acting from the same motives and seeking the same ends. Virtue, Vice, Avarice, Patriotism, and Courage remain the same simple abstractions, meaning precisely the same in the third century as in the sixth. There are great men and small, good men and bad, but they are great or small, good or bad in precisely the way that an eighteenth-century gentleman brought up on the classics would be. Gibbon conceives of no psychology except that of his own day. He cannot think himself into any culture or civilization not his own. To believe that human nature never changes and to interpret that belief as narrowly as he did is to come very close to having no historical sense as we understand the term.

Thanks to the existence of certain letters, Mr. Low is able to tell pretty fully the story of Gibbon's abortive romance with Susan Curchod, the attractive Swiss belle whom he found it necessary to jilt in the end. She was persistent enough to force him into an explicit renunciation, and he felt sufficiently uncomfortable to persuade himself that she was somehow unworthy. But the truth probably is that Gibbon always preferred faintly erotic friendships to any more passionate relations and that he did not suffer too deeply. Mr. Low undertakes to defend him on the ground that a young man dependent on his father's bounty could hardly do anything but obey. The fact remains that a good many young men, whether wisely or not, have found other things to do, and the real defense is not that no other course was open but simply that Gibbon knew himself well enough to know that he was not one to count the world well lost. He may not seem heroic in the role he chose to play, but it is much easier to respect him than it is to respect a man who so overestimates his capacity for feeling as to make gestures he will later regret. Gibbon in love is a comic figure because acquiescence in the anti-heroic is the essence of comedy, but he is not a farcical one and there is nothing contemptible about the hero of a comedy. "I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son" is probably perfectly sincere and perfectly accurate. To see oneself that clearly and to estimate one's capacities that justly is not to be ridiculous. Fortunately Susan was able to marry a wealthy, agreeable man, and if Gibbon, grown very famous, was almost too well satisfied with his position as an honored intimate in the family circle, there is no reason why anyone else should be more disturbed than he was himself by the fact that Susan's husband trusted him with what others might have found an unflattering completeness.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Blueprint of Mexico

PORTRAIT OF MEXICO. By Bertram Wolfe, with 249 illustrations of paintings by Diego Rivera. Covici-Friede. $4.75.

YEARS ago, judging by the work that went into his book, Bertram Wolfe decided to supply the crying need for a popular history of Mexico by providing it in pictures modestly "footnoted." The "portrait" would be Rivera's, the *catalogue raisonné* Wolfe's, and the combination a subjective-objective exposition of Mexico that would be, as it is, unique and invaluable. It isn't an art book and it isn't a history; and it is too analytical and methodical for a "portrait." Blueprint is a better word.

Mr. Wolfe, who is a careful and scholarly chronicler, compacts into thirteen chapters a history of Mexico from its beginnings to the time of Cárdenas. More than once this reviewer was compelled to disagree with his analyses in matters of detail, and remained unconvinced by his interpretations; but the book will nevertheless serve for a long time as the most brilliant articulation of the complex Mexican political and social pattern yet made available.

The chronicle proper is weakest in its presentation of pre-European material. Mr. Wolfe is a historian, not an ethnologist, and he over-simplifies the native cultures into familiar Marxist phenomena. But he brings great order out of the political-economic-military chaos of the nineteenth century, coupling it cleanly to what came before and what came after, thereby rendering the modern history of Mexico really comprehensible. His sections on the revolution of 1910-1920 and its leaders are especially valuable in view of all the sentimental confusion that clutters most of the literature dealing with these figures. And on page 173 there is a summary of the contemporary political pattern that ought to be neatly engraved on something durable and given to newspapermen along with their credentials. One such hornbook, for example, would have spared Mr. Kluckhohn thousands and thousands of excited words. Wolfe gives General Obregón the credit for having evolved the cynical dialectic by which he and every ruler since has controlled Mexico. In all likelihood the technique is hardly so deliberate and conscious as he would have us believe. Yet the effect is probably very close to Wolfe's general estimate. According to the author, it is a kind of see-saw between the internal peasant-worker bloc and the external capitalist force, with army politicians at the fulcrum to determine the point of balance.

Obregón, says Wolfe, "discovered a rough mathematical formula . . . the masses could generally be kept contented with a maximum of radical phrases and a minimum of actual deeds; on the other hand, the hard-boiled financiers were not too exigent as to phraseology but fearfully exacting as to actions." The word for this combination is demagogy, and constitutes an explanation of three-fourths of what goes on and what bewilders newspapermen—especially those who like to think they are watching over American interests.

This, declares Wolfe (furnishing details about Obregón that might as patly be applied to Cárdenas as well), "explains why on one day Obregón nullifies the oil sections of Article Twenty-seven of the Constitution, granting every demand to the American oil companies, and the next day makes one of the most radical pronouncements as to governmental theory ever heard outside of the Soviet Union; why with one hand . . . he gives land in homeopathic doses to the peasants, and with the other he gives away the land as a whole to oil and mining companies. . . ."

The interesting consideration is that, whereas Obregón and Calles, who both ruled by this formula, were unprincipled men, Cárdenas, who is not, nevertheless steps into exactly the same pattern. The mechanics of the situation itself tosses him back and forth between capital and labor, and the net result is a zigzag traveling steadily right. It is a pity Mr. Wolfe does not describe how, when Calles had gone so far to the right that no leeway was left for a zigzag, Cárdenas was thrown up to displace him—Cárdenas as an expression not primarily of his own shrewdness, which is how Wolfe sees him, but of a tremendous nationwide resentment and discontent, which is what made him a kind of Jack the Giant-killer and the most popular president in the whole history of his land.

Nevertheless, as has already been suggested, Wolfe's book is an essential article of Mexicana; it belongs next to Gruening's, and has the advantage of being shorter, though unfortunately no easier to read, since it covers a great deal of ground and the style itself is pedagogical. The Rivera plates are all together in the back of the book (the back half). It would have been much more illuminating and exciting to combine text and illustrations, and there is no excuse for having wasted space providing margins around pictures already reduced in scale from meters to less than inches. The plates do Rivera the justice of completeness but a great injustice as to character; you get no adequate sense of scale, texture, or tonal value from the way they are reproduced, and though great loss is of course unavoidable from fresco mural to half tone, there is more loss here than necessary.

ANITA BRENNER

Anne to Victoria to Wallis

FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA. Edited by Bonamy Dobrée. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

THE English eighteenth century is the preserve of systematizers and the playground of sentimentalists. In the abstract it has been interpreted by a series of drastic generalizations—Augustan enlightenment, pre-romanticism, the assumption that rules were universally obeyed, reason held inviolate sway, and human nature somehow differed from what it has been in the centuries before and since. In the concrete it has charged the atmosphere with picturesque details—powder and pomatum, sedan chairs, a theory of cultural development that radiates from the Pump Room and the Cheshire Cheese. The plan of the present book is well calculated to upset these generalizations and overshadow these details.

Bonamy Dobrée conducts us, with characteristic tact, through a gallery of fifty portraits by various and congenial hands. His collection is neither a pantheon nor a curio cabinet; it remains random enough to constitute a scientific sampling of the time and place. It is integrated by the play of cross-reference and animated by the jostling of points of view. By carrying the chronology as far as Byron, it asserts a new continuity and challenges the old impression of a historical enclave. As a pictorial supplement to the more compendious volumes of Leslie Stephen, Lecky, or "Johnson's England" it intends and deserves to be popular.

Apparently the English have no trouble in mustering their writers out for such an occasion. The hands are old hands, their work is journeywork, and their names are those which are most familiar to readers of English reviews. An occasional retired officer or expatriate American can be descried among the college dons and denizens of Bloomsbury. The essays vary in tone and intention; Horace Walpole, for example, is discussed merely as a victim of expurgation. Naturally, the treatment of Swift or Johnson is cursory and banal, but it is refreshing to have satisfactory short accounts of less obvious figures—Joseph Priestley, Coke of Norfolk, Mary Wollstonecraft. Contributors are free to worship their respective subjects in their own way, yet the work as a whole seems suffused with promiscuous piety.

To read it from cover to cover is to learn that the age of Lytton Strachey is becoming almost as remote as the epoch from Anne to Victoria. Everything is extenuated and only a little is set down in malice. Where there is revision and revaluation, it is uniformly apologetic; biographical sketches almost succeed in convincing us that Marlborough was intransigeant, Clive humane, Wesley orthodox. Is not post-war skepticism ebbing fast? Has not the Archbishop of Canterbury called for a new age of faith? Thus these case histories of, by, and for Englishmen on the make comprise a series of program notes to the Coronation.

The stellar performance happens to be the work of an American—if George Santayana can be called that. His soliloquy on Bishop Berkeley makes explicit with sympathetic irony the worldly ties that held together the transcendent vision. This extreme case demonstrates how completely an undertone of worldliness pervades the volume's idealism. Edwin Muir, in a shrewd appraisal, traces the parallel curves of Scott's literary success and commercial failure, with the implication that qualities inherited from a romantic mother and a prudent father were only merged in an artistic stalemate. And Rebecca West, in a charmingly spiteful piece, makes a Pamela-heroine out of Mrs. Montagu.

As between the way of the world and the craft of the artist, some vital considerations are put forward in Herbert Read's study of William Hogarth. Read shows clearly enough that Hogarth's determination to revive native tradition and to popularize his art forced him into a medium which would broadcast his work and ultimately debase it by emphasizing content at the expense of form. But he refuses to recognize that, in the very process, Hogarth was making an important technical contribution; he ignores his morbid preoccupation with the serpentine line; he fails to read "The Rogue's Progress" in the light of "The Analysis of Beauty."

Contributions by the poets are most conveniently regarded as chapters in their peculiar critical autobiographies. The essay on Pope, like so much of W. H. Auden's writing, dissolves into a restless sequence of tossed-off suggestions. Keats and Shelley give Stephen Spender a further opportunity to explore the relations between the writer and his time, as well

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HARRY LEVIN

Liberty: A Redefinition

THE FUTURE OF LIBERTY. By George Soule. The Macmillan Company. $2.

THE conception of liberty that we have inherited from the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century economists and social philosophers is that of the freedom of the individual from the restraints of society. Fashioned on the economic basis of an early and expanding capitalism, it assumes a society of freely competing individuals secure in the enjoyment of property and more or less equal in the struggle for wealth. It holds that the individual is free when society exercises a minimum of control over his pursuit and enjoyment of wealth, over the public expression of his political and other opinions, and over his religious activities. Mr. Soule weighs this idea of liberty and concludes that today "it is not only useless" but "also actively dangerous."

As long as a considerable number of men could acquire property the "conception of liberty as absence of restraint" and the "assumption that the chief function of society is to protect this negative liberty" harmonized with the facts of the social order. But the conditions that gave birth to laissez faire, free competition, and civil liberty have long since passed. The capitalism of today is not that of petty traders, small industry, and men on the make. It is a capitalism of corporate wealth and large-scale enterprises dominated by a few industrialists and financiers and one in which the competitive market of small producers has receded before monopoly and quasi-monopolistic forces. Whether we like it or not, in our society the vast majority is without property while a small minority possesses vast wealth, and no great consolation can be found in the fact that some members of the middle class and some of the better-paid workers own automobiles and homes. This type of property does not confer on its owners any power to control the conditions under which they work and live. Moreover, many of these middle-class homes and automobiles, like the holdings of numerous small farmers, are hopelessly mortgaged. On the other hand, property which the minority of bankers and industrialists own is the means of production which gives them control over the nation's means of subsistence and the lives of workers and small-salaried people. Under these circumstances the conception of liberty as freedom from restraint can only mean repression for the mass of propertyless men. For it is to this concept that the American Liberty League and other organized property interests appeal when the propertyless seek to exercise control over their working and living conditions. To these interests liberty means freedom to enjoy property without interference from the government and, more especially, from the propertyless. To protect this liberty they have not only sought to obstruct social reforms through a closely knit system of lobbying but have also financed vigilantism, strike-breaking, race prejudice, and mass murder. Liberty as understood by the organized capitalists of our society is altogether vicious from the standpoint of the security, happiness, and freedom of workers and the propertyless middle class. If it is to have positive meaning as a guide to their action, it must be redefined.

In redefining liberty Mr. Soule begins not with the idea of absence of restraint but rather with that of "the existence of a coherent individual with ordered needs and purposes." These needs and purposes are, first, the satisfaction of material and cultural wants and, second, the free expression of human personality. Liberty is to be seen then as the freedom of the individual to satisfy these needs and purposes within a given industrial system and its institutional framework of values and ideals. When a given institutional set-up no longer affords the individual the opportunity to realize these ends his liberty disappears. And this, according to Mr. Soule, is the present plight of the overwhelming majority of propertyless and wage-earning mankind in capitalist society. He thinks that nothing short of a complete reorganization of economic life and a change in the symbols of social faith can restore liberty to the masses of men. A return to laissez-faire capitalism is out of the question. Socialism is much less difficult to achieve. A capitalism modified by planning, the manipulation of credit, the revaluation of currency, public works, and unemployment and old-age insurance may postpone necessary social change. But these modifications touch only the periphery of the economy. They do not reach the basic causes of insecurity, inequality, and the repression of liberty. In fact the great danger is that the forms of economic control, for example cartels and the NRA, instituted by a regulated capitalism will further depress the material life of the masses by restricting output and maintaining prices and will ultimately destroy their few remaining liberties.

The author's analysis of the economic sickness of our society is lucid. His defense of a planned socialist economy is able though brief. These, however, are not the chief merits of the book. Its importance is that it is an essentially Marxian analysis expressed in language that is intelligible and acceptable to an American audience. Mr. Soule believes that in this country "necessary social change can be made only by association with traditional American symbols." Therefore he does not appeal to the authority of Karl Marx for the right of revolution. This right, he thinks, is deeply imbedded in the traditions of American liberalism and it is stated in the Declaration of Independence that whenever any government becomes destructive of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness "it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government." Thus his sanction for revolution is a "revivified" and "transmuted" liberalism. This association of social change with the revolutionary traditions of liberalism is not only valid but a necessary basis for the development of a native radicalism in the United States.

ABRAM L. HARRIS

Shorter Notices

HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOUR CHILDHOOD, AND OTHER STORIES. By Leane Zugsmith. Random House. $1.50.

MISS Zugsmith writes the kind of stories that magazine editors usually take at first sight. Quite naturally so, for once the short story becomes the product of literary skill systematized into an applied science, the problems of imaginative perception fall away and mechanical inspiration makes everything easier for all concerned. But another result has been that the short story has become something that might be called the hardware of literature. Thus the stories in this volume are good enough as utensils, but quite empty of food and drink. Devoid of individual temper, insight, or language above the common level of the feminine hand in

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fiction, they combine social conscience of a conventional type with the sort of technical expertness which the academies of the genre try very hard to impart to their pupils. Miss Zugsmith does not spare herself at the conveyor-belt, and in the end the little story-machines emerge neat and shiny, ready to be packed and shipped away. Taking her themes from ordinary life—the small griefs of a young girl, a striker's wife learning the meaning of her husband's fight, the slow death of a crotchety old man, and so on—she handles them with frugal care, but on such a low-visioned plane that they are no sooner read than forgotten. PHILIP RAHV

GLITTERING DEATH. By Joseph Peyré. Translated from the French by James Whitall. Random House. $2.50.

M. PEYRE, French provincial schoolmaster, with the aid of such stock properties as brothels, arenas, sanatoria, and much local color, has set in motion a synthetic little drama about the spiritual disintegration of Madrid's favorite *torero*. The plot is a familiar one, and even the most gullible reader can, after a few pages, predict Don Ricardo's eventual return to the arena and his death there in a grand and gory scene. Peyré has concentrated on the clinical aspects of his hero's downfall, hovering with a rather out-moded interest over each new psychopathic symptom. The book, in spite of its crisp style and Hemingway ending, appears old-fashioned and falsely supersensitive. Repeated references to current French snobbisms like Lincoln cars, Miami Beach, Johnny Walker whisky, and Joan Crawford, introduced perhaps for the benefit of an American audience, do not help bring the book up to date. Wedged in among the machine-made conversations, however, are brief flashes of labor disputes and cafe brawls, more French than Spanish, that give the reader courage for the gray pages to follow. As a great chronicler of bull-fighting M. Peyré, with all his documented information, still leaves Ibañez, Hemingway, and Montherlant in full possession of the arena. TOM SQUIRE

STAR-BEGOTTEN. By H. G. Wells. Viking Press. $1.75.

SALON intellectuals who find history lacking in urbanity will be glad to hear that H. G. Wells has discovered a painless method for improving society. "Star-Begotten," his new scientific fantasy, assures us that social reform—even revolution—can now be left to cosmic rays, which are slowly creating a humanity without greed, without war, without profit. Right under our very noses cosmic rays are filling cradles with supermen who will some day direct the affairs of the world; and since their superior intelligence is irresistible we can be certain that they will have no difficulty in seizing power. To these anonymous messiahs Wells gives the name of Martians. Unlike some of Wells's thrillers, "Star-Begotten" is largely a record of gossip and debates about the benevolent effects of cosmic rays. The burden of the meager narrative is carried by Joseph Davis, a potential Martian, and the novel is the Odyssey of his wandering from boudoir to drawing-room to spread the new gospel. It is hardly necessary to add that these exercises in armchair science do not make very lively reading and suggest that Wells's power of entertainment is waning or that he is beginning to take his own dreams seriously. In either case the novel is a symptom of senility; nevertheless at the present stage in Wells's career this can scarcely be regarded as a loss to literature, and it is all to the good that Wells was unable to make so fantastic a version of science and society more palatable to his readers. WILLIAM PHILLIPS

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THE *Nation* ANNOUNCES . . .

Legal Peonage in Florida

In Florida, a statute makes the leaving of employment after receiving "advances" of money or sustenance *prima facie* evidence of intent to defraud, punishable by six months on the chain-gang. The passage of the law was backed by the big turpentine operators. The law is enforced only in cases which concern unskilled Negro labor in the piney woods.

Mr. O. K. Armstrong, who has investigated conditions of peonage in the lumber and turpentine camps in Florida, shows readers of *The Nation,* in an article scheduled for early publication, how this astonishing statute holds Negro workers in bondage.

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FILMS

SINCE last summer I have seen twenty-one films that would be worth discussing in any extended article on the season. They divide themselves into two groups:

I

"The Woman Alone"
"Razumov"
"Carnival in Flanders"
"A Day at the Races"
"Son of Mongolia"
"Great Guy"
"Janosik"
"The Devil Is a Sissy"
"Romeo and Juliet"
"The General Died at Dawn"
"The Plainsman"
"History Is Made at Night"
"Night Must Fall"

II

"Revolutionists"
"Prisoners"
"Kimiko"
"Elephant Boy"
"The Wave"
"Captains Courageous"
"Millions of Us"
"The Yellow Cruise"

They are not arranged here in the precise order of my preference, for the simple reason that I do not know what it is; though I am sure that "The Woman Alone" and "Razumov" were the two best pictures of the year. And the second group is to be considered not as inferior to the first, but as different from it. I found that the films arranged themselves quite naturally in two lists: those that were interesting primarily for their stories and those that were interesting primarily for their information, or at any rate for something secondary to the action.

This secondary interest can be of many kinds. In "Revolutionists" and "Prisoners," for instance, it is the interest of history; I do not remember the stories of those films at all, but I know I learned a great deal in the one case about revolutionary techniques a generation ago and in the other case about the psychology of sabotage in contemporary Russia. "Son of Mongolia," equally interesting for the glimpse it gave of a little-known race, was nevertheless a clear and excellent narrative with a memorable hero; so was "Janosik"; and consequently they belong elsewhere. "Kimiko" told me a little more about Japan than it did about its heroine and her father; and in their differing ways the other five were valuable for special reasons, not for the general reason which has to do with story—or, to take a larger term, with poetry.

That I prefer poetry to history I have hitherto confessed. So it is perhaps plain after all that the second group is in my opinion inferior to the first. But that is not to deny its importance, or to forget that the uses of the film are perhaps unlimited in number. It is simply that two seasons of moviegoing have convinced me of this: the camera, with brains and imagination behind it, is as much a master of the story-telling art as anything or anybody else. It will continue to attempt things which it cannot do as well as plays and novels do them, and possibly its duty to itself is still to make a great many mistakes from which the limits of its medium may be learned. Yet it has already produced its masterpieces—stories which no other art could have told as amusingly, as nobly, as swiftly, as well—and in the season just passed it has amply proved its right to be respected. To any doubter I can do no more in this column than recommend that he see either "The Woman Alone" or "Razumov."

MARK VAN DOREN

Letters to the Editors

Fascism Loses Ground

Dear Sirs: According to recent reports from different sections of Latin America, my article (Latin America: Boycott Fascism), published in *The Nation* of June 5, has promoted widespread discussion. I am also informed that the suggestion of a boycott of German and Italian trade has been taken up by various Spanish and Spanish-American organizations both here and in Latin America, among them the Apra. *Frente Popular,* organ of the Sociedades Hispanas Federadas, a federation of more than 100 Spanish societies helping the Spanish people with food and clothes, is urging a boycott of German and Italian goods and stores.

A reader of *The Nation* recently asked how Latin Americans could boycott German and Italian trade "when all bankers, importers, brokers, and buyers are also fascists." In the first place, not all of them are. But I did not expect bankers and importers and brokers, certainly not those serving German and Italian trade, to cut their own throats. I did not even expect their trade rivals to support the idea, even though the competitors of Germany and Italy in Latin America would gladly do anything to make Dr. Schacht's frantic schemes fail. The suggestion was addressed to the large body of consumers that might be reached through organizations — workers, students, teachers, professionals, residents of the various Spanish colonies, etc.— and petty shopkeepers and artisans who in many instances do their buying from visiting European salesmen. And they are beginning to respond. It is not business boycotting business, but a passive protest of many thousands of outraged people.

The last two months have seen a setback for fascist propaganda in Latin America. From the strangulation of Bilbao to the naval massacre of Almeria, the pro-fascist press has had a hard job to explain Italian boasting and German bombing. Headlines have weakened, and circulation figures dwindled in some capitals. What is even more significant, new anti-fascist journals, such as *La Nueva España* and *España Republicana* in Buenos Aires, have appeared and gained instant popularity.

A letter of recent date from Havana says that "up to a month or so ago most of the press was with the rebels." A straw vote taken by *Bohemia,* a magazine, to determine the comparative strength of fascist and anti-fascist opinion, showed that the anti-fascists are ten times stronger. My correspondent adds that "the undeclared boycott" of the pro-fascist press had threatened their circulation when *Pueblo* appeared. "Within two weeks of its appearance, *Pueblo* became the most widely read and solicited paper," and this swung the other newspapers to a change of tone.

While the fascist powers, after the conquest of Ethiopia and the attack on Spain, seemed to offer a serious threat to British control of Europe's sea routes, the governments of South American nations, whose foreign trade depends largely on Europe, remained silent. But as Spanish resistance stiffens, as Britain hastens the completion of her huge naval program and the threat seems less and less imminent, South American rulers are beginning to ask themselves what is the real strength of the fascist challenge.

The war boom that boosted South American export values during the past year has been weakening of late. And the fascist powers, in their commercial dealings with South America, are showing a fundamental financial feebleness. In the meantime the democratic powers and their allies have remained in control of the world's monetary resources, and South American dictators and diplomats are now hastening to proclaim their faith in "democracy." Some are even invoking the Monroe Doctrine. Saavedra Lamas, the famous Foreign Minister of Argentina, whose policy has for decades been antagonistic to the Monroe Doctrine and who even refused to recognize it before the League of Nations, has now climbed down by the mule's ears, as they say in Spanish, to declare that it is the best way to protect the republican form of government in the New World against "foreign ideologies."

German trade, by the way, recently sustained the most serious defeat in the South American market since the World War when the Brazilian government signed an agreement with the United States on July 15 undertaking to stop the subsidized expansion of German exports to Brazil in exchange for the granting of a $60,000,000 gold credit which the United States Treasury will make available to Rio de Janeiro in dollar exchange.

G. ARBAIZA

Branford, Conn., July 20

New Wrinkle

Dear Sirs: I have not noticed in your columns any comment regarding the recent interesting decision of the United States Supreme Court entitled "Senn *vs.* Tile Layers Protective Union, 81 L. Ed. 829." This case involved an interpretation of peaceful picketing under the Wisconsin Labor Code of 1935, and resulted in another five-to-four decision holding the Wisconsin statute constitutional.

The dissent, written by Justice Butler and concurred in by Van Devanter, McReynolds, and Sutherland, presented something new in legalistic acrobatics— namely, that a union which wished peacefully to picket a place of business, by using a sign advising that the employer was unfair, must first establish that the employer was actually unfair. This conclusion would force a union to resort first to some legal proceeding to determine whether or not the employer was unfair, and until the matter was adjudicated the picketing, no matter how peaceful, would be unlawful.

HARRY DRUKER

Marshalltown, Iowa, July 15

Plea from a Scottsboro Boy

Dear Sirs: I am quite sure you all have read the outcome of my trial, and seen that I was given a miscarriage of justice. I feel it is my duty to write you all the facts of my case, which you perhaps overlooked, or perhaps it was not published in the papers. I was framed, cheated, and robbed of my freedom. First, beginning March 25, 26, and 27, 1931, I wasn't charged with criminal assault on either girl, and was carried through the first, second, and third degree, and even on the basis I would gain my freedom by turning state evidence against the other eight boys. Just because I didn't know nothing, nor neither would I lie on the other boys the charge of rape was framed and placed against me on the 28th day of March, 1931.

I was tried, convicted, and given the death sentence, and in November, 1932, the Supreme Court of the United States reversed the sentence and a retrial ordered. The 19th day of July, 1937, I was retried and sentenced to 99 years' imprisonment.

Now I wish to call your attention to how the judge charged the jury. He charged them in a perjury way. Out of his one hour and twenty-five minutes summation he only mentioned acquittal three times and each time he contradicted it by saying if you juries find a doubt which goes to me reconsider it. Never did he mention a single defense witness in his hour and twenty-five minutes summation to the jury.

How can I receive justice in the state of Alabama, especially of Morgan County, when perjury is used against me and my attorneys too? And I beg you, dear friends, readers, all stick together and work and struggle together and see that justice be brought to light. Let us all pull and struggle together and see that justice be done. It is not that I hate to go to prison, but I am innocent, and the slander is being thrown on our race of people and my family, is my reason of wanting to fight harder than ever.

ANDY WRIGHT

Montgomery, Ala., July 24

Dictionaries Back Down

Dear Sirs: Your reviewer of "Milton and Wordsworth" on July 3 says "to distinguish among three kinds of poetry." This is bad English for "distinguish between three kinds." The dictionaries, stubborn as they have been, have now grown reasonable enough to back down from their attitude of permitting us to say "among" instead of "between" wherever more than two persons or things are involved. Not only do they no longer give such a sweeping permission, but they confess that the permission was invalid when they did give it, and that those who said "among the three" where they ought to have said "between the three" were speaking incorrectly even when they had the dictionaries at their back. It is now agreed that under many circumstances we have to say "between the three," not "among the three"; see especially the plain words in the big Oxford Dictionary under "between," definition 19. And "distinguish" is one of the words after which "between," not "among," is required; see the same dictionary under "distinguish."

STEVEN T. BYINGTON

Ballard Vale, Mass., July 3

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation,* published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for August 7, 1937.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Nation,* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of August, 1937. TERESITA GRANT.

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The Shape of Things

*

CONGRESS AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR PASSES bills pretty much the way one slaps things into a bag five minutes before train time. Viewing the resultant melange, we can only say that our legislators have served their constituents miserably. The axing of court reform was, after Mr. Roosevelt's surrender and Mr. Garner's betrayal, to be expected. So also the failure to deal with neutrality revision and the national resources message. The unashamed determination, in the face of a threatened veto, to push a sugar-quota bill, which would hurt America's island possessions in order to benefit the large Western sugar growers, is part of the ancient pattern of pressure politics. About the failure to take action on the executive reorganization bill we have few regrets: it needs time and debate. The wages-and-hours bill, as we said last week, is despite its inadequacy at least a start. But the most tragic failures have been the inaction on the farm program and the tragi-farce of the housing bill. The first must be set down to the vendetta of "Cotton Ed" Smith and the conservative Democrats against Secretary Wallace and to their fear that adequate legislation would help build him a political machine for 1940. Embittered by the failure of farm legislation, some of the farm Senators deepened their hatred for the large Eastern cities and spiked the Wagner slum-clearance bill. The President has, however, a very effective hold on the Southern Senators who have betrayed both the farm and the housing legislation. It is for him to determine whether the cotton-crop loans shall be renewed. And he would be a poor leader indeed if he did not first get an assurance that there will be adequate legislation both to raise farm living standards and to attack the city slums.

*

THE MID-SUMMER LULL IN THE SPANISH WAR has been made the occasion for a renewal of sensational reports of disaffection within both camps. Although several of these reports, such as the rumor of fighting on the streets of Barcelona and the death of Andres Nin, leader of the Trotskyist P.O.U.M., appear to be unfounded, the existence of disaffection on both sides is indisputable. In the rebel camp, feeling against the Italians and Germans has aroused serious opposition among elements that were previously inclined to favor General Franco. In government territory, friction with the Anarchists and P.O.U.M. does not appear to have vanished completely despite the recent rejuvenation of the Catalan armies on the Huesca and Teruel fronts. Particularly disconcerting is the report, thus far unconfirmed, that ex-Premier Largo Caballero, leader of the left-wing Socialists, had issued a statement criticizing the military and political policies of the Negrin government. Responsible observers have insisted from the beginning that the Spanish government could have suppressed the fascist revolt within a few weeks if it had been given the undivided support of all the various anti-fascist parties. While it is true that more progress in obtaining unity has been made in the past three months than in the previous nine, the task is yet far from completed.

*

THE SLUM POPULATION OF OUR CITIES WILL be benefited slightly, if at all, by the passage of the Wagner-Steagall Housing bill as amended in the Senate. Out of a number of weakening amendments, three stand out as particularly unfortunate. The Byrd amendment providing that no structure shall be built which costs more than $1,000 a room or $4,000 a family unit will virtually prevent construction in New York and other cities of the East where land and construction costs are exceptionally high and rising rapidly. Of a similar tenor is the provision that no one state should obtain more than 20 per cent of the $700,000,000 to be set aside for loans and subsidies. It may be assumed that this amendment will lead to great pressure from the less populous states for their "share" of the housing appropriation. Finally, the Logan amendment placing the Housing Authority under the Department of the Interior would seem to assure, in view of the department's record in recent years, that no houses will be built for many months to come. At best, the $700,000,000, with an additional 5 per cent contributed by the local housing authorities, will provide homes for no more than 200,000 of the 15,000,000 American families who are now living in insanitary, sub-standard houses. Is this to be the end of the long and arduous trail of housing reform?

*

MASSACHUSETTS POLICE SINCE THE FIRST OF the month have swept down in successive raids on Birth Control League clinics at Salem, Brookline, and Boston. Some contraceptives and a considerable quantity of literature were seized, and four women were placed under charges of violating the state law. League officials contend that the statute was never intended to bar doctors from giving contraceptive advice to patients for legitimate medical purposes. "We consider," says Mrs. Hawkridge, president of the Massachusetts League and one of those under arrest, "that a doctor has the right to do what he can to preserve the life of his patients." There are countless numbers who agree, and it will be hard for the Massachusetts officials to hold otherwise. The point at issue obviously lies in the degree of latitude to be allowed to responsible medical authorities in charge of the clinics. Those who face charges are doing the women of Massachusetts a genuine service by forcing a clarification of the law.

MAYOR LA GUARDIA IS REGARDED AS A friend of labor. He is also a doughty champion of religious freedom and a sworn enemy of Adolf Hitler. All of which is the stuff of which strong mayoralty candidates are made in New York. The Democrats know this, but they are of two minds as to how the menace is to be met. There are those who would fight fire with water—and they could hardly have found a more watery candidate than Dr. Copeland—and those who think that a synthetic flame of their own is needed to turn the trick. These last put their hopes now in Jeremiah T. Mahoney. Certainly Mr. Mahoney is a foe of der Führer, and on grounds that do him honor, but at that point his similarity to the Mayor does a quick fadeout. Mr. Mahoney is still Tammany leader of the 15th Assembly District, and he has "the highest regard and affection for Christy Sullivan," whom he himself indorsed to succeed Dooling in the Tammany leadership. While supporting the New Deal against Copeland in the primaries, he is just cautious enough to put himself down as a "hearty" rather than a "wholehearted" supporter, with a possible eye to future strategy of a different sort. And finally, he is now permitting his backers to form a spurious "Union Labor Party" to use as a counterweight against La Guardia's support from the State Labor Party. The hedging that Mr. Mahoney finds necessary and his continued allegiance to Sachem Sullivan make it seem quite possible that even now the hook is being extended for the Doctor, and that in November it will be Jeremiah himself who will wear Tammany's colors in the joust with the Little Flower.

*

WE HAVE JUST READ A DOCUMENT. IT IS forty-one pages long and has eight illustrations. If it is not one of the most important documents ever to come from a Congressional committee we surrender all claims to perspective. It is the report of Senators La Follette and Thomas on the Chicago Memorial Day massacre. Unimpassioned in tone, thoroughly factual and judicial in treatment, it is nevertheless merciless in the way it marches to the ineluctable conclusion that the killings by the Chicago police were unprovoked and criminal. The men who rule our economic destinies do not like such reports. The committee which made it is in grave danger of being denied further funds with which to carry on its work in the protection of civil liberties. If this were to happen it would be the greatest blot thus far on the record of the Administration. Here is one case where liberals of all persuasions can be united and make their unity felt by addressing themselves to their Senators.

*

THE EFFORTS OF HITLER TO COORDINATE the Protestant church into the Nazi propaganda machine met two amazing setbacks during the past week. Dr. Friedrich Dibelius, a leader in the Confessional church, was acquitted on August 6 of misrepresenting Herr Kerrl, the Church Minister, when he charged the latter with saying that it was absurd and trivial to hold that

Jesus is the son of God. As the trial was elaborately staged in an effort to show that the Nazi state was not interfering with matters of faith, its failure may be expected to make a correspondingly profound impression. Even more significant is the postponement of the trial of the Reverend Martin Niemöller following an unprecedented mass demonstration in his behalf. The growing Protestant revolt has put the government in an awkward position. It cannot expect to persuade the people that the reactionary German church is Socialist, Communist, or pacifist. It dare not attack Christianity as such; neither does it dare permit an effective opposition to grow up under the church aegis. But least of all can it afford, as in the delay of the Niemöller trial, to admit its uncertainty as to the most effective method of procedure.

*

WELL, THE YACHT RACES ARE OVER AND WE don't care. A jowly Englishman who made his money building British warplanes throws away a couple of his millions to capture a cup from a smooth-faced American who inherited a railroad fortune. Granted the frivolity of the rich and the unutterable dullness of a contest in which few of the onlookers know what's going on, our chief kick is still that a yacht victory, no matter how overwhelming, never proves anything. Even with the Ranger winning all four starts, the rocking-chair admirals are not certain whether to assign the victory to Vanderbilt's skill, the superior construction of his boat, or the unfamiliarity of the challenger with the waters, winds, and tides. We are always asked to make our editorials constructive, so here goes. Why not let the two sides swap boats in alternate races? Tennis players change courts; in fact, Budge and Austin in their Davis Cup match even swapped rackets. It would sharpen the victory, promote sportsmanship, and put a crimp in the sports writers.

Court Reform: A Recess

THE end of the court-reform bill was as inglorious as anything in its history. It was a sickening spectacle to see the Senate, which had fought the original bill and the Logan bill to the death in the name of freedom from steam-roller tactics, allowing Vice-President Garner to steam-roller the final mutilated bill without uttering a word of protest. And it was a ludicrous spectacle to see the same Senate which had equated the number nine with the moral foundations of the republic debating gravely whether the court as it stands consists of nine members or, as Senators Borah and Logan both assert, ten.

Well, anyway, you will say, the pother about court reform is over, and while we didn't get the moon we are getting some real procedural reform. Let us see just what we are getting. Nothing about the Supreme Court is touched in the final McCarran bill: the only provision affecting the court is to be found in the Sumners-McCarran bill, passed in February, making it possible for judges to retire on full pay after reaching the age of seventy, and raising the question that is currently raging whether Judge Van Devanter's retirement under this act removes him from the court or merely from active service on it. For the rest, there is a four-point reform program for the lower federal courts: the federal government is allowed to intervene in any case in the lower courts that involves the question of constitutionality; provision is made that these cases shall be given the right of way on appeal to the Supreme Court; district judges may be reassigned whenever the dockets show signs of congestion; and, where injunctive relief is asked, only a court of three judges, one of them a Circuit judge, may pass on it.

There is real merit in these provisions. They should have been embodied in a bill long ago, but it seems to be a rule of American politics that only when a crying need causes a stir over big things do the minor things get accomplished. Meanwhile the question of Supreme Court reform itself is left exactly where it was.

Mr. Roosevelt is one of those who have not forgotten it. He was probably guilty of unpardonable manners at his press conference last week when he called the attention of the farm Senators who had voted against court reform to the AAA decision of the Supreme Court. For Congress, having forgotten and forgiven all the trespasses of the court on the legislative function, prefers not to be reminded. That was one reason why Jack Garner wielded his gavel so effectively that he passed the McCarran bill all by himself. He knew perfectly well that there was a liberal Administration bloc waiting to attach to the bill an amendment requiring a two-thirds vote of the court to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional. Whatever the chances of the amendment, debate was dangerous. Jack Garner was not going to take a chance at having the sins of the court paraded in Congress again. Hence his strong-arm tactics.

Instead of talking of Supreme Court reform, Congress has been talking about the next Supreme Court judge. Senators rose and debated the latest piece of Roosevelt tyranny in daring to suggest that he might make a recess appointment. The President finally backed down. Now there are three things equally clear in this whole business. One is that the President has a perfect constitutional right to make a recess appointment if he so chooses. The second is that tactically it was a mistake to so choose, or even to talk about it. The third is that Elephant Boy Vandenberg and his cohorts cared not a whit about constitutional right in attacking the President on this score, but were only making shrewd political capital. At the time these lines are being written, the President is supposed to be looking over the records of possible appointees. He owes it as his duty to the people to select a man whose liberalism is unquestioned and has been tested in action.

For the President is now in the position of a leader who, having made one serious error and finally written it off the books, must move on to the attack in other ways. He was slow in taking up the cause of court reform: he must not easily lay it down again. More important than the question of minor procedural reforms in the lower courts or the question of who the next judge will be is the question of whether anything will be done to curb the judicial power itself. During the heat of the controversy over the President's proposal, many of its opponents came out bravely for limiting the power of the court by a Constitutional amendment. Now is the time to take them at their word. The President must go to the country, using press and radio; he must put himself at the head of a real movement for a Constitutional amendment. For Congress has a rendezvous with the people in 1938 and again in 1940. If those who came out for a Constitutional amendment do not go along with the President, the people will know what to do with them.

The cause of court reform is not ended. It is only recessed.

Will Chiang Fight?

As the days pass without a major battle in North China between the Japanese and the crack troops of Chiang Kai-shek, suspicion has gained ground that Chiang may repeat his evasive tactics of 1931 and 1932. It will be recalled that when the Japanese entered Manchuria, Chiang gave an inspired speech before the Central Committee of the Kuomintang, in which he declared that he would give his life rather than permit the Japanese to seize a foot of Manchurian territory. Yet not once in Manchuria, Shanghai, Jehol, or North China did Chiang's personal troops clash with the Japanese. Nor did he himself ever direct operations against them.

It must be recognized, however, that the situation which Chiang faces is markedly different from that which existed in 1931. At that time anti-Japanese sentiment was confined almost exclusively to students and intellectuals. There were anti-Japanese boycotts, but they died without a struggle the moment student leadership was withdrawn. Today the demand for resistance to Japanese invasion is all but universal. The action of the peasants in North China in digging road traps for the Japanese is unprecedented in Chinese warfare. Yet in the face of this almost universal demand for war, there are groups within the Nanking government who are known to be quietly working for complete surrender to Japan, men who would sell their national birthright for the riches and power which a Japanese victory would give them.

Leading this pro-Japanese group are two brothers—Chen Kuo-fu, Governor of Kiangsu province, and Chen Li-fu, secretary of the Kuomintang. These men are believed to be the leaders of the semi-secret, fascist clique among the army officers which has been responsible for the terrorist activities against left-wing elements in recent months. In the month of May alone more than 100 intellectuals and members of the National Salvation Association disappeared, victims of this terrorist band. In many instances possession of the association's paper was the only evidence against these men. Supporting the fascist Blue Shirt elements are several score Italian and German advisers who have recently been brought to Nanking. Although Chiang Kai-shek himself has never given way completely to the terrorist elements, his failure to rid himself of his Nazi advisers during the present crisis has left him open to suspicion.

While China has as yet no popular front against this double-barreled fascist threat, the recent agreement concluded between Nanking and the Chinese Communists stressed two points: (1) preparation for resistance against Japan, and (2) greater democracy in governmental affairs. Admittedly, more progress has been made in the anti-Japanese campaign than in the struggle for democracy, but even on the latter point Nanking is known to have made concessions. A National Kuomintang Congress was to have been called in the fall or winter in which Communists and other left elements were to have been allowed to participate. The whole party mechanism was to have been overhauled to get a more popular representation.

The bitter factional struggle at Nanking has been reflected in foreign policy. The Chen clique has more or less openly favored affiliation with Japan and Germany and the international fascist front. While nominally anti-Japanese in public, they have quietly advised Chiang to make his battlefront at the Yellow River—which implies the cession of the five northern provinces. The moderates, on the other hand, have looked to the western democracies for support against Japanese-inspired fascism. The recently concluded silver agreement and the $1,500,000 loan for the purchase of locomotives, which were arranged by Dr. H. H. Kung in his recent visit to this country, were steps in this direction. Even more significant is the $100,000,000 loan which Dr. Kung is reported to have obtained in London. It is safe to say that none of these arrangements could have been concluded had the United States and Britain not been assured that China would spurn the fascist powers. A hundred million dollars is cheap insurance against fascist control of China.

With the attention of the world riveted on Spain, China's importance in the world struggle between dictatorship and democracy has not been generally recognized in this country. A victory for the fascist forces at Nanking would open the whole of China to Japanese exploitation. More significant from the fascist point of view, it would give Japan a base of operations from which to attack central Siberia and thus cut off the Soviet Far East. Economically, it would mean the end of the Open Door in China, and would give Japan virtual control over China's rich natural resources as well as an almost inexhaustible market for its products.

At the focal point in this world struggle stands Chiang Kai-shek. Although Chiang has never distinguished himself as a democrat, he has shown firmness in resisting fascist pressure since his release from captivity six months ago. Above all, he is a Chinese, and as such must burn with anger at the Japanese outrages. World history during the next decade may be influenced very largely through the direction in which he is driven by the forces now struggling for mastery in China.

PUBL Burlingame

The Guild Votes

THE American Newspaper Guild has been having a family row—while the publishers rejoice, William Green gloats for publication, and Walter Lippmann, representing those pontifical members of the union who have long since taken on the protective coloration of publishers, moves to the attack in a letter to the Guild which he promptly releases to the press. Needless to say, the Guild in its current troubles has become "news" as it never was before; and it is in an atmosphere of tension that it must undertake a crucial referendum. The main questions to be voted upon by the whole membership are these:

> Affiliation with the C.I.O. Extension of the Guild's jurisdiction to include business-office employees. Indorsement of the idea of independent political action. Opposition to fascism in Spain. Support of the demand for increased WPA appropriations. Indorsement of the President's Supreme Court plan.

All of them were answered in the affirmative at the St. Louis convention of the Guild in June, but a sizable minority opposed certain of the proposals as well as the manner in which they were presented. This same minority favored a vote of the membership on the disputed issues. The referendum was voted down—and thereupon became inevitable, since the demand of any local for a referendum need only be seconded by five others. As a matter of fact, the demand of the Columbus, Ohio, local called forth sixteen seconds; and the whole episode suggests that the procedure of handling a motion for a referendum needs to be overhauled.

To our way of thinking, the referendum is extremely desirable and, assuming conscientious and unionwide participation, can have only a salutary effect on both the membership and the officials of the union. Nothing is to be gained by pretending that the St. Louis convention did not make mistakes. By far the most serious was the adoption of a position from which, under member pressure, the executive board has been forced to recede in full view of the A.N.P.A. But the referendum itself should be the signal for a demonstration of Guild solidarity which will not only rectify the mistakes of the convention but also set the pace for a much broader and more active participation by the membership in Guild affairs.

Nor is the solidarity we have in mind the sort which demands that the actions of the St. Louis convention be upheld at any cost on the ground that the Guild is under fire and that repudiation of any of its actions would split the ranks and give comfort to the enemy. That is a steam-roller argument which has become all too prevalent in social-political and trade-union affairs.

As for the questions themselves: The affirmative vote on affiliation with the C.I.O. should be overwhelming. The A.F. of L., especially in the past two years, has consistently sabotaged union organization and has, in instance after instance, thrown its weight to the side of employers. At the moment it is busy trying to set up a rival newspaper union, fortunately with no success. A strong affirmative vote on this issue would effectively down the talk of a split and make it clear that division of opinion on other questions is evidence of full and free discussion, not of disruption.

On the question of extending jurisdiction to include business-office employees there is room for an honest difference of opinion. The Guild has made great progress, but it is a young union and it still has far to go in the matter of organization and union agreements. One can be wholeheartedly in favor of industrial unionism and yet question the wisdom of the Guild in assuming jurisdiction at this time over another large group of workers of disparate status and aims. On the other hand, the plan drawn up by the executive board which allows for the organization and functioning as separate units of the editorial, advertising, circulation, and other departments makes this expansion of jurisdiction less sweeping than the original decision seemed to contemplate.

On the question of opposition to fascism in Spain there can, of course, be only one answer. Fascism first of all destroys trade unions; and even those Guild members who voted for Landon cannot maintain a neutral stand on fascism in Spain. Support of the demand for an increased WPA appropriation is less clearly indicated, though it can be justified on the principle that trade unions must do everything possible to raise the status of all wage-earners, if only to prevent labor's bargaining power from being undermined.

It is the indorsement of an independent political party and of the President's Supreme Court plan that raises sharply the whole question of the Guild's objectives and policy. Its first objective presumably is to build a strong progressive labor union which will encompass most of the country's newspapermen and command contracts from American publishers, who have a good thing in their slogan of freedom of the press. In general it is the business of trade unions to take sides on political issues, but the Guild occupies a unique and delicate position, both in relation to its members and to the employers it must deal with. Many newspapermen are conservative in their politics; but that does not mean that they cannot be good union men or that they cannot be educated to a more progressive view; after all, it is not so long since many of them got over the hurdle of admitting that they were workers at all. As for the publishers, their bad motives do not vitiate the logic of their argument that a reporter whose trade union is committed to a political party might be biased in his handling of political news.

In general the Newspaper Guild will best serve its members and the cause of freedom of the press by pursuing a progressive trade-union policy and by refraining from political partisanship. That way lies steady and constructive growth. If in the coming years a labor party is actually formed and trade unions are called upon to indorse or join it, the issue of the attitude of the Newspaper Guild will once more have to be faced. For the present the labor party is only in its incipient stages, and the Guild still immature. It has better things to do now than make political commitments.

Vigilantism, 1937

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

THE NATURE OF VIGILANTISM

THE average innocently educated American has a certain picture of American vigilantism which, like so many of his stereotyped vagaries, he gets from our so-called liberal historians, who know a lot they do not dare to understand.

In this view, vigilantism is a *peculiar* American phenomenon. It began, the story goes, in California in 1851, when outlawry was in wild and bloody flower and when every adventurer could buy a woman for the asking plus a sack of gold. Naturally, the better elements of the community wouldn't stand for it, and so they started a vigilante movement for law and order. (That, as you can see, was the only thing to do.) During the same 1850's there also flourished the know-nothing movement, composed of native white trash, which swept into office a lot of politicians of the Townsend and Coughlin type. (That, of course, was a bad thing.) Then came the post-Civil War KKK, because such narrow bigots as Thaddeus Stevens and his fellow Northern radicals did not know that the war was over and that the "best elements" of the South would not be run by a lot of carpetbaggers, scalawags, and too suddenly emancipated Negroes. (That was a bad thing, but quite understandable.) Then came the Mollie Maguires—Irish, Catholic, and labor—who went around killing mine superintendents. (That was a bad thing; it hurt labor.) After a number of more innocent know-nothing movements, we finally get into our own century, which is punctured by all sorts of violence, frame-ups, labor wars, and judicial assassinations. (This is all terrible; it hurts democracy.) And since the World War things have got worse. The last decade, especially, we have had a veritable plague of new moronic, inverted-populist movements—infantile, illiterate, confused, and vicious. In the late 1920's there was a revival of the Klan with its mummeries and wizardries. Today there are innumerable shirt organizations, night-gown rackets, the Black Legion, the Friends of New Germany, the Americaneers, the Committees of 100, of 200, of 1,000,000, the Women's National Association for the Preservation of the White Race; literally hundreds of such outfits. These in turn reach over into the darker corners of the D.A.R., the R.O.T.C., the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the chambers of commerce, the Lions, the Elks, the Eagles, and the rest of the zoo of small-time Babbittry. (It's all very dreadful, and Lord knows where it's leading to.)

Such is the hazy historic view of vigilantism that floats in the mind of the average middle-class liberal American. It leads him to one of two conclusions, depending on whether he is a right liberal or a left liberal, whether his respectable perplexity is passive or active. If he is a right liberal, he usually decides that, since we have always had the vigilantes with us, they cannot be very dangerous. If he is a left liberal, he is likely to join some happy, innocent front like the American League Against War and Fascism, which without any class analysis lumps into a "united front of all democratic forces" everybody from prima-donna left-wing movie stars and drawing-room communists to steel workers and Georgia sharecroppers.

Now what's wrong with this liberal conception of American vigilantism? It is not so much the facts. For all their nebulous outline, they are substantially correct. What's wrong with the picture is its complete classlessness, its slightly pompous sociological naivete, which is far more peculiar to the more or less educated American mind than is vigilantism to its more or less illiterate counterpart. For obviously vigilantism is the most brutally clear of all class phenomena, the most desperate and regressive, and hence, in its last analysis, the deepest expression of class domination; which means that it is no more peculiarly American than is sex or sport, though like them it parades in every country in its own national costume. Vigilantism is as old as anti-Semitism and as new as the persecution of revolutionaries by the G.P.U. under Comrade Yezhov. It may be as brutally ignorant as the Black Hundreds under the Czar or the Black Legion in Flint or the Black or Brown Shirts. Or it may be as hoary with sophistication as British imperialism, which is the greatest vigilante movement of them all. (It is well to remember that under the "labor" ministry of Ramsay MacDonald Indian villages were "pacified" by bombing planes.)

Vigilantism is the spirit of permanent counter-revolution, infinitely variegated by place, power, time, and circumstances. In days of peaceful social exploitation it is dormant. In days of growing social unrest it becomes more articulate and sinister. It may become articulate in the esoteric hokum and pretentious "scholarship" of a Pareto or a Sorokin, or in the rabble-economics of a Father Coughlin. But it is always nonsensical, because it would preserve class spoliation by violence without deepening social contradictions. Hence its logic is absurd and its sociology impossible.

The characteristic *rationale* of vigilantism is always the defense of class exploitation in the name of law and order. The appeal is never rational, but always directed to the deepest anti-intellectual and regressive instincts: to chauvinism, to race hatred, to the spirit of violence. And finally the technique is always the same. Since no movement can beat the masses without a mass base, such a base must be created. It is recruited from the most backward layer in the social pyramid. In modern society this is the lower middle class, which is bewildered by the split between its real and its fancied interests.

To what degree is vigilantism dangerous? Exactly to the degree in which the dominant classes of a society encourage, exploit, and, what is most important, subsidize it. The best thermometer of the menace of vigilantism is money. Thus the post-Civil War Klan was a dangerous force, which is still alive in the lynch law of the South, because it was guided and subsidized, behind the scenes, by the "best elements," the degraded Southern plantocracy, which had made a deal with the Northern conservatives against the Northern radicals. The Klan in the 1920's was not so dangerous, because big industry decided that it did not need it in defeating a prone labor movement. Today the Klan is once more riding in the South because of the textile drive by the C.I.O. and the stirrings of the sharecropper.

SMALL FRY

Just as Mussolini's access to power inspired Hitler and his many lesser imitators, so Hitler's rise encouraged vigilantism from Rumania to California. The fascist language and technique have been consciously copied by innumerable vigilante adventurers in America. But unless we include in this category the late Huey Long, all of them lacked the perverse afflatus of their European counterparts. Today the country swarms with these miscellaneous hick Führers who walk the streets of big business offering their wares. Often they run little scurrilous sheets, all-moron and half-blackmail.

Some of our vigilantes are free-lance writers, avowedly and philosophically fascist, as the group around the new *American Mercury,* most of them former radicals. Another reactionary free-lance writer is George Sokolsky, who sells his thinly disguised reaction in the name of American individualism. He extolled it on Independence Day to the workers of Weirton, who are terrorized by the notorious Hatchet Gang. Mr. Sokolsky is a rather tragicomic figure, for with his Eastern European Jewish background he ought to know better than to incite the vigilante spirit. Big business enterprises distribute numerous reprints of his articles. On one occasion one of his "debates" was paid for by a large industrial outfit which contributed to a forum the exact amount of his fee. But by and large, the big boys keep the various Sokolskys on space rates.

The vigilante entrepreneurs are forever on the lookout for angels to subsidize them until comes *der Tag.* Thus the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, who crowds his Committee of 1,000,000 into the ballroom of the Pennsylvania Hotel, is kept going by a New York broker named Henry Marsh. Now and then a frightened dowager gives him a check for the good work. In *The Nation* of March 11, 1936, I told how Governor Talmadge of Georgia received from the Georgia textile manufacturers $20,000 for "campaign purposes" in a sure election—and for breaking the textile strike; and how the Liberty League gave him $5,000 for his grass-roots convention. During the Little Steel strike the worst of the vigilante outfits—in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and especially in Ohio and in Michigan—did not hesitate to engage in plain thuggery and to provoke murder. Big industry used them where it found them and paid merely for their services.

The types and their activities vary. In Toledo there are the Young Nationalists, who talk "Americanism" over the radio every Sunday. In Akron there were the Stahlmate Clubs at Goodyear's, now pretty well shot to pieces. In Warren, Ohio, there is an active John Q. Public League. In Columbus, Ohio, the State University has become a regular center of young fascist activities. There are the Student Americaneers, run by Captain Arden S. Turner of the R.O.T.C. The Reverend Frank Throop of the Committee of 200 is also active among the students. Then there is the Ohio League for Constitutional Rights.

In Indiana and in Michigan the Klan is still going pretty strong. The automobile centers reek with vigilantism. In Dearborn, where Ford is, the Friends of New Germany and the Veterans of Foreign Wars hold joint meetings. Father Coughlin has a rather insignificant Workers' Council for Social Justice at Ford's. Father Coughlin is lying low because the Catholic Church is lying low. "My day will come in 1938," he says. But he still receives 1,000 letters daily and is selling widely an anti-C.I.O. editorial service. At Ford's there are also the Knights of Dearborn, made up of Ford Service Men under the command of Sam Taylor, a foreman at River Rouge. In Lansing the American Legion and the R.O.T.C. of Michigan State College are very active, neither of them officially. The worst vigilante in town is the Reverend Frank J. Norris, who once killed a sheriff in Texas. He now runs a paper and speaks in a church on General Motors property. He is also closely associated with K. T. Keller, president of Chrysler. The Flint Alliance, under George E. Boysen, is trying to get along now as the American Labor League; and Walter Chrysler is watching it interestedly. Such is the flotsam and jetsam of the local vigilante movements.

Then there is a multitude of service organizations, of which probably the best known and most characteristic is the National Civic Federation. It is now circularizing the American business community with "confidential" literature and cries of communism and more money, please. While Matthew Woll was acting president of the Civic Federation, it collaborated closely with all the official Nazi agents and organizations in this country. It probably still does. But of late Mr. Easley has taken a leaf from the Mohawk Valley Formula (about which more later) and is presenting a "set-up" for a new red-baiting campaign.

"To expedite the creation of a national organization," Mr. Easley wrote on July 2, 1937, in his "confidential" circular, "the existing membership of local organizations such as the chamber of commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary and Lion clubs, American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, church, civic, and patriotic chapters" will be called upon to personally visit individuals. . . . The individuals to be visited in a community or city are those affiliated with the C.I.O., on Federal unemployment relief, and WPA workers." "It is safe to assume," Mr. Easley continues, "that the local editor will comply with the requests of local davertisers whom he depends upon for the existence of his paper." Of course, "appropriate literature will be supplied." Then Mr. Easley draws up a blueprint of a proposed "sales organization." "The advantage the sales organization created by the National Civic Federation will have over the sales organization conducted by John L. Lewis, *et al.*, is that the National Civic Federation organization will consist of respectable citizens. . . ." Mr. Easley's final sentence is a plea for quick money—damned quick; for the revolution is almost on top of us.

BIG BUSINESS VIGILANTISM

There are literally hundreds of local, statewide, national vigilante rackets, all of them in search of fat cats. But the fat cats, no less than the little Hitlers, have also learned their lesson from the other side. Fascism is the effort to freeze a disintegrating economy through terror. But European experience has shown that the individual capitalist is apt to become the prisoner of the terror. The fact that Herr Thyssen is at present on an enforced and luxurious vacation in South America has made quite an impression on that section of big ownership which is willing to play the fascist game. It is therefore at this moment playing the far safer game of *organizing its own vigilante movement* which can be kept under control. The literature of this more respectable vigilantism is not written by crackpots or illiterates, but by high-powered publicity men in air-conditioned advertising suites.

A social movement is never a conspiracy. It lives and learns and crystallizes. When the C.I.O. showed every sign of becoming a real mass movement, during the great automobile strikes and in the beginning of the steel-organization campaign, big industry gradually moved to meet it. As I made clear in my last article, the financial interests which are behind both Big and Little Steel are by no means split. They merely function on two fronts—peace with the union in one sector, war on the union in the other. Nor did Little Steel go into the fight strategically unprepared. It had thought its tactics through. In the Little Steel strike, as indeed in every recent major strike, industry followed the so-called Mohawk Valley Formula.

This formula appeared in the form of an article in the Labor Relations Bulletin of the National Association of Manufacturers soon after the Remington Rand strike at Ilion, New York. It indicated in detail the steps to be taken in a campaign of national strikebreaking. It was supposedly written by James B. Rand, Jr., though there is every reason to believe that a well-known economist who heads a national research organization had much to do with this truly Machiavellian document. It is no doubt the most significant program in the history of American vigilantism. And here it is epitomized but with its essential outline unchanged:

First: When a strike is threatened label all union leaders as "agitators." In the plant conduct a forced balloting under the direction of foremen to ascertain the strength of the union and to make possible misrepresentation of the strikers as a small minority imposing their will upon the majority. At the same time disseminate propaganda, by means of press releases, advertisements, and the activities of "missionaries," such propaganda falsely stating the issues involved in the strike so that the strikers appear to be making arbitrary demands, and the real issues, such as the employers' refusal to bargain collectively, are obscured.

Second: Concurrently with these moves, by exerting economic pressure and threatening to move the plants, if that is feasible, align the influential members of the community into a cohesive group opposed to the strike. In this group, usually designated as a "citizens' committee," include representatives of the bankers, real-estate owners, business men, ministers, etc.

Third: When the strike is called raise high the banner of law and order, thereby causing the community to mass legal and police weapons against their wholly imagined violence, thereby suppressing all the civil liberties of the strikers.

Fourth: Call a "mass meeting" of the citizens to coordinate public sentiment against the strike and to strengthen the power of the citizens' committee, which organization, thus supported, will both aid the employer in exerting pressure upon the local authorities and itself sponsor vigilante activities.

Fifth: Bring about the formation of a large armed police force to be built up by utilizing local police, state police if the governor cooperates, vigilantes, and special deputies, the deputies being chosen if possible from other neighborhoods. Coach the deputies and vigilantes on the law of unlawful assembly, inciting to riot, disorderly conduct, etc., and make them anxious and ready to use their newly acquired authority to the limit.

Sixth: Perhaps most important, heighten the demoralizing effect of the above measures by a "back-to-work" movement, operated by a puppet association of so-called loyal employees secretly organized by the employer. (In a superb psychological analysis Mr. Rand discusses the effect of this back-to-work movement upon the strikers, the community, and the authorities, showing that it is the best way to kill all collective-bargaining sentiments.)

Seventh: When a sufficient number of applications to go "back to work" are on hand, fix a date for the opening of the plant, which opening is of course requested by the "back-to-work" association. Together with the citizens' committee, prepare for such opening by making provisions for a peak army of police by roping off the area surrounding the plant, by securing arms and ammunition, etc. . . . Even if the maneuver fails to induce a sufficient number of persons to return, persuade the public through pictures and news releases that the opening was nevertheless successful.

Eighth: Stage the "opening" as theatrically as possible.

Ninth: Capitalize on the demoralization of the strikers by continuing the show of police force and the pressure of the citizens' committee, both to insure that those employees who have returned will continue at work and to force the remaining strikers to capitulate. If necessary, turn the locality into a warlike camp through the declaration of a state of emergency tantamount to martial law and barricade it from the outside world so that nothing may interfere with the successful conclusion of the "Formula," thereby driving home to the union leaders the futility of efforts to hold their ranks intact.

Tenth: Close the publicity barrage on the theme that the plant is in full operation and that the strikers were merely a minority attempting to interfere with the "right to work" . . . the campaign is over—the strike is broken.

These ten scab commandments were followed religiously in the Little Steel strike. That's how the strike was broken. Just how the Mohawk Valley Formula was applied, just where the money came from, just who's who in the whole business—and the fantastic tales of the underworld at River Rouge—will be the theme of the next section of this article.

[*Mr. Stolberg's third article will appear next week.*]

Spanish Village

BY JOSEPHINE HERBST

THE road from Madrid to Valencia cuts across the Jarama, Tajuna, and Tagus river basins within a radius of seventy miles of Madrid. In this fertile area grapes and olives extend in rows, fields of wheat and corn make neat patchwork of riverbanks and low foothills. Some stiff fighting has gone on in the Jarama Mountains guarding the Valencia road.

From the little village of Fuentidueno de Tajo sixty men had gone to the front, and twenty more were drilling in the field used for threshing grain. Not many miles away several great mansions whose owners fled in July, 1936, are now convalescent-homes for wounded soldiers.

Life in the villages has changed since the departure of the rich men. Fuentidueno de Tajo had about ten well-to-do men who abandoned a fine crop of grapes. The people of the village sold the crop and paid 13,000 pesetas for an irrigation pump. Several years before they had formed an association that now came into active use. For a long time their mouths had watered for tomatoes, artichokes, peppers, and melons. As the money crop was grapes, every inch of land had been given over to commercial cultivation. There was a good amount of land capable of high production if irrigated, and into this area they now ran the new water system. By late April this year, tomato, pepper, and melon plants were already several inches high at Fuentidueno.

The state of the land in Spain reflects clearly the predicament that led to the present conflict. In some places the soil is hoarded to the last spoonful. In other sections great tracts have been allowed to lie idle at the disposal and whim of the great landowners. Seeds were made to grow, to bear, and to flourish in crypts in the rocks; hundreds of thousands of people grubbed away at the soil in one part of Spain in order that elsewhere vast acres might remain as playgrounds for a few gentry who might take it into their heads to come once a year to hunt wild boar.

When the republic made timid efforts at land reform it had no power to enforce great changes among the latifundists. In 1929 this class numbered around 9,000. In all Spain at that time about 1,023,600 were said to own land. Some 845,000 were estimated to gain less than a peseta a day from their holdings and had to resort to day labor for a living, about 160,000 lived precariously on their yield, and about 9,700 lived with comfort. The People's Front government of February, 1936, tackled the land problem with courage. Only a beginning had been made when the rebellion broke out. The impoverishment of the agricultural workers and small landowners was part of a national economy that had reduced Spain to the financial status of a colony. Peasant producers had no buying power. Crude olive oil went to Italy for refinement, enabling Italy to capture a world market. Wines were refined in France and resold to advantage. Valencia oranges were cheaper in England than in Madrid.

The soil itself eluded the people. Crazily administered, only about 10 per cent of all Spanish land is judged fertile, 45 per cent is moderately fertile, 35 per cent is termed infertile, and 10 per cent is nothing but rocks. The little owners were forever in debt to usurers, who finally gobbled up their plots and in turn became a new class of latifundists. In the town of Fuentidueno the men who ran away were not great latifundists, but they had been well to do and had controlled the valley. The little fellows worked for the big fellows, and their standard of living was pitifully low.

The town had houses in the village proper and caves in the nearby mountain-side. The village houses were chalky white, with rough tiled floors. The only running water was at the village spring. Kitchen sinks, sewerage systems, bathrooms, and toilets were unheard of. There was, however, electric lighting. By a curious paradox the same forces that had diverted the produce of the valley to the use of a few men had endowed the village with power. Just as a poor consumer may occasionally benefit in a price-slashing war between rival business groups, so did the people of the village find themselves with electricity. Even the caves in the mountain were wired.

The caves are dugouts with clean, whitewashed walls and big wooden doors studded with nails. From a distance the smokestacks of these dwellings mystify a stranger. The big, clay, cigar-shaped stacks protrude from what appears to be a smooth mountain-side. In the area outside the dwelling, composed of one outside and one dark inside room, plants grow in pots, chickens strut in and out, a goat is tethered to a chair near a crawling baby. The average family is between five and seven. Many children have sores that they attribute to "airplanes." The village had been bombed and an entire family buried in debris.

The entire day in this village is laborious as always, but since the workers are running things to suit themselves it goes better than formerly. Every workingman gets five pesetas a day; women get three-fifty and children two-fifty. Animals are owned individually, but with time new animals and machinery will be bought for the group. It is, as yet, a fumbling proposition born of need, but the productivity of the valley is estimated to be higher this year than ever before.

The women still wash at the common pool and cook over the most economical fire I have ever seen. A sack of chaff is spread on the bricked floor under the flue. A little bunch of twigs made from the clippings from pruned grape vines is applied and lighted. The chaff keeps the flame at a smoldering tempo, over which a tiny griddle is placed. The housewife crouches on the floor beside her cooking. The day I was there tiny potatoes were pared and wiped dry with a cloth, sliced fine into olive oil. When done, the surplus oil was poured into a pot. Two eggs were broken over the potatoes and the mixture flopped. With bread and wine, it made a meal.

The housewife was forever on the go. The wife of the *alcalde*, or mayor, had two goats with two kids, six unproductive hens, and a rooster. Her mother, who lived in one of the caves, had extra eggs that she counted out to her daughter carefully each day. The women all shopped with little black bags. The shopkeeper was a big, hearty fellow in a white apron who had a photograph of Ernst Thälmann on the wall. Rice, lentils, and grains were plentiful, but raisins came high. There was also a herd of brown goats and three cows belonging to the village. The men were busy putting in crops and cultivating others when I was there. They start out with mules and plows very early. Older men and the women do most of the field work.

The one church was tightly closed, and I did not see anywhere a sign of images or religious mementos. Sunday was very much like any other day, except that people dressed up in the afternoon and watched the new recruits drilling. For a town so near a front line, it was extraordinarily cheerful. Many of the young women wanted their pictures taken to send to their husbands at the front. The wife of the mayor got a present of a new pair of shoes from her husband. That was evidently an event. Everyone wears, for the most part, rope-soled sandals, but these were real leather shoes with heels. She took them all around in their box with tissue-paper wrappings, showing them with a kind of wonder. Miracles had no end; the townspeople went up to their irrigation project frequently to admire the new plants sprouting from what had been a desert.

In that part of Spain held by Franco the land reforms begun under the People's Front government a year ago in February have been completely undone. Big estates, uncultivated for years, were divided among the peasants, only to be returned to the great landowners since the rebellion. At Torrejon el Rubio in Carceres the Duke of Arion had a thousand hectares enclosed for wild game. Deer and boar often broke through to pillage the little plots of the neighboring villagers, who, 3,000 of them, were permanently unemployed. When the Popular Front came to power it was considered proper to make use of this great preserve for the people. Many such hopeful enterprises had only begun when the rebels returned the property to the former owners.

The workers in rebel territory have been thrown into prison. Their leaders have been shot or are awaiting execution. Among them is Antonio Palomo of Jaraicejo, who rose up and declared that this estate must no longer remain at the mercy of a single man. For this he will die at the hands of those who like to call themselves "the saviors of the culture of Spain." The great estates would be kept sacred by these "saviors" and, like idols of old, be watered with human blood. But the Spanish people have tasted freedom, and they have other plans for the future.

Behind the Scenes at Scottsboro

BY MORRIS SHAPIRO

ALABAMA justice has yielded to expediency in the Scottsboro case. No other explanation is possible for the farcical finale which left the state in the anomalous position of providing only 50 per cent protection for the "flower of Southern womanhood." Four of the nine Negroes originally arrested on March 25, 1931, for rape still are in prison—one under sentence of death, two for seventy-five years, and one, for some reason inscrutable to all save the members of the jury which convicted him, for ninety-nine years. Four others, with no less evidence against them, have been freed by the state, while the ninth, as though to make things exactly even, was spared a trial on the charge of raping Victoria Price and allowed to plead guilty to assault on a deputy. For that he got a twenty-year sentence in prison, Judge W. W. Callahan explaining that if the rape charge had not been dropped, he would have let him off with fifteen years on the assault charge.

Thus did a self-serving prosecution seek to appease both local and foreign opinion—meaning all opinion outside the borders of Alabama—not that justice might at last be done, but that a case which has become a stench in the nostrils of the more literate minority of Alabamans might be brought to an end. Whether even that objective will be achieved remains to be seen.

The release of four of the defendants, Roy Wright, Olin Montgomery, Eugene Williams, and Willie Roberson, was in no sense the result of a trade or compromise. The state decided what it would do, and informed the defense. The prosecution was tired of prosecuting. It wanted assurances, which it did not get, that there would be no more appeals and no more retrials. However, Alabama still holds as hostages five of the nine originally accused—and their sympathizers and lawyers.

It was no accident that Clarence Norris, the first Negro to be tried since Haywood Patterson was convicted and sentenced to seventy-five years' imprisonment, drew a death sentence from the hands of the jury which tried him. What better warning could have been delivered to a defense which previously had announced its intention of appealing Patterson's conviction to the highest court in the land? With Norris under sentence of death, the state, anxious to forestall further appeals in the cases that twice have been sent back for retrial by the United States Supreme Court, could afford a generous gesture. It came in the form of a waiver of the death penalty in the trials of Andy Wright and Charlie Weems. In exchange, Samuel Leibowitz waived his right to a special venire of sixty-five required by law in capital cases, and agreed to take his chances on the regular panel of thirty-five. "It was like being asked to swap a turkey for a horse," he said at the time.

One week before the trials ended, the state, represented by Thomas S. Lawson, Assistant Attorney-General, and Melvin C. Hutson, the local Circuit Solicitor, had determined on their course and had their minds made up to drop the indictments against four of the Negroes who were identified with the same degree of positiveness as all the others by Victoria Price, the lone complaining witness remaining since Ruby Bates recanted her charges.

Yet in subsequent trials Mr. Lawson and Mr. Hutson prosecuted Wright and Weems as relentlessly as ever. The mellifluous Melvin, clothed in righteousness and a wrinkled seersucker suit, dwelt at length, in his summation, on racial peculiarities which, he said, made it impossible for any Southern white man to believe that a dozen Negroes "flushed with their victory in a fight with white men" could have resisted the temptation offered by two freight-hopping white girls decked out in overalls.

The measure of their hyprocrisy lies in the comment one of them made in the interval between the time when the jury in the Weems case retired and the time when it rendered its verdict, which was the signal for the wholesale quashing of indictments against the remaining defendants. Victoria Price, repeating her testimony for the eleventh time before a jury, had become hopelessly entangled in her own contradictions. She had squirmed and wriggled for two hours on the stand, even disputing the stenographic record of her testimony at other trials. So palpably was she lying about some points of her story that Mr. Leibowitz, with the jury excused, asked Judge W. W. Callahan to dismiss the indictment against Weems. At the end of that trial a member of the prosecution staff remarked that he was glad he never would have to offer her testimony in another trial. "She was the sorriest witness I ever saw in a courtroom," admitted the harassed lawyer.

That probably is as near as anyone will ever come to getting an honest explanation from any Alabama official regarding the reason for the seemingly irrational outcome of six and a half years of litigation over the lives of the Negroes placed in jeopardy by a white woman's charge of rape. To those who have been closely associated with the case from the start, it is apparent, however, that while juries are as willing as ever to convict the Negroes on her story, the repeated defense assaults upon her often-repeated story have succeeded in shaking the faith of lawyers for the state in the veracity of the woman on whose honesty the whole case stands or falls. After six and a half years the high-pitched, screechy voice of Victoria Price has begun to sound a little hollow and tinny to "Buster" Lawson, whose eyes are on the attorney-generalship of Alabama. If it weren't for that latter fact nine Negroes instead of four might be free today. As long ago as last December the state made a tacit admission of this fact when the late Lieutenant-Governor Thomas E. Knight, Jr., the special prosecutor in earlier trials, came to New York with Attorney-General A. A. Carmichael on their own initiative and of their own volition to propose a face-saving formula to Mr. Leibowitz.

At a meeting in the New Yorker Hotel Mr. Leibowitz and Mr. Carmichael agreed that Patterson's seventy-five-year sentence should be commuted to five years, that four of the Negroes should get off with five-year sentences if they would plead to charges of simple assault, and that the remaining four—the same ones who now have been given their freedom—should go scot-free. Later there was another meeting in the Congressional Library in Washington, after which Mr. Carmichael said it wouldn't take him "more than five minutes to iron out the remaining differences" between himself and Mr. Leibowitz.

It fell to the lot of Mr. Lawson to report the negotiations to Judge Callahan, who ever since he entered the cases has been the ablest member of the prosecution staff. Mr. Lawson visited Judge Callahan at Decatur and was angrily informed that the court never would "agree to accept fifty-dollar fines for rape," which was his method of characterizing the agreement between prosecution and defense.

This apparently was enough for Mr. Carmichael, who without further ado betook himself to North Carolina, while Judge Callahan placed the trials of the Scottsboro Negroes on his calendar for July. The Attorney-General, who by reason of his office is known in Alabama as "General" Carmichael, did not return within the borders of his state until the trials ended, and he remained out of reach of influential members of the bar, editors of powerful Alabama newspapers, and others who sought to make him abide by his agreement, leaving it to Mr. Lawson, a candidate for the attorney-generalship in the next election, to take the rap for him.

His absence at this crucial time prompted a friend of Mr. Lawson's to tell a story about a Negro in the World War. A colored private, ordered over the top with his company, advanced for some distance over no-man's land, when, with machine-gun bullets whistling past his ears, he turned and ran back toward his own goal posts. In the haste of his retreat, he ran over his own trenches, back past the reserve lines, and finally burst out through a thicket miles behind the lines. There he stumbled, panting, upon the figure of a man with stars on his shoulder straps sitting astride a horse.

"Halt!" shouted the horseman.

"Who is you?" asked the Negro soldier.

"I'm the General," replied the officer on the horse.

"Lordy me," gasped the colored soldier. "I didn't know I'd come that far back."

The story-teller added: "They call Mr. Carmichael 'General' here. It's a sort of courtesy title, you know."

Appeals from all the convictions in Decatur have been filed. In each case the basis was laid for a final appeal to the United States Supreme Court.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WORD has just come from the Civil Liberties Union that the La Follette subcommittee on violations of civil liberties is in danger of ceasing its investigations and must do so if it does not receive another appropriation before the impending adjournment of Congress. It has done its magnificent work on a budget of only $55,000 and now asks a modest $50,000 to carry on. If I had my way it would get $500,000 tomorrow. The decision rests with the Senate Committee on Audit and Control, headed by Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina, and if any of the readers of this page wish to serve the cause they should write to Senator Byrnes at once and urge that the La Follette subcommittee get the money it needs. The American Civil Liberties Union only states the truth when it declares that to the credit of these Senators lies "the most significant job ever done in exposing the violations of civil liberties in industrial disputes." To me that is inadequate praise. Bob La Follette has earned a distinguished-service medal if anyone ever did. He and his associate, Senator Thomas of Utah, have grimly stuck to their exhausting task with a determination that has compelled the admiration of all who have followed it.

If they had done nothing else than force the showing of the film which revealed the murderous attack of the Chicago police upon the strikers at the Republic Steel plant, the money they have so far expended would have been justified. Think what that series of pictures of base police brutality, worthy of Hitler's choicest Brown Shirts, accomplished right here in New York. It made the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* actually for once deprecate official police lawlessness instead of minimizing it or ignoring it altogether. It actually led Police Commissioner Valentine to show the film in slow motion to all his chief officers who might have to handle strikes, not once but two or three times, in order that they might learn what not to do in dealing with labor troubles. True, that was followed by direct charges of police brutality during the shipping strike in Brooklyn, but still the films should help. Now, as I have so often written before, the sort of official murdering which Paul Anderson described in last week's *Nation* has been going on all over this country for years, and yet those of us who have cried out against it either have had no support or have drawn opposition from the highly respectable and from the conservative press. They have invariably said that the police are always right and that it is necessary for them to shoot or to club hard and "show no weakness" in order that disorder may be stopped at the beginning.

Well, if I were dictator of this country I would make the preliminary report of the La Follette subcommittee compulsory reading by every member of every chamber of commerce and university club in this country—and throw in the Republican clubs, the fashionable women's clubs, and all the Union Leagues for good measure. I should especially make them read the story of what has happened in Harlan County, Kentucky, with its utter denial of every fundamental right guaranteed by the Constitution, the shocking story of murder, torture, abuse, horrible cruelty, and outright dictatorship over workingmen and all who dare to stand up for their rights—all this *by the constituted authorities*, notably the sheriff of the county, always the miserable, sycophantic servant of the industrial bosses. I would especially have Herbert Hoover, wearing his well-earned dunce's cap, sit upon a stool in a corner and read aloud first some of his own statements about the blessedness of the American standard of living and the "American system" and then follow it up by reading the facts about the deputy-sheriffs of Sheriff Middleton of Harlan County—men indicted for every crime, from murder to mayhem.

But it isn't only in Chicago or Harlan that these things have happened. For months Senator La Follette, the committee's counsel, John J. Abt, and his secretary, Robert Wohlforth, have ranged the country, turning up *agents provocateurs,* phony detective agencies, strike-breaking thugs used by most of the leading industrial companies. One reason I should like to make their findings compulsory reading is that it would put a stop to the talk that this wrongdoing on the part of industry is merely to be attributed to a few black sheep—"there will always be a few crooks in every walk of life." I defy anybody who has read the La Follette record and has followed the happenings in this country to say that these offenders are few and far between. Then I want to prescribe some of these reports for the men and women I meet who solemnly assure me that all the violence in our labor troubles is on the side of labor; who insist that the President has abdicated and has put John Lewis in his place; that we are really being ruled by a ruthless labor dictator.

A year or so ago some ignorant writer on the staff of the Waterbury *Republican* solemnly rebuked me for writing on this page that Franklin Roosevelt's worst failure was his refusal to say one word about the wholesale violations of civil liberties going on everywhere. That editor declared that my article proved what an utterly unbalanced man I am. Well, I wonder if that writer—he or another has just praised me for saying labor must not stoop to the level of the employers and use force in labor disputes—could be got to read Paul Anderson's article and this testimony before Bob La Follette. If he did, I bet he would hit the President's silence harder than I did; perhaps even accuse me of understatement.

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BROUN'S PAGE

God and the Liberals

SENATOR Hiram Johnson cried out, "Glory be to God," when the Court bill died. Oswald Garrison Villard uttered a long "Amen." Burton K. Wheeler urged an adjournment upon the President lest he seem to be "defying God." And only a day or two ago Cotton Ed Smith praised the Creator for having lavished such bounty upon the South that the wages of textile workers were a matter of no consequence even to the workers themselves.

It is true that recent events have brought many men and columnists of varying caliber together in the drive against the New Deal. But I am wondering whether the unifying force has been that God upon whom these gentlemen call so piously. In his famous Liberty League speech Al Smith said in effect that God was committed to a nine-man Supreme Court and to a strict construction of the Constitution. Since that time Mr. Justice Roberts and even Chief Justice Hughes have written opinions displeasing to Mr. Smith. God, as far as I know, has not yet been heard from. When the still small voice runs through the ranks of men I doubt whether the message will be that the rights of property must always come first among the children of Adam.

But there I go like all my colleagues seeking to interpret the infinite and out of my puny wisdom express an opinion as to whether God is a liberal like Amos Pinchot. These delusions of grandeur tend to prey upon newspaper writers. Only the other day Dorothy Thompson, who has just been nominated for the presidency in London, urged the American Congress not to pass a wage-and-hour bill just now because she herself had been unable to make up her mind as to the precise form the measure should take.

"This column is itself written under far too great pressure," said poor Miss Thompson. "The public has no time to think things through." The voice of the public is the voice of God, and Dorothy Thompson is its prophet.

Now that the court issue has been laid in lavender, another point arises upon which an attempt is being made to combine God and some very curious liberals. I refer to the third-term-for-Roosevelt issue. The President has had less than a year since the last election, and yet he is being called upon to make ringing public declaration that under no circumstances will he run again. It is true that in a radio talk of many weeks ago he did indicate his decision to retire. But in any case I am under the impression that the fight to prevent a third term for Roosevelt is actually a struggle to keep him from having a second term. The threat of impeachment, to be sure, is still rather a far-fetched possibility, although the matter has been mentioned and editorially advocated in one or two Southern papers. But what I have in mind is the very plausible theory that reactionaries by roaring "third term" now hope to block any progressive program for the next three years and indeed undo the better legislation of Roosevelt's first term.

Perhaps I am being unfair to the reactionaries, at least those who sail admittedly under the black flag. They have, for the most part, held their fire. The work of destruction has been carried on largely not by pirates but by privateers. It is always easy to get a liberal to outfit an expedition to do the cruising which brings comfort to somebody safely taking his ease back home in a counting-room.

And of course the third-term holler is a device not only to wreck the Roosevelt administration now but also to make it certain that no man of New Deal faith shall by any chance receive the Democratic nomination in 1940. It is well to remember that the issue has been raised almost entirely by the political opponents of the President. It is true that Earle of Pennsylvania did publicly renounce the crown for himself and come out for Mr. Roosevelt to run again in 1940. But the utterances of Earle are not important, and there is no reason to believe that this statement was in any way inspired by the White House. Probably it was a mere spreading of oil by the Pennsylvania Governor. Mr. Earle has by no means quit his aspirations for 1940. On the contrary, it seems quite likely that by a crude piece of gallantry he hoped to solidify his position as the heir-apparent.

It has been said that Franklin Delano Roosevelt should make some very positive pledge not to run again. I do not see how any person can bind himself completely as to his course of conduct three years hence. Calvin Coolidge's "I do not choose to run" was accepted at the time as positive, and yet there are many political observers who now believe that Calvin was only flirting and that in his heart there lived an intense desire to be drafted. Far from laying the issue, any further statements by Mr. Roosevelt would tend to emphasize and underline it. Moreover there is nothing he could say which would satisfy his enemies. The dupes and the dupers would, at every mention of the subject, become increasingly outraged.

And speaking of the dupers and not the dupes, I might add that here and there certain American journalists are making good the title which Upton Sinclair bestowed upon our press. There are writing men who have definitely enlisted in a craft more ancient than that of journalism. And of course they have accepted certain obligations. Even so, their best friends should warn them not to be quite so precipitate lest they break a limb. It is not necessary for them to scramble quite so fast when the call comes, "There's company in the parlor."

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

"Part of a Poem, Part of a Play"

CONVERSATION AT MIDNIGHT. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper and Brothers. $2.

MISS Millay seems to be trying to do two incompatible things in this book. One is to present the opinions, tastes, and prejudices of the male animal, after the fashions of 1937. The other is to show the predicament of the human animal in society and in the universe at an uncommonly perplexing phase of that animal's history. If she had stuck to the first, she would have written a clever little comedy of manners; if she had succeeded with the second, she would have written a philosophical poem of some magnitude. As it is, she could not quite make up her mind to do either the play or the poem, and compromised on a dialogue that has the full virtues of neither and faults of its own. The parts are interesting, but they counteract each other and work toward no unified effect.

The conversation, which takes place after an intimate stag dinner, lasts well beyond midnight. Its incoherence is, according to the author's foreword, designed. On bird-dogs, edible mushrooms, and race-horses, the discussion is technical; on religion and music, choice but desultory; on war and the dangers of flying, trite; on women—for Miss Millay delights in pulling the masculine leg—it is naive. True to type, it settles down solidly during the latter part of the evening to the topic of the revolution, without getting anywhere in particular. Only the tact of the excessively exquisite host keeps it from ending in a show of fangs between the broker and the communist poet.

Merton, the spokesman for Wall Street, inveighs against regimentation, and fears that the children of the proletariat will damage the Gobelins. Carl, the communist, now with scientific assurance invokes the inevitable, now flames with moral indignation. Merton, he says, is already regimented, and his culture is a fake:

> A thing might be beautiful as a dandelion-blossom—that won't do:
> If it's *common* as a dandelion-blossom, right away you're through.

The two liberals are weary and rather bewildered, both by Carl's manners and by the state of the world: Ricardo, the dilettante, wants to preserve a few beautiful things and wouldn't mind if the human race were extinguished; while John, an honest and groping soul, declares that the liberals are the leaven of society, "the angelic spies in the loud councils of the confident lost." Father Anselmo states his church's position precisely, plays Bach, and leaves early. Low comedy is supplied by Pygmalion, the natural man and successful popular writer, who gets drunkenly profane over the whole business. The young advertising man, Lucas, hates his job and talks about his girl.

The style ranges from cadenced prose, through *New Yorker* doggerel, proletarian ode, and Shakespearean fulmination, to halting sonnets. There is a reason, if hardly an excuse, for this medley. Miss Millay has now joined the ranks of those poets who are trying to mirror, or to reshape, the great world, and are seeking a medium of greater scope than the lyric, with its distillation of the personal emotion into a dainty bottle. They have no catch-all at hand which will serve them as the hexameter served the ancients, or *terza rima* Dante, or blank verse the Elizabethans, and in spite of some promising efforts they have not yet devised a new one. Miss Millay's solution is to throw everything in, higgledy-piggledy. The achieved fragments stand out from the rest like the rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear.

Part of Miss Millay's confusion, indeed, springs from a lack of order in her beliefs as well as from difficulties with technique, for it is hard at times to tell when she is writing parody and when she is in earnest. Her recent poems reflect a concern with the common human lot, and sober meditation upon it. For a writer whose gifts are naturally lyrical, it is not easy to think things through and at the same time to retain the grace of touch. Miss Millay is one of the few poets of her generation who have continued to grow, but her intellectual and moral insights are far from having reached an equilibrium, and even so her mastery of her craft has not kept pace with them. There are lines here which attain momentary power beyond anything to be found in her early verse:

> Why come you hither in hordes, your faces wild and exalted?
> What are these altars doing here in the Forum, and the reek of
>   the warm, unsalted
> Sacrifice—the earth about the altars steaming and puddled?

But she is unable to sustain this intensity of vision for long. Despite a sprinkling of such passages, the interest in the present work is more in opinions than in things seen or imagined, and rather more in personalities than in opinions. One is conscious that these are men talking, talking wittily, sometimes passionately; rarely is one convinced that there is a real and very messy world that they are talking about.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

Sojourn in Sodom

MEA CULPA. By Louis Ferdinand Céline. Translated from the French, with an introduction, by Robert Allerton Parker. Little, Brown and Company. $2.

CELINE approaches the Soviet Union from the point of view of original sin, and, given his incendiary talents, the result is something of an intellectual side-show. Not that he makes any claims to heavenly guidance or takes the psalm-book for his social program; yet essentially his vision of man, regardless of the racy and ribald expression he gives it, is no more than a crude secular version of the orthodox clerical conception of human nature. It is the old tribal gods that speak here, though the voice is vibrant with the raucous accent of the streets, the language impetuous, and the posture convulsive.

Mea Culpa, the title essay of the volume, is ostensibly a record of his Russian visit, but actually it contains no factual reporting or empiric observations of Soviet life. Apparently Céline regards himself as such a deep seer that he expects us to accept his intuitions at face value, even on a subject so complex and tortuously controversial; and his apocalyptic manner only tends to strengthen our suspicions. His impressions of the country lack detail and tangibility, being for the most part merely a springboard for a frantic assault on socialism in all its aspects, whether as a theoretical system or a practice of the class struggle anywhere and at any time. Unlike Gide, whose comments on the ugly sides of the Soviet situation were inspired by his belief in socialism and disappointment in the particular application of it made by the present Soviet leaders, Céline takes the failures he has noted in common with other observers to be the ultimate proof of the absurdity and viciousness of the Marxist plan for the reconstruction of society. Where Gide sees the Revolution as a living process in which contradictions operate, Céline can see only a monstrous deception of the people by unscrupulous politicians who flattered them into believing that the tyrant is not in themselves—in the depraved and hellish nature of man—but in such "external" forces as social exploitation. It is these flatterers, as for example Marx and Lenin, that are the opium of the people. Lamenting the iniquities of progress and the futility of the machine, he finally impales politics as the force which "during the last three centuries has corrupted Man more than during the whole of pre-History." All talk of economics riles him, and he sticks his knife into the father of the materialist heresy: "Look at the mug of fat Marx, his belly full!" Now and then we come across some vague reference to the "inner revolution," which is contraposed to the "outer revolution" inherent in the political approach. But this bow to the church fathers is merely made in passing, as an afterthought. This writer's literary investments in despair are much too heavy to permit him any perspectives of change, no matter how dim and ideal.

The second essay in the book is a biographical work on Semmelweis, a Hungarian physician who was a martyr to medical science, and was written as Céline's doctorate thesis. It is by far the more integrated of the two essays, for it was composed in the fever heat of a personal identification and succeeds in creating the image of a man driven by fate and his inner need. Reading it after Mea Culpa, one wishes that in writing about socialism Céline had to some degree been moved by that passion for scientific method which he so much admires in his hero, Semmelweis. We might have been spared, then, the musty abstractions about human nature. His diabolic portrait of man is as unreal as the angelic one he so gratuitously attributes to Marx. And that literary demonism of his, which makes his novels into a kind of tabloid edition of Baudelaire, seems here to have been laid out in a spiritual heat-prostration so melodramatic as to suggest a piece of clever showmanship.

PHILIP RAHV

Prologue to Revolution

THE FIRST RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, 1825, THE DECEMBRIST MOVEMENT, ITS ORIGINS, DEVELOPMENT AND SIGNIFICANCE. By Anatole G. Mazour. University of California Press. $4.

ON December 14 (O.S.), 1825, a battalion of the Moscow regiment of the Guards stationed in St. Petersburg was incited by its officers to refuse the oath of allegiance to the new emperor, Nicholas I. The men were marched to the Senate Square and were joined there by a detachment of grenadiers and a company of marines. According to the plans, the leaders of the rebellion were first to force the Senate to issue a liberal manifesto abolishing the old regime and appointing a provisional government, and then to seize the Winter Palace and arrest the imperial family. However, no attempt was made to carry out these measures. When the insurgents appeared on the square, they found the Senate building empty. The Senators had held an early session, sworn allegiance to Nicholas I, and gone home; Prince Trubetzkoy, chosen to head the rebellion, failed to appear on the scene at all. By noon the rebels had mustered three thousand bayonets and were standing idly in the biting wind. The governor-general of the capital and an officer who tried to persuade the men to return to their homes were shot. Finally, toward evening, Nicholas decided to act. Artillery was trained on the square; a few volleys of shrapnel put the insurgents to flight and left many dead and wounded on the cobbles. A few hours later several of the conspirators were apprehended and brought to the Emperor for examination.

The so-called Decembrist insurrection was over. Yet the pathetic affair on the Senate Square was to have its counterpart in the south. On December 30 a lieutenant colonel placed himself at the head of a part of his regiment and raised the banner of revolt. He seized a small town near Kiev and inaugurated the new era with a religious service, in the course of which Christ was declared to be the only czar on earth. Then the little band of insurgents left the town, and for four days wandered from village to village in search of reinforcements, committing one strategic blunder after another, until they were routed by a detachment of loyal cavalry and artillery. Two of the officers committed suicide, the others were seized and sent to St. Petersburg in irons.

Such was "the first Russian revolution," of which the book under review is a history. It is, on the whole, a conscientious if pedestrian work by a liberal-minded scholar with a somewhat solecistic style. Its chief merit is that it utilizes much fresh source material, particularly the voluminous records of the trial of the conspirators, which were only published within the last few years. The substance of the volume is, of course, the story of the secret societies and of the feeble revolt in which their activities culminated. Dr. Mazour sees that the revolt failed because, for one thing, the leaders wanted "a government for the people but not by the people." He recognizes, too, the significance of this abortive effort as the first skirmish in a long-drawn-out battle, the beginning of a revolutionary tradition.

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY

Religion in Wood

SHAKER FURNITURE. THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF AN AMERICAN COMMUNAL SECT. By Edward Deming Andrews and Faith Andrews. Photographs by William F. Winter. Yale University Press. $10.

MR. and Mrs. Andrews know all there is to know about Shaker furniture. They know it as pieces of wood sawed, planed, and dove-tailed into useful shapes, and they can speak with authority about tongue-and-groove cleats, the lipped drawer, and the diameters of finials. But they know it also in its origin, which is the Shaker way of life, and they can speak with equal authority about a sect one of whose proverbs was the remarkable sentence: "Every force evolves a form." With the strict and loving care of scholars they have presented in this volume the forms of Shaker furniture; and with an even finer care they have expressed the forces behind the forms. They understand that carpentry was merely one of many rituals with which a certain American culture of the last century maintained for a while its purity. Only for a while, as is usual with such things; there were a thousand members of the United Society in 1800, there were six thousand on the eve of the Civil War, in 1900 there were but a single thousand again, and now there are almost none. But while this thing lasted it was pure and very strong, and Mr. and Mrs. Andrews come as near as anyone may come to knowing why. If they have chosen to write about the ritual of the woodshop it is because that ritual has left the most tangible traces in our day; though there are, of course, the wonderful houses and barns still standing at New Lebanon, Hancock, Canterbury, and so on; and there is an extensive literature of diaries and songs to be explored. Yet the rest of the rituals are in their minds as they write, for their final interest is the whole of Shaker life.

On more than one page they refer to the quality of that life. In an old Shaker room, they say, "the sense is strong of being above and beyond the familiar, the world as we know it, in an atmosphere purified, as it were, from the non-essentials of living—an intangible feeling, difficult to describe." But they have described it; or if it cannot be described they have recalled it to anyone who has stood in such a room and been disturbed by the certainty that those who once inhabited it were sure of every thought they had. Mr. Homer Eaton Keyes, who contributes a preface to the volume, says that "to enter a Shaker room today is to be profoundly conscious of this mystical emanation, at once so soothing and so strangely agitating." Mystical or not, there it is. And there it was in 1877, when A. B. Harris wrote for the *Granite Monthly:* "They, the Shakers, are there to stay. And that fact accounts for a great deal. It is partial explanation of the contentment on the faces of the Shaker sisters. It is a reason for the repose and settledness which pervade a Shaker village—that indefinable something, so altogether unlike the life of ordinary villages, and which you feel in the air, and are conscious of by some instinct, as men claim to be aware of the presence of spirits. . . . There is no restlessness, or fret of business, or anxiety about anything; it is as if the work was done, and it was one eternal afternoon." The Shakers have not, in fact, stayed. And much of their furniture has gone with them, through "fire and auction and neglect." But they expected to stay, just as they expected that there would always be thousands of Shakers to work incessantly and serenely at the making of objects which said as only wood can say it: "There is great beauty in harmony."

The three main points of the creed were purity, community, and separation. The Shakers, that is to say, were celibates; they lived as much like one another as possible; and they kept as free as they could of the world at large. It is not the creed as such, however, that explains them or their furniture. It is rather the happiness with which they held it, the light-heartedness with which they enslaved themselves to the various rituals it demanded, and also the circumstance that the first thousand of them at the end of the eighteenth century were poor people of New York and New England—"farmers, mechanics, and small tradesmen"—whose notions of chairs and tables were both ancient and basic. They brought with them in their minds the barest patterns, the purest beginnings of design; and then something converted them into artists with an exalted lyric gift for the plane surface, the straight line. What that something was even Mr. and Mrs. Andrews do not claim perfectly to know. Some of the Shakers were reported as believing in assistance from the angels. Whatever the source, the result is some of the most beautiful furniture in the world, as any of Mr. Winter's forty-eight plates will instantly prove, and as the analytical notes by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews will prove in the slower though no less powerful way of words.

MARK VAN DOREN

Wanted: A Supreme Court Primer

SELECTED SUPREME COURT DECISIONS. Edited by Myer Cohen, with an introduction by Alexander Meiklejohn. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THERE is a belief current among men who regard themselves as realists that what counts in government is power and power alone. This is a welcome reaction to the goo-goo school of civic virtue; but while we have needed some stiffening in our political thinking, we must beware of *rigor mortis.* We are in danger of yielding to the old utilitarian fallacy in a new form. The utilitarians felt that the object of government and the motives of men in it were ultimately reducible to pleasure and pain. We tend to feel today that government is reducible to what men can be taught to shout and how they can be taught to act. If, for example, they can be taught to cry, "Hurrah for the Supreme Court," or, "Down with the Supreme Court," it makes little difference whether these slogans are merely slogans or the outgrowth of experience. But that simply isn't true, just as "push-pin is as good as poetry" wasn't true. We are all learning about the judicial power now from experience: the Supreme Court justices are our best schoolmasters in the nature of judicial review, and they are never so revealing as when they reverse themselves under pressure. But experience does not carry its own lessons. It needs to be interpreted. Some day we shall have to tackle the judicial power with finality. When that day comes, knowledge must be there as well as slogans.

As his stint in this educative process, Mr. Cohen has compiled a casebook of Supreme Court decisions. It differs from other compilations in three respects. It is frankly addressed to lay readers rather than to law-school or college students. Its framework is economic: it premises that there is an economic order as well as a set of political dogmas and traditions, and that the court functions in that order. Finally, it deals with the Supreme Court decisions as a civic literature. Mr. Cohen has studied and worked with Walton Hamilton and Alexander Meiklejohn and has caught from their contagion the knack for seeing literature as a form of public utterance and public utterances as literature. Mr. Meiklejohn, in his introduction, explains with persuasiveness that just as Plato distils the Greek commonwealth and Henry Adams nineteenth-century American society, the Supreme Court decisions distil the nature of the American state.

It is a fruitful lead, worth elaboration. Mr. Cohen has gathered together and arranged excerpts from the great decisions, and thus gives us the material with which to test the thesis. He has used this material in adult classes in the San Francisco School of Social Studies, and used it with success. For other teachers it may be worth saying that the court's decisions are on their face neither great literature nor great statecraft, but generally logic-chopping and mumbo-jumbo. More than any other literature, court decisions will not explain themselves but need the skilful glossator, whether in lecture hall, discussion room, or book. A compilation of this sort, moreover, suffers from the fact that no sooner is the print on it dry than the material is out of date. Thus Mr. Cohen did not wait long enough to get the De Jonge criminal-syndicalism decision, the minimum-wage reversal, or the Jones and Laughlin decision on the Wagner Act. A more serious flaw in the book is that, unlike so many recent writers who have glorified Taney *redivivus,* Mr. Cohen turns an astigmatic eye upon the Taney period in the court's history. His book contains no federal decisions between *Barron* v. *Baltimore* (1833) and the Slaughter-house cases (1873). And yet these were forty years of intensely important economic development in the country and enormously interesting gyrations of judicial doctrine to mirror that development. Even the Dred Scott decision, in 1857, is being increasingly interpreted in economic terms.

But my chief quarrel with the book is its price. If the common man is to understand the contradictions of American culture through the Supreme Court decisions, they must be brought within his reach. Is there not a publisher who will risk a fifty-cent edition of the basic decisions in the history of the Supreme Court, with running notes and commentary that the ordinary man can understand? MAX LERNER

Four in Midsummer

EITHER IS LOVE. By Elisabeth Craigin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

PLACE IN THE CITY. By Howard Fast. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

EVE'S DOCTOR. By Signe Toksvig. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE ANOINTED. By Clyde Brion Davis. (Selection of the Discoverers.) Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

IN a brief memoir, "Either is Love," Miss Craigin professes to contrast and reconcile the two loves of her unnamed "I"—one for the man she married in her late thirties, and the other for the girl, Rachel, for whom she has had a previous blind infatuation of which she feels obliged to tell her husband by letter. Unfortunately, in trying to convince us that both of these loves are possible for her heroine Miss Craigin makes two grave errors among several lesser ones. She insists too often and against all evidence that this Lesbian love was not Lesbian but a pure love heretofore unnoted by psychoanalysts; and she presents the account of the passion for Rachel in convincing narrative form, while that of the husband is given only in reminiscences, argumentation, and snatches of love letters after his death. Since no character or environment is evoked in the latter, the reader feels uncomfortably that Miss Craigin used the later marriage merely as a concession to squeamish moral tastes. The whole treatment is so limited to physical sensation that it is difficult to forecast what she might do in another vein.

Directly opposed is Howard Fast's "Place in the City," recalling any number of other novels offering a melodramatic cross-section of one alley in the city. It is a completely objective narrative of the Poet, the Moll, the Whore, the Preacher, and others, all of whom he knows by observation but none of whom he really understands. Mr. Fast, who is only twenty-three, has a certain pretentiousness in his asides and betrays his immaturity in many of his Causes and Reasons, but he tells his tale so swiftly and glibly that it doesn't make much difference whether the Causes fit or not. He writes easily, probably too easily, and you will find the novel enjoyable light reading if you hold your thought processes in abeyance and run with the words.

To those who recall Miss Toksvig's very capable biography, "Hans Christian Andersen," her recent novel is likely to prove bewildering. She has selected all of the most banal adjectives to describe the public and private life of a god, one Michael Murrough, a women's doctor in Dublin. Her theme had excellent possibilities: the clash between Catholicism and medical science, the adoring patients who insist on becoming lovers, and the interlarding of case histories, hospital routine, Caesarean sections, and the like; but she is not equal to the task. Her style is pedestrian; all her characters are smug bourgeois snobs and egomaniacs, although I am quite sure she didn't intend them to be.

Mr. Davis's "The Anointed" is another story. It is concerned with a young sailor, Harry Patterson, and his search for the Over Beyond across the Black Ocean, where even a captain gets scared and "throws his helm hard to port and races back to the harbor full steam ahead" to drown his inefficiency in a Hong Kong honky-tonk. In the book Harry never leaves the harbor either, but he knows he is going to, and prepares himself in a financial way by learning scientific crapshooting, in an intellectual way by observing the direction of an eddy over the drain in bathtubs both in North and South America and reading "Silas Marner," and in a spiritual way by pumping everybody from a Nova Scotia red to a Rio chippy who used to work for Madam Chamber in Kansas City and a Washed-in-the-Blood-of-the-Lamber on Mission Street in San Francisco.

Mr. Davis is adept in capturing lingo and shaping his characters quite unforgettably through a few bits of casual conversation. Occasionally he startles the reader with a sentence-long description of the sea and its inhabitants which is sharply beautiful. But above all, he sets a mood of perverse innocence and world-wise naivete, and maintains it consistently until the end, which is a difficult job. PAUL LOVE

Shorter Notices

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF. By Jerome W. Ephraim. Simon and Schuster. $2.

This book is definitely not of the "Skin Deep" school. Mr. Ephraim names no names, and his primary concern is with the presentation of straightforward information about the care of health and looks, not with the debunking of advertised cure-alls and cosmetic preparations. For this reason the book is less exciting, and certainly it is less provocative than its predecessors, but guinea pigs who want facts, rather than scandal, will find them in "Take Care of Yourself." It is Mr. Ephraim's thesis that reforms in merchandising and advertising must come from the consuming public. In this way: When the public has achieved a sufficiently high level of intelligence so that it cannot be duped, fraud will become unprofitable and honesty be the best policy. Until this happy state is attained, consumers would do well to follow Mr. Ephraim's advice when stocking their medicine chests and beauty kits. Information about remedies that can be safely used and those that should be avoided is presented, along with understandable explanations of the causes of such disorders which trouble the human body as colds, dandruff, constipation, indigestion, athlete's foot, pyorrhea, insomnia, and even "hang-overs." Cosmetics and shaving preparations are amply discussed, and certain types of products are recommended and others condemned. In some instances it would have been helpful had Mr. Ephraim described products by their advertised names, but this is a minor complaint about a book which altogether is practical, sensible, and effective.

RUTH BRINDZE

WHY WAS LINCOLN MURDERED? By Otto Eisenschiml. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

Mr. Eisenschiml has dug up from limbo a number of mysteries pertaining to Lincoln's assassination and its aftermath which historians have ignored in a curious manner. Why were the telegraph wires leading out of Washington tampered with, but not cut, immediately after the assassination? Why was Booth's name withheld from the public for three critical hours? Why was every avenue of escape for Booth blocked, save—as the record seems to show—the most likely one, which he took? Why was the pursuit handled in such a bungling manner? Why was Booth not brought back alive, to tell what he knew? Why was Lincoln's bodyguard at the playhouse, guilty of the grossest negligence, not only not punished but never even questioned? And deepest, darkest mystery of all, did any double-dealing federal official, hating Lincoln's reconstruction policy, know of Booth's plot in advance? These and a number of other neglected questions Mr. Eisenschiml has discussed, readably, in calm, judicial temper, and with a scholarship in this particular field of Lincoln history hitherto displayed by none. Yet in spite of all his diligence and skill, Mr. Eisenschiml is obliged to confess that he does not know just why Lincoln was murdered, nor can he definitely answer any of the questions above enumerated. He does, however, give a convincing answer to one big question which historians have apparently blundered in handling: to wit, why was the Civil War, from the Northern side, conducted in such a bungling manner? The truth seems to be that McClellan was a very able commander, the best the North produced, and that, as he claimed in his autobiography, Stanton and other radical leaders blocked his support by deliberate design. Mr. Eisenschiml thoroughly agrees with McClellan on this point, and in view of the astonishing evidence which he amasses I do not see how future historians can escape the same conclusion.

CHARLES LEE SNYDER

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RECORDS

THE difference between Mozart at twenty-one and Mozart at thirty-one—which is the difference between Mozart young and Mozart old—is not the difference between immaturity and maturity. The Mozartian feeling and the form in which this feeling crystallizes are to be heard in miraculously matured perfection in the Piano Concerto K. 271 now recorded by Gieseking (Columbia: four records, $6), as in the Piano Concerto K. 488 recorded by Rubinstein. What happens with time is that they become richer, and that the melancholy, as it deepens, becomes all-pervasive. In the Concerto K. 271, then, we find a slow movement with the affecting poignancy of a slow movement of one of the later concertos; but in none of these do we find a first movement with the high spirits and wit of the first movement of K. 271.

By wit I mean, of course, wit that manifests itself through musical terms and operations and is therefore not expressible in words (though it resembles verbal wit in its economy of means) but is recognizable only by its effect—by the fact that it makes one laugh. I laughed at the entrance of the piano 1⅜ inches from the beginning of the first record of K. 271; the wit is what the orchestra is doing and what the piano does at that point—not only in the piano's trill itself, but in the precise point at which the trill occurs: as the orchestra repeats its little closing bow. And also in the quality of the trill as Gieseking plays it: one way to characterize his playing—so astounding in its physical and musical perfection—is to say that it brings to life every such detail of wit and expressiveness. Collaborating with him, and playing with excellent spirit, style, and finish, is the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Hans Rosbaud.

Beethoven's String Quintet, Opus 29 (Columbia: four records, $6), is an early work of a different sort—one of those in which one is astonished in every movement by the first manifestation of the originality and power that are to reach their full development later. The performance by the Lener String Quartet and William Primrose is very good, and well recorded.

On Columbia singles (each $1.50) are Beethoven's beautiful Piano Sonata, Opus 78, and the charming Overture to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," superbly played and recorded—the one by Egon Petri, the other by Beecham and the London Philharmonic. On another, Huberman impresses me with his magnificence of style in the arid Sarabande of Bach's Partita No. 1, and with the quality of his phrasing in Bach's wonderful Choral Prelude, "Nun komm' der Heiden Heiland," in which, however, the recording permits occasional stridencies of tone to be obtrusive. And on two others, Meyrowitz's slow-paced performance of the "Siegfried-Idyll" with the Paris Philharmonic makes the work dull.

There remains the duet of Eva and Walther in Act 2 of "Die Meistersinger," ending with the exquisite passage, "Geliebter, spare den Zorn," sung by Germaine Martinelli and Georges Thill with an orchestra under Eugène Bigot. A record of German music sung by French singers with French words and with a French orchestra should, by all the theories, be bad; actually, with the French words for the most part as unrecognizable as the German would be, and with the French singers and orchestra singing and playing very much as Germans would—and singing and playing very well, even with Mlle. Martinelli's occasional shrillness—the record is quite good.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Goebbels's Guiding Hand

Dear Sirs: "Coordinated" newspapermen under the Nazi regime are never in doubt as to what is expected of them. Dr. Goebbels issues daily bulletins for editors, called *Merkblätter*, telling the boys what to print and what to omit. They are secret documents, and when the Berlin correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* got hold of some of them and used them for a good story he was expelled from Germany. The German editor who furnished the bulletins was tried for treason and is now in prison.

Previously this method concerned only newspapermen working within the Third Reich. A sequel to this, however, is that Dr. Goebbels is now issuing special orders for traveling correspondents; that is, those who cover events abroad. Journalists visiting the Paris exhibition, for instance, are instructed to report immediately to the information office of the German Building on the fair grounds to receive their written orders.

A *Merkblatt* of this kind has reached this country. Anti-French in its tendency, it is only surprising that the French government tolerates such an abuse of its hospitality after a mutual agreement regarding the Third Reich's participation had been reached. The following extract of this timely document speaks for itself:

"From the French viewpoint, the exhibition is intended (a) to increase the glory and prestige of France all over the world, and to serve in this manner France's imperialistic policy; (b) to make propaganda for the governing Popular Front regime in France and for Marxism; (c) to stimulate France's tourist traffic and, as a result of an unexpected economic revival, insure the political success of the Blum government.

"The dangers arising out of Marxism and bolshevism must never be forgotten, neither with regard to general European interests nor with regard to France—even if the Popular Front, for obvious tactical reasons, should during the time of the exhibition show greater moderation and veil the present setbacks as much as possible.

"In describing the exhibition, as well as in general accounts of the country and the French capital, the old mistakes of unrestricted glorification must be avoided; such events must merely be regarded as a shining and illuminated façade.

"The exhibition in its vast variety affords good possibilities for comparison and justified reason for the superiority of German accomplishments in the arts and sciences. . . . Besides the German House and other German exhibits (which in each journalistic description must be placed in the foreground) the pavilions of related or befriended nations—in close proximity to the German House: Portugal, Poland, Austria, Italy, and others —are welcome subjects for the appreciation of cultural and extra-political connections. . . .

"The exhibition may offer certain opportunities to further Franco-German relations. It may be mentioned that there was close collaboration in its preparation. Future problems, such as a German-French rapprochement, must be solved through official foreign channels, not through private, even if well-intended, endeavor. Whoever in his reports on the exhibition touches the German-French relationships must never forget that unfortunately a large majority of the French people, contrary to the Germans, have been prejudiced. Progress can only be made by a dignified attitude and an honest treatment of this difficult problem, not by a one-sided approach. . . .

"Reporters who visit the fair must report at once after their arrival in Paris to Hans Wendt, Paris. Telephone: St. Germain-en-Laye 200."

J. MULLEN

Philadelphia, Pa., July 20

A Reasonable Request

Dear Sirs: I have recently sent the following telegram to Dr. Hans Heinrich Dieckhoff, German Ambassador to the United States, in Washington:

Having observed the activities of the Friends of the New Germany in America for some time, I hereby apply for a special visa or permit to go to Germany for an unlimited period of time for the purpose of organizing branches of the Friends of Democracy among German citizens who are still friendly to liberty and the democratic way of life. Included in this permit I should like also to have the privilege of marching the members of the Friends of Democracy through German streets and highways, carrying the Stars and Stripes and shouting the slogans of Jeffersonian democracy from the American Declaration of Independence and our Bill of Rights. I should like, moreover, to have it specifically stated in my visa that the Friends of Democracy may set up semi-military camps on German soil and carry on both secret and open propaganda against German Nazism.

On my desk I have stacks of Nazi propaganda received from Nazi individuals, various Nazi propaganda groups, such as Julius Streicher, the Fichte Bund, World Service, the League of Anti-Comintern Associations, the Judenkenner, and others. In return for the privilege thus extended to your Nazi propaganda groups I want you to extend to the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar patriotic American groups the right to send their propaganda in behalf of liberty and the democratic way of life to Germany and to circulate it there very freely.

Also I pray for the further right to arrange for special short-wave broadcasts to the Friends of Democracy in Germany from America at regular intervals.

L. M. BIRKHEAD

Kansas City, July 20

Imperialism in Palestine

Dear Sirs: On reading your editorial on the partition of Palestine I was struck by what you did not say. That the "extremist elements" among both Arabs and Jews should not command your sympathy is, I think, quite reasonable. But to express a measure of support to the "moderates" who are willing to take half a loaf rather than none, and at the same time to pass over completely the role of Britain, is a horse of another color.

In my humble opinion the White Paper reveals two very important facts: first, the fundamentally irreconcilable clash between general Zionism and the Jewish majority forces on the one hand and Arab nationalist movements on the other, which you discussed; and second, the fact, which was perfectly clear even to the New York *Times,* that Britain has been compelled to show her imperialist hand more clearly than ever. This you did not discuss.

Britain's interest in Palestine in relation to her empire is no secret to *Nation* readers. What is not so plain is her interest in preventing united resistance by the population. I believe the logical road for Palestine to be national independence for the Arabs, with minority rights for the Jews, with the Histadruth the main guarantee of the latter. Efforts in that direction are growing—with active support from minority groups in the Histadruth. (See the *Jewish Frontier,* July.)

The success of this movement spells a serious defeat for British imperialism. And the British Foreign Office knows it well. The proposed plan for partition is, from Britain's standpoint, good strategy. By the same token, those who call themselves progressive should oppose that plan for partition.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

Mount Vernon, N. Y., July 22

Help for Needy Authors

Dear Sirs: I wish to call attention to the Authors Club-Carnegie Fund for needy authors. The applicant must be eligible for membership in the Authors Club, which means that he must have had a book published by a standard publisher, of such literary standing that it would pass the qualifications of our membership committee. Help is given in the form of a donation or loan, whichever the applicant may prefer. The address of the Fund is 173 Riverside Drive, New York.

N. L. LEDERER, *Chairman*

New York, July 9

Lewis Henry Morgan

Dear Sirs: I am gathering material for a biography of Lewis Henry Morgan (1818-1881), the distinguished American anthropologist, and also of his protege, Adolphe F. Bandelier (1840-1914), and am very eager to secure letters written by them. Any letters lent to me for this purpose will be guarded carefully and returned with gratitude. I would be thankful, too, for any information pertaining to letters written by them. Material may be sent to me at the University of Michigan.

Both Morgan and Bandelier contributed to *The Nation* during the seventies and eighties.

LESLIE A. WHITE

Ann Arbor, Mich., July 22

Victory in Indiana

Dear Sirs: A telling blow in behalf of civil liberties has just been delivered by the Supreme Court of Indiana in the Butash case. Paul Butash, a solicitor of subscriptions for the *Literary Digest,* was arrested in the village of Angola, Indiana, in May, 1936, and indicted under the Indiana Criminal Syndicalism Law for saying that "the masses should overthrow the rich uncles of Wall Street by seizing their property, that all colleges belong to the student body, that all business belongs to the masses, and that all factories if not given up peaceably should be seized and operated by the masses." He was convicted by a jury and sentenced to the Indiana State Prison for five years, where he served eleven months before he was released on bail in the sum of $5,000, furnished by the American Civil Liberties Union.

The Supreme Court found that the remarks of Butash were only the expression of his opinion on economic and political questions and a possible partial solution for them, or else a mere statement of existing facts; that the questions asked of Butash assumed that there was something wrong with our economic system of government; and finally that taking the evidence most strongly against him, no one could reasonably say that he had violated the provisions of the statute.

H. E. BAKER

Chicago, Ill., July 31

CONTRIBUTORS

BENJAMIN STOLBERG made a study of vigilantism during his recent trip to the steel and automobile centers of the Middle West.

JOSEPHINE HERBST, author of "The Executioner Waits," has recently returned from an extended visit in Spain.

MORRIS SHAPIRO, who is secretary of the Scottsboro Defense Committee, attended the recent trials in Decatur.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE regularly reviews poetry for *The Nation.*

AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY is the author of a life of Dostoievski and the editor of "The Works of Alexander Pushkin," recently published.

MARK VAN DOREN is film critic and a frequent reviewer of books for *The Nation.*

PAUL LOVE has been dance critic of the *World-Telegram* and has written on the dance for various other publications.

RUTH BRINDZE is the author of "How to Spend Money" and is active in the groups now seeking a new deal for the consumer.

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE BOMBS FROM CHINESE AIRPLANES WHICH rained death on the International Settlement at Shanghai, killing thousands of persons, including three prominent Americans, have brought home to the Western World the full seriousness of the hostilities now under way in the Far East. While the actual bombing was done by the Chinese, the responsibility, as pointed out by the Settlement authorities, rests entirely with Japan. In the past week, as in 1932, the Japanese have utilized the Settlement as a shield for military operations against the Chinese. Illegally and against the opposition of the Shanghai Municipal Council, they have constructed a huge barracks in the Hongkew area, which has been converted into a veritable fortress. Japanese battleships anchored close to the shore have fired with impunity over the Settlement at the Chinese sections of the city. It was an attempt by the Chinese to drive these ships out of range of the city which led to the frightful loss of life in the heart of the Settlement. The lives of thousands of Americans and Europeans are endangered as long as Japan is permitted to use the city as a base for operations. For years the Japanese have pushed their aggressive designs in China under the protection of the special privileges which Europeans wrested from the Manchus nearly a century ago. They will not be stopped by spasmodic protests. Only through the most vigorous of joint diplomatic representations by all the powers can American and European lives be safeguarded and Western powers absolved of complicity in Japanese terrorism.

*

THE FRIGHTFUL EVENTS AT SHANGHAI HAVE made a clarification of American policy on the Sino-Japanese conflict a matter of immediate importance. From some quarters has come a renewed demand that the President invoke the Neutrality Act. Yet that act offers little, if any, protection against the sort of incidents which might involve us in the Far Eastern conflict. None of the American citizens so far killed had been trading in contraband; none were aboard enemy ships or in a legitimate zone of battle. It would be virtually impossible to uproot and repatriate the 4,000 Americans permanently settled in Shanghai. And it goes without saying that legitimate American business will not passively stand by and see the Chinese market absorbed by its chief competitor. Invocation of the Neutrality Act

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would, moreover, give Japan an excuse to declare a blockade of the China coast, while the cash-and-carry clause would serve to make us, in effect, an ally of Japan. There is little that the United States can do single-handed to check Japanese aggression. An official embargo of scrap iron, as proposed by Senator Nye, would be unneutral and dangerous. Sanctions cannot be unilaterally applied without risk of war. But this does not close the door to unofficial action by Americans who feel that aggression, wherever it occurs, is of universal concern. Since Japan is notoriously short of foreign exchange, every dollar spent on products from Japan is virtually a contribution to the Japanese war chest. A nationwide boycott of Japanese goods might be the most telling argument that could be devised against the lawless greed of Japanese militarism.

✶

CONGRESS REACHED THE LOWER DEPTHS OF politics as its session approached a close. To the forgotten crop-control legislation and the mutilated housing bill, on which we commented last week, it now adds the tragic death of the wage-hour bill. Robert S. Allen's article in this issue tells how the bill, after passing the Senate and being assured of a large House majority, was killed in the reactionary Rules Committee. No more brazen instance of the overriding of the majority principle has occurred even in the present Congress, which has had more than its share of instances. And when even the major "preferred" legislation is scrapped, it should occasion no surprise that nothing has come of the anti-lynching bill, that Congress is ignoring the President's objections on the sugar bill, or that the excellent Schwellenbach-Allen resolution on the use of W.P.A. funds has been lost sight of. The legislative chaos is best shown by the agricultural mix-up. The blame for the present fiasco lies not only with Congress but also with the President and Secretary Wallace, who, depending on prosperity and good prices, offered no concrete program of crop control to Congress. Then the bottom dropped out of the cotton market, and loud yammerings were heard for a renewal of the cotton loans. The Administration had passed the buck to Congress, and Congress now passed it back to the Administration. The result is that the President has agreed to make government loans to peg a carry-over of close to 10,000,000 bales of cotton at twelve cents a pound. And all he gets in return is a promise that crop control will be the first item on the next session's agenda. Much has been said of the need for Congressional independence. If this is it, we join in welcoming adjournment.

✶

SENATOR PITTMAN PAINTED A DIRE PICTURE last week of the wives and children of foreign ambassadors in Washington who live "in fear and trembling" when their embassies are picketed. As a result, the Senate promptly passed a measure making it unlawful for American citizens to stage even the mildest demonstration within 500 feet of any building housing official foreign representatives. There is considerable doubt that even Senator Pittman was taken in by his oratory; there is no doubt at all that whatever "fear and trembling" there was in the matter centered in the State Department. It was Secretary of State Hull who put up Senator Pittman to this dangerous piece of nonsense. Everything should be done to bury the bill in the House, not only because it is a clear-cut violation of the constitutional rights of free speech and assembly but because it introduces a foreign and wholly objectionable principle into the American scheme. It would make the Washington government diplomatically responsible for its citizens' hostility to foreign governments. If picketing is to be forbidden because it is "embarrassing" to the State Department, what is to prevent that agency's assuming similar responsibility for "insults" to friendly governments in the American press?

✶

VOTERS WILL NEED A WORLD'S ALMANAC, a Baedeker, and a copy of Culbertson on Bridge in order to make their way through the New York mayoralty situation. The latest event to complicate matters is Thomas Dewey's decision to run for district attorney as a La Guardia man on the Republican ticket. Dewey's last-minute decision was reached only after La Guardia, who had been nominated both by the Labor Party and the Fusion group but had shown little interest in the Republicans, agreed to make a vigorous attempt to win the Republican primary as well. Dewey's move, although hailed by all except the two Democratic groups, may ultimately cut both ways: for if La Guardia loses to Copeland in the Republican primaries, Copeland will have in Dewey (who is unopposed on the Republican ticket) a strong running-mate to help swell his total votes. There can be little doubt, however, that the Dewey candidacy on the whole strengthens La Guardia by associating with his name that of a man who has won great prestige through his successful racket-prosecutions and who has no taint of radicalism. The Labor Party's warm indorsement of Dewey was a wise move, for it is well to make it clear that labor has no interest in defending the cause of racketeering union officials.

✶

AROUND THE WALLS OF THE FLINT ARMORY last week were banners that must have made the eyes of the local soldiery pop out of their heads. National Guardsmen, after all, are not used to seeing their places of business decked out with such inscriptions as "Vigilance against Vigilantes"; "Picketing Is Labor's Right"; "Outlaw the Law-and-Order Leagues"; and "Defend Your Civil Rights." The occasion was the first of a projected series of regional anti-viligante conferences and was called by the Michigan Civil Rights Federation and the Flint local of the United Automobile Workers Union. More significant than the ironic site of the convention was the broad slice of Michigan citizenry represented: 225 trade-union delegations, 32 political groups, 36 social-welfare organizations, 85 fraternal societies, 5 church groups, 2 farm-and-tenant organizations, and 11 civil-rights defense groups. This is only one part of the answer to the mushroom growth of citizens committees, law-and-order leagues, and vigilante groups—legislation and militant trade unionism make up the rest of the formula—but it is an extremely important part. The Flint affair was only the first of these broad mass reactions to the challenge of vigilantism. In a revealing poll of the American Institute of Public Opinion seventy-six per cent of the voters opposed vigilante "citizens groups" in strike areas. In this movement lies the grand chance to check the organized strength of vigilantism with the organized strength of democracy, to meet the fire of "citizens committees" with the fire of civil-rights federations.

*

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE IS AN ARTICLE BY O. K. Armstrong describing the workings of a statute under which peonage is freely practiced in Florida. Forced labor is a federal offense, and the Florida law, which may bind a worker to a turpentine or lumber camp for months under the most brutal conditions once he has accepted so much as a pair of overalls, is palpably unconstitutional. As Mr. Armstrong points out, it is next to impossible for the federal government to wipe out peonage by obtaining convictions from Southern white juries. But it is possible at least—and certainly desirable—to force a Supreme Court review of the infamous "fraud contract" law which is the legal protection for the peonage system. It could be done by appealing any one of the hundreds of cases in which men who attempt to escape from forced labor find themselves on chain-gangs, building roads for the state of Florida. To conduct such an appeal would require, of course, not only a brave defendant but extremely courageous counsel. Men have been lynched for less. The best guaranty of the safety of those involved in such a case would be publicity and more publicity. As a first step to that end we can think of no more effective spotlight to throw on that dark and noisome corner of American industry than the glare of the La Follette subcommittee investigating violations of civil liberties.

*

EDITH WHARTON INSISTED ON A ROOM OF her own, but she located it in the mansion in which she was born. Coming from one of the "best families" of New York, she needed great courage to undertake anything as useful as a writing career. But her revolt was personal, and the genteel tradition which in that single act she broke took its revenge by saturating her writing. Her interest lay not in the way the American captains of industry made money but in the life that they and their wives lived in spending it; not in the arid landscape of the new world they created but in the psychological nuances of the even more arid inner world in which they dwelt. Only once did she succeed in breaking this mold—in "Ethan Frome," an impassioned narrative of love and frustration, perfect of its kind, a token of what she might have achieved if she could more often have gone out of bounds.

SEVERAL IMPORTANT EDITORIAL CHANGES take effect with this issue. Joseph Wood Krutch, who has resigned from the board of editors of *The Nation* to take a position as professor of English literature at Columbia University, resumes his old post as dramatic critic. For four years Mr. Krutch has combined this function with his work as literary editor; he has served as dramatic critic since 1924. The literary editorship will be taken over by Margaret Marshall, who has been associated with the literary department during several of her ten years on *The Nation's* staff. The board of editorial associates has been discontinued at the request of its members, Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, and Oswald Garrison Villard. This group of experienced journalists was of great assistance in helping to institute the changes in appearance, content, and staff that marked the last two years of this journal's progress. They felt, however, that with the recent transfer of ownership the paper would be best served by the editors' retaining complete responsibility. *The Nation* accepts their resignation with gratitude for their many services. Heywood Broun is at present on vacation. His regular page will not appear for the next few weeks.

*

SACCO AND VANZETTI: DIED AUGUST 23, 1927.

Salute to Justice Black

THE choice of Senator Hugo L. Black for the Supreme Court vacancy is the most courageous executive appointment since President Wilson sent Louis D. Brandeis's name to the Senate. Although at present writing the nomination has not been confirmed, we nevertheless salute Mr. Justice Black and bestow on him the accolade of his title. For however much the Tories may rage, they cannot defeat a nomination which has overwhelming popular support.

In the light of the urgency with which the Senate pressed the Robinson appointment on the President, the choice of another Senator and another Southerner was brilliant. But too much, we think, has been said about the purely political maneuvering—just as there has been an overemphasis on two other factors extraneous to the quality of the nomination. One is the legal question, raised by Senators Burke, Austin, and Johnson; the second is the threat to the tradition of Senatorial courtesy in the objections to immediate confirmation. We do not, on the one hand, think much of the legalistic objections to the appointment—objections that were cheerfully waived when it was a question of appointing a conservative like Senator Robinson. Nor are we, on the other hand, dismayed by the breaking of a rule of Senatorial courtesy maintained for the past half-century. We have never cherished the thought of the Senate as the most exclusive club in the world, and every move to push a log from under this log-rolling aristocracy is all to the good.

The Tories are really fighting Senator Black because of his record. They are fighting him for the same reason that the Tories of a generation ago fought Louis D. Brandeis. In that case, as in this one, the public record of the appointee showed clearly that he could not be depended upon to be a minion of the corporations on the bench. They raised objections enough of a different character in the Brandeis case. They talked gravely of judicial temperament and sanctimoniously of ethics. They got a petition signed by seven ex-presidents of the Bar Association—a sort of Johnstown committee of the high-priced janissaries of Big Business. We shouldn't be surprised if they tried the same tactics now. But all this was and is a smoke-screen. What it seeks to conceal is that the Tories will not tolerate anyone on the Supreme Court whose first thought is for the common man. You may talk as liberally as your vocabulary will allow, but you must vote and act on the side of capitalist domination of the state.

That is just what Senator Black has not done. His Senate record shows that he is no fake liberal. During the Hoover years he stood almost alone with Senators Wagner and La Follette in his fight for adequate relief appropriations. He came to the support of the Federal Trade Commission at a time when the Hoover Administration was seeking to strip it of its economic division. In the early Roosevelt years he almost succeeded in pushing through a thirty-hour bill. He has been a consistent foe of the monopolies and opposed the NRA as strengthening the monopoly hold of Big Business. He has been the foe of the swollen public-utility interests. He has been one of the most merciless and effective probers in the Senate. His inquiries into the air-mail contracts and into the lobbying methods used to fight the Public Utility Holding Company Act made him important enemies, but they did the nation a great service. On the Senate Finance Committee he fought hard for the corporate-surplus tax. But his greatest achievement lay in his vigorous efforts, as chairman of the Senate Labor Committee, for the wage-hour bill that bears his name.

Two items mar the record, and much will be made of both. One is the support that Black received from the Ku Klux Klan when he first ran for the Senate in 1926. The other is his opposition to the current anti-lynching bill. Both are part of Senator Black's Southern background, but there is a difference between the two items. Although the Klan supported him, there is no evidence that he ever did anything for the Klan which would merit that support. His attitude on lynching is more difficult to condone, if it were not for the fact that no Southerner in Congress has taken a different stand, with the exception of Maury Maverick. Senator Black shares in this respect the limitations of his section. But the Supreme Court is a safe haven in which to clear away the barnacles gathered from a political voyage in Southern waters. We have no fears of what Justice Black's attitude will be in any case involving civil liberties, even in an appeal from the Scottsboro decisions of the courts of his own state of Alabama. A man's attitude on economic issues is the central fact about him in the modern state, and it provides the best key to his ultimate attitude on human rights. And the striking thing about Senator Black is not that he still shows traces of the South, but that given his Southern background, he should have arrived at social convictions at once so humane and so realistic.

The Tories know this. That is why they fear having a Justice Black on the Supreme Court. And in their fear they raise all sorts of false issues. Senator Black, they say, has not the background which would fit him for a judicial appointment. What do they really mean? If they mean he has not had judicial experience, then neither had Justices Brandeis, Stone (except on a military court), Sutherland, McReynolds, Butler, and Roberts before their appointment. If they mean he is not a good lawyer, then they have only to examine his record in the various Senate investigations which he headed. If they mean he is not learned enough and has not read enough (as the New York *Herald Tribune's* editorial and Dorothy Thompson both imply), then they are wrong: in fact, the very issue of the *Herald Tribune* which contained an editorial complaining of Senator Black's superficiality and lack of learning contained also a brilliant survey of his career from the paper's Washington bureau, describing him as "one of the most learned, one of the wittiest, and one of the most radical members of the Senate."

But the objection most frequently voiced against Senator Black is that he is a rasping political partisan, a consistent Roosevelt yes-man. Let it be made clear first of all that Senator Black is no one's man. He has, when he has found it necessary, fought Mr. Roosevelt—he fought him on the thirty-hour week, fought him on the NRA and its monopoly effects. He has, instead of following the President, often initiated policies which the President has followed. But his opponents might grant this and still say that his leftism, his championship of labor and the submerged third, excludes him from consideration for the judicial function. This is to take a naive view of the judicial function. There is no divine detachment, whether among judges or ordinary mortals. Every judge approaches a constitutional issue from the premises of his own views of social policy. The great judges in the history of the Court—Marshall, Taney, Field, Miller, Brandeis—have had pronounced political views when they ascended the bench. Marshall, the idol of the conservative commentators today, was the outstanding partisan of his day, the militant leader of the badly shattered Federalist forces as non-partisan as Jim Farley.

No, the objection of partisanship will not hold up. We do not ask whether a man has social views: what man worth his salt has not? What we ask is how enlightened those views are, with what integrity they are held, how much mature thought has gone into the making of them. Many opponents of President Roosevelt's plan for the reorganization of the court, while objecting to his proposed method, went with him in desiring a more liberal court. Well, the way to get a more liberal court is to appoint more liberal justices. It is to the President's credit that he has followed out the logic of this position unflinchingly. And it is to Senator Black's credit that his record so completely fulfills the same logic.

What Japan Wants

IF Japan's latest adventure in China has aroused even greater suspicion in the United States than its earlier attacks on Manchuria and Shanghai, it is because the most cynical interpretation of its aims have always proved to be accurate. In 1931 the Japanese assured the world that they had no territorial ambitions in China, and that they would withdraw as soon as peace and order had been restored. At the same time they spoke of the necessity of safeguarding Japan's "life-line" in Manchuria and finding an outlet for its surplus population.

As Japanese troops moved successively into North Manchuria, Jehol, northern Hopei, and Chahar, the true character of their ambitions became progressively more apparent. The three eastern provinces were merely a convenient stepping-stone to the riches of China proper. Manchuria is far too cold for Japanese immigrants, and it has contributed but a small proportion of the raw materials which are desired by Japanese industry. The conquest of Manchuria has brought some increase in trade, but this has been more than offset by the costs of administration and the losses incurred as a result of the competition of cheap Manchurian products in the Japanese market.

Economically, North China offers far more than Manchuria. There are important iron deposits in Chahar, Shansi, and southern Hopei, while Shansi possesses immense quantities of high-grade coal. The Yellow River valley appears to offer infinite possibilities for the growth of cotton to replace the relatively high-priced American product. Climatic conditions are much more favorable to Japanese immigration than are in those of Manchuria and Jehol.

The Japanese are known to have drawn up plans for the exploitation of this territory under the puppet Hopei-Chahar Political Council, which has ruled North China for the past two years. A railway was to have been constructed from Tientsin to Shihchiachuang, which would have provided an outlet for the coal and iron of that region. The Lunyen iron works in southern Chahar were to have been reorganized and enlarged. But Japanese capital was loath to come into this area as long as it remained even nominally under Chinese sovereignty.

It is doubtful, however, whether Japanese aggression in China can be explained solely on economic grounds. In many ways Japan had greater economic opportunities prior to 1931, when it could exploit the entire Chinese market without fear of retaliation. Raw materials could be obtained freely through the normal channels of trade, while Japanese goods enjoyed preferential customs arrangements throughout the country. True, the Chinese were gradually gaining the upper hand in straight competition in Manchuria, but the threat was a comparatively minor one. The Manchurian coup appears to have been staged primarily to give the fascist elements in Japan an opportunity to seize power. And having seized power, they have relied on external threats to preserve the patriotic fervor upon which their power depends. The economic difficulties which Japan has encountered in the past few months as a result of its declining trade balance have made a revival of war psychology seem particularly desirable.

But even more important than these factors in the minds of the Japanese military leaders who are responsible for the invasion of China is preparation for war with the Soviet Union. Since the defeat of the Japanese expedition against Suiyuan last November, it has been apparent that the strategic areas of Inner Mongolia could only be obtained if all North China were brought into subjugation. Control of Chahar and Suiyuan is the first step for a drive through Outer Mongolia with the ultimate objective of cutting the trans-Siberian railway at Lake Baikal. This gives particular significance to the battle now raging at Nankow Pass.

On the basis of past experience, the Japanese undoubtedly felt that they could obtain their main objectives without resort to war. But if China throws its entire energies into resistance, it is an open question whether Japan can possibly achieve gains consistent with the tremendous cost of the undertaking. It might be able to consolidate its position in North China, but as long as an independent China exists south of the Yellow River, Japan's position in North China will be open to exactly the same threat which it has felt in Manchuria these past few years. Yet to invade South China for the purpose of consolidating its gains in the north would be to involve itself in a protracted struggle which could only end in the economic exhaustion of both countries. And even if Japan were victorious in its military struggle with China, it is impossible to believe that the powers would stand idly by and permit the Asiatic market to be absorbed by a tiny island empire which has trampled all the laws of nations.

The Loyalist Dilemma

WHEN a country is engulfed in a struggle which is at once a social revolution, a civil war, and an international war conducted on a dozen different fronts within its own narrow boundaries, it is unlikely to be at the same time a model of democracy and political liberty. Those precious goods are the by-products of peace and security long maintained. To expect them in Spain today is to relinquish political common sense. The most that can reasonably be hoped for is an honest effort on the part of the Loyalist government to defend the basic aims of the People's Front, to protect the lives and civil rights of even its political opponents in the anti-fascist ranks, and to maintain its own authority over the parties that comprise its support. Today it is attacked from various radical angles for failure in just these respects. In weighing the justice of the charge it is necessary to consider the situation of Loyalist Spain after a year of war.

Within the year both the war itself and the nature and methods of the government waging it have fundamentally changed. At the start, the courageous operations of independent labor militias were sufficient to stand off and in many instances to quell the fascist attack. The Catalonian workers, in particular, completely cleared their country of rebels and established their own proletarian commonwealth in the midst of the general war. There and all over Loyalist Spain the war was fought and society was reorganized under the flags and according to the programs of a wide range of revolutionary orders—Anarcho-Syndicalist, Communist, Socialist, P.O.U.M. Many of them were mutually hostile but all were joined by the most profoundly fusing force in human society—fear and the need for a common resistance.

But fear is no substitute for organization; and as the bases of the struggle shifted and Franco's rebellion became merely the spearhead of a general European offensive by the fascist powers, the necessity for centralized control rapidly developed. The Loyalists could rally to their aid little outside support, although what they got—planes and technicians from Soviet Russia and the disciplined valor of the volunteer International Brigade—saved Madrid from capture and perhaps prevented the collapse of the whole Loyalist resistance. Certainly the cynical equivocation of the British government and the weak and vacillating sympathy of the French proved poor substitutes for the troops, supplies, and technical aid poured into rebel territory through the easy loopholes of "non-intervention" by Mussolini and Hitler. Loyalist Spain had to build its own army and a government with sufficient power to run a country and a war.

In a year, miracles of organization have taken place. The militias have become, by the report of every detached observer, a strong and well-trained modern army. The government has largely weeded out disloyalty and inefficiency in its own ranks and among the officers. It has attacked if not solved the problems of organizing production and supply for the fighting forces. That this has required profound inner changes goes without saying. Social control in the interest of the war has tended to supplant revolution in the interest of a new social order. In some cases this has meant that factories formerly under trade-union control have been taken over by the government, though many, especially in Catalonia, are still run by the workers. The drive to collectivize farms has been checked, and small individual enterprises, commercial as well as agricultural, are protected when they operate efficiently. In short, the tempo of socialization—especially under Anarcho-Syndicalist direction—has been decreased. This is partly due to the wartime need for coordination, discussed above. But also it results from the government's desire to hold and reassure anti-fascist elements in the middle class—small independent farmers, small business men, groups traditionally democratic but not revolutionary. And partly the change has come under pressure from the Soviet Union and from those parties in the government itself which seek to placate the democratic powers and secure from France and Britain, if not support, at least a more benevolent neutrality. The wheels of revolution, although not halted, have been slowed down and geared into the war machine. And as the result of this shift, deep social and political crevasses have opened in the Loyalist front.

A huge rent was torn by the struggle during May in Barcelona. And since those dark days a succession of incidents, most of them in Catalonia, has demonstrated the growing tendency of the government to suppress opposition, and the growing resistance of extreme revolutionary elements to centralized power and the compromise of revolutionary principles and practices. In the process prominent left leaders have been killed or arrested or have dropped out of sight without explanation. Andres Nin, leader of the P.O.U.M. in Catalonia, has disappeared and his death has been reported though not confirmed. José Escuder, P.O.U.M. official and prominent newspaper correspondent, is under arrest. And these are only two sensational cases among many reported in the Socialist and Anarchist press. Most disquieting of all, the charge has been made, not only by partisan groups but by correspondents on the spot, that the Spanish Communists are taking direct action in suppressing and exterminating opposition to the government and its policy and are becoming in fact the illegal power behind the Popular Front. A letter from Anita Brenner protesting against this growing terror appears in our correspondence columns this week.

The help extended to Loyalist Spain by the Soviet Union undoubtedly gave the Communists an upper hand in the left front and increased the growth and influence of the Spanish Communist Party itself. This fact and its implications were discussed in a recent issue of *The Nation* by Louis Fischer, who expressed the fear then that the party, after absorbing the Right Socialists, might develop into a political monopoly which would "threaten the democracy that exists in Spain today." He also emphasized the government's need of consolidating its power without alienating valuable proletarian support.

The change we have summarized was by and large inevitable, forced by the logic of war and the particular circumstances of the Loyalist struggle. The bitter reaction of the extreme revolutionaries was inevitable, too, and by the same token some degree of repression must be expected. But the way to meet opposition is not through terror. It seems clear that the Loyalist government has yielded too far to the temptation to substitute force for persuasion and violence for law and has permitted outrages it should have been able to prevent. We are not proposing a program of perfection to a government faced with the desperate choices offered in Spain, but a few conclusions are possible. One is that the lives and freedom of loyal revolutionary leaders must be protected and every form of revolutionary activity allowed that can be carried on without hurt to the progress of the war. A second is that the government must attend to its own tasks of discipline and repress the vigilantism of its supporters with at least the vigor it has used against its opponents on the left. These are minimum prerequisites for the continued cooperation of the revolutionary anti-fascist forces in Spain. Without that cooperation, even a victory over fascism would be an empty triumph.

Roosevelt Fights Back

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

EXACTLY one year ago Mr. Roosevelt began the election campaign that was to return him to the White House by the greatest victory in the history of the presidency. With him he carried into office a Democratic Congress of unprecedented proportions. In a few days the first session of that Congress will come to a close. It will leave behind it a sordid record of broken promises and shattered hopes. With the single exception of the $1,500,000,000 relief appropriation, every major item of the President's legislative program has been slaughtered or mutilated beyond recognition.

The court bill that finally emerged from the wreckage of his six-judge plan is a travesty on the far-reaching reforms he sought. It is true that under the threat of the President's attack Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts, performing the miraculous feat of reversing themselves in mid-air, forced the Court, by the hairline margin of a five-to-four count, to go "liberal." It is also true that under the same pressure Justice Van Devanter, one of the reactionary hatchet-men, was prevailed on to retire to his Maryland acres. But the real essence of the President's assault on the judicial oligarchy was destroyed. That oligarchy remains unchanged and unbroken.

The wage-hour bill, after being whittled down to a wraith in the Senate, was garroted in the House Rules Committee by a coalition of reactionary Southern Democrats and Republicans. The action of the committee in refusing to give the measure a rule so it could be considered by the House, where its passage was certain, was an infamous and sinister usurpation of power. Never before in the history of the House has the Rules Committee blocked a bill sought by the President and the majority party in office. After three years of heart-breaking struggle, a feeble caricature of the Wagner low-cost housing bill was finally adopted. Led by Senator Harry Byrd, millionaire orchardist of Virginia, a combination of Southern Democrats, Republicans, and renegade Western progressives, including Wheeler of Montana, Nye and Frazier of North Dakota, and Johnson of California, sabotaged the measure in the Senate by limiting construction costs to $1,000 a room. This restriction eliminates any possibility of slum clearance in the great industrial centers which need it most. In the House Banking Committee the legislation was still further aborted by a reduced appropriation. The record in agriculture is a complete blank. And the same may be said of the President's government reorganization plan.

This audacious rout of his whole program has left the President angry and embittered. Men close to him say they have never seen him so aroused. The capital abounds with reports of his ire. The story is told that when Roy Howard, head of the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, recently called on the President, he took his caller sharply to task for abandoning the liberalism of "old man Scripps" and going reactionary. It is related that Senator Tom Connally, long-haired bellower from Texas, and Senator "Cotton Ed" Smith, Tory chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee, ran into unexpected tongue-lashings when they hot-footed it to the White House to demand government loans after the break in the cotton market. Even the newspapermen have been caustically rebuked.

What the President is going to do about his rebuffs and mauling at the hands of the reactionaries in Congress besides bawling out the Howards, Connallys, and "Cotton Ed" Smiths is a subject in which they as well as his liberal supporters are intensely interested. In the opinion of this writer he is going to do a lot about it. He has already begun to hit back. The appointment of Senator Black to the Supreme Court vacancy was the first blow.

The hard-hitting Alabama liberal was not seriously considered for the place until the President's fury against the reactionary Southern Democrats boiled over. When the House Rules Committee completed the wreckage of his legislative program by autocratically blocking consideration of the wage-hour bill, he brushed aside his previous plan to make a middle-of-the-road appointment and turned to the one leader in the South who had gone 100 per cent down the line for him. Black's selection is an excellent one. He is comparatively young, he is a good lawyer, he is a liberal of proven courage, and he has had twelve years of exceptional experience in national affairs.

Had the Southern coterie not destroyed his legislative program and challenged his continued leadership of the Democratic Party, the President would not have named Black. But angered to fighting pitch by obstructionism and revolt, he threw the Alabama New Dealer into their faces as the first gauge of battle. The President first began seriously thinking of appointing Black after Vice-President Garner betrayed him by surrendering on the court fight. When the Southerners came within an ace of defeating the wage-hour bill and later crippled the housing measure, this impulse developed into a definite intention. The day after the housing bill crept out of the Senate a mangled wreck, a White House emissary asked Black if he would accept the Supreme Court appointment if it was given him. The answer was yes. A week later, on the night of the day that the Rules Committee turned thumbs down on the wage-hour bill, the President made up his mind. He told no one that he had done so, not even his personal secretaries. At 10 o'clock the following night he summoned Black to the White House and informed him of his decision.

What the President's next move in the struggle will be remains to be seen. Some of his militant advisers have urged him to jerk Congress back into special session this fall and demand that it enact his program. Other counsellors have cautioned patience and a more deliberate counter-attack. They favor taking advantage of the four-month interim before the next regular session by a campaign of "education" over the radio and sorties about the country. Such tactics, they contend, would enable the President to build local fires under his opponents and at the same time reinforce his own popular support. Whatever line of action the President follows, one thing is certain. The fight is on. Its consequences are incalculable, but they are sure to be far-reaching. A completely new political realignment, with Mr. Roosevelt seeking a third term at the head of a remodeled Democratic Party, is not at all improbable.

The Old Guard axemen are riding high at the moment. The President has taken a very severe beating at their hands. But their triumph is pretty much a "palace revolution." The President has not lost his popular following. Even his enemies admit that. Further, he is angry and really aroused. And when Mr. Roosevelt hates, he hates deeply and vengefully. The President never forgets an affront or injury. And the reactionary politicos know that. This accounts for their well-grounded fear of reprisals and their clamorous yapping for assurances that none will be taken against them. Big Jim Farley has soothingly promised the boys that everything will be all right; but Mr. Roosevelt, very significantly, has said nothing. Finally, there is a highly important tactical factor that is playing into the President's hands. His reactionary enemies have overreached themselves. Had they stopped with the smashing of his court plan and let the remainder of his program go through he would have been hard put to raise the cry of obstructionism. They could have claimed that he had gone too far on the court issue, and pointed to the enactment of his other measures as proof of their patriotism and loyalty. But in scuttling his entire program they have created a situation exactly similar to that which one year ago enabled him, despite the opposition of most of the newspapers of the country, the frenzied howls of the Liberty League, the millions of the Du Ponts, Raskobs, Rockefellers, Morgans, and Mellons, and the walk-outs of the Al Smiths, Jim Reeds, and other turncoats, to sweep forty-six states, to the tune of 27,000,000 votes.

The Old Guard in its berserk stupidity has put all the trump cards in the President's hands. He can annihilate it if he has the guts and intelligence to play them right.

Will France Go Syndicalist?

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, August 2

EVER since the "stay-in" strikes in the early summer of last year it has been asserted from time to time that France is on the verge of revolution. During the strikes the wildest stories were published in the press of various countries. There was talk of rioting, violence, and even of murder. Many of these stories were spread by French people politically on the right in order to damage the People's Front government, which had come into office on June 1, 1936. I was told last year by an American friend in Switzerland that a French count and countess staying in the same hotel had said that in the place where they lived in France a factory had been taken by storm and the owner of it had been murdered. The story turned out to be a pure invention. I was in Paris at the time of the "stay-in" strikes, and I have never seen strikes more orderly. The strikers, enthusiastic as they were, were perfectly good tempered and there was no violence of any sort. The strikes had no revolutionary aims—they were strikes to obtain better conditions of labor and nothing else—but it is quite true that the method of the "stay-in" strike might be very useful in the event of a revolutionary movement.

Now, on the other hand, conditions in France have, in my opinion, become revolutionary, and a revolutionary—or at least unconstitutional—movement is possible in the near future. It will not, if it comes, be made by the Socialist or Communist Party, but by the C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail), the French trade-union federation. Last year's strikes gave an enormous impetus to the French trade-union movement. Applications for membership poured in in such numbers that the trade-union officials could not cope with them. In certain industries the trade-union membership was increased tenfold in a few weeks. The increase has gone on steadily, and the trade unions affiliated with the C.G.T. now have more than 5,000,000 members—a larger membership than in England or in any other country except Soviet Russia. The organized workers are thus about 12 per cent of the whole French population and represent with their families a much larger proportion. In 1914 the membership of the trade unions affiliated with the C.G.T. was considerably less than one million, and they were much less strongly organized than now. The C.G.T. has become the strongest force in France.

The C.G.T. is not and never has been connected with any political party, although, of course, many of its members belong to one, usually Socialist or Communist. Before the war it had an economic theory of its own, which was known as syndicalism. *Syndicat* is the French word for trade union. Syndicalism is fundamentally opposed to the totalitarian state, to any form of state socialism or state capitalism, and indeed to the political state itself. It is not Marxist, but derives from Proudhon, Saint-Simon, and to a certain extent from Bakunin, the great adversary of Marx. It believes in the public ownership of land and natural monopolies but holds that the labor of the community should be organized by the trade unions, not by the state or by the government. With Saint-Simon, Syndicalists wish to substitute the administration of things for the government of men and, with Proudhon, they believe that in the future the workshop will take the place of the government. They are libertarian and anti-parliamentarist.

From the first, French trade unions, unlike the English and German, were revolutionary in their character. They aimed not merely at improving the condition of the workers immediately, but also at a radical change in the whole economic system. The C.G.T. was founded in 1895, but it was not until 1906, at an annual congress held at Amiens, that by an overwhelming majority it definitely repudiated parliamentary methods, adopted the syndicalist theory, and approved of the general strike as the method of achieving the social revolution. From that date until the war there was a bitter conflict between the C.G.T. and the Socialist Party.

A sharp division of opinion about the war split both the Socialist Party and the C.G.T. in two. In 1920, at the Tours congress, the majority of the Socialists voted for affiliation with the Third International and became the Communist Party. There was a similar split in the C.G.T., leading to the formation of a second trade-union federation, called the C.G.T.U., which professed to carry on the revolutionary syndicalism of the pre-war C.G.T. but was in fact dominated by the Communist Party. The old C.G.T. became "reformist" and abandoned revolutionary methods. In 1936 the two federations were once more united under the old title, and it was this merger that paved the way for the revival of trade unionism in France.

Although a great many of the officials of the C.G.T. and of the local trade-union secretaries belong to the Communist Party, the C.G.T. has during the last twelve months been gradually returning to pre-war syndicalism. Even many former leaders of the C.G.T.U. are steadily becoming more and more Syndicalist and less and less Communist. The truth is that most of them never really were Marxists and rallied to the Communist Party because it was revolutionary and the C.G.T. had become "reformist." Léon Jouhaux, who is still general secretary of the C.G.T., as he was before the war, is once more the revolutionary Jouhaux whom I knew a quarter of a century ago.

In my opinion, syndicalism is much more suited to the French temperament than Marxist socialism or, as it is now usually called, communism. Perhaps, regarding their ultimate ideals, there is less difference between the Marxists and the Syndicalists than they think, but they differ profoundly about the methods of attaining their ideals. The French would never accept a system of state capitalism, such as at present exists in Soviet Russia, however much they might be told that it was only a transition stage. The totalitarian state in any form is detestable to Frenchmen. In any case the revival in France of anti-parliamentarism of the left and revolutionary syndicalism has become very marked recently and seems likely to have important consequences. It would not surprise me if the Socialist and Communist parties were ultimately swamped by the C.G.T.

There is at present among Socialists and Communists a movement in favor of union in a single party, which seems likely to succeed in the near future. There are practical difficulties in the way of reunion, such as the question whether the unified party should be affiliated with the Second or the Third International. Presumably it would be affiliated with the Third, but in that case it would certainly be unwilling to take orders from Moscow. Indeed, the French Communist Party shows an increasing tendency toward independence, and it may be that one of the reasons why the Communist leaders are in favor of an amalgamation of the Socialist and Communist parties is that they wish to be in a stronger position in regard to Moscow. The wholesale purge now going on in Russia has done great harm to Stalin's reputation in France, where its real motives are as little known as they are elsewhere.

An amalgamated Socialist-Communist party might be better able to come to terms with the C.G.T. than the two existing parties, but even if that be so, the amalgamation is not likely to come in time to prevent a breach with the C.G.T. The immediate cause of the great revival of revolutionary syndicalism and anti-parliamentarism is the failure of the People's Front, for it has failed and it can hardly hold together much longer. And the ultimate cause of its failure was its foreign policy, or rather the lack of any policy of its own and its subservience to a reactionary British government. Léon Blum's capitulation to the British government on August 8, 1936, on the question of Spain was deeply resented by nine-tenths of his followers, and now that the disastrous consequences of the capitulation are evident, the resentment is deeper than ever.

In the last days of July, 1936, Léon Blum had decided to give every facility to the Spanish government for obtaining war material in France. A letter that he wrote to the Spanish embassy in Paris giving full particulars of what he was prepared to do came into the hands of the Italian government, no doubt by the treachery of somebody in the Spanish embassy favorable to Franco, and was published by the Italian press some months later. Among other things Pierre Cot, the French Air Minister, had authorized the French airplane manufacturers who had contracts with the government to sell to the Spanish government all the airplanes ready for delivery to the French Army.

On August 2, 1936, the French government decided under British pressure to propose to the other governments a policy of "non-intervention" in Spain, but it was clearly indicated that Paris would not put an embargo on exports of war material to Spain unless and until all the other governments did the same. The British Foreign Office got wind of the arrangements made by Léon Blum

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with the Spanish government, and between August 2 and August 8 Sir George Clerk, who was then British Ambassador to Paris, called on Yvon Delbos, the French Foreign Minister, and informed him that if by reason of the delivery of French war materials to the Spanish government, France got into trouble with Germany, the British government would not regard a German attack on France as an unprovoked aggression, and the Treaty of Locarno would therefore not come into operation. This was in reality mere bluff. The British government will always go to the aid of France if that country is attacked by Germany, because it will never run the risk of allowing the French channel ports to be in German hands.

Léon Blum no doubt knew that it was bluff, but the three leading Radical ministers—Delbos, Edmond Daladier, Minister of War, and Camille Chautemps, the present Prime Minister—threatened to resign unless the French government immediately put an embargo on the export of all war material to Spain. At a ministerial council held on August 8, 1936, the matter was discussed. The Cabinet was divided on the question, but finally Blum gave way to the Radicals, and the embargo demanded by them was decided on.

Before the ministerial council was held, the C.G.T. brought strong pressure on Blum to stand firm even if the Radical ministers carried out their threat of resignation and even if it meant the break-up of the People's Front. The view of the C.G.T. was that if Blum stood firm and if the Radical ministers resigned, the Radical Party would split in two and Blum would retain a diminished majority in the Chamber of Deputies. In any case the C.G.T. held that it was better to take the risk than to betray the Spanish government under British pressure. The Communist Party at first supported the C.G.T. in this action, but backed out at the last moment for reasons of internal politics and also, perhaps, under pressure from Moscow, anxious not to risk the disruption of the People's Front. This action on the part of the Communists is resented by the C.G.T. to this day. The result was that the French government applied an embargo and stopped the export of war material to Spain while the German and Italian governments discussed the question of "non-intervention" for a month before they agreed to it and meanwhile poured into Spain war material and even troops for Franco. As everybody knows, the "non-intervention" agreement was never observed by Germany or Italy after they had signed it. This is what is so deeply resented by the French workmen.

Had Blum stuck to his original policy in regard to Spain, he could have induced the French workers to allow the government to go more slowly in the application of the forty-hour week and other social measures. As it was, he was obliged to push those measures too quickly in the hope of allaying the discontent caused by the Spanish policy of the government. The incompetence of Vincent Auriol, the Minister of Finance, did the rest, and the People's Front government succumbed to the attack of the great financial interests. The government that has succeeded it is not really a People's Front government but a coalition of right-wing Radicals and right-wing Socialists, to which the inclusion of Léon Blum, Pierre Cot, and one or two others gives a delusive People's Front appearance.

The Spanish policy was only the first of the many blunders in foreign policy made by the Blum government, thanks to its subservience to England. After a year in office, that government has left France in a worse position than she has been in for half a century. Nearly all her Eastern friends and allies have been alienated, and France has almost ceased to count as a factor in European politics. This, too, is now recognized by an increasing number of French workers. But it is the betrayal of republican Spain that rankles most, and the downfall of the Blum government really dates from that betrayal. The last straw has been the acceptance by the French government of Anthony Eden's hypocritical plan for aiding Franco. By agreeing to the recognition of belligerent rights for Franco in any circumstances and by keeping the Franco-Spanish frontier closed, the Socialist ministers have defied a resolution unanimously adopted by the national congress of the Socialist Party held in Marseilles in July, a resolution which all the Socialist ministers themselves had supported.

The consequence of all this is that a rapidly increasing number of French workmen say that they are disgusted with all the political parties and all the politicians, that there must be something demoralizing in the parliamentary system, and that the only hope is in the C.G.T. and "direct action." "We will have Chautemps out in October, by hook or by crook!" That is what one hears on every side. Léon Blum's influence, once so great, has been seriously impaired and he and his group have only a small majority on the newly elected national executive committee of the Socialist Party.

The formation by the C.G.T. of a non-parliamentary government is seriously contemplated. A government composed wholly or partly of persons not members of parliament would not in itself be unconstitutional. The French Constitution does not require ministers to be members of the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies, and although there has never yet been a French Prime Minister who was not either a senator or a deputy, there have often been other ministers who were neither. Would the President of France consent to ask Léon Jouhaux, for instance, to form a cabinet and, if he did consent, would such a cabinet obtain a majority in the Chamber of Deputies? The answer to both these questions is doubtful, but the Syndicalists say that they would do without the consent of the President and the approval of the Chamber, if necessary. That would mean something very like a revolution, for a government existing under such conditions would clearly be unconstitutional.

I do not say that this will happen, for I do not know whether it will happen or not. But I do say that it is at least possible. If it happens, the British government and the British Foreign Office will be indirectly responsible, for the ultimate cause will have been their pressure on Léon Blum and his colleagues to adopt a policy detested by nine-tenths of the supporters of the People's Front.

Vigilantism, 1937—II

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

BIG BUSINESS VIGILANTISM (CONTINUED)

LAST week I presented in detail the notorious Mohawk Valley Formula. It differs from all other vigilante programs in two important ways. First, it is intelligent. In fact, it is brilliant in its cynical and logical brutality. It is based on the experiences in the Remington Rand strikes of last year, from which it deduces a new technique of strike-breaking. And second, it shows big business how it can build a vigilante movement of its own. This mitigates the danger of a runaway vigilantism, organized and controlled by crackpots, adventurers, and gangsters. The Mohawk Valley Formula proposes to set up in each disturbed industrial community a citizens committee under whose amenable, respectable, and innocent auspices both the terror of the vigilante outfit and the reaction or corruption of the local authorities can be guided and exploited.

The ten scab commandments of the formula were followed with orthodox fidelity during the strike in Little Steel. And the thing worked. The strike was broken. There might have been another story to tell if the strike had been carefully prepared and called at the ripe moment. But that is speculation. What actually happened is that the scientific strategy of big business vigilantism defeated the poorly planned guerilla tactics of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee.

In former days so-called citizens committees were merely sub-committees of the local chambers of commerce and other business men's organizations. Under the Mohawk Valley Formula these citizens committees have become the local staffs of the vigilante movement. Johnstown, in view of its complete dependence on one big mill, was chosen as the ideal strike-breaking experimental station. The Johnstown Citizens Committee was actually organized between June 18 and 22, with Sidney D. Evans and other executives of Bethlehem Steel in the background. It was organized in protest against Governor Earle's declaration of martial law on June 18, when the state authorities disbanded Mayor Shields's 300 deputized vigilantes. The committee's expensive labors are being subsidized by the steel companies. This is equally true of the citizens committees and law-and-order leagues in Massillon, Canton, Youngstown, all through the Mohawk and Mahoning valleys, where Little Steel is king. The Johnstown Citizens Committee has been the model whose tactics the other centers copied, usually with more violence, as the strikes developed.

The Johnstown Citizens Committee is made up of local business men and preachers. The chairman is Francis C. Martin, a local banker. The most vociferous member is the Reverend John H. Stanton, a typical Elmer Gantry in his views on labor. His close second is the Reverend George W. Nicely. The official Führer is Lawrence W. Campbell, secretary of the local chamber of commerce. Short, fat, bald, chinless, and ex-ophthalmic, Mr. Campbell is in a constant state of frantic excitement about the national role he expects to play in the Citizens National Committee. At the height of the strike he was forever rushing about taking down the names of pickets, inciting the authorities into provocative and illegal action, calling meetings of various subcommittees of his outfit. "Yesterday I saw two girls picketing during their lunch hour. Communists. They work here in a dress shop. So I called up their boss, and ten minutes later they were fired." Little Lawrence is also a deep thinker: "America is great because of the separation of church and state. Now, the C.I.O., which is really a religious movement, is controlling the state. That's where we lose our liberties. Don't you think that's a pretty good analysis?"

But Lawrence Campbell, for all his self-importance, is not the captain of his soul. His local mentor is Mr. Douglas Campbell, who represents the John Price Jones Corporation of New York City. And the John Price Jones Corporation, which in real life is Mr. John Price Jones, is the guiding genius of the Johnstown committee.

John Price Jones is as different from Lawrence Campbell as Tom Lamont from a small-town banker. Mr. Jones was born in Latrobe, not far from Johnstown. He married a Johnstown girl and has never quite lost touch with his old home section. He is Johnstown's permanent friend in need. He is such a local patriot that he gave up his class reunion at Harvard to put the Johnstown Citizens Committee on its feet. Since his graduation from college he has made good in a big way. The John Price Jones Corporation is one of the largest publicity and money-raising firms in the country. Mr. Jones raised the money for the Salvation Army, for the Harvey Gibson Committee, which relieved New York City before the government stepped in, for Bishop Manning's Gothic elephant, for the University of Pennsylvania. He is also a partner in Thornley and Jones, Inc., of 70 Pine Street, New York City. George H. Thornley was formerly connected with N. W. Ayer and Son of Philadelphia, who do the advertising for Henry Ford. And when Mr. Thornley heard about the Johnstown Citizens Committee he exclaimed: "I know that Edsel Ford will be interested in this great movement."

Just two days after the hasty organization of the Johnstown Citizens Committee, on June 24, the committee had sufficient funds "from thousands of real Americans" to run a full-page ad in forty leading American newspapers at an estimated cost of $65,000. (In a previous article I mistakenly gave the figure as $55,000.) The ad protested against the federal and state authorities for refusing to give protection to the "back-to-work" movement, thus causing violence, chaos, and the breakdown of organized society. It was paid for almost entirely by Little Steel.

From June 24 to July 15 Johnstown was for all practical purposes under the control of the citizens committee. The Mayor and the police force were its agents. Its publicity blasts succeeded in frightening Governor Earle into lifting martial law, which he had invoked to enforce the status quo, thereby keeping the Cambria plants closed at the time. When martial law was lifted, the Governor merely left a skeleton force of the state motor police under Captain William A. Clark, whose jurisdiction was confined to the mills and their immediate vicinity. Earle of course really wanted the state police to remain impartial. But Captain Clark, an old cossack in the force for many years, simply double-crossed the Governor by acting as a stooge for Bethlehem Steel and its innocent front, the citizens committee.

On July 3 Captain Clark called in the press with a grave air. He had big news. At 3 a.m. the Pennsylvania Railroad police had arrested a George Layton, 21, a former reformatory inmate, for throwing three sticks of dynamite on the tracks of the Cambria carrier, the Conemaugh and Blacklick Railroad. Fortunately the dynamite failed to explode. The prisoner was cooperatively detained by the local, state, and Pennsylvania Railroad police. He had no lawyer. While the Captain was talking, the telephone rang and the local police informed him that Layton had implicated two railroad workers, Calvin Updyke and George Owens, who had fixed him to do the job. The Captain was pleased at this splendid police work. But immediate inquiry at the Brotherhoods of Railway Conductors and Trainmen disclosed the fact that Updyke had been a "loyal" company stooge for 35 years and Owens for 20. They had been the ringleaders in the formation of the company union. Obviously somebody had made a bad slip, and Bethlehem Steel was caught framing itself. These tactics no doubt also explain the explosion of a stick of dynamite inside the Gautier gates of the Cambria on June 15, and the dynamiting of the two water mains which feed the Cambria.

Three hours after Updyke and Owens were detained, the company whitewashed them on the ground that some bad mistake must have been made. Some thirty hours later they were released. And on July 6 Layton implicated Louis A. Pegg, the chairman of the striking trainmen on the Conemaugh and Blacklick.

The strike was petering out. And the success of the new vigilantism gave the citizens committee movement the idea of organizing itself on a national scale. The Johnstown Citizens Committee was chosen to call a national convention for July 15 in Johnstown. Lawrence Campbell claimed that thousands of letters of enthusiastic approval were pouring in, some inclosing small checks and bills. But the letter that interested me most was from Senator Copeland of New York:

> I have done my best for you. I took the matter up with Senator Bridges and some of the other Senators. I was deeply moved by your letter.

Finally on July 15 representatives of various citizens committees, law-and-order leagues, chambers of commerce, big industries from a dozen states, and a few riff-raff vigilante movements met in Johnstown to form a Citizens National Committee, dedicated to the "inalienable constitutional right to work." Dr. Gustavus W. Dyer, professor of economics at Vanderbilt University, hailed the meeting as "the rising sun for the protection of American liberties." "Thank God for Tom Girdler," shouted J. G. Lester, chairman of the Massillon Citizens Committee. "I think we ought to send him a telegram congratulating him for smoking out those Communists, John L. Lewis, Madame Perkins, and President Roosevelt." The National Labor Relations Board was attacked viciously. The gist of all the arguments was again that government had "broken down," failing to protect the worker in his right to earn a living. On July 16 another expensive full-page ad was run, again paid for largely by Little Steel. And this time the ad had a definitely provocative and sinister appeal to vigilantism.

The chairman of this newly organized Citizens National Committee is the Reverend John H. Stanton; the national secretary is Lawrence Campbell. The rest of the committee consists of obscure reactionaries, some of whom, especially those from the South, have long vigilante, anti-Semitic, Negro-hating, labor-baiting records.

The Johnstown Citizens Committee technique was applied all through the Little Steel area. The Mahoning Valley Citizens Committee, whose chairman is the Reverend Roland Luhman of Youngstown, ran three characteristic full-page ads in the Youngstown *Daily Vindicator*. The two leading spirits in this Youngstown vigilante outfit are Carl Ullman, president of the Dollar Savings and Trust Company, and Walter O. R. Johnson, a lawyer, who is also head of the American Legion. In the Ohio cities the citizens committees were less well organized than in Johnstown. But their terror was more intense because of the ultra-willing collaboration of Governor Davey, who used the National Guard as an open strike-breaking agency.

To sum up, the present vigilante drive is better organized, better financed, and more dangerous than any of its predecessors. It is in the initial stages of organization by big industry itself. It exploits all the local reactionaries and crackpots through citizens committees and law-and-order leagues. And it exerts pressure on the local authorities "to do their duty." I have shown how the thing works in Johnstown. In his brilliant piece of reporting in *The Nation* of August 7, Paul Anderson showed how they did the job in Massillon, where two workers were killed and fifteen wounded. The connection between the Chicago Memorial Day massacre and Republic Steel came out in the La Follette hearings.

FORD AND THE UNDERWORLD

Henry Ford plays in vigilantism the same independent game he has always played in industry. He has always hated "Wall Street." He still hates it. And today he is our biggest vigilante-independent. At River Rouge he has his own private underworld to terrorize the workers.

For all his genius as a garage mechanic, old Henry does not understand the world he lives in. Proud of his ignorance of history, he has never heard of Herr Thyssen of the Ruhr, who subsidized Hitler and now is on an enforced though luxurious vacation in South America. Ford brought into River Rouge the underworld gangs of Detroit and their leaders, who now control the plant. And the man who did this job is the notorious Harry Bennett.

Harry Bennett is a war product. During the war he was in the navy, where he acquired some reputation as a prize-fighter. Finally he drifted into Michigan and into Ford's. There he got into the personnel department and, being undeniably a gentleman of considerable parts, he gradually came to control it. In time he built up the Ford Service Men—with the aid of one Joseph Palma, who is now the Ford agent at Staten Island and—of all things!—the Fusion president of the borough of Richmond. The backbone of the Ford Service organization is today the Down River gang of Detroit under the leadership of one Angelo Caruso.

There are about 800 underworld characters in the Ford Service organization. They are the Storm Troops. They make no pretense at working, but are merely "keeping order" in the plant community through terror. Around this nucleus of 800 yeggs there are, however, between 8,000 and 9,000 authentic workers in the organization, a great many of them spies and stool-pigeons and a great many others who have been browbeaten into joining this industrial mafia. There are almost 90,000 workers in River Rouge, and because of this highly organized terror and spy system the fear in the plant is something indescribable. During the lunch hour men shout at the top of their voices about the baseball scores lest they be suspected of talking unionism. Every man suspected of union sympathies is immediately fired, usually under the framed-up charge of "starting a fight," in which he often gets terribly beaten up. Nor is the Ford Service terror only intramural. Workers' homes are under constant surveillance. Harry Bennett's power extends beyond Dearborn to Detroit. In certain localities in Michigan judges and other state officials cannot run for office without a petition with a specified number of signatures. It is said that Bennett conveys such petitions on the belt line, and in one afternoon the prospective candidate has all the signatures he needs.

During the first half of July the American press carried on its front pages the story of the violence precipitated by Harry Bennett's vigilante movement at River Rouge. This publicity is increasingly resented by Messrs. Sorenson and Cameron, the Ford production manager and Ford's secretary, respectively. They feel that the Ford Service organization hurts the company, and instead they want to push a disguised company union named the Ford Brotherhood, Incorporated. This fake union was organized last June by a small lawyer in Detroit named William S. McDowell, who specializes in half a dozen such incorporated unions. But the Ford executives do not know how to get rid of Harry Bennett, whose complete hold on Henry Ford was developed because of the old man's tremendous fear, even before the days of the kidnapping racket, that Edsel or one of his grandchildren might be kidnapped. Bennett developed a regular little garrison to protect the Ford family. And he got himself on Ford's personal pay roll in complete independence of the plant executives.

The fact is that the gangsters are in control of River Rouge today. And the leading authority on the Michigan vigilante movement among the newspapermen in Detroit told me that even Ford himself is afraid—fantastic as it may sound—of the gangster organization he has reared.

Except for the Ford terror, vigilantism in Michigan is less efficiently organized, though probably more widespread, than in Pennsylvania and Ohio. In Michigan, as well as in Indiana and Illinois, the vigilante movement is still largely local, disconnected, and erratic, in the hands of illiterates and loons. Their literature lacks the polish of the big advertising agency and the effectiveness of high-pressure management.

WHAT PRICE JONES?

Big business is engaged in a mighty, well-planned, slanderous, and violent campaign against the whole New Deal program. Its main attack of course is directed against the C.I.O., which represents the awakening of the American masses, and the defeat of which would mean the rout of the New Deal. The Administration has met this attack—by withdrawing. Such an attitude can lead only to an increase in vigilantism. During the next congressional recess the government should map out the legislative "must" program to fight this menace. The President should make a series of national broadcasts to build an electoral fire under the reactionary Democrats in Congress. No Vandenberg castration of the Wagner Act should be permitted. Indeed, the Wagner Act should be clarified, strengthened, and made enforceable. Unequivocal legislation prohibiting every expression of vigilantism should be promptly enacted. What's wrong with the New Deal is not the gradualness of its economic reforms but its incapacity to enforce these reforms. A democracy which fails to enforce itself is not a democracy but an involuntary prologue to fascism. As long as every American knows that eighteen strikers can be killed with impunity, while Tom Girdler defies the federal law, just so long the New Deal will not work; will indeed work less and less. And vigilantism will grow.

The other and greater anti-vigilante force is, of course, organized labor itself. The responsibility of men like John Lewis and Phil Murray is historic. Labor must be organized intelligently, strategically, quickly but not hastily. The C.I.O. cannot afford a long apprenticeship of trial and error. Major errors may be fatal. And above all, the C.I.O. must root out mercilessly every expression of political factionalism within itself. For nothing is as dangerous a foil to fascism as a mass movement of labor which permits sectarian bitterness to divide its strength.

[*Mr. Stolberg's concluding article will appear in an early issue.*]

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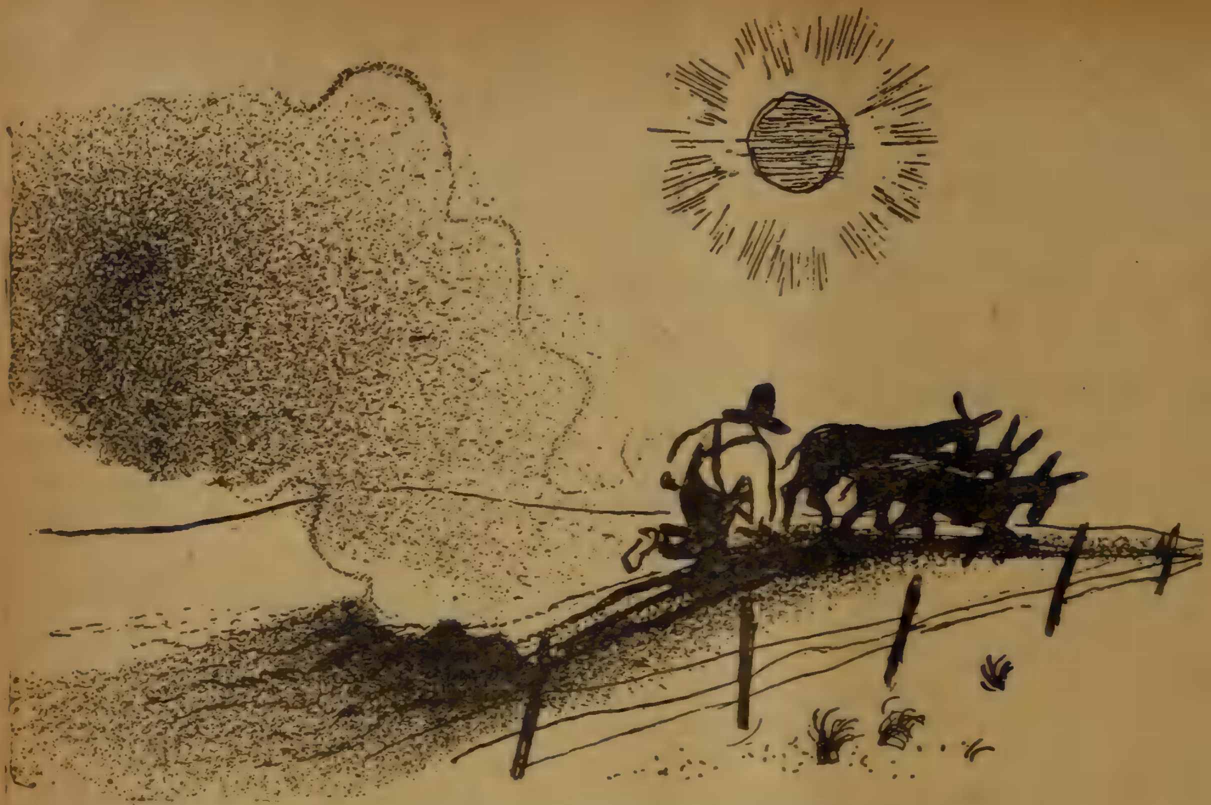


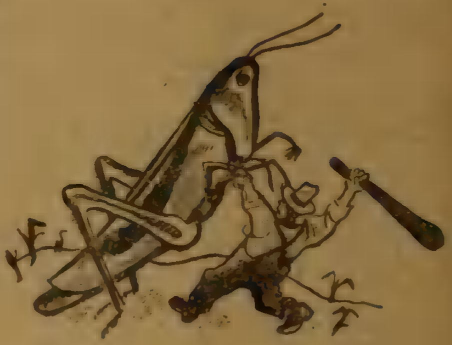
The Dust Bowl

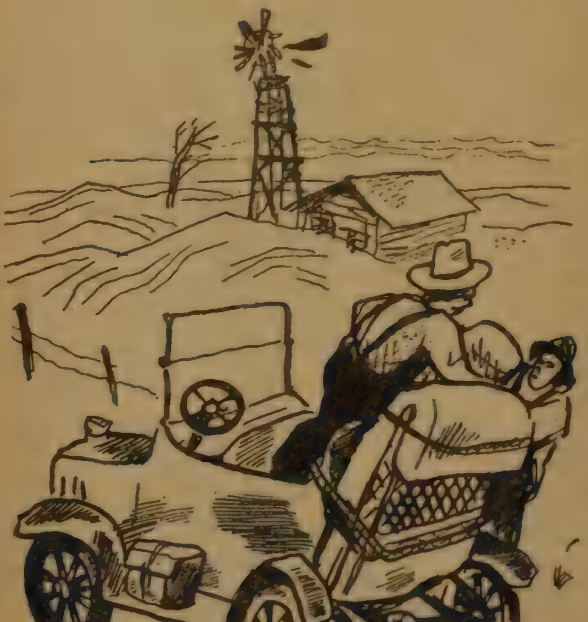
BY

WILLIAM

GROPPER

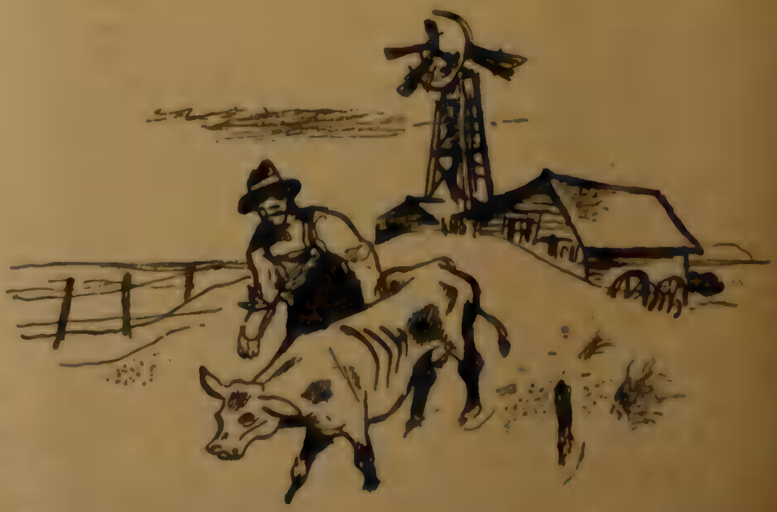
If you think it is hot where you are, try and take a trip to the Dust Bowl. The sun is always shining here, and the thermometer is always 90 degrees and up. When the breeze blows, you get a blow of nice hot dust in your nose, eyes, and throat. The landscape is simple—sky and sand for miles. At night you can get some sleep with a wet cloth over your face, or if you're prepared with a mask you can manage to get by until you get used to it. In Elkhart, Kansas, I saw a farmer plowing. No sooner did he pass with the plow than the dust blew over and covered up the earth as if nothing had happened. I asked him if he got any crops, and he said, "No." "Then why plow?" And he said, "Been doin' it fer years; it's a habit now," and went on with his plowing.





More than once on the road I've seen families packing their belongings in old Fords and leaving the old homestead. Many of them, I've been told, are migrating to California—not because they want to, but because they have been evicted.

Near Boise City, Oklahoma, I met a farmer with a dried-up cow. It was the last cow he had left, and she was ready to pass off any day. This farmer was tough; he wouldn't think of leaving the place, he was born and raised on that spot, and it was going to take more than a little dust to make him move. He got to a point where he began boasting about the dust. You gotta be a he-man to be able to take it. I later learned the fellow had T.B.



Legal Peonage in Florida

BY O. K. ARMSTRONG

A NEGRO stands before the county judge in a courthouse in western Florida. He is on trial for "jumping his account." At least that's what the prosecuting witness says he is charged with. And what is jumping an account? If we listen closely we'll find out, a constable assures us.

"Judge, this nigger left our turpentine camp and tried to run away. We caught him down by the highway, turned him over to the sheriff, and want him taught a lesson."

"Guilty or not guilty?" the judge drones the question. The crestfallen colored man stands there shuffling from one foot to the other. He crumples a battered felt hat in his hands.

"I said, guilty or not guilty?" the judge raps out sharply.

"I dunno, Jedge. I ain't done nothin'. I just was goin' back to Jacksonville to see my woman. I—"

"Did you or did you not leave the employ of the Blank Turpentine Company?"

"Yes, suh, Jedge. I quit 'em. But I ain't drawed no money sence—"

"Six months on the chain-gang!" the judge orders, swinging around in his chair and facing the court clerk.

"Yes, suh, Jedge. Thankee, suh."

And the Negro, bewildered and dejected, is escorted off to the jail. Tomorrow he will be taken out in a suit of striped clothes to begin what to many hapless Negroes has meant a sentence of death: six months on the chain-gang. Six months of back-breaking, blistering toil, with pick and shovel, working to build Florida's roads. Ten hours a day of steady work. Gang of twenty or more under strict guard. Locked in the steel cages at night, with only the respite of Sundays to look forward to.

An hour's ride north or northwest from the attractive unversity city of Gainesville lie the piney woods, fragrant source of the "naval stores" products for which Florida was noted long before the days of tourists and the real-estate boom. In these dense woods are carried on lumbering and turpentine production, a term which covers the various processes beginning with boxing the trees to let the sap run, collecting the resinous flow, distilling it into resin, turpentine, and increasingly numerous by-products, and shipping the finished commodities to Jacksonville and other ports.

A turpentine man, boss of a large still, explained the system of "holding" Negroes to employment and sentencing them to prison labor if they run away. To the suggestion that this was peonage, and that peonage is illegal, he replied: "Well, wise boy, it's being done every day in Florida. And it's legal. It's on the books. If a nigger hires out to a lumber or turpentine camp, starts work, and then runs away, they put him on the chain-gang. That's the way many of our highways are being built."

The Florida statute which legalizes peonage does not put it that way. Instead it uses the term fraud. It was passed in 1919 during the administration of Governor Sidney J. Catts, who campaigned for his office on an anti-Catholic, anti-Negro platform. This remarkable piece of legislation reads as follows:

> Section 7303: Any person in this state who shall, with intent to injure and defraud, under and by reason of a contract or promise to perform labor or service, procure or obtain money or other things of value as a credit, or as advances, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not exceeding $500 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months.
>
> Section 7304: In all prosecutions for a violation of the foregoing section this failure or refusal, without just cause, to perform such labor or services or to pay for the money or other thing of value shall be prima facie evidence of the intent to injure and defraud.

The intent of the statute is clear. It makes a failure to perform a contract of labor or service prima facie—without requiring any other proof—evidence of intent to defraud. The law obviously conflicts with the Thirteenth Amendment, but it has remained on the Florida statute books for eighteen years.

The system of "recruiting" Negro labor, the commissary plan of feeding and clothing them, and the accounting practices in vogue are an important part of the picture. The recruiters are white men, representing the lumber and turpentine companies, which are notoriously the worst offenders in peonage cases. Bill Splog, let us say, is a recruiter for the Ajax Naval Stores Company, operating camps and stills in Dixie, Gulf, Taylor, and Suwannee counties. Bill drives his truck into Jacksonville and drops in at the colored restaurants and loafing places along lower Forsythe Street.

"Anybody want to work? Good wages out at the Ajax camps, boys. Who wants a job?"

"How much you pay, Mister?" a Negro asks.

"One-fifty and keep," Bill answers.

It sounds good. A dollar and a half is high wages for the turpentine and lumber camps. Bill loads his truck up with half a dozen workmen and heads west. At the camp the men are registered by the foreman. Then they are taken to the company commissary, where the system really begins. The Negro is given some clothing —perhaps a pair of shoes, overalls, and a shirt, anything to put him in debt to the company. He is also given some food, usually in cans. He is assigned to a cabin, probably with several other workmen, where they do their cooking.

These "advances" are entered upon the books of the company; and only the bookkeeper knows the prices. Numerous workmen have told me they were charged $6 for a pair of shoes that could not possibly have been worth more than $2, double prices for food, and so on. The "contract or promise to perform labor or service" has now been entered into; the victim has obtained "things of value as a credit, or as advances. . . ." Henceforth if he fails or refuses to perform such labor or service that is prima facie evidence that he intended to defraud. No proof is necessary. The judge need merely ask, "Did you or did you not leave the employment?" He may also ask whether the workman owes the commissary for advances of food and clothing, but that is a mere formality, usually dispensed with. It is taken for granted that he owes the commissary money. The purpose of the law is to bind him to his employment, and the company sees to it that he is in debt.

Despite the law which legalizes peonage and the fact that it is strictly enforced, workers continue to break it in desperate attempts to escape from intolerable working conditions in the turpentine camps. The hours are from daylight to near dark and the work is back-breaking: chopping the boxes in the trees, hauling the sap, running the hot, steaming stills, loading huge barrels of distillate from platforms to wagons or trucks. The bossmen of most of the larger camps carry revolvers strapped to their thighs, and in the offices and commissaries loaded shotguns stand ready for use "in case of emergency." Every now and then a worker "goes bad," becomes defiant, or "runs amuck." Pay day is supposed to come once a month, although laborers learn to their sorrow that pay day is often deferred a month or two "because they're working on the books." All hands gather at the office for the check-up and pay-off. One gets $5, another $4.90, still another only $1.50 for a month's work.

"That's all that's coming to you, boys, after deducting what we've advanced to you," the bossman says. "Sorry, boys. Maybe you'll make more next time."

And there the matter ends. I have talked to dozens of turpentine workmen who have drawn less than $10 in three months of hard work. In addition they get the use of a cabin, food, and work clothes, but they have no way of getting an accounting. Complaint at the commissary may result in the workman being shown the books, to prove that his advances have eaten up what he expected to get in wages. Or it may result in something much more ominous. The laborer who complains soon learns better; or if he persists he becomes a marked man.

When a turpentine worker decides he's had enough, he sneaks to the edge of camp some evening, waits for dark, and makes a dash for the highway. Most of the larger camps have armed guards patrolling the roadways day and night. The chances are about five to one he will be caught. If he is, the bossman will decide whether to warn him and force him back on the job. If he isn't needed badly in camp, he's turned over to the judge. Those county roads need working on.

In several counties, I discovered, the big turpentine companies have an understanding with the county judges and prosecuting attorneys to supply them enough Negro convict labor under this "fraud contract" law to keep the roads in repair. In one county the biggest naval stores operator is chairman of the county road system, and the county judge is his faithful lieutenant.

Taylor County, of which Perry is the county seat, contains some of the largest naval stores camps of the state, and at the time of my first investigations seemed to be furnishing more than its share of chain-gang Negroes for road work. I went to see Judge John O. Culpepper about it.

"Sure, I send 'em to the chain-gang," said the Judge. "Some judges don't pay no attention to that law, but here's one that does."

"Do you imprison them for debt?"

"No, indeed. The law plainly says it's fraud when they leave the employment, owing for advances."

"Do you give them a trial?"

"Oh, of course. But most generally they just plead guilty. I give 'em six months. That's the limit. It's helped us build our roads."

When I went to visit one of the turpentine camps in that county, where some 200 workmen were employed, an armed guard met me. Since some pretext was necessary, I told the bossman I was looking for a particular laborer to deliver a message from his relatives. I was informed by the bookkeeper that this workman was not listed. He may have been "sold," he said, with a bunch that was sent to a camp in an adjoining county a few days back. Sometimes another camp gets short-handed and "buys" the Negroes, or rather their "accounts," which amounts to the same thing as outright purchase. Another Florida law prohibits the enticing away of laborers by one employer from another, so transfer of workmen usually involves some cash.

I turned over to Governor Carlton a full report on peonage conditions in the turpentine and lumber camps as I had found them. He appointed a special commission for investigation. Agents of the United States Department of Justice began an investigation of their own, and for two years carried on a careful study of impressment of Negro workmen. Their findings in the case of one company alone, a company with camps in a dozen western Florida counties, fill a volume two inches thick. In the early summer of 1937 I checked up on results. Governor Carlton's investigating committee's report had been filed away somewhere and forgotten. No effort had been made to repeal the law, though one operator had been convicted for peonage and sentenced to fourteen months' imprisonment.

If the Florida "fraud contract" law could be repealed or declared unconstitutional, it would at least put a stop to the practice of issuing warrants for the arrest of Negroes and placing them on chain-gangs for no other reason than an alleged debt. But even then the problem of breaking up peonage would be but partially solved. Peonage is a federal offense, and the facts must come before federal authorities. Sometimes the agents of the Department of Justice work years assembling data from which to build a case, and then find themselves unable to obtain indictments from grand juries.

"Cases usually must be based upon complaints," pointed out a deputy official of the United States Court in Pensacola. "And there's the rub. Not one Negro laborer in many thousands will ever make a complaint against a white employer. Ignorance and fear seal their lips. An investigation must uncover facts that will hold together sufficiently for a grand jury indictment—almost an impossible hurdle. Then the actual trial before a jury must convince all twelve men—twelve white men—that the Negro's word is true, against the defendant white man and any witnesses that he may bring in."

A new governor was inaugurated in Florida last January. Governor Cone of Lake City is a self-made man, fearless and a hard hitter. He did not hesitate to express his opinion.

"Repeal the law? No. It's a good law. Peonage? We have no peonage in Florida. Listen here! Our colored people are the happiest folk on the earth—when the Yankees'll let them alone. As for this law, you have to have a law like that down here. If you didn't, no turpentine man could hold his workmen. Impose on them? That's all newspaper talk!"

The Mailed Fist in Greece

BY JULIAN BACH, JR.

THE Greeks have two words for it. Officially it is called *Neon Kratos* (the new state); but to most of the people living under it, it is simply the Mailed Fist. Supported by the King, the armed forces, some large landowners, and a dwindling number of industrialists, General Jean Metaxas, the seventy-nine-year-old dictator, is dancing on glass as he celebrates the first anniversary of his accession to power. He is a dictator without popular support and with no organized political party behind him. At the last elections Metaxas won 49,740 votes out of a total of 1,119,350, and seven seats in a chamber of 300. He manages to keep on top only through a military dictatorship whose bayonets prick and sometimes jab a population which is in secret, but at the moment ineffectual, opposition.

Since the night of August 4, 1936, when, as Prime Minister, General Metaxas declared martial law, dissolved parliamentary and constitutional government, and banned the old parties, the new dictatorship has become increasingly fascist. Metaxas—a star graduate of the *Kriegsakademie* in Berlin; an officer whom the former German Kaiser recommended; a "Little Moltke," as he was called, and finally, a chief of staff to the former pro-German King Constantine—now tears leaf after leaf from Hitler's notebook. "Liberty," he remarks, "is a nineteenth-century illusion."

The opposition has been systematically but unsuccessfully suppressed. Local mayors are now "selected" by the central government. Sklavaina, the Communist leader, escaped to Switzerland, but nobody yet knows what has happened to the fourteen other Communist deputies. Six hundred people were arrested during the first two days of the dictatorship, and since then an estimated 3,000 have been sent to the prison islands of the Ægean. Recently, in one day 150 Cretans were exiled to Ios—for "stealing goats." The conditions on the six islands which are used as political prisons vary. Anaphi, Hagios-Efstratos, and Sikinos are the worst; Kythnos, Milos, and Ios are better. The prisoners generally suffer from exposure and from a shortage of food and water. It is almost impossible to grow crops on the barren soil, and the food ships from Piræus arrive irregularly. Though obviously difficult to prove, there is small doubt of the atrocities charged to the police. Communists are usually given five straight doses of castor oil and have their nails ripped off.

The press has been completely hog-tied. Editors are sometimes given even the headlines to use on the government propaganda articles which they must print. Only the most favorable reports about Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco are published. In January a Yugoslavian and a Turkish journalist were expelled, and today all non-fascist correspondents stand on brittle ground. At one point an estimated 70 per cent of the mail was being opened. The censorship on outgoing mail has recently been greatly relaxed, and now only registered and suspicious-looking letters are opened, though in districts like Phaleron the mail censorship is still severe.

Some of the censorship in the arts would be amusing if it didn't reveal the appalling extent to which the regime is trying to gag public opinion. A new play, by the poet Melas, deals with the Greek war of independence, and is filled with such patriotic phrases as "the fight for freedom" and "the battle against the Turkish oppressor." These were deleted by the censor, however, on the ground that the first phrase was obviously derogatory to the best interests of an authoritarian dictatorship, and the second phrase was out of keeping with the current Greco-Turkish rapprochement. Greece's friendly relations with Yugoslavia are equally well safeguarded. An author whose recent history of the reigning family in Yugoslavia referred to one of its founders as an "illiterate swineherd" was promptly told to refer instead to that monarch's "interest in agriculture."

The University of Athens has been purged of its liberal and radical elements. Men like Professor Alexandre Svolos were immediately arrested when Metaxas took power, and fifteen undergraduates were recently arrested when they cheered a former Venizelist minister in the streets. Lectures and reading are prescribed. Marx, Freud, Darwin, and lesser lights are on the official Index.

The students have already been organized into the new National Youth Movement, which is based on an Italian model with German frills. The government, in its efforts to organize the youth of the country on a compulsory, uniformed, and quasi-military basis, is having unofficially admitted difficulties in financing the program. While this movement is quite unpopular, the government's "pan-Grecian" attempt to resurrect the old arts and dances enjoys a certain favor.

State and municipal employees are now "nationalized" into state-controlled syndicates. The two labor federations have been dissolved, and only the small rightist unions, like the Kalomiri group and the drivers' union, continue to exist, though they have had their bargaining rights taken away. The tendency is clearly toward a corporate state similar to Italy's. The trade unions, however, have never been dissolved by law, and the form of the state and the validity of the democratic Constitution still remain legally unchanged. The Metaxas regime, using the special powers of martial law, governs de jure under the old constitutional forms but de facto as a military dictatorship.

The King and the army originally sanctioned and have persistently allowed Metaxas to take these measures. The army has been greatly improved; it has also been petted, and its more liberal officers have been quietly garrisoned in distant Macedonia. Two thousand hand-picked men have been added to the police and the gendarmerie, and in Constantin Cotzias, Metaxas has found his General Göring. Cotzias, however, is probably the most unpopular man in the regime. At Corinth the people recently ripped his pictures off the propaganda posters.

Greece is following the fascist orbit on all points. Her diplomacy falls increasingly within the Rome-Berlin axis, and the most important half of her foreign trade is in German hands. Dr. Schacht and the Reichsbank hold Greece by the short hair. Whereas in 1935 Greece imported 1,996,627,000 drachmas' worth of German goods and exported 2,109,368,000 drachmas' worth to Germany, by 1936 the figures had reached the unprecedented totals of 2,674,353,000 drachmas and 2,679,399,000 drachmas, respectively. Official figures for the first half of 1937, recently published, will show a still greater rate of increase.

The Nazis have naturally followed up their economic penetration with military and cultural liaisons. In Metaxas they have found a receptive ear, since he represents that part of the upper class which sided with King Constantine and the Germans during the war and which has been anti-Venizelist, and hence anti-French and anti-English, ever since. Although the English still train the Greek Navy and are constructing its two new cruisers, Germany has about $22,000,000 of the $54,000,000 rearmament orders outright, and through General Auer the Reich trains the Greek army. Whether it is in the new Greek radio station, or in the field of railroad supplies, or consumers' goods, or even tourists and children's governesses, Nazi influence is steadily increasing. The students in the German and Italian schools publicly give King George the fascist salute. Even the French-model helmets which Greek troops formerly wore have now been replaced by new German ones, made in Greece.

While Nazi economic penetration is regarded even by some opposition leaders as an "unhappy necessity," Metaxas's attempt to make Greece a fascist state is being resisted by all the illegal opposition parties flourishing under cover. It took the police till April to discover the secret Communist printing press in Athens, and the opposition even comes up every once in a while for air. When the crowds in the back streets dispersed after the Independence Day parade a large number of raised fists were noticeable for a brief second. In Crete, where the opposition is greatest, the King and Metaxas were welcomed on their last visit only by the women. The men stayed at home—a great insult in Crete, since the women are considered inferiors. Later the mayor of Candia and the officials of another town reminded the King that Cretans will always fight for liberty. Even the ardor of the industrialists, the bankers, and the economists for a strong regime to end last year's contagion of general strikes has quite noticeably cooled. The business men find the fascist extreme as undesirable as the Communist one, and with the exception of the tobacco planters, who are selling their crop hand over fist to the Germans for high prices, industry is becoming irritated at its economic dependence on Berlin.

This general opposition, however, while numerically vast, is tactically weak, although a vague sort of common front exists between the leaders of the old parties. The Cretans are sick of what they consider the passiveness of the opposition on the mainland, and the opposition, both Cretan and Greek, lacks leadership to a disastrous degree. A popular rebellion or even active opposition is for the time being out of the question. The army is contented and loyal to the King, and hence to Metaxas. The opposition, moreover, even if it desired drastic action, fears that a civil war would give Yugoslavia and Bulgaria the opportunity they have been waiting for to occupy Salonika and Macedonia.

Meanwhile the government in Athens attempts to build a new Sparta. The dictatorship is officially justified as a necessary antidote to the 1936 "Communist menace." The government claims to have saved Greece from becoming a second Spain. Few Greeks and scarcely any observers will agree. It is true, however, that the serious general strikes at Salonika and Volo and the threatened general strike in Athens were disturbing, although it now appears that the fatal Salonika riots were purposely provoked by the police. It is true also that owing to a parliamentary stalemate, the fifteen Communist deputies in the Greek parliament held an indirect power which was quite out of proportion to the 73,000 voters whom they represented. But the need for clarification and action which the situation obviously demanded and the extreme and ruthless solution which it received are two quite different things. The Lord Byron view of Greece may be untenable—there is certainly no reason for getting sentimental over the rather violent and quite muddy democracy of modern Hellas—but the mailed fist of an ambitious politician is surely not to be chosen as an alternative.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE 1937 Williamstown Institute of Human Relations has taken for its general subject Public Opinion in a Democracy. It will specifically consider the motion picture, the press, the radio, and other agencies which shape public opinion from the point of view of their relation to ethics and religion. The purpose also is to suggest how these agencies can "promote more wholesome human relations in the United States consistent with the New World tradition of religious liberty, civil freedom, and human rights for all culture groups in our population." The institute, which will be in session from August 29 to September 3, is under the auspices of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, which, of course, includes both Catholics and Protestants among its membership. There will be some notable speakers, among them Judge Florence E. Allen, Harry A. Garfield, Roger W. Straus, Bishop McConnell, Rabbi Philip Bernstein, James M. Gillis of the *Catholic World,* Henry R. Luce, Arthur Krock of the New York *Times,* George Fort Milton, John La Farge, Norman Thomas, James N. Rosenberg, Charles P. Taft, Newton D. Baker, President James L. McConaughy of Wesleyan, Ambassador W. E. Dodd, who will speak on the Preservation of Democracy in the World Today, and Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes.

My only criticism of this unusual program is that, as was the case two years ago, there is no Negro among the speakers. Some years ago the Cincinnati *Times-Star* stated editorially that, after Booker Washington and Dr. du Bois, I was the outstanding American colored man, but I think the editors must have made a mistake; I cannot qualify to speak for the colored people. True, all Negroes are Protestants or Catholics, but they are a culture group in our population whose wrongs cry out to high heaven for redress. Some day I hope there will be a Negro co-chairman of the National Conference of Jews and Christians, for if there is any one field in which the white Christian churches have failed in their duty, with the partial exception perhaps of the Methodist, it is right in this sphere of the Negro. But, waiving that aspect, the program ought to produce some extraordinarily interesting debates. Heaven knows we need them, for it is precisely in human relations that the peoples of the world are making their greatest mistakes and showing their greatest weaknesses. As I have recently written elsewhere:

> When it comes to living in peace with his neighbors and adjusting himself to others of different opinion and different beliefs, the human being is as much at fault as he ever has been. He can govern all forces save himself, but he will not learn tolerance of divergent opinions, and especially of divergent religious beliefs, so we have had a recrudescence, since the World War, of wholesale killings of people whom we do not like such as we have hardly witnessed since the Middle Ages or Saint Bartholomew's Night.

Now if this seems altogether too general, and is carrying us into too deep water, there are certainly practical problems concrete and menacing enough to challenge all of us who desire to see democracy made workable and triumphant in an hour when democracy is challenged as never before. Take the question of the Jews in America. There is no doubt whatever of the rise of anti-Semitism here, deliberately stimulated from the other side of the Atlantic and eagerly seized upon by some who desire publicity or notoriety, or who are simply indulging themselves in sadism and hate. What could be better than for just and generous and really Christian-minded people to get together in such an admirable setting as that of Williamstown to thrash out these problems with complete frankness? I know the dangers of such conferences. Sometimes the managers are primarily concerned with avoiding anything like sharp differences of opinion. Two years ago at the conference there was a flare-up on the Mexican conflict between the Catholic church and the state. I am sorry that the Berkshire *Eagle* reports: "A repetition of that incident will not be allowed this year."

Flare-ups give life to such gatherings, sharpen people's wits, and often bring out facts which otherwise would not come to light. Of course, I don't mean that this conference should be a free-for-all fight. But these gatherings will only accomplish a fraction of the good that they should if everybody is going to be extremely careful about hurting others' feelings, going counter to others' opinions. We know that when so many people come together there cannot be anything like unanimity of opinion. If there were, no such conference would be necessary. Nothing makes me angrier than to have people come up to me and say: "I read everything you write, but I don't agree with all that you say." It is hard work for me to refrain from making my reply purely profane. (I insist that profanity can be pure.) We don't write articles or go to conferences to agree with everything that we see and hear. We seek intellectual stimulus; we want to know what other people are thinking and saying and to test thereby the correctness of our own views. Any conference which fails to have this as an objective is bound to be weak and ineffective and make no approach to a worthwhile solution of the problems that confront us. Yet those problems are so momentous, so fraught with danger to the Republic, that failure to tackle them would in itself be little short of criminal.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Matinal

BY CHARLES HUDEBURG

Begins; doors open, swing and reveal
the fluent movement and the moving wheel.
Brittle weather crosses the roofs to taste
of last night's furnaces precisely placed.

Moves on; with pictured memos of cigars
and chocolate in the cup and in the bars:
sapid desiderations—how's the time?—
announced procurable for every dime.

But when does the first matin song begin?
This is the place and hour—open and go in:
(thirty pieces of silver make you walk).
The types fall and the bitten papers talk.

Unlocking the World's Arsenals

EUROPE IN ARMS. By Liddell Hart. Random House. $2.50.

CAPTAIN Liddell Hart is not to the Sandhurst manner born. Although he is a British officer, he never lets the prejudices of his class interfere with his judgment. Thus, in defiance of the *Royal United Service Journal,* which sounds as if it were edited in the Carlton Club by red-baiting stockholders of Rio Tinto, Captain Hart points out the danger of a victorious Franco to Gibraltar and Britain's position in the Mediterranean. "Strategically," he says, "the danger is so obvious that it is difficult to understand the eagerness with which some of the most avowedly patriotic sections of the British public have desired the rebels' success. Class sentiment and property sense would seem to have blinded their strategic sight." A contributor to military trade periodicals, Captain Hart nevertheless manages to avoid the style of infantry drill manuals. Some of his sentences may commence with such expressions as "rigid linear advances," "the tactical considerations of dispersed fire, etc.," but they usually end with some of those witty *attaques brusques* on the stupidity of the military caste. Indeed, the Hart fan will probably rejoice to find many passages in which the author does his usual act of revealing the howlers of the military hierarchy, from the debacle of Passchendaele to the note, "The man's mad," which an immortal bureaucrat in the British War Office wrote in 1912 on the file of an inventor's plans for a tank.

The author admirably restates many of the theories which he has advocated in other books, i.e., smaller and better-trained armies (the *armée de métier*), more machine guns for defense, more mechanized equipment (tanks) for attack, and daring experimentation to find a new surprise element capable of breaking stalemates. With these as standards, he gives a bird's-eye view of the military condition of the various great European powers. He finds that the French army has been remarkably well reorganized and rearmed in the past few years, ably adapted to the problem of defense, and the solution of the problem of attack somewhat cautiously sought in mechanized support for the infantry. (Captain Hart prefers "caterpillar cavalry" operating alone.) While he has some fair words for German army preparations, he notes the shortage of officers, the dependence on the old German idea of mass armies, and doubts whether "the German army has yet developed either the equipment or the tactics to solve the problems created by a strong and thoroughly modern defense" such as the French have. Italy, he claims, went into the Abyssinian campaign with much the same kind of mass army that retreated at Caporetto, but that the trimmings (airplanes, gas, tanks)—in which the Italians show no great strength—saved them from disaster. On Russia the author echoes most of the usual observations: surprisingly high type of officer, fine rank and file, mechanization which leads all European armies—in short, a tremendous advance over Czarist times; on the other hand, too much dependence on numbers and a weakness in their handling. It is interesting, however, to note that Captain Hart does not agree with the majority of military men who pooh-pooh the Russian development of parachute armies. He thinks that the threat which a body of parachutists (some 1,200 men equipped with light fieldpieces and machine guns can be landed from airplanes behind enemy lines within eight minutes) offers to communications and the psychological effect of the fear of a "blow in the back" might have very important results.

Captain Hart reads in the experiences of the Spanish war the lesson that defense remains stronger than attack, in spite of the fact that the latter had a good chance, because of relatively small forces operating in large areas, to show what it could do. In view of Franco's succession of attacks, he suggests that if they continue, the most likely alternative to trench-warfare stalemate will be that the scales of war might turn against the attacking side. "In that event, collapse of a cause already undermined may be accelerated by complementary attacks on the part of the side which has conserved its strength better." This reviewer finds the chapter on Spain (inserted in the book after it had gone to press) a little disappointing. It seems that a man of Captain Hart's contacts and sources of information should have been able to give an opinion on the real significance of the sinking of the España, which raised the whole airplane-versus-battleship controversy, and on the comparative value of the various national weapons —German, Italian, French, British, and Russian—which have received such sensational tests. Newspaper accounts have conflicted so much that, except for a few highlights, such as the superiority of Russian over German planes, the picture remains confused. Also it would be interesting to hear Captain Hart's speculations on a question to which he barely alludes in this chapter, namely: can a pretorian guard well equipped with all the modern weapons effectively doom a people's militia, no matter how numerous or how great its morale? The intervention of Italy and Germany on one side and the arrival of the International Brigade on the other, plus various other factors, prevented Spain from providing a clear test of a problem which has enormous bearing on the class struggle.

What prophecies does this intelligent observer make as to the course of a future world war? In a final chapter entitled Would Another War End Civilization? Hart claims that defense will prove infinitely more powerful than attack, basing his calculations on the enormous increase in machine guns in the modern army and the fact that the proportion of machine-gun-destroying agents—tanks and artillery—is much lower now than in 1918. Since staffs have not moved far from the mass army tactics of the last war, Hart looks forward to another stalemate which could only be overcome by a new and shattering surprise element. But the latter, he believes, will be doomed by the pigeonholes of the War Offices. As a consequence of mass army movements he foresees enormous congestion in communications and supply, which may be thrown into paralyzing confusion by air raids. The *grande attaque* may lead to nothing more than the *grande farce,* with an outcome more ridiculous than fatal, fading out in an atmosphere of complete futility. He concludes that another war may produce "the collapse of the attack before the collapse of civilization." This reviewer considers Captain Hart's forecast the most shrewd and plausible of any advanced by the numerous military dopesters.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

A Recipe for Worship

THE HERO. A STUDY IN TRADITION, MYTH, AND DRAMA. By Lord Raglan. Oxford Press. $3.50.

IT is not likely that many readers will find the primary thesis of this book its most notable aspect. The author is very eager to prove that the figures and events of myth have no basis in history. Even a character like Robin Hood, for instance, would seem to dissolve under his analysis—particularly when we recall the material on The King of the Wood in Frazer's "Golden Bough," are reminded that there was a Continental story of Robert des Bois, and that "hood" is the word for "wood" in several English dialects. Even the historicity of the Trojan War is brought up for severe and drastic questioning, while the author hurls many amusing darts at the pious savants who would attest their respect for Greek enclitics by believing that there was a real prototype in history for the heroes and events celebrated in "The Iliad," despite the fact that even the stratagem of the horse appears in variation in the myths of other peoples.

When you finish you can still, if you prefer, persist in your belief that there was some actual flood to form the basis of the account in Genesis—and you may still satisfy your hankerings to seek some naturalistic account of Moses's feat in guiding his people across the Red Sea that later closed to swallow up the soldiers of Pharaoh. (You may hang on, regardless of the author's evidence indicating that such magical strewing of obstacles in the path of the enemy was the stock in trade of mythic leaders.) For as the author himself admits, it is impossible to prove absolutely that myths lack a grounding in historicity. Nevertheless he does attain a high degree of inference.

But whether you are convinced of his main thesis or not, I think you will find that, in the course of maintaining it, he turns up an enormous amount of valuable material. It is his contention that the figures and events of myth owe their origin to the ritual dramas of initiation and propitiation (rites for the installation of kings, for rain-making, fertilization, and victory in war). The origin of myth, therefore, is in drama, and in drama of a purely *ceremonial* sort (such as we saw in the recent coronation). He traces the role played by king-god-hero in these magic rituals for the securing of prosperity. And he holds that tradition was written *backward,* with these dramas providing the perspective for interpretation. In fact, he gives ample reasons to conclude that history in the annalist's sense of the term could not exist prior to literacy. The primitive lives in the "pure present," his rituals linking past, present, and future into one (as they seek scrupulously to reenact a past ceremony in the present, for future efficacy, and their past persists in their present quite as the Catholic will tell you that every day Christ is crucified—the event being not merely "historical," but continuous).

But even though, when you finish, you may still tend to feel that there was an "actual someone" who provided the polarizing principle for the accumulation of mythic details (as Mae West is now the broad basis of Mae West stories), you do feel the important point to be the way in which they were reshaped for ritual purposes. In the course of his argument the author works out a recipe of twenty-two points for the typical hero. Among these might be cited: "At birth an attempt is made to kill him"; "he is spirited away and reared by foster-parents in a far country"; "on reaching manhood he returns or goes to his future kingdom"; "after a victory over the king and/or a giant, dragon, or wild beast, he marries a princess . . . and becomes king"; he "prescribes laws, but later he loses favor . . . and is driven from the throne and city, after which he meets a mysterious death, often at the top of a hill." The author cites as examples Hercules, Perseus, Bellerophon, Dionysus, Joseph, Moses, and Siegfried; and their fidelity to the pattern is quite convincing.

We should make but one major objection to his book. Noting that the details of the hero's life are not realistic, but ritualistic, he seems to underestimate the role of the people in the development of mythic figures. The author seems to assume that, since the details of the dramatic rituals deal with kingly ceremonies rather than with everyday life, the people beheld them merely as onlookers, their participation residing mainly in the fact that they had a share in the successful outcome of the rite.

This emphasis would, I think, imply a false relationship between drama and audience. The spectator, I believe, could not have been attached to these dramas merely because they were spectacular but mistaken ways of doing what is now done by irrigation and reforestation. The dramas could retain their hold only in so far as the spectators were "glued" to them—and one is glued to a work of art only when that work is reliving for him some basic pattern of his own experience, with its appropriate "medicine." The *curriculum vitae* symbolized in the dramas must have paralleled their own, despite the kingly symbols. In their heroic-ritualistic translation, these experiences were, to be sure, "writ large," but the underlying processes of transition charted by the mythic hero's life must have been a replica of their own processes. Thus the author accounts for the fact that so many of the ritual dramas have a doorway or gateway as setting by attributing it to a mere technical convenience of stage presentation; but could we not rather note the relevance of this "Janus" symbol for objectifying rebirth, such changes of identity as investigators have noted in totemic initiation? From this standpoint we might hold that, despite absence of realistic, everyday detail in the rituals, they symbolized the experience of even the most lowly, though expressed "transcendentally," in "stylistic dignification" (as when Shakespeare dignified his own concerns in King Richard II and Prince Hamlet).

The author is strongly antagonistic to Euhemerus and all his modern variants. He does not believe with that genial old debunker of 300 B. C. that the gods and heroes of

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mythology were merely deified mortals, with their real acts amplified by the imagination. Perhaps my reservation is but another brand of Euhemerism, though with a difference. I am suggesting that, despite the absence of realistic detail in the rituals, it was not the *king's* life but their *own* lives that the onlookers were reliving—and these lives were being made acceptable, or "negotiable," by transmogrification into royal attributes. KENNETH BURKE

Day at Home

LIFE WITH MOTHER. By Clarence Day. Knopf. $2.

CLARENCE DAY has come to please the highbrows and the lowbrows alike, and it is not too difficult to see why. The highbrows have appreciated the severely honest, drily impartial way in which he has used his material, and the lowbrows have relished the material itself. Day took the measure of his parents with the same deadly thoroughness and calm that Jane Austen took the measure of her neighbors, and with a touch of the same tight, old-maidish wisdom. If his parents left him with scars, Day has obliterated them as perfectly as Jane Austen obliterated the county's snubs. His father, at once so dreadful and so funny, and, more than either, so human, is always granted the privilege of exposing himself; and so is his mother, with her petty notions, defiant determination, sympathetic impulses, and misleading Victorian helplessness.

Clarence Day could have been harsh toward his father and soft toward his mother, or he could have avoided being rancorous about the old man by being clownish. What he did, of course, was much better. Father, with his tantrums and prejudices and self-indulgences, is not even so much overtly satirized as, say, Squire Western. He is never cunningly paced toward a climax. He blows up and calms down, or holds himself in and explodes, or barks and bites, or barks and fails to bite. There is no pattern to his illogic, he has all the convincing changeability of the weather. The only thing you can feel sure about is that he will never, in any circumstances, understand what it's all about. Like most rigid reactionaries, when it comes to getting his way, Father is a prince of anarchists. There may be things that are "done" and things that aren't done, but in a pinch there are no rules to the game. You knock your opponent down, and grab.

Mother had no reasoned understanding of Father, but she knew from very early in their married life that it was hopeless to deal with him on any systematic footing. She fell back on two methods: to nag him in a well-bred way, which sometimes drove him to the wall; or, better yet, to present him with the accomplished fact when it was too late for him to oppose her, and he could only accept the situation with snorts and growls. And Mother actually triumphed oftener than Father, because she put sensible limits to her desires, and because she wanted to *get* things, not to do away with them. Mother never wasted her time, as Father did, trying to argue with runaway horses, or cursing the next-door neighbor whose sneezes could be heard through the wall.

However it once was, by the time Clarence Day came to describe these goings-on he had achieved a tranquillity to match their tempestuousness. He no more emphasizes what is unpleasant than what is humorous, he no more condemns than he apologizes, he no more understates than he overstates. Father's rich crustiness, Mother's buzzing emptiness, the whole of Victorian family life, the whole of middle-class social life must attract or repel by virtue of their own reality. Where Father always thrashes his arms about in anger, Clarence never even raises a finger in protest. He needn't have been an artist to be so dead pan about it all: if you can't see what's wrong with Father just by looking at Father, you'll never learn by harking to the indictments of Son.

"Life with Mother" is by no means so juicy a book as "Life with Father"—many of the episodes are so similar as to be monotonous—but the two books together have their value as social documents. Perhaps it is very serious-minded of me to insist that chronicles so full of entertainment have a sociological importance, but to me they are about the most casually terrible revelation of the intrenched bourgeois spirit that any historian could ask for. Behind the antics and the extravagances is as much bigotry and complacency and selfishness as any of our major novelists has ever scooped up; and however much of a problem grown-up Father may have been, we can't forget that Father and Mother were highly acceptable members of a correct society during two generations. Their treatment of servants, tradesmen, people beyond their world, their enmity to or ignorance of all liberal ideas are still interesting to observe. Clarence Day himself must have been a humane and gentle soul who never copied their tactics, but one is left wondering just how far he questioned the philosophy their tactics were built upon. One wonders even more in just what sense a lowbrow audience has enjoyed Father and Mother and sized them up. Certainly it must have recognized in these pages much that it had seen or heard about "at home." Have these books acted as a purge, leading people to the conclusion that they don't want Father around even when he is funny? Or have they been books to wallow in, because that's the way it was in our family, too, and Father's the image of dear old Uncle Walter, who left us $25,000 in his will? LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Three for Pastime

OH, SAY, CAN YOU SEE! By Lewis Browne. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

LENA. By Roger Vercel. Translated from the French by Warre Bradley Wells. Random House. $2.50.

MADAME FLOWERY SENTIMENT. By Albert Gervais. Translated from the French by Campbell Dixon. Covici-Friede. $2.

WE have been spoiling for a certain satire a long time—a Soviet Alice in the U. S. A.; and here it is, with Lewis Browne's usual facile originality and cleverness. From Siberia comes a young, Lindbergh-faced Ivan Krassnaumov, ichthyologist, in a pitiably absurd suit, with ninety cents, to observe research methodology at a southern California marine institute which has been privately endowed but lately abandoned by its widow-angel for an antivivisection crusade. At first he is properly bowled over; soon, however, he proceeds to ask many disconcerting questions. Before his wide eyes, a great number of things unmask themselves as cockeyed beyond eyewitness belief; hence the title—and perhaps, too, the reason why we ourselves had not seen the absurdities before. By the time Ivan has involved himself in sufficient trouble to make a diverting story and is deported, he is understandably homesick. The colloquies are much the best part of this extravaganza; here and there an image or insight seems wistful among the surface effects in which a tragic death scarcely touches the conscience. The satire weakens as the yarn over-weaves, especially in the sex adventure with the millionairess—a situation which has its irony but seems to be more lingeringly enjoyed by the author than by the hero.

"Lena" is offered as a romantic novel of War and a Woman. But never has detail more anti-romantic in feeling made up a romance. The war is that To End Wars, which, as our story opens, is in its concluding months in the Balkans; the woman is rich-natured Lena Apostolova, a surgeon in the Bulgarian army. Her lover-to-have-been, an aristocratic French officer, tells the story on the eve of a duel in which he hopes to be killed in penance for having become the carnivore that war has made of him. The situation itself, as he relates, comes about while he is detained as a wounded prisoner in Lena's care, during which interim the two swap tender interest for merciful attention. So it is a love story, with love having a chance to do little more than make a heinous fool of itself:

> One can suffer so much over a woman's dishonor only if one loves her; only if one loves her enough to kill her on the spot. That was what, for a moment, I had a mad urge to do . . .

When Lena resists him through her first confession of love, this "mad urge" is at length indulged, and the tale brought to an end. And you believe all this. In fact, the atrocities are more credible than some of the plot devices. But on the whole it is a superbly machined narration. The portrait of Lena is done in spare, ineffaceable lines, neither flattered nor discolored by the ugliness of battle.

"Madame Flowery Sentiment" is all you will expect from the title and the fragrant format: a sedative for Loti-eaters who stay at home. Chapter I is entitled An Unexpected Visit, and Chapter X, Adieux, with a last line (after many tears) which reads: "Was it possible I loved her?" The illicit love is distilled between a Parisian physician and a widowed adolescent in deepest China. So it's a travelogue too. There is mention of lice, bizarre infanticide, piles of human manure at the roadside, class oppression, and the fact that the enchanting lady for all her touching naiveties is not "the real Chinese people." The Covarrubias frontispiece is a nice thing; and the typography of both this and "Lena," done by Josephy, is pretty closely gauged to the tempo of reading intended by the respective authors.

DAVID GREENHOOD

Big City Primitive

LITTLE CHILDREN. By William Saroyan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

PRECEDENTS in American literature might be found for the combination of hinterland naivete and postured bravado so characteristic of Saroyan's work. Hemingway, for example, has been known to employ a modern sensibility to stylize some of the more primitive forms of behavior. But Saroyan, lacking even the speed and intensity which might be attained by such a method, has done little more than to add his own sophisticated voice to the jargon of his characters. And as they blend together, the philosophy which emerges is a kind of rustic bohemianism set glibly alongside an inarticulate and awe-struck world of the backwoods.

This volume of stories about children and childish adults has fewer monosyllabic discourses on the darkness and futility of human existence than we are accustomed to expect from Mr. Saroyan; yet the entire book is overcast with the sense of drift and loneliness, with the spiritual anarchy which Saroyan himself so frequently confesses to. Moored only within the grooves of habit, these children are hardly more than reflexes of memory and desire. At home, at school, at various

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odd jobs, they wander about reiterating the urge to satisfy some present want, which is magnified in their parched lives into a world ideal. To one boy a dollar zeppelin becomes the symbol of all his curiosities; another imagines himself to be the world's champion elevator operator; a newsboy, bent on selling a quota of papers, laughs when beaten by neighborhood toughs.

Since Saroyan evidently believes that destiny is the pseudonym of everything that happens in the cruel world, it is only natural that the defeat of his characters should fall far short of tragedy. They do, however, carry the pathos of the underdog, and the less stereotyped stories, of which there are no more than four or five, are those which extend the range of pathos. Here the fortunes of alien peoples, cutting across the social relations of our time, bring Saroyan a little closer to the more important sources of compassion. In My Uncle and the Mexicans an itinerant Mexican worker, with a menage of thirteen, including four dogs, is hired on a ranch simply because the dignity of his labor, which he has somehow managed to retain, completely baffles the rancher. Similarly, The Only Guy in Town describes the violent efforts of an illiterate Greek to assert his personality. But even these stories are vulgarized by the almost incredible innocence of the characters who paw their way through the routines of fear and hope. Nor is this surprising, for Saroyan, like so many big city "primitives," seems to regard a highly mannered, repetitive style as a means of evading the complexities of fiction. It is hardly necessary to add that throughout the book one never loses sight of Saroyan himself, as the stories are converted, either directly or through the rumination of the characters, into a recital of the author's plaintive nihilism, delivered, as often as not, out of the corner of his mouth.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

THE *Nation* ANNOUNCES . . .

Panic on the Danube

M. E. Ravage reports on his recent trip to the Balkans. In the first of a series of three articles he discusses the international situation along the Danube and the relations of the five Balkan countries to the diplomacy of the major European powers.

Senator Wheeler Comes to Judgment

Richard L. Neuberger will discuss the situation facing Senator Wheeler in Montana where Congressman Jerry O'Connell is a lively left-wing aspirant for Senator Wheeler's seat in the Senate, and where the Senator's labor constituency is up in arms against him because of his leadership in the fight against the President's court plan.

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Man as Phylum

THE BIOLOGY OF HUMAN CONFLICT: AN ANATOMY OF BEHAVIOR, INDIVIDUAL AND SOCIAL. By Trigant Burrow. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

THE now generally acknowledged fact that the cultural crisis today is due not to the failure of physical science but to the lack of an applicable social science has encouraged a mushroom growth of foundations and institutions attempting to find one. The present volume summarizes in the words of its scientific director the recent work of one of these—the Lifwynn Foundation of New York. This foundation, to be sure, antedates the 1929 collapse by some years, but if one compares the scope and interests of this volume with Dr. Burrow's earlier efforts, the effects of the crisis on his thinking are clearly discernible. The point of focus has changed from problems chiefly psychological to problems largely sociological.

Like the many other institutions attempting to establish social science, the Lifwynn Foundation is serious, and its work must be seriously studied even if all the results and arguments are not so to be taken. The science which the foundation is trying to establish is called phylobiology. It may be defined as the study of man as a phylum in his ecological adjustments to his environment, and is based on the method of phyloanalysis. Phyloanalysis is Dr. Burrow's own modification of psychoanalytic procedure, where the analysis is concerned with the neuroses of man as phylum rather than the individual neurotic, and is for this reason conducted in groups. The book unfortunately in no place discusses the exact procedures of phyloanalysis. It is annoying to read again and again about "exact experiments" and "experiments over many years" and the like, and not have one adequately described. The theoretical background can, however, be reconstructed. It consists of a curious mixture of sound Freud, Jung's worst mysticism, Professor Adolf Meyer's high-sounding generalities, and an organismic philosophy of biology. Plus, of course, a fair number of original, and some of them keen, insights of Dr. Burrow.

The findings of the foundation are summarized as follows: "Because of the increasing extension throughout the community of a dissociative process that substitutes words for the physiological experience presumed to underlie them, man has increasingly lost touch with the hard and fast milieu of actual objects and correspondingly with the biological solidarity of his own organism." This leads to conflict between the culturally ongrafted reaction systems which are restricted to the cephalic segment and the biologically original reaction systems of the whole organism. What orthodox psychiatry calls neurosis is only the extreme manifestation of such conflicts. These conflicts are common to the modern race, so that the whole phylum is neurotic. And so the modern crisis—war, depression, insanity, criminality—arises on the basis of these conflicts. (I wonder if Dr. Burrow has carefully studied Freud's "Civilization and Its Discontents," which develops the same argument with so much greater elegance and precision.) Be that as it may, the conclusion is somewhat terrifying and I believe more than a little sound.

What Dr. Burrow plans to do about it is not at all clear. "The proprioceptive problems of man will not be adjusted through tariff revisions, higher brackets, child-guidance clinics, or Geneva parleys. Man's problem is an internal, anatomical one having to do with the organism of man in its phyletic totality." The answer, then, is not in practical politics.

It lies, rather, in phylobiology and phyloanalysis. Is this to be taken seriously, with Dr. Burrow and his colleagues the only practitioners and the rules not even laid down in the book? Won't some one of the Marxist brethren send Dr. Burrow some complimentary literature?

In large part the book reads like a poor translation from a very erudite German scientific treatise. Dr. Burrow's vocabulary is astoundingly large, and he always chooses a quarter word when dime and nickel synonyms are available. In addition he is an habitual new-word coiner and old-word redefiner. A glossary helps in this respect. About one-half of the chapters are practically unvarnished reprints of articles which first appeared in technical journals. This leads to much needless repetition. It is almost impossible to read the book consecutively; yet despite its many faults, it deserves a wide hearing because of its few positive and original contributions. I am afraid, however, that only those who must will really get through it.

J. F. BROWN

Between Castes

CHILDREN OF STRANGERS. By Lyle Saxon. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

BECAUSE of the charm of his writing and the real interest of his local color, the essential conventionality of Mr. Saxon's novel of life in the deep South is not immediately apparent. It deals with a special group, the "free mulatto" descendants of the Vidal brothers, who around 1760 came from France and took up a large grant of land on the Red River. By the time the story opens, in 1905, they have become very poor, "their pride . . . their land, and their few possessions" being all they have left. Little by little the land and possessions pass into the hands of white people, until they are left with pride alone—a pride which expresses itself primarily in an insistence on caste status. Accepting, though with some resentment, the social superiority of white people, they seek compensation by declaring their own social superiority to the Negroes and by practicing discrimination against the latter group even more rigorously than it is practiced against their own. Famie (short for Euphémie) Vidal is one of these mulattoes. At sixteen, though she is loved by her cousin, Numa, this gently reared, convent-schooled descendant of a proud family has an affair with a white outlaw. When the man is killed and his son is born to her, she does not lose caste with her people, because the child is, to all appearances, white. She afterwards marries Numa, but her emotional life is centered on her white child, and her existence becomes one long sacrifice to the whiteness which will give him his chance in life—away from her. Finally she is widowed; and in order to send the boy out into the world as a white man she commits the unpardonable sin of selling her share of the Vidal acres to a white planter. Her son, on the other hand, uses the entire sum to forsake her. Famie is repudiated, in consequence, by her own group, and thereafter sinks deeper and deeper into the Negro world. The story has genuine if superficial pathos. On the whole, it is told quietly, dispassionately, and with evident sincerity, and the surface life of the communities is described with loving detail. But it rarely penetrates beyond this surface and remains for this reason uncompelling. It is less a story of individuals whose individual passions and motives are convincing than of group behavior as observed by an outsider. The outsider, in this instance, has a reasonably sympathetic and civilized point of view and writes with considerable distinction.

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Letters to the Editors

Calling for Protest

Dear Sirs: With the entire political life of Loyalist Spain—and the Cabinet itself—in critical deadlock over the persecution of Left Labor elements (P.O.U.M., C.N.T., F.A.I., Friends of Durutti, Caballero Socialists) being carried out under the direction of the Communist Party, which blackmails unwilling Republicans into this activity by holding over them the threat of withdrawing Soviet aid, it is time for *The Nation* to break its silence on this story. The facts, which are fully ascertainable and known to many people, since Spain is not yet hermetically sealed like Russia, are of international concern to all honest believers in civil liberties and human rights.

Right now there are hundreds and hundreds of prisoners in Valencia, Barcelona, Madrid, and other places, held merely for belonging to Left organizations, which is to say for not being obedient to the Communist Party. The campaign is being carried on exactly like the Moscow trials and subsequent persecutions, and is in fact part of the same drive. Many of the prisoners are arrested clandestinely, by a special Stalinist cheka which frequently acts independently of the government police and sometimes through certain sections of it which it is able to control. Many of these prisoners are being tortured in order to get from them "confessions" by which "links to the fascists" can be established, in the Moscow trial manner. When they don't confess they frequently disappear, and by now there are numerous cases of such disappearances, eventually explained by the discovery of a body on some lonely street. This is what happened to the writer Camilo Berneri, an associate of the Roselli brothers; to young Martinez, general secretary of the Revolutionary Youth of Catalonia; and to many others. Bob Smillie, grandson of the famous British mine workers' leader, was allowed to die in a Stalinist jail, being refused surgical aid for appendicitis, which killed him after two weeks of horrible suffering. Andres Nin, general secretary of the P.O.U.M., was said to be held in Madrid for many weeks, and was then reported a "fugitive from justice," which in view of his background meant that he was dead.

These facts and many others have been published in the *Socialist Call* of New York by Liston Oak and Sam Baron, both of whom recently returned from Spain. Fenner Brockway, general secretary of the British I.L.P., headed a delegation to Spain to inquire into the arrests and persecutions, involving as they did not only Spaniards but men and women of many other nationalities. Among them the latest reported "missing" after being "released" is the Canadian journalist Krehm. According to Brockway's report, published in the New York *Times* on Sunday, August 1, and borne out by the entire Spanish press except that controlled by Stalinists and Stalinist-sympathizers, nobody believes the charges of "fascist" brought against these people, except of course the Stalinists. President Companys of Catalonia and his party, the Ezquerra, the C.N.T., the F.A.I., the provincial council of Valencia, the Caballero Socialists, and many other responsible people and important organizations of Loyalist Spain have publicly protested the arrests and have stated they believe the charges to be absurd.

Brockway received from the Minister of Justice assurances that the prisoners would be given open trials, with the full guarantees of Spanish judicial procedure. Yet he reported later that instead they are being tried by secret tribunals set up under a special sedition decree passed on the day the widespread arrests began. Among the first reported being tried are five world-known Spaniards whose records are unimpeachable: Escuder, Bonnet, Andrade, Gorkin, and Rey. The decree designed to convict innocent men is unparalleled in Spanish history. It provides that even "acts of omission" and "contemplated acts" may be punished by death, whereas the only specific provision made for release is on the condition of "confession."

It is no service to the cause of human rights internationally attacked by fascism, whose defense spearhead are the forces of Loyalist Spain, to keep silent when these rights are attacked from within by fascist methods, whatever the name of the organization that sponsors and directs such persecution and whatever its sophist excuses. There is no surer way than this of breaking down the morale of a progressive people engaged in a war of defense, nor of harming their cause internationally, supported as it is by men and women to whom life without the guarantees of democracy is an intolerable prospect.

ANITA BRENNER

Brooklyn, August 6

Generals—Red and Nazi

Dear Sirs: In your issue of July 10 Mr. Villard forgets Mr. Broun's excellent advice and writes a lamentable article on the Russian executions. May I deal with two of his points? The first is his evident disbelief in the guilt of the Russian generals. Many reasons have come forward this past month to convince the most impartial "friend of the Russian experiment" that the generals were guilty, but I have space for only one.

In a recent issue of the *Spectator* there appeared an article by Wickham Steed bearing on this question. Mr. Steed, an ex-editor of the London *Times*, is recognized as one of the best-informed persons in England, and is a liberal who holds no briefs for communism. Concerning the military conspiracy he says: "At first few were disposed to accept the news at its face value. Knowledge that the executions of the Russian generals caused consternation in the higher command of the German Reichswehr has since lessened the skepticism with which the news was first received."

He goes on to ask whether such a conspiracy existed and what was its nature, and adds, "On these questions I think I can throw some light. None of the sources of my information is Russian. All tend to bear out the hypothesis that . . . a Russo-German treaty of economic and military alliance had been worked out in full detail. The conclusion of this treaty was to follow the establishment of . . . a Russian military dictatorship. . . . I know the names of the German generals who carried on the negotiations on behalf of the Reichswehr. They are those of very distinguished soldiers."

The second point I should like to deal with is the semi-explicit contention that Britain is seeking a rapprochement with Germany because of the Russian trials. This, I submit, is deliberately to overlook the pro-Hitler attitude of the Foreign Office during the last few years. British money has helped to arm Germany, and English policy determined the Anglo-German Naval Treaty before any trials ever took place. And surely no one would maintain a causal connection between the last executions and the simultaneous, Anglo-inspired visit of Premier Van Zeeland to Washington to find new loans for Nazi Germany.

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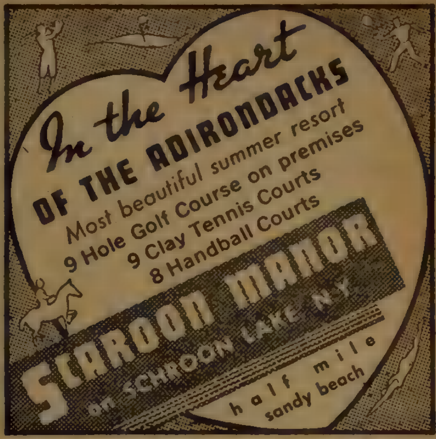

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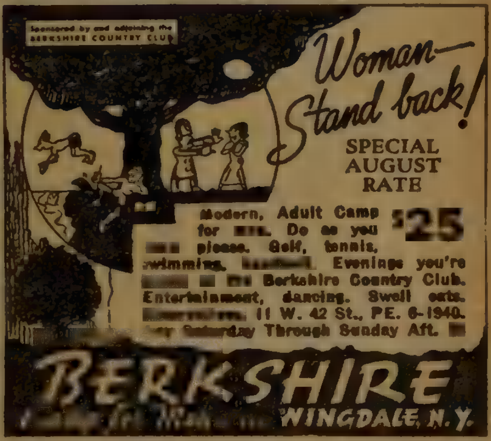
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The only policy, if any, that can prevent war is not to preach Lansbury pacifism, but to rally the democracies around the Franco-Soviet pact, which is stronger today than it was six months ago, in spite of its "friends."

CARL A. MARZANI

Oxford, England, July 20.

Critical View

Dear Sirs: I have taken *The Nation* for more than fifty years. I have seen a better and a worse paper. I have seen the policy of *The Nation* change several times. To be frank, I dislike the present radical position and the unfairness exhibited by *The Nation* at various times.

I have in mind such articles as that on ex-President Taft, when he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. This was one of the finest appointments that were ever made. Mr. Taft had been Governor of the Philippines, Secretary of War, and President of the United States. He had had a fine career as Circuit Judge of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Sixth Circuit, and the lawyers of the Sixth Circuit esteemed him. All lawyers throughout the length and breadth of this nation who were familiar with his opinions regarded him highly. Mr. Taft brought to the great office to which he was appointed a personal familiarity with political events and conditions which few could have had, and an acquaintance with legal principles and a judicial experience which are rare. Yet his appointment was severely criticized by *The Nation*, and the subsequent course of the highest tribunal in the land made it clear beyond peradventure that the criticism was wholly unfounded. Many lawyers who read the editorial in *The Nation* at the time were disgusted.

I am singling out this article on account of the feeling it engendered in me at the time and because of my great dissatisfaction. Other criticisms equally unmerited have appeared in *The Nation* from time to time.

Yet I continued to take and read your paper, (1) because I want to have the other point of view, and (2) because although my feelings are irritated practically once a week by some article in *The Nation*, still I find many things in it that are worth while, well written, proper, and fair.

LESSING ROSENTHAL

Chicago, July 9

Question for Mr. Villard

Dear Sirs: In reply to Mr. Reissig's letter in the July 24 issue, Mr. Villard, evidently referring to France, England, Czecho-Slovakia, and Spain, characterizes them as being "so-called democracies." If these countries are not, in a substantial sense, democracies, then what are they? I believe Mr. Villard owes the readers of *The Nation* an explanation.

ANTHONY SUTICH

Palo Alto, Cal., July 28.

Marlen E. Pew

Dear Sirs: A biography of the late Marlen E. Pew, for many years one of the leading journalists of the United States, is being prepared by Dr. De Forest O'Dell, who would appreciate seeing any letters and papers dealing with Mr. Pew's life. They may be sent to Dr. O'Dell in care of *Editor and Publisher*, 1700 Times Building, New York City. All letters and papers will be returned to their owners.

SUSAN PEW CLOUGH

Wading River, N. Y., July 18

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THE Nation

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The Shape of Things

*

THIS IS NOT AN ELECTION YEAR, BUT WE may none the less expect the atmosphere of a national political campaign this fall. The opening guns of the campaign without an election have already been fired. In the salvos exchanged between Senator Guffey and the "ingrates" who turned against the New Deal we stand with Guffey—not because we hold gratitude to be a cardinal political virtue but because we see no reason for concealing the Democratic split, which is the result of a basic social cleavage. John L. Lewis took an ironic revenge on the New Dealers who have taunted him for not being able to maintain discipline among his union followers. The Democratic leaders, Lewis declared, must either "restore sufficient party discipline to permit government to function under their guidance" or confess that their party is bankrupt as a genuine progressive vehicle. He was discussing the sabotaging of the wage-hour bill by the House Rules Committee, but his criticism applies to the entire session of Congress. We agree with his challenge to the Democrats, but we do not draw from it the moral that the newspaper writers have drawn. Mr. Lewis does not necessarily mean that he will proceed forthwith to form a third party. He knows better than anyone else in the country that labor political action can go only as fast as trade-union organization goes. What he is doing is what Mr. Roosevelt is seeking to do—build a fire under the less progressive Democrats. The difference is that Mr. Lewis is seeking to build a fire under Mr. Roosevelt as well.

*

ANY HOPE THAT JAPAN MAY HAVE HAD OF a quick victory in China has been dissipated by the brilliant Chinese resistance at Shanghai. The crack troops of Chiang Kai-shek have not only withstood ten days of heavy bombardment from Japanese ships but have driven deep into the enemy lines in the Yangtzepoo section of the International Settlement. In contrast to the situation in 1932, when the Nineteenth Route Army fought without support from the air, Chinese planes, though comparatively few in number, have shown definite superiority over the Japanese craft. Even the navy, hitherto regarded as a negligible factor, has exhibited matchless heroism in making repeated torpedo attacks on the Japanese fleet and in blockading the Whangpoo with captured Japanese merchantmen. In North China

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three divisions of Chinese troops are holding off an equal number of Japanese at Nankow Pass, the gateway to Outer Mongolia, while 30,000 Nanking regulars are locked in battle with Japanese troops thirty miles south of Peiping. Though none of these battles, with the exception of that at Nankow, are of great strategic importance, they have been valuable in arousing China to the possibility of resistance. Ultimately it may be assumed that the Chinese will have to fall back both from Shanghai and from the cities of the North and rely on guerrilla tactics to wear down Japan. In a long-drawn-out struggle the Chinese would have every advantage. They would be fighting on their own territory with a vast hinterland upon which to draw, and their simple agrarian economy should suffer far less from the shocks of war than the complex, debt-ridden economy of Japan. The chief danger to China's cause is not so much the Japanese as the fascist elements at Nanking, who would sell out at the first opportunity in order to precipitate themselves into power.

*

NO MATTER WHAT WE HEAR FROM BERLIN from now on, we shall refuse to believe that the ultimate has been reached in Nazi gall. Every time that we feel sure, in our simple way, that even Nazis can go no farther, we read some new pronouncement and once more gasp for breath. This time it is Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, chief of the National Socialist Party's foreign section, who delivers the stunning blow. Henceforth, decrees Herr Bohle, all foreign governments must accept Nazi party officials in their respective countries on the same basis as German diplomatic representatives. Instructions have already gone out to German diplomats to attend no official affairs unless invitations have also been extended to the chief of the local section of the National Socialist Party. In short, England and France and the United States must understand that Nazi agents are to receive diplomatic immunity to proceed in comfort and dignity with their espionage and propaganda. Nothing can catch us off guard now. We know with a deadly certainty that in a month or so Herr Hitler will demand a Congressional appropriation for Nazi activities in America—and after that, perhaps, representation in the Roosevelt Cabinet.

*

THE FACT THAT THE MANDATES COMMISSION of the League of Nations has approved, in principle, the attempt to solve the problem of Palestine by partition increases the probability that in the end the British plan will be adopted. Previously the Jewish Agency had authorized negotiation with the British for a partitioning of Palestine and with the Arabs for an "undivided Palestine." But negotiations with the Arabs for a bi-national state are unlikely to get very far in the highly nationalistic atmosphere which has developed in recent months, and there is as little likelihood that the British will make substantial territorial concessions to the Jews. The chance that partition will ultimately be accepted is heightened by the fact that it has been approved by a substantial majority of Zionists. While the Zionist leaders are far from satisfied with the Royal Commission's report in its present form, the majority, under the leadership of Chaim Weizmann, have decided that the possibility of establishing an independent Jewish state offsets, to a considerable degree, the unsatisfactory features of the plan. The new state will be starting under desperate handicaps, and the Jews will need all the stamina they have shown throughout their history to make a go of it.

*

THOSE WHO HAVE FOLLOWED THE EFFORTS of the hatchet gang of the Weirton Steel Company to pry the steel workers away from the C. I. O. will rejoice that the deficit appropriation for the Labor Relations Board has finally come through. The board can now continue with an adequate staff to lay bare employer terrorism wherever it appears, whether at Dearborn, Weirton, Birmingham, or Dallas. The biggest problem it has to face at present is not the gangster terrorism of the employers, however, nor sniping by Congressmen, but the crossfire of the A. F. of L. unions. The present A. F. of L. technique is illustrated by the case of the National Electric Products Company at Ambridge, Pennsylvania. A group of C. I. O. workers form a union, enroll a majority, and threaten a strike unless they are given recognition. The employer stalls them off, hastily signs a contract with a minority group claiming an A. F. of L. charter, and appears before the Labor Board with a plea that he must live up to his agreement. The A. F. of L. union backs him up by getting a court injunction ordering him to comply with the contract. The Labor Board is taking the sensible position in these disputes that when doubt exists whether a contract has a valid majority behind it, an election becomes necessary. But even elections have not succeeded in clearing up the confusion. If the C. I. O. union wins, the next step is for an A. F. of L. union in one of the crafts to declare a boycott on the products that come to them from the C. I. O. unions. This too has happened at Ambridge. It shows to what lengths reactionary unionism will go to split the ranks of labor rather than yield the spoils of office.

*

FOR THOSE WILFULLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY misguided persons who see in the Spanish conflict solely a war of "ideologies" there is available at last an effective medicine. It is a film by Joris Ivens, and it is appropriately called "The Spanish Earth." Mr. Ivens's picture is an utterly compelling study of a people struggling to hold the land which a democratic government had after centuries wrested for them from a decayed feudal aristocracy. No cries of "propaganda" can erase the pictures of Spaniards hopefully digging irrigation ditches within earshot of the guns, of men and women eagerly carrying the doors of their houses to the front to reinforce the trenches protecting Madrid, of the calm determination of farmers and workers drilling in the villages, patiently learning the manual of arms. Rarely—and then only in the accompanying comment of Ernest Hemingway—is "The Spanish Earth" an overtly provocative film. But it has an obvious and irresistible honesty and a deep, almost tender, sympathy with the Spanish people that is vastly more impressive, more powerful, than any calculated incitement could possibly be. Ivens's camera is everywhere—in the attack on the university clinic, in the no man's land at Arganda bridge, in the ruins of the Duke of Alba's palace, and above all in the fields and on the streets of cities. And as Hemingway says, "Men cannot act before the camera in the presence of death." Friends of Spain who can do nothing else can at least send all their doubting acquaintances to see "The Spanish Earth" and can make an organized fight to have the film shown at local theaters throughout the country.

*

A NEW PENSION MOVEMENT, CONSIDERABLY less sensational and a great deal more intelligent than the Townsend plan, appears to be rising swiftly in the Northwest. It all started a few months ago when Howard Costigan, executive secretary of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, suggested over the radio that old-age-pension laws might be liberalized by the pressure of organized pension unions. Immediately Mr. Costigan's office was deluged with mail from disappointed Townsendites, anti-Townsendites, and other seekers after old-age security. The Washington State Old Age Pension Union which emerged from this pile of letters already has 10,000 members in fifty clubs scattered throughout the state. And each club has its own grievance committee prepared to dicker with legislators and state officials. The union's demands are modest and flexible, and there is every reason to suppose it will be successful in forcing a gradually increasing pension scale. Townsend hysteria has worn thin, but the demand for old-age security remains. The W. C. F. is doing a good service in keeping this sentiment from further exploitation at the hands of crackpots like Dr. Townsend and directing it into the main stream of the progressive movement.

*

THE SPIRITS OF SACCO AND VANZETTI HAVE been walking on Boston Common ten years after their execution, while politicians of the hour try desperately to keep history in its place. The incident which has split the old controversy wide open once more is the publication of the WPA guidebook to Massachusetts. It was compiled not by any chamber of commerce but by WPA workers on the Federal Writers' Project who apparently have respect for their materials. Charles F. Hurley, legionnaire and Governor of Massachusetts, had already written a handsome preface to it, sight unseen, when it was discovered that the Lawrenceville textile strike, the Boston police strike, and worst of all the execution of a shoemaker and a fish peddler in 1927 had been handled in such a way as to make the Governor exclaim with more heat than originality: "If these men don't like Massachusetts they can go back, etc., etc." The outraged Governor went on to demand that the guidebook be censored and that the men who wrote the offending sections be cut off the federal pay roll. So far Washington has not complied. Meanwhile a group of the defenders of Sacco and Vanzetti, on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their execution, has offered to Massachusetts a bronze memorial to the two men which they ask to have "enshrined" on Boston Common. Governor Hurley has said that he has "no jurisdiction" to accept or reject such a memorial. He has not yet learned that he similarly has no jurisdiction over history. Sacco and Vanzetti are already enshrined on Boston Common. For history, like murder, will out.

*

THIS WEEK'S INSTALMENT OF ISSUES AND MEN has created in our editorial minds a mildly exhilarating confusion, comparable to the effect of many mugs of musty old ale. We are slowly emerging with the conviction that Mr. Villard considers Justice Black an admirable appointment to the Supreme Court, second in fitness to only one other candidate. We like almost all the qualities Mr. Villard attributes to his favorite, and we are glad that Justice Black—who is our favorite—shares so many of them.

Boycott Japanese Goods!

As each day brings fresh reports of the desolation and destruction wrought by Japan's invading armies in Shanghai, American public opinion is torn between a natural sympathy for China and a determination to keep out of war at all costs. Large numbers of persons, particularly in the peace organizations, are urging that the Neutrality Act be invoked even though it would operate to the advantage of Japan. Many are also urging the complete evacuation by Americans and American interests of Shanghai, Tsingtao, and the troubled areas of North China. To those unacquainted with the complexities of the Far Eastern situation the case for withdrawal is a plausible one. Our stake in China is comparatively small, and the cost of defending American interests would appear to outweigh the losses involved in wholesale evacuation. Why not, it is argued, withdraw our civilians and military guards and thus minimize the danger of war?

The Nation has no wish to defend either American of other foreign business interests in the Far East. They have probably brought more harm than benefit to the Chinese people. But under present conditions withdrawal would transfer this business not to the Chinese but to the Japanese, and would only serve the interests of the aggressor. Similarly the presence of American missionaries, of questionable value in the long run, may in the present crisis serve as a stabilizing influence in

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their Chinese communities. More important, American withdrawal would certainly be interpreted in both China and Japan as a complete surrender of our rights and obligations under the Nine-Power Treaty.

The attitude of the State Department is reassuring on this point. Secretary Hull shows no signs of surrendering to the dictates of extreme isolationism. In his latest announcement he lets it be known that the department has been in constant consultation with "interested governments" since the outbreak of hostilities in China, and he appeals for an application in the Far East of the principles contained in his peace statement of July 16, which "embraces the principles embodied in many treaties, including the Washington Conference treaties and the Kellogg-Briand Pact of Paris." This is about as clear a stand as we can expect under present circumstances.

In theory the most effective policy for the United States to pursue might seem to be the summoning of the signatories of the Nine-Power pact to consider joint action against Japan. But practically the chances against the success of such a move are even greater than in 1931. The strong pro-Japanese element in the British government would oppose it, and both England and France are too deeply involved in the Spanish controversy to wish to take on new difficulties in the East. Only in case of the most direct interference with European interests would there be a prospect of collective action.

If the powers will not act in their own behalf, they are even less likely to support collective action on moral grounds. The failure of the League to act against Japan in 1931, against Italy in 1935, and against Germany and Italy in the Spanish crisis has induced widespread cynicism regarding the possibility of checking aggression. Each successive crisis has left the international peace mechanism weaker. This time we obviously cannot count either on the League or on national action. We must find a new technique which does not depend upon the support or a timid foreign-office bureaucracy.

Japan is peculiarly dependent on foreign trade for its existence. About one-fifth of its food, five-sixths of its oil, practically all of its rubber, aluminum, zinc, mercury, tin, nickel, and cotton must be obtained from abroad. Its iron-and-steel, machinery, and chemical industries are insufficient for the needs of modern warfare. Its gold reserve is small and its credit extremely shaky. It can obtain the necessities of war only through the export of silk, textiles, and cheap manufactured goods.

It is still possible for the millions who desire peace to bring effective pressure against Japanese aggression. All that is needed is for a substantial number of persons in this country and abroad to declare that they will not support Japan's war in China by purchasing Japanese goods. This boycott should be supplemented if possible by refusal on the part of longshoremen in all countries to handle cargoes destined for or received from Japan. Given proper leadership, it is not too late to develop a non-violent technique for resisting aggression. Governments have failed; it is time for the people to take matters into their own hands.

Congress: An Inquest

THIS has been one of the longest, most rasping, and least productive sessions in the history of Congress. Now that it is over we can say unreservedly that it would have graced the days of Harding or Coolidge. The fact that it came in the second term of a reform administration, after the biggest progressive landslide since the days of Jefferson, only serves to point the irony and to raise the question of what was wrong.

It all started hopefully enough. The President's request, for example, for an extension of his power to make reciprocal trade agreements was treated with good sense. Even his message on governmental reorganization did not stir hysteria. What bogged Congress down was, of course, the Supreme Court proposal. But that was not all. There were the sitdown strikes and the organizing campaigns in automobiles and steel. There was the growing awareness on the part of big business that Mr. Roosevelt had "only just begun to fight," and that he was planning a second New Deal. There was finally, as the result of these three factors, the Democratic Party split. Morale cracked. The session became a Pilgrim's Progress from one slough of despond to another. A deliberative body was turned into a crowd of weary, embittered, and bewildered men.

Hence the pathetically meager record of accomplishment. A wretched housing bill, torn with as many wounds as Caesar's body, and by the hands of its supposed friends; a tax-loophole bill, put through cynically without even the pretense of being read; a coal bill to replace the one outlawed by the Supreme Court; a lump-sum appropriation for relief, viciously slashed and containing a senseless and inhumane provision excluding non-citizens; an inadequate farm-tenancy measure; a shameless sugar-tariff bill; a bill, long needed but hewn down to a minimum, making procedural reforms in the lower federal courts; a bill extending the CCC; a bill repealing the District of Columbia "red rider"; a bill hitting at the consumer by allowing price-fixing by state legislation; and a routine deficiency appropriation bill. That is the positive record—most of the items minor ones and with few exceptions a travesty on what could have been accomplished.

But that doesn't really tell the story. The important part of the record is what Congress did not do. In the two fields of labor and agriculture it muffed the big legislation. It failed to pass or even consider any kind of crop-control legislation. And it failed, through the treachery of the House Rules Committee, to pass a wages-and-hours bill. It failed to enact needed legislation in the field of power. It failed to make the needed revisions in the social-security law and the neutrality law. It failed to pass an anti-lynching bill. It failed to do anything further toward securities control. And it failed, finally, to grapple with the real problem of judicial supremacy.

It would be unfair to make Congress shoulder the whole burden of these sins of omission and commission. The Administration has also been at fault. We wrote in last week's issue of its failure to write a crop-control program in time. This past week the most glaring fault was revealed by the passage of the Miller-Tydings price-fixing bill, which was signed by the President (under protest) despite the fact that it conflicts with the Administration's announced program for fighting monopoly. There can be little doubt that the Administration is at cross-purposes on such knotty problems as monopoly, and even more confused and at cross-purposes in the face of rising prices and a coming depression. While saying this emphatically, we wish to make clear at the same time that to accuse the Administration of confusion is not to absolve Congress of its responsibility for sabotage.

In the face of the record of this Congress Mr. Roosevelt's Roanoke Island speech, excellent in its emphasis on the need for genuine democracy, raises more questions than it answers. The President is justified in flaying the tories and the pretended liberals together, and showing them up as opponents of the majority principle and suppressors of the democratic impulse. The President is right in saying that what we need is democracy—and more democracy. But when we look about for the agencies of government through which the majority will is to express itself, we find—Congress. And if the past session of Congress were the test of democratic government, the friends of democracy might well tremble for its future.

As for ourselves, we go the whole way for the democratic principle. For all its mistakes and confusion, we would rather have the Congress which has just ended its session than the benevolent rule of any minority group, whether financial, military, or judicial. One trouble with Congress at present lies in certain features which defeat the democratic will. We see no reason why a Senator should be able to filibuster as long as his strength lasts and hold up necessary legislation, and we feel that the adoption of some form of cloture rule for Senate debate is long overdue. Secondly, the whole committee system under which Congress operates needs overhauling, as Max Lerner's article elsewhere in this issue indicates. A plan for shaking up the committee assignments every two years would infuse new blood into the committee work and keep reactionary minorities from dominating the work of Congress. As a further procedural reform, Congress at its next session should appropriate enough money to support an adequate staff of legislative draftsmen. The few people on the present staff are doing a heroic job, but they are pitiful Davids confronting the Goliaths of the industrial world.

But even procedural reform will not insure us against a repetition of a session like the last one. That can only be certain if the country in next year's Congressional election gives an even clearer mandate than any since 1932 that it means business in the job of building a better society. Mr. Roosevelt is "going to the country" this fall. Labor is preparing for real activity in the local and Congressional elections. Only a strong labor and progressive bloc in Congress in 1938, to swell the ranks of the "Young Turks" in the House and the "Freshmen" in the Senate, can be an adequate answer to the reactionary record of the Congress that has just gone home.

Nazi "Journalism"

TREATING foreign press correspondents as though they were accredited diplomats, subject to government recall and expulsion, has been, except in war time, peculiarly a practice of the totalitarians. It came as something of a shock, therefore, when the staid, precedent-worshiping British Home Office a short time ago requested the speedy departure of three Nazi journalists. The conclusion was as quick as it was inevitable that Herren Crome, Wrede, and van Langen had been engaged in extra-curricular activities. The Home Office was more than reticent on the subject, but now, bit by bit, the story is seeping through.

When Herr von Ribbentrop took over the London duties of the late Ambassador von Hoesch, Nazi activities in England were swiftly coordinated and greatly increased. No fewer than five major Nazi centers were established, all under the general direction of the German Embassy. One of these is located in a fashionable hotel in the Sloane Square district of London and another in Bayswater. All three newspapermen were active members of both circles; van Langen, in fact, is said to have been in charge at Bayswater. The work of these Nazi groups is threefold: supervision of German nationals, particularly refugees, with the idea of choking anti-Nazi activity through intimidation and of stimulating racial solidarity; second, espionage of a political and military nature; and, finally, the distribution of funds from Berlin for the promotion of British fascism.

A curious aspect of the matter is the question of why Britain suddenly felt called upon to act. According to the *Week*, a reputable English periodical, authorities knew what the Nazi agents were up to as long ago as the fall of 1935. Some of their activities were quietly blocked and others were permitted to continue because of effective pressure exerted by influential reactionaries in behalf of "Anglo-German friendship."

All of which lends support to the solution advanced by the editors of the *Week*, who find in the subsidies the key to the problem. Pressure for the expulsions, that outspoken journal reports, came from "a number of Lancashire cotton interests, one big manufacturer, and two bankers, who, themselves backers of fascist organizations in this country, were troubled by the increased subsidization from abroad, which threatened to undermine their hold over the organizations for which they themselves had already dipped deeply into their pockets."

The theory that the British Cabinet was merely protecting the home product may not be correct, though it is more plausible than the thought of the Chamberlain government resorting to direct action in a burst of democratic indignation. Whatever the reason for the expulsions, however, they have served a good purpose. In a vivid flash the affair has revealed how serious and extensive is the work of the Fascist International. The warning of Sloane Square and Bayswater should not be lost on anti-fascists in the United States.

Committees of Sabotage

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, August 22

CONGRESS in the closing days of the session has been a shambles of mangled bills, forgotten mandates, butchered election promises. But behind-the-scene observers of the party battle here point out that the revolt of the South is not the whole story. It is one item. A second item is the influence of the "rotten-borough" Senators. And a third item is the committee system in Congress. A "rotten borough" in twentieth-century America, as in nineteenth-century England, is a constituency which keeps the same representation although the tide of population growth has passed it by or never reached it. "Rotten-borough Senators" is a phrase which the more ardent New Dealers here are using increasingly to designate men like Wheeler of Montana, O'Mahoney of Wyoming, McCarran of Nevada, and Burke of Nebraska, and to explain their defection from the New Deal. These Senators are, by more than a coincidence, the men whom Senator Guffey read out of the party in his radio speech. And whatever one may think of the hypothesis that equates the underpopulated states with party treason, it is a fact that the Senators who have most gallantly stood by the Administration guns come from the more populous industrial states.

But it is the committee system upon which must fall the chief blame for the complete collapse of the Administration program in the closing days of the session. Given the court plan and the C. I. O. fight, of course, the Democratic split was serious enough. Numerically, however, the Roosevelt forces would still have had a majority in an actual open vote on most of the "Second New Deal" measures. Because of the committee system it was possible for minorities to kill or mangle the important measures before they could even come to a vote.

What happened to the wage-hour bill in committee is of course the most glaring and extreme instance. The bill was passed by the Senate, was reported out favorably by the House Labor Committee, and would certainly have had an overwhelming majority on the floor of the House. But to get to the floor it needed a rule from the Rules Committee. That body, which has always regarded such matters as procedural and has never in the past failed to ease along a measure favored by the majority, now proceeded to take a view on the merits of the bill itself. Of the fourteen members five reactionary Democrats joined with the four gleeful Republicans, and the measure was smothered. The House majority raised a storm, but to no avail. What effect Speaker Bankhead and Majority Leader Rayburn might have had if they had exerted themselves is not clear. Despite their protestations of virtue I could find no one who believed that they made a serious effort in behalf of the bill. The real prize for sabotage, however, should go to Boland of Pennsylvania. The "Young Turks" on the floor of the House, with Maverick and his small group as a spearhead, got up a petition for a caucus call to force the bill out of the Rules Committee. But, according to persistent reports, Boland—who is supposed to be the Democratic Party whip—told the boys that they didn't have to break their necks to attend the caucus. When the meeting was finally held, it fell a few votes short of the number needed for a caucus, although there were enough Democrats loitering in the cloakrooms.

The irony of the whole business is that the Rules Committee, which has proved so despotic a device, was originally established to rid the House of the despotism of speakers like Czar Reed. No less irony will be found in the working of the other committees. The newspapers express surprise at the fate of the major Administration measures. But look at the committee gauntlet they have had to pass. The court bill got a scathing report from the Senate Judiciary Committee—a report which by no means represented the feeling of the Senate at the time. The bill on government reorganization has been exposed in the Senate to the tender tory mercies of the Byrnes-Byrd committee. Every appropriations measure must go through the hands of the indomitable Carter Glass of Virginia; every finance and taxation measure through those of Pat Harrison of Mississippi. It is no secret that the real brains behind the housing bill in the House was young Ellenbogen of Pennsylvania, who represents a Pittsburgh labor constituency: the bill should have been the Wagner-Ellenbogen bill. But labor representatives do not get the committee assignments; and Steagall, the committee chairman, after having been first cajoled by having his name put on the bill, put it away in his pocket and called no hearings until two weeks before adjournment. The chairman of the District of Columbia Committee is the cleverest of the reactionaries, Senator King of Utah. The chairman of the important Commerce Committee is the ineffable Senator Copeland of New York.

In the Senate the party leadership picks the committees. In the House the committee on committees is the powerful Ways and Means Committee. In both cases committee members are chosen because they are conservative and safe, and chairmanship goes by seniority. Committee chairmen tend to be specialists in inertia; otherwise they could not have held their seats so long or made so few enemies. The whole committee system puts a premium on silence and mediocrity. If a younger member talks too much, he is smothered in a tenth-rate committee. That is why the "Young Turks," who did such valiant work as a rescue crew for the progressive phases of the legislative program, had to do all their work on the floor of the House.

Without understanding how the committees have sabotaged the majority will of Congress in the past session one does not get the full meaning of Mr. Roosevelt's Roanoke Island speech. Nor does one get the full bitterness of Senator Guffey's radio speech. It is generally understood here that Guffey's speech had the approval of the President. The two speeches, taken along with some other signs here, indicate that Mr. Roosevelt will almost certainly carry his case to the country this fall. He will "go to the people," secure in the belief that the Southern insurgents, the rotten-borough Senators, and the committee saboteurs do not represent the will of the people. One of his purposes will be to stir up "constituency trouble" where it will have the most effect. For that purpose a holiday trip to visit the Boettigers at Seattle, which will involve a swing through the Rocky Mountain states, would seem to be called for, but it is not a certainty. Much of the talk about it has the stamp of propaganda, for the current anti-Roosevelt campaign is concerned with pinning the label of vindictiveness on the President. But the President's own plan is to stay clear of open personal spite and leave vindictiveness to the people. He has been studying history—not only the history of the "lost colony" on Roanoke Island but that of the lost liberal, Woodrow Wilson. He is determined not to repeat any of Wilson's mistakes. Wilson, it will be remembered, went on a Western trip after his return from Europe, stumping the country for a Congress that would support him. He was promptly accused of a bent for autocracy. Roosevelt will not be so specific—and unwise—as to ask for the defeat of particular men. His will be a broad campaign conducted on "educational" lines. He takes great pride in having introduced the country to the Supreme Court. He is now likely to introduce the country to the way in which the majority will has been defeated by minority rule. His most telling arguments will be not the Supreme Court plan but the wage-hour bill and the crop-control program. There can be no doubt that he worked hard to get the wage-hour bill past the Rules Committee blockade. But there can also be no doubt that he is now licking his chops over having a savory issue handed to him by the tories. He can go to the country and point out to the farmers *and* the workers that both crop control and the wage-hour bill have been scuttled by tory minorities. The Roosevelt luck is still there.

How the farmers will respond depends a good deal on what happens to farm prices between now and then. How labor will respond depends a good deal on the plans of Lewis and the Non-Partisan League. But that must be left for another article.

Panic on the Danube

BY M. E. RAVAGE

IT is not solely the lone-hand policy of their Yugoslav ally that is keeping the Czechs awake nights, nor yet the threats and bullyings of Hitler's Germany. Prince Paul and his lieutenant, Stoyadinovitch, as viewed from Prague, are but symptoms—distressing weather signals of the instability, the insecurity, the disorder that afflict this volcanic region of Europe, this region and those to the west and east. Nevertheless, the Czecho-Slovak people and their statesmen carry on with astonishing equanimity. What is the good of being perturbed? The divagations of Belgrade are disquieting, to be sure, and Henlein's forty-two deputies in the Prague Parliament are scarcely reassuring. But if one is to yield to depression, there is enough in the general line-up to give one neurasthenia. Since the remilitarization of the Reich, France has been terrifyingly consistent in retreat. Stresa was the last gasp of Geneva, though the crisis began with Manchuria, and since Ethiopia the League has ceased to be. The "purge" continues in Moscow to undermine the world prestige which the Soviet Union had so recently and so painfully reconquered. The Japanese are invading China proper, and not so much as a remonstrance from anyone. After "sanctions" in East Africa, London invents "non-intervention" in Spain, and France, having swallowed the reoccupation of the Rhineland, not only submits to the fortification of the Pyrenees and the Balearic Isles but accepts the humiliation of having to sponsor the whole plan. After this, whence is help to come to a small or a weak people, however protected by treaties and alliances, if attacked by a big and powerful neighbor?

Oddly enough, both on the surface and beneath, the uneasiness is immeasurably greater in Belgrade (to say nothing of Zagreb) than in Prague. The Prince Regent and the government are all but universally unpopular. Their sudden swing into the orbit of the revisionist powers is approved by no one, least of all by the army. "The Serb army," an officer told me, "is part of the French army; it will revolt if ordered to fight on the side of Germans and Italians. The Little Entente and the alliance with France are not merely rooted in sentiment; they coincide with the very destiny, the very survival of the country. These embracings with Mussolini, these flirtations with Hitler, fly in the face of history and geography. Yugoslavia lies on the road to Bagdad; and if we stand aside when Czecho-Slovakia is assaulted, it will be our turn next. Of course, our people won't let it come to that; and our present rulers know it as well as anyone. But it is precisely the duplicity of the Stoyadinovitch foreign policy that is its worst feature. For it breeds illusions among the war powers and encourages them in their adventures."

The Yugoslavs are no less disturbed by the Regency's misrule at home than by its digressions abroad. The dictatorship of King Alexander justified itself by pretending to assure the inner unity of a divided country. Prince Paul aggravates the dictatorship in Serbia—suppression of political parties, censorship of the press, suspension of the right of assembly—but plays the liberal in Croatia. It is a subtle game designed to drive a wedge between the Zagreb and Belgrade wings of the opposition. In fact, the whole policy of Stoyadinovitch and the Regency is to play one section of the country, one creed, against the other—a dangerous game at best and disastrous in a land as divided as Yugoslavia. It is in pursuit of this idea that the government is trying to force upon a people that does not want it a concordat which, as one orthodox bishop told me, gives the Roman church greater privileges than it has in any Catholic country.

In Rumania, if the opposition chiefs are to be believed, there is civil war in the air, and the Jews live under the constant threat of wholesale massacre. The King, when I frankly imparted these rumors to him, pooh-poohed the idea, but he added significantly: "I won't deny that today or tomorrow Rumania may be the scene of very grave events. Whether we like it or not," he added, "the world is being swept by a current of nationalism. It is only comprehensible that this country should be caught in the movement." To which, remembering that there is not a drop of Rumanian blood in His Majesty's body, I could only reply: "I don't know how national these nationalisms may be. But if one may judge by Germany, Italy, and Hungary, they are not monarchical." Chief Codreanu of the Iron Guard (now called "All for the Country") has a charming metaphor for pogroms. He is not, he says, for killing off the Jews. He merely wants "the swamp dried out." The murder of Premier Duca he does not deny. He is proud that his men "executed a traitor."

Still, Codreanu may not have his way. Carol II, who, constitution or no constitution, is boss, is likely to put in his veto. Not that the King has suddenly gone philo-Semitic. He has rather become mistrustful of the Iron Guard. It is common knowledge in Rumania that the monarch and the Liberal (reactionary) Party for a long time fostered the Codreanu "movement" as a counter-influence against the leftist National Peasant Party, the only mass party in Rumania. Grown strong, and therefore finding support abroad, Codreanu bit the hand that had hitherto fed him.* The government and the monarch, for their part, seeing their fledgling escaping, took measures to clip its wings. The subventions and favors stopped abruptly. A royal youth movement has been organized which competes effectively with the Iron Guard, and the authorities "persecute" the fascists in every way.

The finances and the army, chronically disorganized, are at particularly low ebb now. Tatarescu's visit to Prague in March and the King's journey to Paris and London a fortnight ago were not unconnected with these difficulties. The Czechs, who have been equipping their ally for some time, were willing to continue to furnish arms on credit. But in view of certain dubious negotiations between Bucharest and Warsaw, Benes and Hodza required guaranties—one of them, I am told, being unopposed transit in case of war for the Russians across Bukovina, the wedge of Rumanian territory which separates the U.S.S.R. from Czecho-Slovakia. The fact that Carol, who got a cool reception in the French and British capitals, now announces that he will go to Berlin shortly and receive Göring in Bucharest makes me surmise that the monarch did not ratify his premier's commitments. But the Germans have troubles of their own. Their commercial arrangements with the Balkan countries have struck a snag, and their own rearmament program has been greatly handicapped by Britain's cornering of the raw-material supply. Hence their terms are likely to be even less acceptable than the Czechs'.

What makes the Rumanian army problem particularly acute is that, thanks to the exchange of visits between Colonel Beck and King Carol, the Russians have taken umbrage at their royal neighbor's conduct, and have resuscitated the unburied corpse of Bessarabia. The Soviets have never formally recognized the Rumanian annexation of this former Russian province, and the diplomatic correspondence on the subject must have been assuming an exacerbated tone as long ago as last May. For on the eve of Beck's arrival in Bucharest I was ingenuous enough to ask M. Antonescu, the Rumanian foreign minister, a question about Bessarabia. To my astonishment, this cultivated boyar became positively panicky and in an agitated voice cried: "For mercy's sake don't make me say anything on *that* subject, or I shall be forced to disclaim the whole interview."

Before leaving Rumania I should add a word about M. Titulescu. Three separate circumstances seem to have led Carol to drop his pilot, two of them personal, the third political. It appears that Beck and Titulescu could not stand the sight of each other, the Rumanian charging the Pole with being a German agent, the latter accusing the former of having sold himself to the Soviets. The consequence of their hostility was that diplomatic negotiations of great importance made no headway and ran the risk of coming to naught. The King, moreover, was, not without reason, jealous of his foreign minister. To the world Rumania meant not Carol II, but Nicholas Titulescu. It was a slight which no Hohenzollern could long endure. Lastly, I hear, the minister added insult to injury. In his absence—in Geneva, or London, or Paris—the government, with the monarch's approval, would take some action at home which would undo months of delicate diplomatic work. Whereupon Titulescu would lose his temper and shout as he might at a clerk.

The winds of disaster which are sweeping over the Danube Basin afflict not alone the three status quo states but their revisionist neighbors on the other side of the barricade as well. For the changes in the diplomatic (and military) line-up of the last few months have two sides. If Czecho-Slovakia is disquieted by Belgrade's rapprochement with Rome, Hungary is no less disturbed by

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* I was told that the Minister of the Interior had recently declared that the Iron Guard and other civil-war parties were financed by Hitler but that documentary proof was not yet available.

Rome's new friendship with Belgrade. The desertion by Italy of the Stresa front is a subject of worry in France and among her little allies in Central Europe, but Mussolini's alliance with Hitler is giving nightmares to Vienna. When I asked Schuschnigg's right-hand man whether his Chancellor had not left most of his illusions in Rome last May, he replied briefly: "He did not have any when he left Vienna."

It would be comic—if comedy had a place in a drama involving the lives and fortunes of 100,000,000 souls—to hear the comments of leading Hungarians on the subject of the agonizing Little Entente. Mr. Tibor Eckhardt, who is not only the most enlightened and intelligent statesman I had the pleasure of interviewing anywhere in the five countries, but very likely to be the prime minister of his country after the elections this autumn, informed me triumphantly that "the Danube Valley has recovered its equilibrium, for the Little Entente is no longer united." But in the very next breath he added that Hungary, thanks to the economic commitments of Gömbös, is today a feudal outpost, a colony of Germany. And he explained: "The Germans could ruin us in a day; they could provoke the greatest social disorders among our peasantry by the simple device of stopping their pork purchases in our market. And at the same time they cannot or won't pay us when they do buy our produce. Our national bank was recently obliged to refuse payment in paper marks; our financial market was swamped with them. While paying us in their own currency, they dumped our wheat in Amsterdam below cost, so as to obtain gold for themselves, with the consequence that we could no longer sell our produce in Holland."

The Germans have Hungary in the hollow of their hand, to a greater extent than Mr. Eckhardt would admit. It was in Hungary, not in Czecho-Slovakia, that a Nazi putsch was narrowly suppressed last February. And during my sojourn, which coincided with the Miklas-Schuschnigg state visit, a special Hitler agent came down from Berlin to warn Daranyi, on pain of seeing the commercial treaty with Germany denounced, not to enter into any deal with Austria along the lines of Hodza's "enlarged Little Entente."

What I find almost comic is that after sixteen years of hope and effort to disrupt the unity of her foes, Hungary at last sees the day of salvation dawning—and then discovers that it is a false dawn, that she is in the same boat with her foes, and that in the event of shipwreck she is certain to go down with them.

All the five countries are terrified of the morrow. Whatever happens, they seem to be doomed. If Germany and Russia clash, their valley will be what is poetically called the theater of war. But is it so certain that they *will* clash? The Central Europeans have an interpretation of their own of what is happening in Moscow. From Prague to Bucharest everyone will tell you that bolshevism is killing its progenitors so as to bring Russia and Germany to a harmonious level. Yes, they say, Stalin "purges" and Hitler conciliates (with Ludendorff, for instance, the veteran "friend" of a Reich-Soviet alliance) and tomorrow there will be nothing ideological to keep them from joining hands—across the dead body of the Danube Valley. For when and if these two giants iron out their differences it will be the end of Central Europe.

Is there no light in all this gloom? The Danubians see two faint gleams in the distance. One is the rearmament of Great Britain, which if it continues is likely to stop Germany in her tracks. The other is the reawakening of France to her old mission.

Wheeler Faces the Music

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

OVER in the Bitter Root Mountains the North Coast Limited was stopped by a freight derail up ahead. It was impossible to read in the evening dusk as the lights dimmed in the club car, and a bunch of the men got out and strolled back along the right of way to where the brakeman stood with his lantern and torpedoes. Most of the passengers seemed to be either executives and salesmen going West on business or business and professional men who could afford to take their families to see Yellowstone Park on first-class railroad tickets. The delay was a long one and the conversation soon got around to politics. The group started talking about the great service Montana's senior Senator had done the country by leading the opposition to the Supreme Court reform plan. Apparently his deed had saved the Republic. The lean and wiry brakeman listened silently to the discussion. When the locomotive whistled shrilly and the men hurried back to the train, he spat on the roadbed and remarked:

"Well, none of that crowd votes in Montana—but, by golly, I do! And they'll never get me to vote for Wheeler again. I'm through with that guy. The Supreme Court threw out my pension, and that's enough for me. Day after day on this run I listen to those fellows from the East boosting Wheeler. I wonder what Wheeler'd say if I told him I never hear that kind of talk from the people up forward in the coaches, the people who come from Montana."

The statement of the slender brakeman on the Northern Pacific is a pretty shrewd analysis of the political situation that confronts Senator Wheeler in his own state. In the lobby of the Finlen Hotel in Butte the traveling salesmen sit and bestow encomiums on the Montana citizen who, in their opinion, has kept Roosevelt from becoming a dictator. In the lobby of the Grand Hotel, which Wheeler himself owns, it is the same story. Each day six transcontinental trains cross Montana's vast expanse of uplands and mountains. From the club cars travelers look out admiringly on the state that has sent Burton Kendall Wheeler to Washington to preserve the American form of government.

In 1940 Wheeler comes up for reelection. The Pullman-car passengers from the East will not be in Montana to vote for him, and neither will the drummers who lounge in the lobbies of the Finlen and Grand hotels. He will have to depend for support largely upon three classes of citizens, all angered by recent decisions of the Supreme Court: (1) farmers, who burned the conservative justices in effigy after the verdict on the AAA; (2) railroad men, who were deprived of their pensions by Justice Roberts's majority opinion in *Railroad Retirement Board* v. *Alton Railroad Company,* and (3) miners, who, although tunneling for copper, regarded the Guffey decision against their fellow-miners in the coal fields as a blow to governmental protection for themselves.

Montana is a state without a middle class worthy of the name. Only six of its towns have more than 10,000 inhabitants. More than three-fourths of the population live on farms or in places of less than 10,000 people. Butte is the sole community that can properly be considered a city, and it is built around the hard-boiled proletarians who mine copper in what they call "the richest hill on earth." These agrarians and workers have formed the bulk of Wheeler's backing in the past. There is no large group of shopkeepers and white-collar employees to whom he can turn for new support in the future. If he is reelected in 1940, it must be mainly with the votes of the people who were devotedly following him when he was a flaming insurgent progressive far out on the left with the elder La Follette and George W. Norris. In area Montana is the third largest state in the country, but it is thirty-ninth in population; nor is there sufficient variety in that population to enable a man to move about freely from one political corral to the other without being lassoed at the polls.

Some of Wheeler's friends and allies say he was genuinely surprised at the reaction in Montana to his militant attack on the court plan. In first opposing the President's bill Wheeler carefully distinguished his position from that of King, Burke, and other outright conservatives. He made it clear he was assailing the proposal as a liberal and as one who still believed in liberalism. And in Washington it undoubtedly appeared as if there might be quite a progressive front against the plan. Norris was cool to it at first. Borah, just reelected as a mild New Dealer, condemned it vigorously. So did Nye, Frazier, and Johnson of California. Bone was not enthusiastic over it. Among Wheeler's adherents are men who maintain that the Senator believed opposition to the court measure might be considered in the same light as the vote to override the President's veto of the bonus. He had no idea, they say, that thousands of his constituents would interpret his stand as an outright break with the New Deal.

Undoubtedly there was a difference in shading between Wheeler's condemnation of the court proposal and the attacks from men like Tydings, Vandenberg, and Copeland. But the mauves and heliotropes of the picture were not discernible to the farmers and miners of Montana. They saw only that Senator Wheeler was against the President. He was in the company of the Liberty League and the National Manufacturers' Association. Mayor Hauswirth of Butte said the Senator had gone over to the du Ponts. The Silver Bow County Labor Council assailed the Supreme Court as a galaxy of corporation lawyers. Both the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. indorsed the President's bill. The miners in Silver Bow County, heretofore the citadel of Wheeler's strength, manifested unmistakable sympathy with the court proposal. Wheeler found himself branded a reactionary.

This is the background of what has since become a deep schism between Wheeler and the New Deal forces in Congress. The Senator's friends deprecate the rumors that he has broken with the President because he was not tendered the vice-presidential nomination in 1932, or because he was edged out by Bruce Kemmerer in the dispensing of Montana patronage. They claim that Wheeler had many better opportunities to draw his sword during Roosevelt's first administration, when the President was far less militant than now and when he flirted with the conservatives much more frequently. Many of Wheeler's old supporters insist that he attacked the court plan because he sincerely believed it was perilous to American institutions. They also say that he completely misjudged what the Montana reaction would be, that he never dreamed he would be rebuked by the miners, who had supported him so long. But once he realized what had happened, they explain, he concluded that he had already crossed the Rubicon and moved against other acts of the New Deal.

In his own state Wheeler today is, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. He is bitterly hated by the New Dealers and he is still regarded as too radical to be supported by the conservatives. One newspaper editor I spoke to went into a state of verbal ecstasy over Wheeler's leadership of the anti-court-bill forces but showered imprecations upon him in the next breath for sponsoring a measure to forbid newspaper control over radio stations. Whatever support Wheeler has won in Montana because of his recent behavior is largely of a passive variety. This is not true of the antagonism he has incurred. Miners and railroad men vigorously insist they will never vote for him again. One mine union leader carried around a clipping from the New York *Times* describing a speech by Wheeler before the Maryland Bar Association. "He'll be takin' dinner with the du Ponts next," the union man said. The statement that has lost Wheeler the most ground in Montana was his mawkish observation after the death of Senator Robinson that the President had better drop the court plan lest he appear to be fighting against God. This demagogic remark disgusted many of the Senator's erstwhile supporters and definitely created the impression in Montana that his opposition to the New Deal had moved out of the liberal perspective within which he had promised to confine it. The fact that the newspapers are giving him countless columns of publicity has also done him no good with his constituents. To the miners the Butte papers are synonymous with the Anaconda Copper Company, and they suspect anyone who attracts favorable journalistic attention of having A.C.C. leanings.

Roosevelt beat Landon in Montana by a margin of more than 2½ to 1. He carried Silver Bow County nearly 5 to 1. The Republicans never had a chance. If only a portion of this New Deal popularity survives until 1940, Jerry J. O'Connell may replace Wheeler in the Senate. A representative at twenty-eight, O'Connell is the youngest individual in Congress. Besides being a militant New Dealer, he is a champion of the Spanish Loyalists and a defender of the C.I.O. O'Connell also sponsored a Congressional memorial petitioning Governor Merriam of California to pardon Tom Mooney—a popular move in Montana, where year after year the miners have clamored for Mooney's freedom. O'Connell's father died from a combination of silicosis, contracted in the mines, and a wound suffered in a strike, all of which gives young O'Connell a closer bond with the miners than Wheeler ever had. There is little doubt that the chubby, bald-headed, blue-eyed Congressman is rapidly superseding Wheeler as Montana's dominant figure in liberal politics.

Another aspirant to Wheeler's office is youthful Joe Monaghan, a member of the House until last year, when he tried unsuccessfully to run for the Senate against James E. Murray, a middle-of-the-road Democrat. Monaghan dabbles in progressive politics but is far to the right of O'Connell. He was a Townsend enthusiast at the crest of the $200-pension hysteria. Indicative of the change in Wheeler's position in his home state is the fact that although Monaghan entered politics as a confirmed Wheeler adherent, when Wheeler came to Great Falls recently Monaghan challenged him to a debate on the Roosevelt court plan. Wheeler declined.

The elections of 1940 are still three years away, and Wheeler may survive. Since the death of Thomas J. Walsh he has been Montana's only political figure of national prominence and may not be easily dethroned. But Roosevelt is popular in the Rocky Mountains. The price of copper is up and Butte is a boom city again. With the exception of sparsely settled Nevada, the President polled a higher percentage in Montana than in any state outside the South. Administration support is particularly important in Montana right now. The giant Fort Peck Dam is under construction on the Missouri River, and this project involves an enormous amount of patronage. Montana is also one of the fifteen "irrigation states," in which a Senator or Representative in Administration favor generally gets credit for the reclamation projects on which depend the crops of hundreds of farms. And Wheeler is definitely beyond the pale of Administration favor.

In the final analysis, what happens to Wheeler may rest almost entirely with Chief Justice Hughes, who of late has become such an intimate of Montana's senior Senator. If Hughes holds the court on its present course, Wheeler may run the gauntlet of the 1940 campaign unscathed. But, as one mine workers' leader expressed it, if the court again starts to nullify social legislation popular with the farmers and copper miners, then Wheeler had better "find that old law shingle and dust it off right handsome."

Ohio Labor Tries the Ballot

BY DONALD M. POND

THE smug and well-fed gentlemen who sit behind the big desks in the executive offices of Akron's rubber factories and neighboring Canton's steel mills went to work in a decidedly bad humor one day last week. Those rough fellows who actually make the steel and build the tires had been at it again. And this time it gave promise of being even worse than a strike. The unions, flushed with victory in Akron and resentful after the battle against Little Steel in Canton, had had the effrontery to put men in the municipal primaries—and, worse still, these men had actually been nominated!

The bosses, perhaps, had cause for their bad tempers. It is a truism of American politics that municipal government in industrial towns, and with it such important items as control of the police and prosecution agencies, has been dominated for years by the major industries of those towns. The arrival of the New Deal in Washington did little to change their political complexion. Thus the unprecedented mayoralty nomination in Akron of Municipal Judge G. L. (Pat) Patterson, former National Labor Relations Board trial attorney, and in Canton of Darrell D. Smith, hard-hitting C.I.O. worker, may mark the beginning of a new era of labor participation in municipal affairs—an era of returning democracy in local government.

Among the commentators who seem to concur in this view is the *Wall Street Journal,* which on the day of the primary said that the eyes of the nation would be on Akron, where, if Patterson won, organized labor would battle organized industry in the November election. The eyes of the nation saw Patterson, former general counsel for the United Rubber Workers of America, run up a three-to-one lead over his principal opponent in the Democratic primary, an uninspired and utterly "safe" politician who had the support of the party machine until the machine saw what was going to happen.

It was no accident that such labor candidates as Patterson and Smith ran in Democratic primaries. The Roosevelt record had fired the imagination and won the admiration of much of organized labor in 1936, and it was the labor vote which gave the President his overwhelming majority in this section of Ohio. Nevertheless the convention of Labor's Non-Partisan League of Summit County (Akron), which succeeded in nominating Patterson and a complete slate of union members for the council, made it clear that it was under no illusions about the Democratic Party as such. Most of the delegates realized that if that party is to be really useful to labor and its causes it must be revitalized, must be forced to accept through the primaries labor's own candidates. (Ohio's election laws, incidentally, make it virtually impossible to elect candidates as independents.) Some of the more hopeful, however, talked about the beginnings of a genuine labor party, and it may be that they spoke more truly than they knew.

In Akron labor is in a better position to go on to victory. Canton has shown during the steel strike that it will tolerate vigilantism and will open its arms to law-and-order leagues. Akron, on the other hand, crushed such things quickly when they raised their heads in the Goodyear strike. Judge Patterson, in fact, is a good deal better than an even bet to beat the Republican incumbent, Mayor Lee D. Schroy, in the light of what labor did at the polls here in 1936. And the obliging Schroy is playing into Patterson's hands by turning out his full police force against picket lines.

It is interesting to note that Schroy resorted to such tactics in the Enterprise Manufacturing Company strike after he learned that the Democratic Governor, Martin L. Davey, would use the National Guard gladly and with a magnificent show of "impartiality" to break strikes where police could not break them and local sentiment would not. It is equally interesting to note in passing that Patterson, who, politically speaking, was just a good police judge six months ago, is now being mentioned as a labor candidate to oppose Davey in 1938. In these parts Davey is generally believed to be the Number One man on John L. Lewis's "get" list. Learning no lessons from the past, Schroy's bourbon supporters are circulating the threadbare story that Patterson's election would mean a wholesale exodus of industry from Akron. This one has been pulled so often since the rubber workers started seriously to organize in 1933 that not even the most gullible man on the street now believes it.

In Canton Mayor Seccombe, with an eye to the vigilantes, has decided that the issue is "law and order." He has even gone so far as to shut down temporarily some of Canton's gambling establishments. Labor Candidate Smith, to whose excellent discipline of the workers is attributed the fact that Canton escaped serious violence in the steel strike, asserted that nobody had more respect for law and order than he did, but added that he insisted "on law and order being maintained by the properly constituted authorities and not by prejudiced persons acting with self-assumed authority." Smith also called for "impartial law enforcement against all classes of citizens." That he referred to vigilantes, Republic Steel Corporation thugs, and the corporation's apparently illegal possession of arms was too clear to miss.

To the same sort of strategy in Akron Patterson answered that he would substitute a policy of "human understanding and common sense" in labor disputes for what he characterized as Schroy's "force and fear" policy. But for the most part his reply was implicit in the Non-Partisan League platform on which he was nominated by a convention in which C.I.O. and A.F. of L. adherents worked in complete harmony despite the efforts of some persons to stir up dissension by charging that the Non-Partisan League was the political wing of the C.I.O. and not of all organized labor. The importance of this solidarity and of the willingness of certain liberal and left-wing groups in Akron to work in harmony with the league cannot be overestimated.

The platform to which Patterson is committed starts with recognition of the fact that "the welfare of labor in Summit County is inseparable from the welfare of the community as a whole," and with a bow to the county's farmers and political independents. It calls for passage of a municipal labor-relations law patterned after the Wagner Act—to be assured by electing to the city council the Democratic-Labor candidates running with Patterson. It lays down a program of public services, including housing projects and slum clearance, both of which Akron sorely needs. A "Bill of Rights" guaranteeing freedom of speech, press, and assembly pledges the nominees to allow freedom "to strike and picket without intervention by injunction, soldiers, police, or private thugs." It also pledges them to prohibit the use of tear gas in industrial disputes and to require that all armed guards and "private detectives" be registered.

The league calls further for "representation of the common people on the board of trustees of the municipal tax-supported University of Akron." As matters stand, the board, appointed by the Mayor, is primarily a group of spokesmen for the rubber companies, and the university is efficiently supervised in the interests of something a long way from industrial democracy. Civil service, all but destroyed by Schroy in a hopelessly inefficient police department, is proposed for all city departments. In the same vein, the league promises to economize through coordinating overlapping offices in city and county, to "shift the tax burden where it belongs," and to "collect unpaid taxes from the rich tax-dodgers"—a promise which brought a quick howl of "demagogic appeal" from one of Akron's wealthier publicists.

Money will flow to beat such a program. There will be no end of dirty work at the crossroads. Already Schroy has voiced the pious fear that this may be a "dirty campaign." Reactionary Democrats will bolt to the Republican ranks despite the promises of the two county chairmen that the party will wholeheartedly support Patterson and Smith.

But labor should win in Akron—and it may win in Canton. Even if it loses, however, it will have done valuable pioneering in a field where eventual success seems assured.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I HAVE decided upon a very important change in my life. For the first time I am going to become a candidate for a public office with a salary attached to it. There are plenty of precedents for this. Many retired newspapermen have wound up their careers in public office honorably. Of course, I could have done this before. The last time I talked with Joseph P. Tumulty he expressed his regret that I had never let Mr. Wilson appoint me to an embassy or a legation in 1912. But I have always had an old-fashioned belief that an independent journalist owed it to himself never to become beholden to any President or politician for any favor, however merited. Now I am no longer an editor or even a newspaper proprietor, so that it is quite plainly no longer a question of journalistic freedom but only of getting a nice, quiet job with a large salary attached to it for my declining years. But what job?

Now I have it. It came to me like an inspiration when I read of the career of the new associate justice of the Supreme Court, Senator Black. That is a marvelous success story—unprecedented. When before has an aspiring American leaped from a police-court bench to the Supreme Court? True, there were intervening years during which he was a soldier and a practicing attorney and a very valuable Senator, but so far as the courts are concerned the jump was as I have stated it. Well, when I discovered that, my mind was made up. I am now a full-fledged candidate for the next vacancy on the Supreme Court. I shall hire a publicity man at once and begin to line up the Senators and Congressmen I have boosted in the past and demand my *quid pro quo.* Articles calling public attention to the fact that my journalistic career has always been marked by a most judicial tone, especially apparent in my writings, will soon appear. Indeed, the more I think about my qualifications for the Supreme Court—the New Deal Supreme Court—the more I am impressed by my fitness.

Well, here those qualifications are: I have from the first been for the New Deal—in principle 100 per cent. Of course, I have dissented from certain phases; I am against the militaristic aspects of it, for example. But my quarrel has been chiefly with the execution of New Deal policies, the methods adopted, and the administrative and tactical errors and failures. But if I had been on the court since the birth of the New Deal, I should have stood with Justices Cardozo and Brandeis every time. Much is now being made of Justice Black's liberalism, but I can beat him there. I never had anything to do with the Ku Klux Klan except to attack it editorially. I have not opposed the anti-lynching bill but have supported it always—for years. I think no one will deny that I am much more liberal on the Negro question than any Senator from Alabama could possibly be in these days. I think my fitness to represent liberalism on the Supreme Court will hardly be questioned, even by my most vigorous opponents. As for labor, my selection would not be as popular now as it would have been a few weeks ago. Still, there too no one could doubt where my sympathies lie.

As for the Constitution, it is also well known that I favor its amendment, indeed its complete overhauling, by a constitutional convention as permitted by the Constitution. I am in this field a really respectable reformer, for I am for change by time-honored methods and not by dubious short cuts or violence. When it comes to the question of age, it is true that I am considerably older than Senator Black, but my physician tells me that I have a most unusual heart and arteries and that if I take care of myself there is no reason why I should not be as fit at eighty as Justice Brandeis or Justice Holmes at that age. And how could I better take care of my health and insure a hearty old age than by going on the court?

There remain only two considerations, my legal fitness and how I stand with F. D. R. and Jim Farley. As to the first I can surely qualify. For forty years and more I have had to my credit in the Law School of Harvard University a course in criminal law and one in constitutional law, and in the college one in international law. Evidently I must have had an inkling of what fate had in store for me when I made my brilliant record in constitutional law—I can call it brilliant, since everybody else who knew about it is dead. But if there are those who may cavil at this, let me point out that what the New Deal plainly now wants on the Supreme Court is not legal fitness but a forward-looking progressive mind attuned to the needs and popular desires of the hour. Why should we not, in dealing with the Supreme Court, follow a distinguished New Jersey precedent? Its highest court, that of Errors and Appeals, has by law two lay judges who are appointed just because they have had no legal training. Why not frankly adopt this plan for the Supreme Court and thus humanize it? You see, I have absolutely spiked the argument that I have not sufficient legal training.

As for F. D. R. and Jim Farley, it is true that I did not vote for the former either in 1932 or 1936. But, then, perhaps F. D. R. will remember in my favor that I was the first editor ever to send a reporter out with him—when he was running for his first office. As for Jim, well, I got a letter from him the other day—signed in green ink, by gosh—praising one of my articles, so I must be O.K. with him. Now just remember the slogan, please: Villard for the Supreme Court, the Liberal who Never Yields.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

ROBINSON: THE IRONIC DISCIPLINE

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

ROBINSON'S poems,* newly and now finally collected, make as little compromise with a reviewer's convenience as the successive long poems of his lifetime did; as little, in fact, as he himself made with the tastes and fashions, vogues and causes that excited the forty years of his literary career. There is little to say about them that has not already been said and accepted, but they prompt, by their unity, sinew, and unaccommodating authority of mode and point of view, a number of necessary reflections on ourselves—the tastes we favor, the styles we demand, and the results we have esteemed in poets during a period whose instability Robinson emphasized by his steady purpose and isolation. There is too little in his work of "growth" or variety to make him a creative force like Yeats or Pound; too little invention to make him a discoverer like Eliot or Auden; too little journalistic tact to give him the popular following of Sandburg or Millay; only a small part of the proverbial Americanism that endears Frost; and of course none of the spasmodic brilliance and sentiment that divide him, as by a polar distance, from the expert sleights and trade tricks of the average talents who outbid him in esteem. What he lost by these defects is obvious. It appears in the low vitality of his language, the reluctant energy of his style, the monotony and repetition of his effects, his shortcomings in focus, contrast, and decision. What he gained is equally apparent. It applies not only to his work as an aesthetic achievement, but to the personality of his mind and to its place in an age.

If he missed the age's heat and intensity, he also missed its abuses; he remained scrupulously aloof from literary politics and their corrupting demands. If he missed the warmth and pressure of living causes, he valued the skeptical detachment that had rescued him from one confused century by applying its corrective to another. The vitality of his language is low because probably, in the philosophical sense, his mind's was, but it was strong in endurance, and that sobriety provided him with one of his surest strategies—the strategy of self-possession and perspective, of patient analysis, of sustained thought; and when he chose to release his full poetic power it arrived with the force of a bold intellectual stroke, with the impact of complete reserves, of verbal intensity, of stored and loaded emphasis. While he will never be read as a poet who seized his truth out of fire and violence, or as an inventor who revolutionized taste and method as some of his symbolist and realist contemporaries did, he will be remembered for the way in which he teamed passion with judgment, sympathy with prudence, and a tough American loyalty with contempt for the abuses that were defiling the American heritage and giving it over to a brutal materialism that not only worsted the fine hopes of his pragmatic grandfathers but drove him personally, by sheer spiritual revulsion, away from the shows and vulgarities of the affluent age around him.

It was reserves like these that piloted Robinson through half a century of dramatic and stupefying circumstances in American life—the somber epilogue to the Civil War, the pillage and wealth that followed it, the prowess of the later war, the follies of prosperity and prohibition, and the collapse that finally came. Contrary to common belief, Robinson wrote about all these matters. The age is in his work. He did not confine himself to the Maine natives who were his *personae,* or to romantic figures from the Arthurian and Renaissance past. The past was always there with its opportunities of vantage; the Maine village was ready to supply its simplifying speech and innocence. But Robinson observed steadily the crises around him and judged what he saw, even when he sacrificed timely appeal or fashionable mannerism in expressing it. He was probably the only member of his American generation who knew what it meant for a poet to confront as bewildering a world as the one that opened its opportunities at the end of the nineteenth century. Stephen Crane's talent was slight and inhibited by irony; Moody's was confused and inflated by traditional influences; Stickney's alone had a subtle sensibility to support its intelligence, and it alone had what Robinson never fully enjoyed—a background of rich aesthetic sympathies and a stimulating contact with French poets—but early death cut short its fulfilment. These men were all temperamental empiricists. Robinson was the only one among them who knew how to sustain that realism by analysis, skepticism, and the long-tested endurance of intellectual honesty and passion. His poems are burdened by all the limitations that made it easy to believe in those years that great poetry would never again be written. He alone seems to have realized that those limitations themselves implied the spirit of an age and demanded a classic embodiment, and he proved to be the one American of his generation who had the humanitarian and the poetic perceptions to make his version of them the classic one.

The present collection is printed without distinction and it does not deserve the designation "complete." It lacks fragments like Fortunatus and Modred, and it does not include the two plays, "Van Zorn" and "The Porcupine." It serves present purposes, however, and supplemented by Charles Beecher Hogan's recent "Bibliography" (Yale University Press) will stand until a full and definitive edition is some day printed in a style worthy of Robinson's achievement. It also renews the opportunity to scan some of the problems and qualities of Robinson's art. Certain of these have received sufficient emphasis: the character types, the habits of the Maine mind, the psychological superiority of the Arthurian re-creations, the obliquity of vision, the irony of tone, the insistent paradox, and the ruminative evasions. What remains to be determined is the contribution Robinson made to the resources of poetry itself, especially to the kinds in which he specialized. Working in established forms—dramatic monologue and dialogue, descriptive and reflective lyric, narrative, commentary, and elegy—he took as his chief problem the rescue of these from sentimental and rhetorical decadence through a realism at once psychological and verbal, coupled with a subtlety commensurate with the modern critical sensibility. His experiments can only be suggested here.

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* The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. $3.

In style his chief importance appears to lie in what he did to correct the excesses of symbolism and romantic allegory; to bring the intellect back to poetry, shorn of its ponderous and derivative philosophical machinery; and to make subtle and precise distinctions of inference and judgment acceptable among poets. This was an important service, and to emphasize it is to show how mistaken was his friend Moody's ambition, and how instinctively wise was Robinson's. Another corrective element in his work shows in his resistance to the prophetic aims of Whitman. His native strain of pragmatic skepticism was the source of this aversion, but it was as truly prompted by his tragic sense of the folly inherent in the prophetic arrogance of his age and in the "concept of infinity" upon which Americans battened—and by his conviction of the violent results to which such incendiarism would lead. It is not for nothing that defeat and disgrace daunt his conquerors and men of action, while madmen, quietists, and hermits alone appear to have worked out a salvation for themselves. A third element of importance in Robinson's narratives involves his dramatic method and brings him into conjunction with the developments in fiction during his lifetime, with its tendency away from naturalistic documentation and its approach to the abstraction of motive and idea. I believe that the special cast of Robinson's plots and conflicts has not been accurately defined. When it is, a much more intelligent estimate of his style and dramatic properties will be possible, his relation to the experiments of James, Meredith, and Conrad will be apparent, and his contribution to modern dramatic invention will be impressive. These matters deserve attention as much as the ironic humor of his characters, the rich effects of lyric beauty of which he was capable, and the isolated superiority of his role in modern poetry. It is a superiority both honorable and enviable, but it should not be exaggerated to the extent of dividing him too roughly either from the events amid which he lived or from the aesthetic activities and reforms in which he played a far more conspicuous part than is commonly supposed.

BOOKS

"Imitate Him if You Dare"

JONATHAN SWIFT. By Bertram Newman. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

BIOGRAPHERS of Swift, from his own day to the present, have been all sorts of people: scholars, noble lords, adventuresses, and men of letters. Their subject's scorn, had he lighted on a few of their productions, can be imagined. "Adversaries and friends, apologists and detractors, serious witnesses as well as fantastic liars" have had their turn at dissecting the complex man who all his life was the sworn enemy of sentiment and cant. In the last ten years we have been presented with Swift the complete egoist, by Rossi and Hone; Swift, an inverted Sir James Barrie, by Aldous Huxley; and Swift the rather mythical Irish patriot, by Yeats. Scholarship and a more equable and better-natured general approach are now, according to all indications, about to have their day in dealing with Swift's "mystery."

The present biography is written by a professional biographer "fascinated" by his material. Mr. Newman is by no means, however, one of the romantic critics, execrated by Pons, who seek in Swift only a brilliant series of antitheses (*lumière et ténèbres . . . bassesse et héroïsme . . .*). His respect for Swift is profound, and he even tenders him pity and affection, emotions kept from the author of the fourth book of "Gulliver," and the lover of Stella and Vanessa, by many. He is particularly good on Swift's short, complicated success as a party pleader in London; his later career as the embittered but "smart Dean" of St. Patrick's (who took a practical stand for Ireland against England, and dealt with the poor of his parish in a sensible fashion); his championship of Irish politics ("The Drapier Letters"); his preoccupation with "trifles," after the death of Stella; and his final senility ("not madness"). The diagnosis, made fifty years ago, of Swift's malady as Ménière's disease is here confirmed. And Newman brings out, with much skill, both the native qualities of Swift's mind and the coloring it took over from its age.

Recent discussions have shed a more clinical and detached light over the chronicle of Swift's relations with Stella, Vanessa, and, earlier, Varina (Miss Waring). "It was his trade to deal in mysteries," Bolingbroke said of Swift, and "to live by stealth" was a self-confessed axiom of Swift's life. That it was also a symptom of his spirit's sickness is now becoming increasingly clear. The old explanations of impotence and concealed syphilis are giving place to a more simple and credible explanation drawn from the known facts concerning his psychological reactions from young manhood on. His nature, fundamentally characterized by sincerity, affection, and ambition, was baffled by his defective use of emotion. He wrote, after his mother's death: "I have now lost my last barrier between me and death." But he lived, for most of his life, behind another barrier, this time between him and complete adult life: his neurotic dependence on Stella. He tortured, with the alternate coldness and coyness of the man who will not take upon himself love's responsibilities, the one woman with whom he shared adult passion (and that Vanessa drew him at least into the borders of this normal region her letters to him, and his to her, prove). Every generation produces men whose abhorrence of marriage, for purely psychological reasons, is as complete as Swift's. A man of Swift's intensity and intellectual caliber naturally lifts the type to a heroic level and occasions more tragedy than usual.

Swift childishly lacked magnanimity in his hatreds, tended toward avarice and obsessional order, and was thoroughly obsessed by a double attitude (repulsion and fascination) toward filth. But the extraordinary fact that faces us is this: that in spite of his warped, incomplete, and, in some senses, degraded emotional side, he nevertheless presents to us the figure of a whole man, who expended himself nobly and completely. For he was capable of humor and generosity, as well as of hatred and inhumanly bitter rage. If we have any doubts concerning the quality of his heart or mind, we have only to go to his superb prose style. There, as Johnson admitted, "he always understands himself, and his reader always understands him."

A writer who breeds controversy and multiple biographies often suffers the disservice of not being read. Mr. Newman's well-tempered and well-written book should send the reader back to Swift's works and, when it appears, to the definitive edition of his fine but neglected poems. And a glance at Yeats's translation of "the greatest epitaph in history" has its tonic effect.

LOUISE BOGAN

The Apotheosis of Mr. K*a*p*l*a*n

THE EDUCATION OF H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N. By Leonard Q. Ross. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

I HOPE it is not really necessary to explain that Hyman Kaplan is that member of a beginner's class in English for Adults whose exploits have been described in the pages of the *New Yorker.* It was not so very many months ago that he first burst upon a world until then fortunate in not knowing how much it was missing, but he has already become an established institution, and there must be thousands who weekly open their copies of the journal which irregularly chronicles his doings with that dreadful kind of anticipation which is afraid to hope lest disappointment should prove too much to bear. Either the glad cry, "Mr. Kaplan is here again," rings out or, as happens more often than not, the world seems empty, this brave o'erhanging firmament no more than a pestilential congregation of vapors.

Of his creator I know nothing, but I call him a creator rather than a historian because I am confident—whatever rumors to the contrary may be circulating—that H*y*m*a*n K*a*p*l*a*n is essentially a creation; that nothing so rounded and complete and self-consistent exists in the realm of nature. Perhaps he had an original. Perhaps Nature, after her usual fashion, sketched him roughly out. But it is equally true and as little significant that a Sir John Falstaff once lived or that a man once spent some years alone on the island of Juan Fernandez.

Mr. Kaplan's intellectual and spiritual greatness is many-sided yet integrated. Of course the most obvious aspect of his genius is the sheer daring and the imaginative grandeur of his errors in English. What other mind could hold with confidence that the plural of "table" is "furniture" or that the adjective "good" is compared: "Good, batter, high-class"? But Mr. Kaplan is much more than merely a man whose ignorance of our language is a creative opportunity. His is a complex character, frightening in its imperturbable solidity. The vague but perpetual smile, the dreadfully ingenious logic, the self-satisfaction which can congratulate itself upon the magnitude of his errors when errors have to be admitted, the benevolence which yields to God-like scorn only when his supremacy is challenged—all these are not only present and consistent but form a whole which sprang into such complete existence when he was first introduced to the public that subsequent instalments of his history have only served to unfold fully what was implicit and inevitable. Indeed, I doubt if it would be possible to explain without recourse to the theories of the *Gestalt* psychology just why each of his characteristics is dependent upon each of the others and at the same time adds to it in such a way as to force upon one the conclusion that here (as in all great personalities) the whole is something more than the sum of the parts and that a uniqueness is emergent.

Even from the examples given above it must be evident that, at their best, Mr. Kaplan's errors are not mere errors. He is grasping an idea and he is pursuing a logic certainly outside of and perhaps above the mere conventions of language. Who can deny that several tables are "furniture"; and if, in the language which he is accustomed to hear, "high-class" expresses the highest degree of approval, why is it not for him the superlative of "good"—especially in an age which, having in general succumbed to the conception of "frames of reference," is inconsistently attempting to maintain an absolutist theory of language. It is all this which makes Mr. Kaplan so redoubtable an adversary of the patient teacher, Mr. Parkhill. What if Mr. Kaplan, enraptured by Shakespeare and in a state of tragic elevation, is so carried away as to translate "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing" into "a tale told by an ijiot, full of funny sounds and phooy"? He had the idea without a doubt. And who can say that the language he used was not, for him, more simple, sensuous, and passionate than the imperfectly comprehended idiom of Shakespeare?

But to return to the question of the sources of Kaplan, of the extent to which he is art rather than nature. I hazard the guess that the creator is really a teacher of English to foreigners and that some of Mr. Kaplan's sallies (perhaps in less perfect form) were actually made by a man of flesh and blood. But I suspect that the perfect whole is more the product of the author's fears, of his nightmares, perhaps, than it is of his observations; that Mr. Kaplan is one of those terrible figures which teachers conjure up, the essence of all that is at once unteachable and unbeatable. Myself when young was more than once haunted in sleep by visions of a classroom rebellion on a scale that few teachers have ever seen realized. Mr. Ross, I suspect, has never had, in real life, more than fleeting glimpses of the Mr. Kaplan who might conceivably some day arise if all that is mysterious and perverse in the minds of those with whom we cannot communicate should be embodied in one bland monster.

The fact that the *New Yorker* sketches (but slightly if at all modified) have now appeared in book form may mean that the saga has reached its end, and one hardly knows what to say. It would be a pity to see Mr. Kaplan decline like the Falstaff of the "Merry Wives." But it is also hard to imagine a world without him. I at least shall feel, not that he has ceased to exist, but that through some calamity I have ceased to hear of the stupendous yet justifiable blunders which he is somewhere still making in obedience to the laws of his being. Mr. Kaplan is hieratic. His mistakes belong to the ages and were made forever because they were never made at all. A malapropism is at its feeblest a mere error, and at its best merely a sort of bull. For me at least all really profound and imaginative misuses of language will henceforth be kaplanisms of a more or less accomplished sort.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Mental Illness in America

THE MENTALLY ILL IN AMERICA. By Albert Deutsch. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

THIS scholarly yet very readable account of the care and treatment of the mentally ill in America since colonial times is welcome after the highly subjective memoirs by recent writers on the subject. In addition to a description of treatment methods and the attitude of physicians and the public toward the mentally sick, it has only one thing else in common with the more "popular" studies in this genre. It carries throughout a certain melioristic or humanitarian tone which can best be expressed in such terms as this: The people do not understand the mentally sick, and since the well must care for the sick this failure increases suffering and delays recovery. Deutsch makes it clear that this ignorance has decreased enormously in the past one hundred and fifty years; and it is significant that, with a single exception, none of the latest accounts of mental illness has endeavored to set forth any horrors of confinement in psychiatric hospitals, but the advantages and benefits. This is in sharp contrast with the epoch-making book of Clifford Beers and other earlier books, and corresponds to the enormous development in the technique, provisions, and attitudes of psychiatric hospitals today over those of thirty, fifty, and a hundred years ago.

Deutsch goes into some detail regarding the mistreatment of the mentally ill in earlier times, and traces the various trends in personalities connected with the metamorphosis into the modern psychiatric hospital. It is rather amusing to recall in this connection that the recommendation that state hospitals raise the wage scale so that a better type of attendant could be attracted to this work was made one hundred and thirty-four years ago (1803) by Benjamin Rush and has been repeated many times since. He also gives appropriate consideration to the personalities, the social trends, and the legal enactments which determined the theories at the various stages in psychiatric development.

The book is well written, well documented, accurate in detail, and avoids the fault of being too long. In the reviewer's opinion, the work of Sigmund Freud and Ernest Southard has been rather slighted in favor of more emphasis upon one or two other psychiatrists less representative. The work of the legal committee of the American Psychiatric Association is quoted without credit or reference, and the work of Lawson Lowrey and David Levy in developing child-guidance clinics is not mentioned. A more fundamental objection is that although in the earlier chapters the importance of private psychiatric hospitals in the development of psychiatry in America is made very clear, they seem to have disappeared from the author's vision in the later chapters, which are concerned entirely with state hospitals. The research work now being carried on by some of the private institutions which he so lauds in the earlier chapters is not mentioned. This tendency to assume that psychiatric treatment is synonymous with state-hospital treatment is a popular fallacy, and it is regrettable that Deutsch should have allowed himself to fall into it.

KARL A. MENNINGER

The Cult of Violence

FORCE OR REASON: ISSUES OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By Hans Kohn. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

THE nineteenth century was dominated by faith in man and reason. It was the right of every man to think for himself and act as his own lawgiver. To be sure, there was no lack in the nineteenth century of philosophies which reminded man that there are still existent within him powerful irrational forces; but rationalism was predominant. Today the cult of reason is challenged by the cult of violence. The darker forces within the human soul have come to be exalted as factors important in the making of history. Reason is reviled, and the technical discoveries of reason are employed for diabolical purposes. Professor Kohn's book cogently describes the conflict between force and reason which dislocates present-day society, its origins in European intellectual history, and its probable implications. He remains, however, an optimist and is unwilling to believe that the breakdown of our civilization is possible. Yet a great civilization—that of the Roman world—broke down during the third century; and there is no certainty that our civilization will not succumb to the onslaughts of new barbarians. I do not say that the believers in reason are fighting a lost battle. I do say that neither the victory of reason nor the victory of force can be taken for granted. The outcome will depend on the stubbornness of the fighters and on unpredictable events over which the human will has no control. And there is no need to believe in victory either in order to start the fight or to persevere in it.

GAETANO SALVEMINI

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RANDOM HOUSE, N Y

Poictesme Back to the Soil

THE SONG OF THE WORLD. By Jean Giono. Translated by Henri Fluchère and Geoffrey Myers. The Viking Press. $2.50.

WITH a certain sound of trumpets we are told that Mr. Giono is "one of the giants of modern French letters." It develops that Mr. Giono is a giant who is extremely weary of modern French letters. "The present time disgusts me, even to describe. It is sufficient merely to endure it." The human race, he adds in a distinctive phrase, has been plunged into a horrible mediocrity by "civilization, philosophers, public speakers, and gossips." Mr. Giono has therefore set out to write a story of adventure in which there is to be nothing timely, of those healthy and clean primitive people who alone know the world's joy and sorrow, and in an altogether new setting: new mountains, a new river—"a country, forest, snow, and men all new."

I do not object to this. If by now Rousseau's wooded trail has become a sort of boulevard, the journey is still legitimate—though perhaps the briefer the parting manifesto, the better. It is unfortunate, however, that Mr. Giono's desire for everything all new should lead only to an incongruous mixture of the old. "The Song of the World" is in reality a highly sophisticated symbolic romance grafted on to the simple saga of the earth. It is a superstructure of cultured fantasy on a base of primal nature. It is rather as if Mr. Cabell were to write a "Growth of the Soil"; it is Poictesme gone earthy.

Between these two regions Mr. Giono's characters waver. Gina, the daughter of formidable Maudru and the occasion of much bloodshed, fire, and death, is simply a replica of many other lovely, acrid, and unhappy literary ladies; she is in fact too reminiscent of the Trojan Helen. Clara, Mr. Giono's blind heroine of the fields, is nevertheless well versed in the technics of civilized romance; she obeys the formalities dutifully. Antonio, Mr. Giono's superman of action, catches pike with his hands, screams like an animal in the joy of health and virility, engages in combat with congers, is a great lover, and participates in other strenuous activities with an appalling ease, yet he is capable of refined, even extreme, sensibilities.

When Mr. Giono is dealing with his setting, however, he attains a power and a reality never felt in his chief characters. In his descriptions of the mountains and forests of the Rebeillard country, of the river as it comes from the mountain gorges, in the scenes dealing with animal life, Mr. Giono's writing is marked with less artifice, more genuine sympathy and contact with his material, and a more convincingly robust feeling for the earth's fertility. One seldom meets, indeed, so many foxes, ducks, pheasant-hens, bitches, eagles, hazel-grouse, owls, stallions, and bulls within the pages of an ordinary novel. When Mr. Giono talks of childbirth all nature seems in labor; when Mr. Giono talks of sickness it is in terms of plague. Yet this fecundity and extravagance are not unsuited to the naturalist, and it is these descriptions and the portraits of countryside characters and customs—tavern scenes, the glittering, snow-bound village days, the rejoicing and ceremonial games of the village people in spring, the tanners, drovers, and grave-diggers—which give the book a lyricism and an interest of regional atmosphere despite the action.

An ability to create atmosphere, however, while it is a necessary part of a writer's equipment, does not make a great novelist. "The Song of the World" is more interesting as an evidence of both Mr. Giono's talent and his deficiencies than for its intrinsic value. Mr. Giono should not allow himself to be misled by the epithets of "elemental," "primitive," "pagan," and "epic" which seem to be thick in the air around him; he should fasten his present powers to the novelist's familiar task of creating characters for his atmosphere, rather than to the contrivance of more adventure stories all new.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Poems in Trench-Mortar Time

AND SPAIN SINGS. . . . Edited by M. J. Benardete and Rolfe Humphries. Vanguard Press. $1.

THESE ballads and poems of the Spanish revolution are traditional folk poetry, written to be sung in the trenches. Fifty American poets have adapted them, and even in English, which cannot, it appears, quite convey the rhyme and swing of the Spanish forms, they are very interesting. The theme is, of course, patriotic faith in the Loyalist cause. The subject matter ranges from sentimental ditties of olive groves and a peaceful life destroyed to rousing songs of hatred of the fascists; and some are very bawdy lampoons about the kind of fellows fascists really are. Several have to do with the death of one of Spain's finest modern poets, Federico Garcia Lorca, executed by the fascists in 1936.

In general, and without having seen the originals, but with some knowledge of Spanish poetry, I should say that Rolfe Humphries's several translations are the best in the book. Other poets, including Edna Millay, George Dillon, Muriel Rukeyser, Genevieve Taggard, and William Carlos Williams, have done admirable work in adapting the verse to English. If there is no very great poetry here (and there is none of very high technical skill) there is certainly the resounding song of a people, the expression of a country charged with folk fighting for their existence. The translators had to English whatever manuscript was given them, and naturally some got better material than did others. Most of these poems evidently have appeared only in popular magazines in Spain. The material was made available in this country through the efforts of the League of American Writers and the sister-organization in Spain.

EDA LOU WALTON

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new audiences for what was once a maligned and upstart art.

Four dancers who were and still are the most important in America were chosen to head the teaching staff. They are Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, Hanya Holm, and Charles Weidman. In 1935 the Theater Workshop was added to the general program, and in 1936 a department of choreography and one in music for the dance. For the first time this season fellowships were granted to three promising young dancers, whose time was free from the restrictions of teaching and whose sole purpose was the creation of new compositions, using members of the student body and employing all the facilities available in the theater. Music was written for these works and costumes designed within the six-week period. The first three dancers so chosen were Anna Sokolow, Esther Junger, and José Limon.

The festival opened with a joint performance by the Fellows. Esther Junger presented a marriage ceremonial called Festive Rites (Mamorsky) with José Limon and group. Both she and Mr. Limon danced brilliantly, moving with grave gaiety through a composition that was built with the utmost clarity and simplicity. Even without recalling that this was Miss Junger's first attempt at group composition, it was an achievement of first rank. José Limon's Danza de la Muerte (Clark and Lloyd), composed of two sarabands separated by three solos, was inspired by the present conflict in Spain. The sarabands (for the dead and for the living) and the third solo, Ave, were particularly effective, containing many beautiful passages of restrained movement that colored the contrasting moods of acceptance and defiance. Anna Sokolow depicted the absolutes decreed by a dictatorship in her Façade—Esposizione Italiana (North). The group, decadent in costume and movement, formed a moving tableau, full of biting comment and dissolute madness. Against this façade Miss Sokolow passed as a somber figure of annunciation. Motion was reduced to a minimum, yet she was able to dominate the entire dance magnificently by the sheer force of her personality.

Hanya Holm's presentation of the Workshop production, Trend, on the following two nights concluded the festival. This was Miss Holm's first concert appearance in the East and was received with thunderous applause. The theme here was of large dimensions, picturing "the progress of man's survival when the usages of living have lost their meaning and he has fallen into routine patterns of conformity." The work as a whole was somewhat incomplete, lacking the definitive period to the beginning Resurgence, but there was no lack of breath-taking passages of movement. Of the several sections, Episodes was the most integrated and cruelly biting.

When further tightened and integrated it should be able to sustain the excitement it arouses only in sections now. Miss Holm made excellent use of the platforms and steps, and gave a breathing quality to the stage space by her expert shuttling of line-units within the group: individual against group, two against three, four against four, in a continual forming and dissolving. It established Miss Holm as a choreographer on the high plane she has occupied as a teacher. The music was by Wallingford Riegger, except for the last section, which used Varese's Ionization, which was almost too overpowering for the size of the auditorium.

Both concerts are a brilliant finale to the four years. They push the modern dance many years ahead of where it might have been without Bennington, acquaint one with three more than promising new choreographers, and leave one with the hope that other Fellows may be afforded this testing ground.

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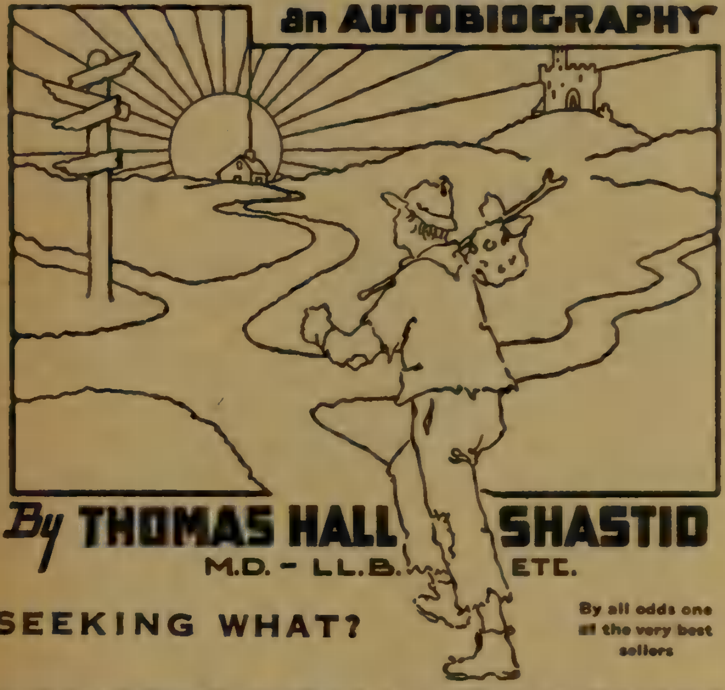

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The Shape of Things

*

THE HORROR OF THE UNDECLARED WAR IN the Far East comes close to the centers of power when a British ambassador is nearly killed in a wanton machine-gun attack by Japanese aviators. A protest is inevitable, and the words of outraged authority may unintentionally voice the rights of voiceless millions. After reciting the facts of the attack on the British official car and the wounding of Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, the British note to the Japanese government "requests the fullest measure of redress." It then goes on to establish the legal grounds for its protest, asserting "it is one of the oldest and best-established rules of international law that direct or deliberate attacks on noncombatants are absolutely prohibited, whether inside or outside the area in which hostilities are taking place. . . . The foreign, even the diplomatic, status of the occupants [of the car] is also irrelevant. The real issue is that they were noncombatants." And so it is. And so were the thousands of Chinese civilians living in working-class quarters, without arms, outside the area of battle, who are now dead under the rain of Japanese bombs and shells. If the British government's sharp words could check the mass illegality of the Japanese attack they would serve a great purpose. But we have little hope that they will do more than wring from unwilling officials in Tokyo a grudging apology for a single unfortunate incident.

*

THE BOMBS DROPPED BY CHINESE AIRPLANES on the American liner President Hoover are in a somewhat different category, though, to be sure, it is no less painful to be hit by an unintended bomb than by one launched in malice. The Chinese have anticipated the State Department's protest, moreover, with a prompt and full apology and an offer of redress. This, of course, does not dispose of the matter except diplomatically. But the incident is not to be confused with the "direct and deliberate attacks" on civilians discussed in the British note. If it proves anything, it is the extreme unwisdom of allowing foreign passenger liners to go into waters infested with fighting ships and planes. The decision of the American government henceforth to evacuate refugees in naval vessels should prevent future similar accidents. And meanwhile it is to be hoped that the Chinese aviators will have learned to distinguish the funnel marks of American passenger liners.

The NATION, Published weekly at 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y. Entered [illegible] second-class matter December 18, 18[illegible] at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and under the Act of March 3, 1879.

NO PEACE PACTS HAVE BEEN MADE BY THE President with his reactionary foes, not even in the speeches of Jim Farley, which once more breathe fire. Every sign points to an unflinching firmness of policy on Mr. Roosevelt's part. His recent utterances have been notable for two things. One is that they bring out more and more openly the alliance between big finance and the corporation lawyers. The second is that they stand squarely for the principle of majority rule as against minorities in and out of the government who are trying to obstruct the processes of social change. They show, moreover, a complete confidence in the final verdict that the majority will return when it has a chance. We have little doubt that Mr. Roosevelt is justified in his confidence so far as the issue lies between the New Deal and its enemies. Even on the question of court reform we believe that the people would approve the message that accompanied the President's signature to the act revising the procedure of the lower federal courts—if the inadequacies of the act as judicial reform could really be brought home to them. To explain that issue and the other major issues of the wage-hour bill, the crop-control program, and the power-resources program should be the President's task when he makes his trip to the Pacific Coast. We take it that this trip is now definitely planned, since the Boettigers' own *Post-Intelligencer* has announced that the President will visit Seattle. But a swing around the country should be only a preface to a special session of Congress in which the above measures, along with an anti-lynching bill and a revision of the neutrality laws, must be discussed. We suspect that the members of Congress will return to Washington feeling a bit chastened by contact with their constituents.

*

MUNICIPAL POLITICS IS NOT THE SIMPLE thing it used to be. Once a mayoralty campaign was a question of which candidate had the strongest machine or which gave the greatest promise of decent local government. But the present race to capture New York's City Hall shows the antiquated nature of such a notion. What started as a choice between an honest and progressive local administration under LaGuardia and a revival of Tammany corruption is now a whirlpool of national issues, international doctrines, and worldwide prejudices. LaGuardia would like nothing better than a straightforward knock-down battle with Tammany; Jim Farley's candidate, Jeremiah T. Mahoney, is bent on forcing another test of the national New Deal; and the presence of Senator Copeland has succeeded in making the fight another skirmish in the far-flung war between fascists and Communists. The New York Nazis have official instructions to vote for Copeland, and local Communists have equally explicit orders to vote for LaGuardia. On the whole, we agree with LaGuardia in viewing the issue primarily as one of good government, but we can readily see how this issue mirrors the broader movements of the world at large. For good local government today inevitably implies the willingness and the intelligence to deal sympathetically with labor. This is of the utmost importance, since a reactionary city regime could use its police force to smash picket lines, break up opposition party meetings, and in general bring physical destruction to any radical or militant trade-union movement. The lines drawn in New York, in short, are the same as the lines drawn in every other city of the United States and, for that matter, throughout the world.

*

EVERY FALL THE NAZIS HOLD A PARTY congress at Nürnberg. It is the biggest show of the year in Germany, and Nazi spellbinders annually outdo each other in tirades against democracy, contempt for religious freedom, and rampant incitement to further persecution of the Jews—all against a background of military pageantry and racial mysticism. Now all this should be strictly the business of the Nazis, and it would be if the German government had the slightest sense of propriety. But it hasn't, and every September it invites the diplomatic corps at Berlin to come to Nürnberg and hear their countries and their beliefs lampooned and denounced. So far the ambassadors of the United States, Great Britain, and France have sensibly found it inconvenient to be present to receive the insults of the Nazis in person. But Sir Neville Henderson, Britain's recently appointed ambassador to Berlin, finds this state of things embarrassing. Consequently he has, with the true British gift for compromise, worked out a formula. Instead of receiving official government invitations, the envoys of the three great democracies, through Sir Neville's intervention, will henceforth be asked to hear the new Meistersingers of Nürnberg as personal guests of the Führer. This craven and wholly unnecessary concession to Nazi arrogance has the sanction of the American State Department, and Prentiss Gilbert, our chargé d'affaires at Berlin, has been instructed to attend. Secretary Hull should be told bluntly by as many organizations and individuals as possible that the United States has official relations with the German government, not with the Nazi party. Our envoys have no business lending the indorsement of American citizens to the annual Nürnberg hysteria.

*

DESPITE THE LOSS OF SANTANDER AND THE immediate threat to Asturias, the Spanish government made progress during the past week on the military front. The offensive at Saragossa overshadows in importance any drive yet made by the Loyalists. Capture of Saragossa, which is now by no means impossible, would not only give the government control of one of the most important industrial cities of the country but probably lead to the elimination of the Teruel salient and the reopening of a direct line of communication between Barcelona and Madrid. The drive is the first important offensive on the Aragon front since the beginning of the war, and indicates that the problem of cooperation between the Valencia government and the Anarchist militia from Barcelona has at least been partially solved. On the international front the foolish pretense of non-intervention moved on to crude farce. All Italy celebrated the capture of Santander by the legions of Il Duce, while the head of the non-intervention fleet solemnly announced that in nearly six months of operation "no European neutral's vessels had been detected carrying arms to Spain." The one diplomatic gleam of hope lay in Britain's strong protest against the bombing of its ships by rebel pirates.

*

NEWSPAPER READERS WERE STARTLED LAST week by headlines announcing an impending strike of the Railway Brotherhoods. The swiftness and efficiency with which mediation got under way attest the excellence of the machinery of the National Railway Mediation Board. Though the act that created the board fortunately does not demand compulsory mediation, it has become customary in the railway industry for the carriers to maintain the status quo while mediation efforts are being made. For all practical purposes a sixty-day interval elapses between the breaking out of strike trouble and an actual walkout. In the present case the task of the board is unusually difficult. Eighteen of the brotherhoods have already won an agreement providing for a straight five-cent-an-hour increase in wages, but negotiations between the five remaining brotherhoods and the carriers have broken down. These brotherhoods, which represent the operating crews, are holding out for a percentage increase in wages. The interesting thing about this development is the increasing difference it reveals within the ranks of the traditional "aristocrats" of labor. The brotherhoods which have accepted straight wage increases have acted to bridge the gap in the wage differentials between skilled and unskilled workers. The brotherhoods seeking percentage increases still cling to their aristocracy.

*

IN THE HEAVEN OF SALES PROMOTION THE sign on the portals should read "Old Gold." The recent picture-puzzle "contest" must have fulfilled the most fantastic dreams of advertising and publicity men. The P. Lorillard Company, whose Old Gold cigarettes were lagging behind the other standard brands in sales last year, hit on the idea of setting people to solving picture puzzles, and offered $200,000 in the form of prizes. Five million people responded to what became one of the major national hysterias of our day. You couldn't go to a C. I. O. meeting, a Liberty League rally, a drinking party, or a church picnic, without stumbling over people busily engaged trying to put meaning into ninety pictured inanities. The cream of the jest is that 54,000 got a perfect score. There followed two further elimination contests, with the hysteria increasing. Still 8,100 were left, with perfect scores and seeking new worlds to conquer. Finally the judges awarded the thousand prizes, ranging from $100,000 to $10, on the basis of accompanying letters which described the blessings of the contest. Thus what had begun as a challenge to skill, capable of being rated mathematically, ended as a test of literary finesse and hypocrisy. The final winners, we noticed, had a beautiful geographical, sex, and class distribution. Now Old Gold is launching another "BIGGER AND BETTER CARTOON CONTEST." This time there is no pretense of testing your ingenuity. All you have to do is to praise Old Golds in a twelve-word essay. The reign of literature is unchallenged.

Can Japan Be Stopped?

SIX years ago when Japan invaded Manchuria the proper course of action for the United States and the League powers seemed self-evident. Here was a real test of the peace machinery which the world had so laboriously constructed in the post-war years. If the war system was to be replaced by a system of law, the time had arrived for applying the legal penalties for aggression which had been decided upon. The nations talked of collective action but actually they failed to take even the most elementary protective measures.

Today we are reaping the harvest of the procrastination and timidity of that period. We are faced with a threat vastly more serious than that of 1931. But largely as a result of our earlier failure popular faith in the instruments of collective security has almost reached the vanishing-point. With the breakdown of the peace machinery we are plunged once more into a world in which force is unquestionably law. Public opinion throughout the world is still overwhelmingly for peace, but the peace sentiment is either unchanneled or organized in confused and conflicting groups. In this country particularly the peace movement stands in great danger of being captured by those who in the long run are among the greatest enemies of peace, isolationists who would abandon all effort to create an international law and who think only of the immediate—not the ultimate—safety of the United States.

Under the circumstances it is extraordinarily difficult to propose a positive policy for the United States government. To invoke the Neutrality Act would be, as we have said before, of incalculable advantage to Japan and make us partner to the rape of China. Withdrawal of American interests in China would be equivalent to signing those interests over to Japan. As for collective action to check Japan, how can it be invoked or applied? What type of collective measures can we expect Great Britain, France, and the United States to adopt in the present crisis?

It cannot be denied that the Japanese invasion of China and the threatened blockade of Chinese ports offer a direct threat to the economic interests of all the Western powers. The forces which called into being the Nine-Power Pact are just as strong today as on the day it was signed. And the ironic fact remains that the conflict in imperialistic interests has saved China from extinction several times in the past. If it can do so again, there is every reason to invoke the Nine-Power treaty, to summon the signatories of that pact in a new conference to consider joint policy in the Pacific. The United States is obviously the only country in a position to take the initiative in this direction.

What could such a conference do? We can assume that no nation, either individually or in concert with others, would wish to wage war against Japan in defense of China's territorial integrity or of the powers' imperialistic interests. Nor is it likely that any nation would approve another experiment in economic sanctions. A boycott of Japan will have to be left to individuals and labor organizations. But there is a real possibility that if the powers were brought together they would agree in insisting on the treaty rights to trade with China, both now, when no war has been declared, and in the event of a Japanese victory. Such a decision could be enforced collectively without danger of provoking an international war. It would be possible for the powers to go even farther. Granted that they are anxious to safeguard their stake in China, they have every reason for desiring to support Nanking as against Japan. Sanctions are out of the question, primarily because of the opposition of vested interests. But no such opposition would develop to an agreement for collective economic assistance to China which would be just as effective as the refusal of aid to Japan. The recent loans arranged by H. H. Kung are a step in this direction. Such assistance would have the advantage of influencing Japan without provoking a fanatical reaction such as might be expected from the application of sanctions. Any action of this sort, to be effective, should include the Soviet Union in addition to the signatories of the Nine-Power treaty. Russia's action in signing a non-aggression pact with China just at this moment was a useful move. If all the democratic powers would undertake similar action, along with concrete economic assistance, there would be real possibility that Japan's illegal aspirations on the continent of Asia might be checked without general war.

U.A.W. Makes History

THE most startling fact about the United Automobile Workers of America is that in a single year it has developed from an untried union of 30,000 into a seasoned fighting organization of 400,000 members and in the process piled up some 400 contracts. The great sitdown strike and the victories won in the hitherto wide-open-shop spaces of the automobile industry are matters of burning pride as well as economic satisfaction to thousands of workers who had never before joined forces with their fellows or dared even to complain to the boss about the speed-up. No wonder the union's convention in Milwaukee turned at intervals into a vast celebration of past gains and in one of its most exuberant demonstrations voted unanimously to raise a special war chest of $400,000 for the campaign to organize the industry's last [illegible] the Ford empire. The sense of power runs high along the automobile belt. At the same time the convention served to bring into high relief the achievements of the Committee of Industrial Organization and its impact upon every phase of our political and industrial life.

The United Automobile Workers' union is one of the C. I. O.'s lustiest protegees. For that reason it is not surprising that the internal disputes which were aired at the convention should have provided the principal "news angle" for the nation's press as well as for the nation's employers. To the great disappointment of both, the convention did not split. Instead, its two main factions achieved a genuine compromise, with the help of John L. Lewis and other C. I. O. leaders, and the terms of the compromise seem to guarantee that while the inner struggle will probably continue, it will not hamper the effectiveness of the union in its main drive toward complete organization of the automobile industry.

The struggle for power was waged on the issue of centralization of authority. The "progressive" group, headed by Homer Martin, demanded a greater concentration of authority in the hands of the president in the interest of union discipline, citing as its principal argument the need for preventing the wildcat sitdowns which have served to weaken the union's case with employers. The "unity" group favored more rather than less local autonomy and opposed the move for concentrating authority in the president's office. A struggle for power is never pretty; neither side is ever simon pure in its motives and each drives the other into extreme positions, while personalities inevitably play a large part and tend to obscure the real issues.

In the case of the U. A. W. the net results of the fight and of the compromise appear to be good. Given the structure of the automobile industry and of industrial unionism, the union must obviously have a strong central authority and leadership; but this authority must not be achieved at the price of democracy or free expression, and a lively opposition, in so far as it truly represents divergent rank-and-file opinion, is the best guard against abuses of power. At Milwaukee the Martin leadership was upheld—with the undoubted approval of the membership. In the light of the past year's record this was inevitable and desirable. His powers were in some measure increased; at the same time the opposition maintained its representation on the executive board and will continue to have a voice in union councils, where it is in a position to challenge any abuse of presidential authority.

Smooth-Boy Mellon

ANDREW MELLON'S name never had the symbolic value in the minds of Americans that the name of John D. Rockefeller had. It was partly that his huge banking and industrial interests radiated out of Pittsburgh rather than New York; partly that, for a man of his immense power, he worked quietly and kept in the background. He never became, as did Rockefeller or Morgan, the symbol for ruthless business methods or the immense power of finance capital. And yet the curious thing is that his life and fortune embodied the essence of both.

The Mellon empire was as large and far-flung as any. The Mellon fortune, at a moderate estimate, was two billion. The corporate assets that the Mellons controlled in their ventures ran well over ten billion. The Mellon interests were scattered through oil, aluminum, coal, railroads, coke, gas, construction, steel, lumber, real estate, and banking. At a thousand different points in the daily life of the common man Mellon levied tribute upon him for the necessities of living, merely because—like the earlier robber barons—Mellon had seized and occupied the strategic points in the flow of commodities. Whole communities flourished or withered as the Mellon banks extended or withdrew their support.

All this was done with an almost feline quietness. For Mellon was one of the smooth boys of industry and finance. He was low-voiced, smooth, fastidious. He collected old paintings and seemed to belong with them. The fact is that as capitalism advances, it sloughs off its primitives and effects its purposes through more polished and more subtle specimens.

Mellon was one of these. It was his good genius that led him to turn from business to politics in Harding's era of normalcy. In their drastic reaction to the synthetic nobility of a crusading war, the people were even willing to accept one of the two or three richest and most powerful men in America as Secretary of the Treasury. Once in the limelight Mellon basked in it. The myth grew up that he was a financial statesman, and the man who had been given the Cabinet post because he was a "fat cat" for the Republican campaign chest was hailed as "the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton."

We can now use Mellon to measure the distance we have traveled in our political life since then. For the atmosphere in which such a man as Secretary of the Treasury could brazenly prepare a measure repealing the excess-profits tax, drastically reducing the surplus tax, and loading the common people with an increased burden of indirect taxes was the same atmosphere in which a cheap and crooked lawyer could be chosen as Attorney General and run the affairs of the nation through a gang. Daugherty and Mellon did not like each other, and there was a gulf between them in their personalities. But for our society as a whole their basic difference was only one of scale. One represented the corrupt racketeering of petty trade and the parasite professions; the other represented the formally honest racketeering of big business, ready to use his political office to intrench its power.

Mellon is dead, but his fortune lives on. His 100 per cent monopoly aluminum trust also lives on. The best tribute we could pay his memory would be not only to proceed vigorously by court action to break the Mellon hold on aluminum, but to proceed just as vigorously to change the economic set-up under which such a career is possible.

Scuttling the WPA

FROM mid-June to mid-August approximately 335,000 persons were removed from the rolls of the WPA in order to keep within the $1,500,000,000 appropriation for the current fiscal year. In all, WPA rolls have been reduced by approximately $1,500,000 persons in the past eighteen months. What has happened to these people? Have they, as Mr. Hopkins suggests, been mainly absorbed in industry? Have they been turned over to local relief and private charity? Or have they simply been allowed to shift for themselves? The answer is, of course, unknown as far as large numbers are concerned. But fairly complete information is available regarding the latest discharges in some of the larger cities.

In New York 23,684 of the 25,000 WPA workers who were dismissed between June 30 and August 10 applied for home relief. More than three-fifths of these—14,623—were immediately placed on the relief rolls, while 3,959 applications were rejected. The cases of the remaining 5,102 were still in the process of investigation at the last report. In Illinois the state relief commission reports an increase in the relief load between June and August of 12,213 cases, whereas the normal seasonal trend called for a decline of 7,000 to 14,000 cases. This would seem to account for the greater part of the 30,000 taken from the state WPA rolls during this period. In Cleveland and Columbus, Ohio, according to the United States Conference of Mayors, 75 per cent of the laid-off workers had applied for home relief. In Toledo the proportion was 62 per cent and in Indianapolis 60 per cent.

From the standpoint of the WPA employee, the shift to home relief may not always be undesirable. In the larger cities relief grants for big families often exceed WPA wages. But except in a comparatively few states local relief standards are notoriously low, and it may be assumed that an overwhelming majority of the discharged men have suffered a serious lowering of living standards. The fact that the proportion obtaining relief in the less populous centers is not so great as in the cities is probably due not so much to the greater opportunities for employment in the smaller towns as to their less adequate relief appropriations.

The scuttling of the WPA is the less understandable in view of the reports issued recently showing the magnificent work which it achieved during its heyday. It is impossible here even to list the work done in New York City in improving parks and playgrounds, demolishing old-law tenements, extending public libraries, expanding vocational-education programs, and establishing mosquito control and other sanitation projects. The work of the arts projects stands as one of the most brilliant achievements in the field of popular education in the history of the United States. Can there be any logic or sense in abolishing the jobs of men engaged in useful undertakings and supporting them in idleness?

Responsibility for this deplorable situation rests largely with the President. When a group of "job marchers" demanded last week that dropped workers who have been unable to obtain work in private industry be reinstated in the WPA, the President replied that it was not within his power to comply with the request. It was the President, however, who set the figure for relief requirements at $1,500,000,000, over the protests of the liberals in Congress. And even now he can, as he has done before, use up the money at his disposal and go to Congress with a request for more. There is no reason why hundreds of thousands of former WPA employees, to say nothing of the country at large, should be forced to suffer for the Administration's bad mathematics.

A Third Party for 1940?

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, August 29

DON'T be deceived into thinking that a third party is just around the corner. Like third-term talk, third-party talk is about one-quarter based on probabilities, one-quarter irresistible speculation, and the remaining half propaganda.

What has given some plausibility to the talk is the fact—and it is a fact—that there is a widening rift between the President and Lewis. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lewis don't happen to hit it off. They are too much alike in personality, and too divergent in background and experience. Each expects to dominate his world, but each brings different premises and purposes to support his mastery. But do not make the mistake of giving too great an emphasis to this personal incompatibility. Both men are adept at using their friendships and hatreds instrumentally. Remember that Mr. Lewis's ablest lieutenants today are the men who once fought him bitterly, and that Mr. Roosevelt is fighting today the men from whose select ranks he came.

The question of whether there will be a third party in 1940 depends mainly on Roosevelt's fate in the Democratic split and the success of the C. I. O. in its struggle on two fronts—with big business and the A. F. of L. If Roosevelt salvages the major part of his forces and loses only the tory diehards, the Democrats will be able to push forward with a third New Deal, and the talk of another party will become for the time being academic. If, on the other hand, Roosevelt is badly beaten in his own struggle and (conceivably) joins his fortunes with progressive labor, the new party will be bound to face a conservative Democratic-Republican coalition, and we shall have the same two-party system under different labels. If the internal Democratic fight results in more or less of a draw, labor will face the choice of swarming into the Democratic Party and renewing the struggle, or launching a party of its own.

For the C. I. O. leaders are primarily realists. They are hard-headed, pragmatic men, brought up not in the academies but the trade unions, rarely given to wishful thinking. They are not men who will play the gull to anyone. They are bold men and tenacious of their purpose. But they are also supple and flexible men, who will not continue to pursue a purpose unless there is a chance of its yielding to them. Take them one by one—Lewis, Hillman, Dubinsky, Murray, Brophy, Oliver, Pressman—and you will find them men of very diverse personalities. But there is one thing on which they are all agreed, and that is that political action can go no faster or farther than economic action. They understand that every successful party in American history has followed the lines of economic power. And being primarily trade unionists, they aim to use political power not as an end in itself but as a means first for strengthening trade unionism and the submerged economic groups and eventually for building a social system whose outlines are still a bit fuzzy in their minds.

I set all this down not in praise or dispraise but merely because it is relevant to third-party talk. All that there is of a third party today is Labor's Non-Partisan League, and that is built squarely on the economic strength of labor. The C. I. O. leaders are proud of the league. Born in the last election, it has grown to be a lusty and likable youngster. That half of its forty-eight state organizations exist chiefly on paper should be credited to George L. Berry, head of the Pressmen's Union, who was made president of the league on its formation largely to keep the A. F. of L. in line. The sort of man he is may best be seen by his record in the NRA, where he made a lot of noise and accomplished nothing, and his recent record in the Senate, where he has accomplished exactly the same amount without opening his mouth once to answer the attacks on labor. As long as Berry was head of the league, it remained a paper construct. Now that he has been forced out, E. L. Oliver is acting head as executive vice-president. Oliver has energized many of the state chairmen and committees into building a mass membership and lobbying effectively for state and national legislation. The model state leagues are New York, where the American Labor Party is the state branch of the league, and Pennsylvania, where the league has helped push through a tolerably good legislative program. New England, where the C. I. O. has not been very successful, is quiet, although there are stirrings in Connecticut. Michigan and Ohio, on the other hand, since they are centers of successful drives in automobiles and steel, have active leagues. The main points of concentration this summer for organizing active state leagues will be in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Wisconsin.

This year will find a large number of league candidates in the various active states running for mayor, city councilman, sheriff, police judge, justice of the peace. None of these offices are the Presidency, but they are of enormous importance in labor's struggle to organize. It was the experience of strikers with the petty local officials that led to labor's participation in the election at Akron, Ohio. From Akron the Ohio movement caught fire and spread to Canton, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Massillon. The league is taking part in the mayoralty fights in Pittsburgh and Detroit. In New York City Mayor LaGuardia is running on a Labor Party ticket.

And so the list goes. The items are minor but indicative. They are only beginnings, and the big problems still have to be faced. Can labor rely on progressives in the regular parties, or should it make sure by running separate candidates? The tendency now is to use an independent ticket only as a last resort. Can the league survive as the split within labor widens? This is a very serious matter, considering the fact that of forty-eight state chairmen, some twenty-eight are still in the A. F. of L., and the state committees are even more heavily weighted in that direction.

But on the two major obstacles that a labor party must somehow hurdle I have not yet touched. One is the problem of wooing the middle class. The other is the problem of getting, or at least neutralizing, the farm vote. The C. I. O. leaders are perfectly aware of the problem of the middle class, economically in a no man's land, ridden with fears, an easy prey to big-business propaganda. But the tendency of some is to drive ahead with labor organization, depending on the middle class to follow in the wake of a strong labor movement. The tendency of others is to be more cautious of middle-class and regional sensibilities. In the textile organization drive, for example, there are 112 organizers in the Southern area. Of these not one is a Communist, not one is a Jew, and a hundred are native Southerners. My guess is that the latter trend is growing.

The place of the farmers in a labor party is, outwardly at least, a paradox. Any labor party would have to plan to win the vast food-producing area that the farmers represent and its electoral votes. Lewis himself has lived and done organizing work in Iowa, Illinois, Ohio. He knows the farmer's mentality and knows how important it is for labor to reach it. Yet very little has been done in that direction. There are some here who feel that the C. I. O. made a grave mistake by moving last month into the organization of farm laborers without attempting at the same time the organization of farmers. A farm conference was held recently at Ames, Iowa. It was presided over by one of the editors of the powerful Des Moines *Register-Tribune*. It was attended by county agents, members of the reactionary Farm Bureau, local business men, members of the National Manufacturers' Association. In itself the meeting amounted to little, but it is a harbinger of what groups may be led to common action when the farmers grow thoroughly frightened at the inroads of organizers among farm labor. It represents a sort of Johnstown formula for the rural areas.

This need not be, of course, the direction for American farmers. There are forces among them which, if intelligently used, could put the large majority of working farmers on the progressive side and bring them eventually into a labor coalition. Even Henry Wallace, who leans heavily on the Farmers' Union, is aware of these potentialities. There is reason to believe that Wallace, with his eye on 1940, is steering his course according to his estimate of how successfully the farmers can be reorganized along progressive lines. Any labor party that leaves that possibility out of account will find itself islanded in the big cities and the industrial areas. Labor will increasingly in the next three years turn to militant political action. But that action will take the form of a third party only if labor is ready in terms of economic power, and only as a last resort in carrying out its policy of rewarding labor's friends and punishing its enemies.

Madrid's Foreign Defenders

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BY LOUIS FISCHER

Valencia, August 15

A SPANISH government representative who attended King George VI's coronation outlined to Foreign Minister Eden Valencia's plan for ending the civil war. A truce was to be declared. All foreign troops and volunteers serving on both sides would then be immediately withdrawn from Spain. During the truce no battle lines would be shifted. Non-Spaniards having been eliminated, Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the Soviet Union were to devise a scheme, which the Spanish government pledged itself in advance to accept, whereby the will of the Spanish nation regarding its political and social future might be authoritatively ascertained.

Since the departure of outsiders is the only key to an early peace in Spain, the official data on the government's International Brigade are of interest. Volunteers from abroad commenced trickling into government territory in September, 1936. From that time to this, 23,000 of them, in round figures, have joined the Loyalist ranks. They first fought at the front in November and have since been continuously involved in the hottest combats of the war. The names of 2,500 dead and missing are known, but the authorities believe that the total number of casualties is nearer 4,000. In addition, from 12,000 to 15,000 men have been disabled by wounds or illness at the front. At present 2,000 are lying in hospitals. A further 1,000 are unfit for duty in the trenches, 4,800 have been repatriated on account of sickness or incapacitation or as political undesirables, and 2,500 are still in training or engaged in permanent staff work.

In July, 1937, approximately 7,600 foreign volunteers were stationed at the various Loyalist fronts. They served in brigades whose composition was no longer overwhelmingly foreign. At first the government's international force consisted of foreigners only. It was soon discovered that the discipline and morale of the Spanish troops benefited greatly by contact with the foreigners, and late last year the international column was reorganized so that each brigade included three battalions of foreigners to two of Spaniards. This policy of mixing has now been carried a step farther: foreigners and Spaniards fight together in the same companies and battalions. In no army unit do the foreigners any longer constitute a majority; often they are merely a small kernel. One division, for instance, embraces 1,200 foreigners and 4,000 Spaniards, and in the Eighty-sixth Brigade there are 280 foreigners as against 2,200 Spaniards.

The government's 23,000 foreign volunteers entered Spain over a period of ten months, and usually only a few weeks elapsed between their arrival in Spain and their appearance at the front. The first International Brigade reached the Madrid front in the beginning of November 1,900 strong; the second, in the same month, 1,550 strong. Four weeks later their total strength was 1,800. It is safe to say, therefore, that the number of foreigners in the Loyalist army never exceeded 15,000 on any given day. Of these, no more than 8,000 or 9,000 were ever at the front at the same time.

The Loyalist foreign volunteers played their biggest role in November, 1936, when they saved Madrid. Their services to the government cause were considerable for several months thereafter. Since the spring of 1937, however, the discipline and equipment of the Spanish army have so improved, and its size has increased so rapidly that the significance of the foreign volunteers has been much reduced. They are still used as stiffening, however, and their officers are a valuable asset. The International Brigade is a daily reminder of the importance of events in Spain to the cause of democracy and the struggle against world fascism. The presence of the volunteers tells the Spaniards that the Loyalists are fighting not merely to repel a foreign fascist invasion and to rid Spain of her feudal backwardness; they are fighting to destroy a blight which threatens other countries as well, and which, if it overran Spain, would endanger world peace.

The Spaniards profoundly appreciate the lofty idealism that moves each foreign volunteer to leave his peaceful home and precipitate himself into a situation which he knows has already resulted in the death or crippling of a large proportion of his comrades. There could have been no compulsion except an inner one and there will be no reward except an immaterial one. That the volunteers almost invariably had to steal out of their own countries over the obstructions erected by their governments, and that they would, to boot, face difficulties in returning, added to the nobility of their act. The unselfishness of the foreigners and the gratitude of the Spaniards have cemented a brotherhood which is firm and inspiring. For many, a truce requiring them to leave Spain would be tragic. They have so identified themselves with the nation for which they are ready to give their lives that they want to stay and work in it. Several hundred of the International Brigade have married Spanish women, and a large number of others have signified their wish to acquire Spanish citizenship. The relationship between the foreigners and Spaniards is excellent. In recent weeks the Americans in the training camp at Tarazona de la Mancha have helped the peasants to gather in their crops, and foreign soldiers in reserve positions near the fronts have likewise lent a hand.

Men so dedicated to a noble cause can only feel disgust and heartache when they think of the official hostility manifested toward them in their homelands. An American at Tarazona said to me, "Will we have to creep back into the United States like criminals?" I should have liked to reply, "No, you will be received like heroes," for these volunteers deserve no less. There can be no doubt that they are behaving much more in the tradition of America than the bureaucrats who tried to prevent their enlistment.

In the last three months Frenchmen, who formerly constituted the bulk of the International Brigade, have ceased to come altogether. The vast majority of fresh recruits hail from the United States and Latin America. The other day I traveled 275 kilometers in a bouncing baby Fiat car from Valencia to Tarazona, where a battalion of North Americans is undergoing training. There, in the center of the dry Castilian plateau, the accents of Mississippi, the Bronx, New England, Philadelphia, Chicago, and West Coast wharfs mingled with the Spanish of the folks round about, who had learned to love the newcomers. Robert Merriman, once a lecturer in the University of California, was in command. "A year ago this afternoon," I thought, "I played tennis with Merriman on the Petrovka." He left Moscow in December and by virtue of his R. O. T. C. experience soon became chief officer of the first Lincoln battalion. On February 27, during the famous and decisive Jarama battle for the Valencia road, when the fate of Madrid hung in the balance, he led a charge against the enemy lines which encountered the withering fire of fascist machine-guns. Merriman fell with a bullet hole through his right arm. Marion, his wife, got the news the next day and rushed by plane from Moscow to Valencia. She found her husband in a base hospital, his arm in a plaster-of-paris cast. On that arm now glow the three red stripes of a Spanish army captain, and Merriman is preparing to take a new American battalion up to the front.

Merriman belongs to no political party. The majority of the battalion are Communists, but a few belong to the Socialist Party and some are non-partisan. Brian of Germantown said to me, "My father was a Democrat and my mother a Republican who would listen to nothing else. I have no political affiliations. I came to do my duty as a good American." Sam Romer, a Socialist, has been elected by the men of his section as political commissar, and Joe Lash, another Socialist, is a much-liked figure. Inter-party squabbles disappear in the proximity of fascist bombs and bullets.

I found part of the battalion at the rifle range. Many of the men had handled weapons before, and they hit the target frequently. Such volunteers, I was told, were preferred, but it was the consensus that a month's training sufficed to convert even the greenest recruit into a fine soldier. This applied especially to mechanically minded Americans.

The men were firing from rifles and one light machine-gun. I asked what kind of machine-gun it was. The reply was "Mexican," but the characters on the gun were Russian. "Mexican" is a formula, and the word is never pronounced without a wink. I prefer my facts straight.

A section of the battalion was learning signaling in the pine woods outside the village. Another practiced digging trenches. After the evening meal Merriman rushed away to lead a class in map-making and map-reading, some men went to study Spanish, a third group spent an evening hour listening to a lecture on Spanish history, and in the barracks the volunteers gathered in circles to discuss the civil war and its implications and events at home.

Their questions put me to shame. They asked about conditions in America, especially about the C. I. O. and the strikes. When I gave them some news they told me what had happened subsequently, and soon I was a grateful listener. They wanted additional magazines and newspapers. Pressed for more material demands, they admitted that they lacked soap, sun glasses, pocket flashlights, and coffee. American cigarettes were finally reaching them in sufficient quantities.

The Americans at Tarazona lived in large private homes which had been adapted to their needs. They felt very comfortable and what they missed they introduced themselves. Thus the barracks of one company had a home-made shower bath, and I saw some amateur bricklayers making windows in the thick Spanish walls so that foreign fresh-air fiends might be satisfied. Windows and doors were closed with gauze to keep out flies, and flypaper lay about in too many places. Each man had his own bed. Cleanliness of rooms and person was the Americans' first law. Their health, in a new climate and under new conditions, was excellent. Life in a good summer camp could hardly be as pleasant. And here, in addition, the men enjoy the tremendous exhilaration of self-sacrifice. The consciousness that they are serving a great purpose creates a unique atmosphere. To be sure, some volunteers get drunk and some are problems. This is no assembly of angels. Yet their politics have molded their character. A caustic Englishman who signed himself W. C. C. wrote a Critique of My American Comrades in *Pasaremos,* the wall newspaper of the George Washington battalion. He said: "They have absolutely no class or racial prejudices. The Negro is as much loved or detested by his comrades, according to mood, as the purest of whites. Politically, I find my American comrades very advanced. At times, I think, inclined to talk at too great a length without very much to show in concrete results. Childishly fatuous, some of them. Occasionally they ignore realities or appear to do so. But though a group may have their heads in the clouds, usually there is one American who brings them back to earth. . . . Great lovers of meetings . . . immeasurably fond of 'points of order'. . . of a high intellectual order . . . quick to resent cruelty in any shape or form . . . they possess many faults, most of which spring from an inherent crudeness or virility." Not bad.

The New Deal in Mexico

BY L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, August 25

FOR nearly three years the Cárdenas government has been making a great stir, not only in Mexico but in the world at large. A long series of dramatic measures and bold decisions has kept the social and economic pots almost constantly at the boiling point, in a ferment paralleling, in Mexican terms, the experience of Roosevelt's New Deal. The government has nationalized the railroads. It has adopted an expropriation law which gives it unlimited powers over private property in the interest of the public good. It has distributed the lands of the Laguna cotton kings and is about to do the same with the henequen plantations of the Yucatan peninsula. It has greatly encouraged labor and helped it in its struggle with the foreign oil, mining, and light-and-power companies. It has, in short, been admirably progressive, basing itself on the widest popular support and honestly laboring to secure some measure of social justice for Mexico's submerged nine-tenths.

Despite the progress that has been made, recent developments here reveal several conspicuous flies in the ointment. On August 1 some 50,000 organized workers marched through the streets of Mexico City in a grim protest against the high cost of living. Real wages are far below the level of three years ago, and the capitalist class as a whole, which, like its counterpart in the United States, has been desperately fighting the government at every step, is today actually better off than it was under the beneficent tutelage of its departed hero, ex-President Plutarco Elías Calles. It is all very confusing, especially to those who are reluctant to give up their quaint notion that Mexico is a land of socialist construction and who arrive here expecting to find another Moscow.

The truth of the matter is that Mexico has just embarked on the long voyage of capitalist development and is at the moment enjoying its first deceptive capitalist boom. Being primarily a country of raw materials, Mexico has benefited greatly from the revived demand for minerals and oil stimulated by the war scare and the world armaments race. Thirty-five-dollar gold and the silver-purchase policy of the United States have helped the movement along. Depreciation of the currency has done wonders for the export trade: exports have risen more than 75 per cent from their low point in 1932. Domestic production and commerce have likewise enormously increased, as has new capital investment; a building boom has contributed to the steadily augmenting economic activity in Mexico City and to some extent in the provinces. Bank deposits, credits, surpluses, and profits all stand at new highs. Add to these factors the many public works being carried out by the government, a widespread orgy of speculation, and the influx of tourists who spend money, and you have a bonanza which is piling up unprecedented profits in spite of the crocodile tears of conservatives over the agrarian reforms and the "rapacity" of the labor unions.

All this, however, does not quite account for the really extraordinary rise in prices, particularly of essential foodstuffs, in the past few months, a rise which long ago completely wiped out the wage gains won by the strikes of the last three years. It would be impossible here to analyze fully the basic causes, but chiefly they are to be found in the general crisis of Mexican agriculture, in the primitive and inadequate system of agricultural credit, and in the insufficient means of communication between agricultural and urban centers. These conditions have given a great strategic advantage to the slick speculator who can place himself in the neck of the distributive bottle. There is an astonishing spread between what the small farmer receives for his product and the price the ultimate consumer pays for it in the city market. The rural districts are habitually drained dry by the village money-lenders, *acaparadores*, as they are called, who corner local production through advances on crops, store the produce in warehouses or their own backyards, and wait for a rise. The easy bank credit available to speculators—although at interest rates that would make an American business man's blood run cold—has made Mexico a chiselers' paradise.

From June to July the following price rises were registered in Mexico City: charcoal, used almost universally as a cooking fuel, jumped from 7 to 12 centavos a kilogram; rice, from 24 to 32 centavos the kilo; *frijoles* (beans), from 20 to 36 centavos; sugar, from 29 to 34; pork lard, from 1 peso to 1.60; tomatoes, from 15 to 30 centavos; salt, from 8 to 12; milk, from 22 to 30 centavos the liter; and corn, the principal food of 85 per cent of the population, from 16 to 19 centavos. These quotations are reported by a labor newspaper and in some instances are considerably higher than the official figures for the same period, the discrepancy being due to the fact that they were gathered by workers making daily rounds from store to store. If they lack scientific accuracy, they reveal not only the extreme variations of the upward tendency but also the tactics of the average shopkeeper. The list might be indefinitely extended. Moreover, these recent rises come on top of previous increases of from 25 to 40 per cent during the past six or eight months. Still further increases have occurred in most of the products mentioned since the middle of July.

It is obvious that a wage level which has risen at the most generous estimate some 25 per cent since 1933 is by now hopelessly inadequate, if in fact it was ever really adequate. Official and unofficial investigations into the cost of living in Mexico City during 1934 and 1935 demonstrated that the amount necessary to maintain minimum standards of health and decency was then four pesos a day. Nevertheless, the legal minimum wage was fixed at two pesos for the Federal District and has remained stationary since then. The law passed a year and a half ago making payment for the seventh day of the week obligatory on all employers would have helped had it not been immediately seized upon as a pretext for additional price increases. The result, of course, has been a steadily deteriorating living standard throughout the country, affecting not only the workers and peasants but the middle class as well, and a discontent and unrest which are assuming alarming proportions. It was not without justification that Lombardo Toledano, general secretary of the C. T. M. (Confederation of Mexican Workers), told the capitalist class in Sunday's demonstration that it was playing with fire.

In an effort to deal with the situation the government recently passed a law authorizing "associations of producers for the distribution and sale of their products," which in the hullabaloo raised by the simultaneous announcement of the nationalization of the railroads has gone virtually unnoticed. This law provides for the voluntary organization of all farm producers, under government supervision, into non-profit marketing societies, made up of local, state, and national bodies, which will fix prices, establish production quotas, regulate importation and exportation, and control markets. The ostensible aim is to eliminate middlemen, speculators, and *acaparadores* from the distributive process, assure the producer a fair return on his product by suppressing unfair competition, and protect the consumer by fixing prices in strict accord with observed demand, supply, and production costs.

Does all this stir vague recollections of the NRA codes? Except that government intervention is here more marked, there is sufficient similarity. As in so much of Mexico's revolutionary legislation, however, the high purposes of the new law's brief preamble are none too firmly echoed in the articles themselves, which allow a perilous latitude of interpretation to the functionaries intrusted with their fulfilment. There is nothing to suggest that the powerful monopolies which now have a stranglehold on Mexican agriculture will suffer unduly under the new regulations. On the contrary, it is more likely that like the NRA codes the law will operate to deliver into their hands, nicely trussed up and gagged, the hundreds of thousands of tiny producers who have no political pull, no money for the subornation of official favors, and no resources by which to escape the tentacles of the "voluntary" organization they will be required to join. And to insure their coming in, the law contains an innocent-looking little joker in the form of government subsidies to the projected societies.

It is plain, of course, that this measure can have no immediate effect on the prevailing price structure. Its "regulation"—that is, the supplementary legislation which will contain the precepts for its functioning—is still to be drawn up and published, and the societies it contemplates can hardly be organized in much less than a year. What it is more apt to do is to freeze the price level at a point determined by the largest monopolist producers of each crop. The existing chaos, it is true, may be reduced to some kind of order, but it is hard to see how the consumer will benefit.

In spite of laws, agitation, protests, administrative threats, and police measures, prices stubbornly refuse to come down. In fact they will in all probability continue to mount until they are brought crashing down by the only sure method capitalism knows of reducing prices—a major economic crisis, which is painful but effective. Until then labor's only hope of overtaking the elusive full dinner pail would seem to lie in aggressive strike action. The measures proposed to the government by the C. T. M.—rigid control of credit, suppression of speculation, and importation of cereals—can alleviate but are powerless to cure the disease completely.

From all of which an interesting historical deduction may be drawn. Mexican capitalism is growing up and is preparing to celebrate its majority by indulging in the curious luxury of its first autonomous, strictly home-grown economic crisis. The Mexican people may feel that this is a disproportionately high price to pay for a purely theoretical demonstration of national progress, but unfortunately capitalism is like that. The labor movement had better begin to realize that a socialist paradise is never going to be legislated in by a capitalist government, even one that professes socialist ideals and is as generally well-intentioned, progressive, and sympathetic toward the plight of the working classes as is the Cárdenas administration.

Any discussion of the situation would be incomplete if its political implications were not indicated. Even capitalists are at last becoming aware that crises are inevitable under their system, and it obviously suits their purposes better if leftist governments can be made to bear the onus. Nothing would be so admirably calculated to discredit the policies and actions of the present administration as their culmination in a serious economic disaster. I am not suggesting that Mexico's capitalists are deliberately conspiring to bring about a depression, but there is plenty of evidence to show that part, at least, of the recent precipitous price rise has been artificially provoked with the purpose of inciting popular resentment and discontent, which the middle-class fascist groups are demagogically attempting to exploit.

The only form of popular organization that might check the reactionary offensive would be the long-heralded but still non-existent people's front. In spite of the dangers attendant on the projected inclusion of the National Revolutionary Party, the government's official political machine, in the popular front, there is no question that such a front would enormously improve the position of workers and peasants. And it would represent a decisive barrier to the growing inroads of fascist propaganda and sentiment.

A. F. of L. Versus Seattle Labor

BY COLE STEVENS

LESS spectacular than the struggle in automobiles or steel but almost equally important to labor's future is the life-and-death battle between the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. now raging in the Pacific Northwest. Seattle and other Pacific Coast cities seem to be a testing ground for the most vicious attacks yet made by the federation leadership upon progressive unionism and the C. I. O.

Pushed out in front by William Green and the A. F. of L. executive council is Dave Beck, regional vice-president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Beck is an ambitious, rotund little man with an unusual talent for employing strong-arm methods with telling effect. He has built up an empire of about 10,000 teamsters in the region around Seattle alone, where his power is most concentrated. Since the death of Mike Casey of the San Francisco teamsters, Beck's sway has been extended over the entire Pacific Coast. He keeps his boys in line in most places by getting them good wages and by running their meetings with an iron hand. Dissenting motions are ruled out of order, and if the dissenter persists, violent retribution from the "beef squad" follows.

Beck has proved his worth to his masters by turning the Seattle Central Labor Council, a year ago a progressive body, into a rubber stamp for his policies. His unions, and also the building-trades unions and others dominated by him, have their instructions to send their delegates to every council meeting to vote with the leaders—or else. On at least two occasions opposition delegates have been badly beaten up at the Labor Temple by gangsters wearing teamster-union buttons and brass knuckles. The "goon squad," as it is commonly termed, consists of at least twenty picked thugs and ex-convicts who belong to the teamsters' union and are always on hand for such jobs.

The Washington State Federation of Labor is in similar straits. At its July convention this year more than half of the delegates were from teamster or building-trades unions, and they were carefully instructed to attend all meetings and to vote with their floor leaders. They passed resolutions condemning the C. I. O. and calling for a Congressional investigation of the "communism" in its ranks, declared the strike of the American Newspaper Guild against the Seattle *Star* illegal, and called upon "all civic, patriotic, fraternal, business, and community groups" to support their action. And they rejected proposed resolutions that favored affiliation with the Washington Commonwealth Federation, support of the steel strike, a ban on shipments of war materials to Spain, the calling of a rank-and-file convention of A. F. of L. and C. I. O. members to bring about labor unity, and support for the President's Supreme Court plan.

After a series of losing battles against labor the Seattle Chamber of Commerce recently made an about-face and adopted a peace policy of dealing with the "right people." The chamber is now Beck's closest ally, and he has served it well—particularly by organizing the employers themselves to keep prices up. Through his unions the prices of laundry and dry cleaning, ice, beer, automobile supplies, and even used cars are now uniformly controlled, to the detriment of the consumer. And he has been of inestimable value to the chamber by fighting all militant, democratic unionism, even to the extent of fostering dual unions organized in opposition to the Workers' Alliance and the Newspaper Guild. In this sort of activity Beck is merely reflecting the national trend of the A. F. of L. toward company unionism. He says quite frankly that the primary policy of his union is to organize employers, since that is most effective.

This strange alliance of "labor" leaders and the Chamber of Commerce is also in control of Seattle politics. Mayor John F. Dore was elected in March, 1936, with the united support of all labor. For a year he was all labor's mayor, but for the past few months he has apparently been taking orders from Beck. He is now trying to save himself politically by campaigning for re-election on an "anti-C. I. O." platform designed to rally business and middle-class support. "I am glad the teamsters' union is running Seattle," he said recently. "It has the brains, the money, and the power."

Beck has fought a guerrilla war against progressive unionism for years. He smashed the brewery workers' union and fought the warehousemen by sending his teamsters in to replace them, and he is now making war on the Newspaper Guild. For two years the district circulation managers of the Seattle *Star,* whose job is to supervise the route carriers, tried to get the teamsters to come in and organize them, since they carried bundles of papers in their cars at that time. Instead of organizing the supervisors, the teamsters took over all hauling of papers. Several district managers were laid off, and the nineteen who were left—no longer teamsters by any stretch of the imagination—applied for membership in the Newspaper Guild. Here they found democratic unionism, and their minimum wages, moreover, rose from $18 to $35 a week.

Then out of a clear sky, on July 1, the teamsters' union notified the *Star* management that it had been granted jurisdiction over the supervisors' jobs too, and that henceforth only teamsters could fill the nineteen posts. By way of a preliminary threat they refused to haul papers for several hours on the following day. The district managers were called together by the *Star* circulation manager to hear the ultimatum presented by one of Beck's lieutenants. But they were not impressed. All nineteen voted to stay in the Guild. The next day they were told that nineteen teamsters were being put into their jobs, and that they could expect two weeks' pay from that date.

The Guild immediately took a strike vote, and sixty-five out of eighty office employees walked out. Charges were filed with the National Labor Relations Board, which issued a complaint against the *Star*, and for four days the plant was closed down. The teamsters were ready to go through the picket line to haul papers, but the typographical union, for a while at least, refused to follow suit.

Following events, as brought out in the Labor Board hearing, showed clearly the alignment of forces against the Guild. A meeting was called which was attended by several of the *Star* management, Beck and two other A. F. of L. officials, and E. B. Fish, labor-relations expert of the Chamber of Commerce. This strange group adjourned to the office of Mayor Dore, who shortly afterward issued a statement to the press offering to have his police break up the Guild picket line, stop the distribution of literature, and rope off the street whenever the management should request. With this promise of official interference in its behalf, the paper started up with a skeleton crew. The management repudiated two plans for settlement drawn up by its own attorneys and tentatively approved by the Guild. It demanded that the A. F. of L. and not the Labor Relations Board be given the right to decide the question of jurisdiction in spite of the fact that the Guild was already in the C. I. O. Now the *Star* is refusing to take the guildsmen back except as individuals; the union is locked out.

Mayor Dore is staking everything on Beck. He told a committee of progressive unionists on August 14, "We'll be generous and let you keep a couple of pickets outside the *Star* plant. The *Star* doesn't mind them. . . . But if you try to mass-picket the *Star*, there'll be trouble and the police will disperse you. Anyone who resists will go to jail. Anyone who resists too much will go to the hospital or to the morgue." He has made good his threat with repeated wholesale arrests of peaceful pickets.

Beck's tactics have alienated many important unions, and the revolt is growing. The Federation of Woodworkers, 120,000 strong, voted at its July convention to join the C. I. O. as a full-fledged industrial union. The Pacific Coast longshoremen, except for one local in Tacoma, have also joined the C. I. O., and other maritime unions are expected to follow as soon as the rank and file have a chance to express their preference. In a number of cities powerful C. I. O. labor councils have been formed, and in Seattle a progressive "labor unity council" of both C. I. O. and A. F. of L. unions has been set up to fight for unity and democracy in the labor movement.

Given time, labor will clean its own house. The progressive unions are launching a widespread campaign of publicity to explain what "Beckism" means to labor and to the public, and to remove the stigma which newspaper propaganda has attached to the C. I. O. In the end Beck and other lieutenants of the employers will be defeated, and only then will the American labor movement attain its full strength and dignity.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

SOMEONE once asked Rudyard Kipling: "What do you find to do in the country?" "Everything," he replied, "except the time to do it." This is now my stock reply to those who say to me at my farm: "How wonderful to work here! No interruptions, few telephone calls, rare visitors, unbroken hours for literary labors. No wonder you prefer this to the city." On its face the statement appears valid and correct. It is neither. It's a delusion, for all nature here is in a conspiracy to keep me from working. True, there are few telephone calls, comparatively few visitors, only one mail a day, and the family ménage is some distance away, easy to walk down to and something of a climb back on a hot day. It would seem as if Douglas were in his castle with the portcullis down and the bridge up.

But Kipling was right. There is no time to do a fraction of what is to be done, of what was planned for the summer days before the spring hegira from the city. There lie piles upon piles of newspapers from cities from Shanghai to Czecho-Slovakia. At best they have only been run through hastily. Here in the corner is an office bag full of reports and pamphlets and many reprints of articles with "compliments of the author" stamped upon them—much valuable material. I have a large writing table upon which some long-gone family served their repasts. What confusion, what disorder! The folder marked "Letters requiring answer" is always full; if it does not grow much fatter, that is because so many unanswered letters are scattered around. And as for books, they and the most important magazines have driven me to one corner of the table, where I have about twenty-four by thirty inches left on which to write. How accusingly those volumes lie there, some with generous dedications by authors, others accompanied by letters from the publishers asking for "just a few words to encourage this very deserving author." "Your Child Faces War"; "Proletarian Journey"; "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty"; "Tramping to Failure"; "These Low Grounds"; the last issue of *Foreign Affairs.* These and many others are mute witnesses to the fallacy that there is time in the country to do everything one should. They bother me, for I am not one of those easily to leave things undone, or to let letters lie unanswered without remorse.

Time seldom hangs so heavily in the country that by three o'clock in the afternoon you can go and lie on the terrace with conscience completely at ease because of 2,500 more words done for the book that nobody will buy—lie on the terrace and watch the clouds drift by and the light change on the shores of the pool while the plover family, that has lately come to visit, parades about and then stands still ankle deep in the water to catch the unsuspecting bugs. No, a treat like that happens not every day but once in a fortnight. I haven't been in my hemlock grove twice this season, and the cedar field where I laid some young trees low last year has not known my ax this summer. And oh, those hard sweats and lost pounds I was to have rejoiced in! Not once have I even had a sun bath in my privy woods, where one can be as bare as one pleases.

No, it really is all a magnificent conspiracy of nature. She will lure one outdoors and force herself upon one however big the job in hand. Well, let's try once more. Breakfast at eight, outdoors, and then to work early. But one must start the farmer on his tasks for the day and stress the immediate things and say good morning to the horses, the dogs, and the calf, and there certainly is time to make one more attempt to bag that water-snake that haunts the pool. Then on the way up to the workshop there are those plum trees to examine; the fruit must be ready to pick. And how about those early apples on the other side of the road which the farmer always forgets? Nine-fifteen already? Impossible. Well here goes—to pick up the threads of that chapter.

Then in comes the secretary. We pass the time of day—there is some village gossip we must swap. I dictate some letters. Then a rap on the door. "May I show you a rubber doormat made out of old automobile tires; only $1.85 and it will last forever?" Peace again—no, here comes the mail. One must glance through the letters and deal with the most urgent. And what do the *Herald Tribune* and the *Times* report from Shanghai? Eleven-thirty? Well, let's go to it again. Twelve-fifteen: the farmer knocks. "I am sorry to tell you that the harrow broke; I'll have to go at once to the blacksmith." And then a call from outdoors: "Do come out and see these marvelous clouds; there is a grand thunderstorm coming fast. And don't forget lunch will be ready in fifteen minutes." Next you try to salve your conscience in the afternoon. No hope. Visitors, telephone calls from New York, letters that must go, and one must stop at four o'clock; there's the horse to be ridden—you haven't been on him for three days. After all, one must exercise, and one can work all the evening. Delusion again. One cannot work after dinner until the sunset clouds have been watched, until the last bit of red and gold has faded out. Suddenly panic seizes you—why, it's Tuesday and that confounded Issues and Men will be due tomorrow. In you go and have at it. No, the thing to do is to go back to the city. There one *can* work; there there's nothing to do outdoors—there is no outdoors.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Escape to the Present Indicative

ESCAPE TO THE PRESENT. By Johannes Steel. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

OF late years there have been a number of fictionalized biographies. Mr. Steel has reversed the process. His "Escape to the Present" reads like fiction in the guise of autobiography. No wonder that in this difficult new genre the author has not yet worked out an effective technique.

The auto-hero is a young German. His father is a high army officer and a close friend of Ballin and Rathenau. His mother is English. His paternal grandfather had kidnapped his wife from a northern Viking isle. Eugenically speaking, the author is conceived in a Hitler dream. He matures in the confused post-war years. He manages to keep his impoverished though noble family going by speculating at the black bourse of a little Rhenish town, and when Dr. Schacht stops the inflation he finds himself with a fortune of 50,000 gold marks. What does he do with it? Of course he becomes a Socialist organizer.

"After some months" he builds up a considerable following among the students at the University of Berlin, and his organization achieves "national importance." He begins reading Marx with the help of Klara, "one of the most remarkable women of post-war Germany." When after six months of mutual Marxism our hero still speaks of their beautiful platonic friendship, Klara brings him to his senses by hitting him over the head with a bottle of wine.

The Social Democratic Party finally rewards the extremely young but successful organizer with a seat in the Prussian Diet. But he is kicked out within twenty-four hours—quite illegally—because he will not stand for the bad manners of the party whip. Whereupon, rather illogically, he becomes a member of the "German Industrial Service," and begins to sell second-hand armaments and to engage in industrial spying all over the world.

At his first post in Warsaw the inevitable beautiful girl spy in the *contre-espionage* prepares a melodramatic trap, from which he finally escapes, revolver in hand. He goes to Constantinople, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Bagdad. In the desert he is rescued from certain death by a sheik. In the sheik's entourage our hero encounters a French girl, whom the sheik has kidnapped for ulterior purposes. Our hero, of course, rescues the girl—which "proves that once in a while life duplicates the patterns of even the most sensational fiction."

From Bagdad our hero returns to Berlin and there is ordered to read all about Abyssinia, which task enables him to include in his autobiographical romance an article he wrote on Abyssinia some ten years later. Otherwise his study might have been wasted, for he is stopped on his way to Addis Ababa and ordered to Tokyo. There he reorganizes the German spy ring, bribes a Swedish competitor with $70,000, and is in every way a howling success. But now the small voice of conscience begins to worry the former member of the Prussian Diet. Full of doubts he returns to Berlin. This time he gets himself a cleaner government job and proceeds to South America, where his task is merely to conduct "a preliminary survey for a concentrated program of German economic penetration." This trip takes him to Brazil, Argentine, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Mexico, and Cuba. "It took a year and was one of the pleasantest journeys I ever made because there was little to be done."

From Cuba it is only a stone's throw to Washington, D. C., and to New York, where he receives a letter from his father informing him of Hitler's growing strength at home. Whereupon he cables his resignation to the Papen government and takes the next boat home—"ready to do whatever I could to stop the fascist onslaught." At home he tries in vain to activize the Communist Party. "From a friend" he has learned what nobody else knew—the army would not fight the workers. A Communist Reichstag member speeds to Moscow to bring the good news to Stalin. But Joe will not listen and history is forced to take the wrong turn. The subsequent fate of Germany we all know.

One day our hero meets Dr. Schacht—in a post office where "the great man was licking stamps." We are not informed where, when, or how Schacht and Steel become intimates; we are told, however, that the none too social international banker turned to him and said: "Come in tonight around ten o'clock." Our hero is somewhat astonished, for "I had given Schacht to understand on frequent occasions that I considered him a traitor to the democratic cause." But he accepts the invitation. At Schacht's he meets for the first time Dr. Rosenberg, the great Slavic pan-German mythologist, who immediately offers him a post in the foreign division of the National Socialist Party.

> In a rather loud voice I asked him what, in view of my political record, gave him the nerve to make such an offer. He answered drily, "This is no matter of convictions, of likes and dislikes. We need men of your type who are well connected abroad. We can guarantee them careers. Many Socialists are coming over to us."

And then Rosenberg adds confidentially: "What do you think I am in this business for? Because I believe in it? Nonsense. Because I have a future with it." At this point Schacht joins the conversation. "Better do as Dr. Rosenberg tells you or you will be out of luck in a few days. If you consider his proposal, you may be undersecretary of state in the foreign office inside of five years."

Naturally this leads to the arrest of our hero and to his solitary confinement in a lonely villa somewhere in Wannsee, exactly where he does not know. He escapes in the brown shirt of his guard, whom he overpowers with an iron poker. He flees to Paris. From there he sends his parents a winning lottery ticket—for Schacht had of course confiscated his bank account.

In the second part of his book the author deals with his hero's refugee years in England and in America. The more nearly he manages to "escape to the present" the less fictional the autobiography sounds, and the less exciting. He gives only a superficial account of his doings. The tragic psychological struggles of the political refugee to adjust himself to American life are not even touched upon.

From a literary point of view Mr. Steel's performance may be dismissed as plain trash. But as a document of a German

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political refugee it must be exposed. The very publication of this volume—with the implication that it pictures the career of a prominent anti-Nazi—reflects on thousands of serious and useful refugees who represent the best of German culture. There is only one virtue in Mr. Steel's autobiography. He has finally and completely disposed of his kind of hero.

FRANZ HOLLERING

Corruption's Poet

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF JOHN WEBSTER. Edited by F. L. Lucas. Oxford University Press. Four Volumes. $10.50.

THE name of John Webster attached to certain seventeenth-century plays is almost nothing except a name. He is mentioned in some satiric lines by a gentleman of Lincoln's Inn and in complimentary verses prefixed to his plays, but of the various Websters who turn up elsewhere in contemporary documents it is not certain which, if any, is the playwright. Not even the date of his birth or death is known, and this, by the way, should be remembered by those who think our relatively extensive knowledge of Shakespeare significantly scanty. Apparently Webster attracted no great attention as a dramatist in his own day; he was forgotten during the eighteenth century; and it remained for Lamb and Swinburne to elevate him to the position of a major writer. Even now only two of his plays, "The White Devil" and "The Duchess of Malfi," are often read or ever admired, and many refuse to consider even them as more than examples of the extravagant and decadent violence into which Jacobean drama fell. His work as a whole has never been previously edited since scholarship achieved its present knowledge of his age, and it is not likely that these four volumes with their elaborate paraphernalia of notes will soon be replaced.

Mr. Lucas boasts that his research into the allusions and double meanings of Webster's dialogue has disposed forever of the belief that his plays are "pure," for learning can show that the author of "The Duchess of Malfi" was no less fond of indecent innuendo than was the author of "Romeo and Juliet." Of more general interest is the critical introduction in which Mr. Lucas considers the problem most likely to present itself to any reader not willing either to surrender himself to Swinburne's rhapsodies or to join with William Archer in considering Webster as a type of the bad playwright. How can we reconcile the sinister power of the first half of "The Duchess of Malfi" with the steady piling up of horrors until the things becomes grotesque if not actually laughable? To me it has always seemed that the scene in which the Duchess feels her way toward a declaration of love is one of the most powerful and at the same time one of the most restrained in dramatic literature. It is the reverse of flowery; there is no trace left of the Elizabethan joy; but there is an almost overwhelmingly powerful sense of the dramatic contrast between one honest thing and a whole corrupt civilization. The man who wrote that scene must have been a man of fine perceptions and a man whose sense of despair was deeply spiritual. To me, at least, it proves far more than could be proved by a dozen trick lines like the famous exclamation, "Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young"; and whatever the explanation of the collapse of the play, it cannot be that Webster was a mere journeyman purveyor of what his public wanted.

Mr. Lucas has several partial solutions for the problem. The least satisfactory seems to me his attempt to suggest that the contrast between Webster at his most moving and Webster at his most mechanical is not so very much greater than that between the most inspired and the most conventional parts of other Elizabethan and Jacobean writers, including Shakespeare. More convincing is his elaboration of a contention which Professor Stoll has made familiar here—namely, that Webster's contemporaries were far less concerned that either we or seventeenth-century audiences in France with consistency of any sort, that they took a play, scene at a time, for the poetry or the fun or the excitement which that scene supplied without very much caring that they were sometimes expected to forget what had gone before. In this connection he quotes a passage dug up by A. B. Walkley from a Frenchman's account of a voyage to England later in the seventeenth century. Speaking of the English play the author says, "They do not mind if it is a potpourri because, so they say, they pay attention to it only one part after the other without bothering about the whole" (my translation).

At least one thing may be said, and that one thing is important if one is to appreciate properly either the Jacobean drama or the literature of many other periods remote from ours. Certain faults in Webster do not imply what similar faults would imply in a contemporary writer. Of a dramatist today we might reasonably say that any man who could write scenes as crudely violent as some of Webster's was obviously a man of blunt sensibilities. It is, indeed, impossible to conceive of a modern who could combine such coarseness with any refinement at all. But certain things are compatible with one another in one age without being compatible in a different one, and the fact is as strikingly true when one considers characters as it is when one considers talents. Elizabethans could do things which no contemporaries of our own could reconcile just as they could write things all of which no man since their day could find room for in one world, much less in one play. Webster, in other words, does not have to stand or fall as any whole we can conceive. He can be a stupendous playwright and a silly one within one play. There is little point in arguing that the last act of "The Duchess of Malfi" must be good if it was written by the man who wrote the scene between the Duchess and her lover. But there is, if possible, even less point in trying to argue that if that last act is as grotesque as it seems to us, then we must be deluding ourselves when we find others almost dazzling.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Belly-Bumps, Bible-Class, etc.

A DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES. PART II, BAGGAGE-SMASHER-BLOOD. Edited by Sir William Craigie and James R. Hulbert. University of Chicago Press. $4. Twenty Parts. $75.

THE second fascicle of the "Dictionary of American English" begins quite fortuitously with the term *baggage-smasher* and stops with *blood.* In between it traverses such empire-making words as *bakery, bald, balky, ballot, ball-park, Baltimore oriole, bamboo, banana, band-wagon, banjo, bank-barn, barbecue, barb wire, bargain-counter, barkentine, Barn-burner, barn-owl, bar-tender, baseball, basswood, bath-tub, bean soup, bear-trap, beat, beaver, beef cattle, begin, belly-bumps, Bible-class, bison, blizzard,* and many hundreds more, including seventeen pages devoted to *black* and its compounds. These are all words of American make, or have been adapted to new uses in this country, or have had a career of special note in America. About all of them the editors have something, and often a good deal, to say, and they manage to say most of it by the skilful selection and arrangement of thousands of quotations. These quotations, presented not only in numbers but with an expanse of context seldom possible in such works, besides admirably serving their purely lexical purpose, are frequently informing, suggestive, amusing, or otherwise of interest for their own sake, so that the completed dictionary might be read as a huge "Anatomy of America" constructed on genuine Burtonian principles of hundreds of thousands of apt quotations. I doubt, however, whether the editors themselves have ever entertained such an intention, even in the most subsidiary form. Their procedure is rigorously objective; unlike such lexicographers as Wyld and Weekley, they allow themselves no humor, no irony, no personal flavor, but no other dictionary-maker or committee of dictionary-makers has produced a book so continuously readable.

A second glance at my sample list of words in this section will show that the dictionary, or this part of it anyway, is largely a dictionary of nouns, of the names of places, animals, plants, commodities, tools, and activities that were once new or unfamiliar to the experience of Englishmen. Almost as remarkable is the multitude of compound words, novel combinations of old concepts. How far the process has gone may be seen in the word *beaver*. It is an Indo-European word of the greatest antiquity, has always been part of the English vocabulary, and must have come to America with the first explorers and traders. But in the New World it went to work in earnest. In American use it has had two entirely new meanings —a beaver skin, and an amount equivalent to a beaver pelt— and has developed forty-six compounds. Moreover, phrases such as "to work like a beaver" are common and were once natural in American speech, and finally eighteenth-century Americans coined the word *beaveret* to designate the imitation beaver fur used by hatters. Scholars used to be of the opinion that an emigrant language ceased to change and became, in relation to its parent dialect, distinctly archaic. American English does have certain archaic features, but what the "Dictionary of American English" chiefly exhibits are its powers of adaptation and growth.

Admirable as the plan and execution of the dictionary are in general, there are a few details of editorial policy that ought to be reconsidered. The editors have decided to deal only exceptionally with pronunciation and etymology, on the ground that "the great majority of the words included [in the dictionary] are of such a nature that their normal pronunciation is familiar to every educated person, and special comment is required only in rare instances," and that "for a large proportion of the words also the ultimate etymology has only a remote interest." These reasons are not entirely convincing, and one may suspect that the editors are making a virtue of a necessity imposed upon them by time, space, and money. It should be possible, however, to indicate the pronunciation of Spanish, Indian, and other loan words, which are certainly not known to every educated person, even if he happens to be an American and not a foreigner. Etymologies, too, where they are desirable, should be given in full, instead of with the laconic brevity of a desk dictionary. Still more disappointing is the treatment of many explanations and definitions of words. The principle that a dictionary's concern is with words and not with the things that the words represent is unassailable, but words and things cannot be cleanly severed—dictionary and encyclopedia necessarily occupy a space of common ground. Especially in a dictionary that professes to deal fully with "every word denoting something which has a real connection with the development of the country and the history of its people," one reasonably expects to find short, untechnical descriptions of the things designated by substantives. But unfortunately, in a noticeably large number of instances, one must turn from the "Dictionary of American English" to the "Oxford," the "Shorter Oxford," or one of the American dictionaries for this kind of information. Without encroaching on the province of the encyclopedia, the "Dictionary of American English" could increase its convenience and usefulness by extending slightly the scope of its explanations and definitions.

GEORGE GENZMER

You Read as You Please

ONE LIFE, ONE KOPECK. By Walter Duranty. Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

WE ARE all more or less at the mercy of the foreign correspondents, but their novels, at least, we can read as we please. Here is Mr. Duranty, famous as a reporter of the Russian scene, writing a novel about Russia, and the result is something that might just as well have been produced in one of Hollywood's scenario establishments. Except for its sympathy with the revolutionaries, the book is pitifully dependent on the formulas that every moviegoer knows by heart. Ivan, the protagonist of the story, is a poor peasant boy who rushes headlong into a career of changing the world—yet throughout he remains the changeless character of pulp fiction. After a cycle of experiences in Siberia, the World War, the revolution and the civil war, he rises to head a detachment of guerrilla fighters, but all the time, of course, he is consumed with love for an aristocratic lady of White Guard allegiance, who appears miraculously at every turning-point in his life to involve him in a head-on collision of carnal desire with bolshevik duty. But this lady is only his major passion; the truth is that all the girls love Ivan, but Ivan loves the revolution best. This preference, however, by no means prevents the author from indulging in descriptions of amorous encounters of a kind that are out of date even in drugstore thrillers. And the type of prowess manifested by Ivan in his role as sexual and revolutionary superman soon makes us suspect that Ivan Petrovich is merely a pseudonym and that actually our hero is a fearfully inhibited young Englishman who in an exotic environment runs amuck.

The novel contains a good deal of elementary information concerning the Russian Revolution, and the section dealing with the Siberian guerrilla warfare achieves a vigorous reportorial pace. In its portrait of bolshevism, however, it goes in for romantic legends. Ivan's party mentors, for example, are the familiar stencil figures we have come to know so well in conventional Soviet fiction, where they are presented as characters with steel-cable nerves whose rectitude is as automatic as their political wisdom. Moreover, the author seems astonishingly naive in his approach to revolutionary doctrines and revolutionary education. He has his hero, exiled to Siberia at the age of sixteen for striking a policeman during a disturbance in a brothel, pounce on "Das Kapital," read it through, and undergo an instantaneous conversion to communism. It is the first revolutionary work he had ever read, and internal evidence shows the young man to be quite devoid of intellectual interests. This is really a joke on Karl Marx, and to have it happen one must either have a very low opinion of the magnum opus of the labor movement or else consider it altogether beyond human understanding.

PHILIP RAHV

Overcrowded Japan

POPULATION PRESSURE AND ECONOMIC LIFE IN JAPAN. By Ryoichi Ishii. London: P. S. King and Son. 12s. 6d.

SOME publicists use the excuse of population pressure to whitewash everything that Japan has done or may do—on the theory, "Don't scold Johnny for sticking pins in the baby, remember he has a weak heart." Such apologists have tended to alienate rather than to attract the sympathies of the Western world. This is [illegible] pity, for the Japanese nation deserves sympathy if ever a nation did—the more so when, struggling to escape from an economic impasse, it blindly follows misguided leaders up a rocky road along which no safety lies.

Dr. Ishii, in gratifying contrast, writes with the modulated accents of the conscientious scholar, and they carry conviction. The first full-length study of Japanese population by a Japanese writer to appear in English, his book makes full use of Japanese sources as well as the techniques developed by Japanese and Western students of population. From his scholarly, sane, and balanced account three points emerge which no student of international social movements can afford to disregard: (1) Japan does have [illegible] serious problem of overpopulation; (2) the problem, as his title emphasizes, is closely bound up with the entire trend of Japanese economic life since the Meiji restoration; (3) the solution, such as it is, must be sought first and foremost within Japan itself.

In a country where only 15 per cent of the land is arable and nearly half of the population support themselves by agriculture, Japan's population density is somewhat greater than that of the state of New York. Now about 70,000,000, the population is growing at the rate of nearly [illegible] million a year. To be sure, this process is not expected to go on indefinitely. If the death rate is falling, so is the refined birth rate; and the practices of later marriage and birth control, already in evidence, may be expected to gain headway in an increasingly urbanized civilization. For the next twenty or thirty years, however, the outlook is distinctly gloomy. Japan has at present an unusually large proportion of minor children. No possible adjustment of the birth rate can prevent these children from growing up, looking for jobs, marrying, and having offspring. Experts agree, therefore, that by 1960 Japan's population will reach 80,000,000 or 90,000,000, and that for the next twenty-five years or so about half a million persons annually will be added to the working population. Can Japan provide each year half a million new jobs? This, says Dr. Ishii, "is the real test of Japan's social and economic system—a test which the nation cannot attempt to evade." Jobs, not food, are the crux of the problem, Dr. Ishii emphasizes.

Little hope may be placed in the absorption of any more workers in agriculture; indeed, counsels of efficiency would dictate fewer men and more machines. As for emigration, Dr. Ishii wastes little time in criticizing the exclusionist policies of the white nations, not even our own inexcusably tactless exclusion act. Even if emigration were unrestricted, it would offer, in his view, no permanent solution. The way out, if there is one, lies rather in further development of industry and foreign trade. Japan's deficiency in natural resources, he believes, is not necessarily an insurmountable handicap, in view of "modern transportation facilities and the influence that Japan enjoys in East Asia." A graver problem is presented by the fact that industrial development presupposes technological changes permitting larger output with fewer

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workers. Though Japan has at present no large visible army of unemployed, feudal elements in her social structure, such as family solidarity and paternalism, tend to conceal the real situation.

In order to achieve the desired objective of relieving population pressure, Dr. Ishii believes that the development of industry and foreign trade will have to be carefully planned. "Promotion of international cooperation for freedom of trade and for access to certain essential natural resources" must be the keynote of external policy; while, internally, emphasis must be laid upon institutional reforms, including land reform and labor legislation. Dr. Ishii's book would have been more valuable if he had devoted more space to his constructive suggestions. But his work will have been amply justified if it serves only to document the single thesis: "In a country such as Japan, where the natural resources are limited and the population density is high, special attention must be accorded to the creation of a well-balanced and more or less equitable distribution of the national wealth."

MIRIAM S. FARLEY

A Wreath for Lawrence

T. E. LAWRENCE. By His Friends. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

THIS latest book on T. E. Lawrence is a collection of reminiscences compiled by his brother in a volume of 538 pages. Of the previous accounts of Lawrence none are revealing enough of the man. Yet because Lawrence remained to the end an enigma, unpredictable even to his friends, the accounts of him rarely fall into trite and conventional eulogy. Liddell Hart is chiefly concerned with the military tactics involved in the "Revolt." Charles Edmonds's "T. E. Lawrence" is a recital in adventure. Robert Graves contributes an intelligent biography, but again refuses to probe into Lawrence's personality beyond a certain point. The present volume fills, or almost fills, a lack in Lawrence literature. I say "almost" because, although Lawrence had a great number of friends, each saw only that side of him which he chose to reveal. There is probably no one living who knew him well enough to reveal him in the round.

It was Lawrence's expressed intention to exclude his more intimate feelings from "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," in the hope that it would thereby gain stature as a work of art. Yet the type of hero which he represents is the very type whose personal feelings matter very considerably; and once his story, largely through the efforts of Lowell Thomas, was made available to the public an interest in his personality was inevitable. In all he did he revealed himself intensely an individual—not, as most successful generals and governors, merely a man doing his commissioned best in the service of a system.

The present work, naturally enough, resolves into a hunt for personal motives, an attempt on the part of numerous people to explain the "mystery" of Lawrence from the inside. As such, it is unusual both for the articulateness of most of the contributors and their wide variety as individuals; but even so many hands do not make a finished picture. The effect is that of a puzzle in which, at the end, many pieces are left over. In a world which seems to be given over to the sweeping categories of the psychologist, the politician, or the scientist, Lawrence still remains, it would seem, inviolable.

WILLIAM GILMORE

FILMS

The Novelist as Hero

IT IS a question whether any artist can be the hero of a first-rate narrative. For his characteristic activity is not in itself dramatic, or even visible. He gives substance to everything except himself, and in proportion as he does this well he remains an unknowable person dwelling somewhere back in the mistlands of creation. His labors are performed entirely in his head; or if his hand is engaged, the spectacle of its movements is to any outsider either dull or incomprehensible. There might be a certain excitement in watching Tolstoy scratch off the last sentence of "War and Peace," but the really heroic drudgery of writing such a book eight times would, merely as spectacle, be intolerable and meaningless; and any attempt to dramatize Tolstoy's mind as he conceived and executed the work would inevitably give us something inferior to the work itself. Stories about artists must be content to deal with externals—gestures which do not express the whole man.

"The Life of Emile Zola" (Warner Brothers) is no exception, in spite of the fact that Zola's career had its picturesque aspects and in spite of the interest which attaches to the Dreyfus case. But to make a story out of the career it has been necessary to assign gestures to Zola (Paul Muni) that are either false or irrelevant—grimaces at the writing desk, pauses while the ceiling is scanned for inspiration, self-conscious preachments to his friends about the truthfulness of his vision—and in general to diminish the man's force by taming it to a purpose. Mr. Muni's Zola is so far from the sprawling genius of the books as to be of all things a fussy and somewhat schoolmasterly reformer. The result is not uninteresting; indeed it is often rather fine, and Mr. Muni has done with clear skill what he has done. The unphotographable truth, however, was more impressive.

The Dreyfus case is naturally the climax of the film, and Joseph Schildkraut's acting as the unfortunate captain has a great deal to do with the success of its second half. So has the acting, and the casting, of the other parties to the case; the intrigues of the generals and the travesty of the trial are terribly convincing. But another circumstance has weakened this portion of the film. Rightly or wrongly the direction has seen fit to suppress the anti-Semitic theme; one would scarcely know that Dreyfus had been a Jew, and one certainly never learns that the case, at least until Hitler, was the high-water mark in European history of agitation over the race. The Dreyfus of the film is merely an individual victim of injustice, and Zola's contribution is to a discussion much narrower than that which actually raged during a decade of near-revolution in France. So that once again the film dwindles its material—saving enough of it, nevertheless, to provide in Dreyfus's humiliation and reinstatement the two most moving moments of the whole, and indeed two moments that rise above most such things on the screen.

For that matter "The Life of Emile Zola" is, considering the many good things in it, a worthy film. But it is not among the best, and in the nature of things it could not be. Zola's characteristic deeds were his books, and a series of books is not a story; or if it is, it has already been told and can only lose by paraphrase.

MARK VAN DOREN

RECORDS

MOZART'S Violin Sonatas K 378 and 454 (Victor: five records, $10) are, for me, matters of great interest and pleasure, both of which are diminished by Heifetz's playing. And to know what it is that I dislike in the musical style of Heifetz's playing, you need only listen to Emanuel Bay, who plays the piano with him: listen to the continuous, though sensitive, line that Bay draws with a melody, then to the way Heifetz breaks it up with little swells. The melody issues from the piano with all its distinction and elegance; from the violin it issues affected, sentimentalized, vulgarized.

On the other hand, Brahms's Piano Quartet Opus 26 (Victor: four records, $8) is a work that interests and pleases me very little: I am aware of craft and cerebration even in passages that are beautiful and moving ("So many preparations and circumlocutions," Tchaikovsky complained, "for something which ought to come and charm us at once"). But the spontaneity, vitality, and fire that are not in the music are in the marvelous performance of Rudolf Serkin and members of the Adolf Busch String Quartet. Serkin's playing is particularly fine, and Busch's tone has a warmth that it has often lacked. Recording is excellent.

The spontaneity, vitality, and fire that are absent from Brahms's quartet are also present, with marvelous richness of substance, in Dvorak's Slavonic Dances. Victor issued a first series a year ago, and has issued a second now (five ten-inch records, $5.50). They are superbly performed by the Czech Philharmonic under Talich, and excellently recorded; and the combination of music and performance makes this, for me, the outstanding set of Victor's July list.

Most of Musicraft's antiquarian research I have not found very rewarding; but the Sonata for violin and figured bass of Purcell, on a single record ($1.50), has two slow movements which I find extraordinarily beautiful. Nor are they by any means exceptional: there is more where this sonata came from; and Musicraft can do no better than to let us have it. Mr. Trenkel's violin throbs a bit too much; aside from that the performance, with figured bass played by Ernst Victor Wolff (harpischord) and S. Hunkins ('cello), is excellent. Another Musicraft release is a delightful String Quartet of Dittersdorf, excellently performed by the Perole String Quartet (two records, $3).

Among the Brunswick-Polydor chamber-music releases is Verdi's String Quartet, which has some lovely and charming pages. The Prisca Quartet plays the first three movements well enough, but fails to achieve the lightness and spirit that should be in the last movement. Recording is good (four ten-inch records, $4.50). The same group's performance of Beethoven's Quartet Opus 59 No. 2 is vastly inferior to that of the Budapest Quartet on Victor; there is therefore no reason to endure the frequent breaks involved in the six ten-inch records ($6).

On Columbia singles (each $1.50) are a performance of the little Boccherini 'Cello Sonata No. 6 by Maurice Maréchal, and a performance of some of Tchaikovsky's charming music for the ballet "The Sleeping Beauty" (used by the Monte Carlo Ballet in "Aurora's Wedding") by the Paris Symphony under Szyfer—both good, and both well recorded.

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Letters to the Editors

Protest and Correction

Dear Sirs: In your issue of August 14 Mr. Benjamin Stolberg, in his article entitled Vigilantism, 1937, offers a list of groups which he elects to class as vigilante or fascist organizations. His inclusion among these fascist groups of the Ohio League for Constitutional Rights evidences a gross disregard of facts or a crude indifference to them.

Two and a half years ago this league was conceived by a small group of courageous liberals who felt grave concern for those very trends in anti-democratic opinion which Mr. Stolberg is writing about. The leader was the late Walter J. Shepard, then dean of the Arts College at the Ohio State University, president of the American Political Science Association, nationally recognized as author and educator, and one of the truest exponents of militant liberalism in the country. Ultimately the chairmanship was taken by a distinguished leader of the Ohio bar, former Supreme Court Justice Robert N. Wilkin of New Philadelphia, a man whose devotion to democratic idealism and whose abhorrence of fascist-mindedness is recognized and respected all over the state.

In the short period of its existence the Ohio League for Constitutional Rights has, among other activities, twice investigated unlawful arrests by Columbus police—each time of alleged Communists—and been instrumental in procuring the reversal of a teachers'-tenure case, and the reversal of two arbitrary rulings by the Division of Censorship on banned motion pictures—"The Amateur Fire Brigade" and "A Greater Promise." It investigated the so-called "sitdown strike" in the Governor's office by members of the Workers' Alliance and, after interviewing personally several of the strikers, concluded and publicly stated that the protesters were lawfully ejected, and that while there were instances of excessive violence, the force used was on the whole not abusive. It publicly protested against the unlawful exclusion of a C. I. O. organizer from the city of Lancaster this June and has made an analysis of the violations of civil rights at Massillon as revealed by testimony in a case now pending.

Contrary to Mr. Stolberg's irresponsible inferences the league is an organization which is the very antithesis of vigilantism. Can it be that fascist-baiters, even as red-baiters, have lost the capacity or the will to recognize an aggressive liberalism that is neither left nor right?

ROBERT E. MATTHEWS, Secretary
Columbus, Ohio, August 21

Dear Sirs: Mr. Jack Day, field secretary of the Ohio League for Constitutional Rights, came to see me to object to my mention of his organization in the same breath with various vigilante groups in my *Nation* article. I have also received several letters from other officers of the league.

Mr. Day was easily able to show that I had been mistaken. We were also able to trace just how the mistake had been made. And now it gives me real pleasure to apologize in making this correction. Far from being a vigilante outfit, the league is an authentic civil-liberties organization, intent on doing exactly what it professes, although unfortunately both its professions and its deeds have at times been so extremely cautious and ultra-conservative as to annoy some of its more progressive friends in Ohio.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG
New York, August 25

Are Writers Dumb?

Dear Sirs: I wish to disagree heartily with every opinion expressed in the review of "Little Children" published in *The Nation* of August 21. I have no doubt the author of the review knows what he's talking about, and a lot more besides which he isn't bandying around at the present time; but for my part I can't make head or tail of it. Every bit of it reads like something that means something, and if I didn't know better and if it wasn't about a book I've written, I'd say the reviewer had something there.

For several years now, as a hobby and as a means of not losing my mind, I have been trying to understand my writing by comparing what I know about it with what intelligent critics know about it, and I don't seem to be getting anywhere. If the critics can understand what I have written well enough to be able to write so wisely of it, why can't I understand what they write about what I've written, which they understand so well? Don't they know how to write, or what? Or are writers just naturally dumb and people who oughtn't to write? Or is writing unnecessary, except writing about writing? Or should critics write the stuff itself, which so far writers, through some miscalculation somewhere, have written? Or what? Like Sherwood Anderson, I want to know. Please print this letter and let's all engage in an old-fashioned controversy and may the best side win. WILLIAM SAROYAN
New York, August 19

Broun Was Right

Dear Sirs: Mr. Broun wrote in *The Nation* of July 10: "If . . . anybody can imagine the Scripps-Howard chain being wrong, then . . . when that legendary day comes, Memphis, Tennessee, will be out of luck. Only one version will be served to it." I wonder if he knew how very pertinent his remarks were.

When the court fight began, the professionally liberal Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, in which Mr. Broun's column had long appeared regularly, held its editorial peace while its columnists (Clapper, Johnson, and Broun) wrote glowingly of the President's attempt to unpack the court. But when the *Press-Scimitar* felt that public opinion was drifting definitely away from Roosevelt, and when Clapper and Johnson turned to pleading with the President to abandon his plan, the paper, in front-page editorials, began to scream as loudly as Mr. McCormick. And Mr. Broun's column ceased to appear regularly. Indeed, it has not appeared in the *Press-Scimitar* more than a dozen times in the past three months—and on these occasions it was on everything but politics. Mr. Broun need wait no longer for his legendary day. His wise and righteous employers have already proved his point.

DALE MULLEN
Oxford, Miss., August 15

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

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JOHN L. LEWIS'S RADIO REPORT ON THE state of the C. I. O. was an impressive document, both in the hearing and the reading. Its claim of an enrolment of almost three and three-quarter million marks the C. I. O. as the leading labor federation in the country. Its appeal for the cooperation of the working farmers places it squarely in the main stream of the American tradition. Its indictment of the violence that employers have used in their attempts to fight the C. I. O. is in no sense extreme, and despite instances of labor violence it places the emphasis where it belongs. Its bitter commentary on the police massacres in the steel strike and on the failure of the federal authorities to take any action or utter any protest is completely justified. It is only when Mr. Lewis turns to Mr. Roosevelt and the question of his neutrality in the struggle for labor organization that he chooses his ground badly. We feel that Mr. Lewis's real count against the President should not be that he has chosen to remain neutral in the labor struggle. The real count against him is that, through fear of middle-class hysteria, he failed to enforce rigidly the federal statutes under which the government should have proceeded against the steel companies and their arsenals. Real neutrality would have meant law enforcement; and, in the steel strike at least, that is what labor did not get. We do not regard the President's Labor Day message as an adequate answer. Nevertheless, despite the exchange of artillery fire between Mr. Lewis and the President, a genuine break between the Administration and the C. I. O. is unlikely for some time. Each needs the other too badly. And each knows it.

✶

THE SOVIET UNION'S NOTE TO ITALY FLATLY charging the Fascist government with responsibility for the recent submarine attacks on neutral shipping in the Mediterranean has injected a sadly needed note of realism into the discussions of "piracy." There has never been the slightest doubt about who the pirates really were. The Spanish rebels do not possess any submarines capable of waging the type of undersea warfare which has been carried on against Spanish-government and neutral ships in recent weeks. Germany has been playing too cautious a game with England to risk being involved in such a campaign. Italy, on the other hand, has cast off all pretense of non-intervention since the capture of Santander. While England would have preferred to avoid disclosing such ugly facts as the identity of the pirates, thirteen months of blind-man's-bluff diplomacy in the Spanish situation have shown its utter ineffectiveness in checking fascist aggression. Facing the threat of an illegal Japanese blockade of neutral shipping in the Pacific, the democratic powers must find a technique for collective action against irresponsible attacks on world shipping. This cannot be done by ignoring their source or pretending that they are wholly unrelated to basic fascist strategy. If we are to judge by past experience, the piracy will cease only if the democratic countries serve notice that their combined navies will protect neutral shipping wherever and whenever it is attacked.

*

WE GREET WITH MINGLED SATISFACTION and regret W. R. Hearst's withdrawal of his proposed $35,500,000 bond issues, and the action of the SEC in letting him get away with it. It is good to know that Hearst bonds will not at present be offered to the public, but unfortunate that no test could be made of the specific charges contained in numerous protests filed with the commission. Under the present interpretation of the law the commission doubtless felt that it had no choice other than to permit the withdrawal. It remembered that an attempt last year to keep a broker by the name of Jones from withdrawing after the commission had smelled fraud was severely rebuked by the Supreme Court in a six-to-three decision. The six said such action would be an infringement of liberty comparable to the oppression of the Stuarts. The three, speaking through Justice Cardozo, answered quite aptly: "To permit an offending registrant to stifle an inquiry by precipitate retreat on the eve of his exposure is to give immunity to guilt, to encourage falsehood and evasion, to invite the cunning and unscrupulous to gamble with detection. If withdrawal without leave may check investigation before securities have been issued, it may do so thereafter. . . . The statute and its sanctions become the sport of clever knaves." The last sentence makes us think the learned judge may have had some prescience. Well, the commission undoubtedly felt it had to follow what was constitutional law. Let it be noted, what *was* constitutional law. It would be interesting to find out what *is* constitutional law on this subject, given a court that has since suffered a change of heart as well as a change of personnel.

*

THE OUTCOME OF THE STUTTGART CONGRESS of Germans Living Abroad provides an object lesson in how to keep Nazis within the bounds of reason. The convention proceeded on the well-tried Hitler theory that if you ask for a foot you may get an inch, but if you reach out for a mile you can get it while your opponent recovers his breath. Ernst Wilhelm Bohle, of the Foreign Office, ordered all Germans living abroad to organize to combat "old liberal ideas"; plans were announced to add three "cultural attachés" to each of Germany's foreign embassies; and, to top it off, Foreign Minister von Neurath as much as dared foreign governments to interfere with Nazi propagandists. England has been all too lenient with the aberrations of Berlin statesmen, but this was too much. The London *Times* condemned the whole program of the congress, and the press was told officially that the British government stood behind "every word" of the *Times* editorial. And the Yorkshire *Post,* mouthpiece of Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, rhetorically inquired: "Could any impertinence be more naive?" As a result, von Neurath's *Diplomatische Korrespondenz* hastened to assure the world that the Stuttgart speeches were not intended to be provocative, the cultural-attaché notion was dropped completely, and Herr Goebbels himself wound up the conclave with a soft crunching of sour grapes. "There is no need for us to send special officials to London, Paris, or Washington," he concluded. "Members of the National Socialist Party abroad are the leaven of Germanism in the world." All this would be heartening if there were any sign that our own Secretary of State had profited by the demonstration. On the contrary he insists, over the protest of his own ambassador to Germany, on permitting an envoy to appear at the Nazi Party congress now in session at Nürnberg, thereby giving that eight-day tirade against democracy the official recognition of the American government.

*

GRIM TALES FROM THE DEEP SOUTH KEEP popping up with an alarmingly increasing frequency. In Dallas, Texas, a minor reign of terror has been going on for the past eight or nine weeks, replete with kidnappings, blackjackings, and the traditional tar and feathers. In every instance—there have been twelve so far—the victim was an active labor organizer. George Baer, vice-president of the United Hat, Cap, and Millinery Workers' Union was attacked on a downtown street, kidnapped, and severely beaten. Another gang pounced on Herbert Harris and George Lambert, Socialist Party organizers, stole the film "Millions of Us," which they had been exhibiting, destroyed $700 worth of sound and motion-picture equipment, and carried their victims off for a tar-and-feather party on the banks of the Trinity River. Behind the terror is said to be the Dallas Open Shop Association, working hand in glove with the Dallas plant of the Ford Motor Company. Even more ominous than the source of this gangsterism is the sufferance, if not the connivance, of the Dallas police. So quickly did they announce that they had "no clues and are dropping the case," that Governor Allred, much to his credit, sent state rangers into the city to protect labor leaders and suppress mob violence. In New Orleans Henry Hermes, secretary of the Socialist Party local, was arrested for "attempting to incite a riot by distributing slanderous literature attacking our state and city government." He was held incomunicado for thirteen hours, only to be released on bond and practically delivered into the waiting arms of thugs who beat him unmercifully. A few weeks ago Michigan witnessed the creation of the first statewide Civil Rights Federation. Citizens of Texas and Louisiana can best combat vigilantism by following suit.

IF THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT HAD SOUGHT to create a case against the Catholic hierarchy in Spain it could not have done better than to issue the pastoral letter recently prepared by the Spanish prelates now in fascist territory. In order to understand the letter it must be realized that it was addressed not to world opinion but to Catholic opinion, particularly in Europe, which has been increasingly critical of the role of Spanish Catholicism in the revolt. The European Catholic press has been disturbed by the undeniable evidence of terrorism on the part of the rebels and by the fact that the Catholic church in Spain was closely linked with the chief enemy of the church in Europe—the Nazis. The document itself is replete with quotations from the Catholic press protesting against the excesses which the so-called defenders of the church have committed. In the fanatical zeal with which the rebel prelates rush to the defense of the Franco regime is the most convincing evidence possible of the political commitments of the Spanish hierarchy. The moderate republican government of pre-revolutionary Spain is denounced with unholy vehemence, and considerable space is given to defending the use of violence in seeking to uproot this "Communist" regime. The outworn argument that the military struck just in time to head off a Communist revolution is repeated without an iota of evidence to support the contention. Incidentally, the document is dated July 1, which raises the interesting question of why it should now be published with a Vatican City date line, giving the wholly unjustified impression that the Vatican has recognized Franco. No such step has been taken, and if this internal squabble may be regarded as evidence, there is little likelihood that it will be taken.

*

THE BASIS OF THE WIDESPREAD RUMORS OF racketeering among the Spanish relief organizations was revealed by the State Department's figures on the amount of relief actually sent to Spain by the various agencies and the supplementary figures issued by the agencies themselves. It appears that all the groups have commendable records except the American Committee for Spanish Relief, a pro-rebel organization headed by Ogden H. Hammond, former ambassador to Spain. This organization, which was launched with a great splurge at a Madison Square Garden mass-meeting, is shown to have sent not a penny to Spain out of the $30,753 which it collected for war sufferers, and to have swallowed more than $25,000 in "expenses." In contrast, the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy and the Confederated Spanish Societies to Aid Spain, which have shipped $633,147 worth of foodstuffs, clothing, and medical supplies, have spent only $84,586 for publicity and administration, or 13 cents out of every dollar collected. The Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy has taken in $165,120 and shipped $119,353 worth of supplies to Spain at a cost of only $26,871—about 14 cents on the dollar. It is not without pride that we note that no group excelled the record established by *The Nation's* Food Ship, which—because of volunteer help—was able to dispatch supplies worth $25,550 at a total cost of only 3 cents on the dollar. On the basis of this accomplishment we challenge comparison with the American Red Cross.

*

MANY HEIRS APPARENT WILL DOUBTLESS BE mentioned for the Roosevelt succession between now and 1940. It is a fascinating game, because you can name anyone you wish, and who is able to refute you? Albert Warner of the New York *Herald Tribune* wrote a sensational story last week asserting that Mr. Roosevelt, in conversation with intimate friends, had put Senator Robert M. La Follette at the head of the list. To be sure, La Follette's nomination would enrage the Southerners and throw conservatives into a paralysis. To be sure, also, he is not a Democrat. And to be sure, finally, if Mr. Roosevelt has as much control over the convention in 1940 as he had over Congress in 1937, his efforts in a man's behalf might prove something less than an asset. Despite these objections, however, the rumor is not without a certain plausibility. We remember a similar story that Stanley High wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* naming Wallace as the heir, and other stories naming Murphy, Earle, and McNutt. All such talk is idle except as a preliminary way of testing sentiment for a candidate. We hereby announce that our sentiment has been tested, and that of all the gentlemen so far named—including the President, for a third term—we lean toward La Follette. He comes closest to having progressive social views, a realistic feeling for the means to be used in accomplishing them, a sense of balance in politics, a militant background, and deep roots in the movements both for workers' rights and for farmers' security. We can think of no one who would make a better candidate for a farmer-labor party, or whatever its equivalent is likely to be in 1940.

*

TOM GIRDLER MADE A POINT OF TELLING the world that he would not sign a union contract because if he did the next demand would probably be for a check-off of union dues. This concern for the pockets of his workers makes particularly interesting a device recently introduced in Republic Steel's Canton, Ohio, plant. Each "loyal" worker—particularly those induced by the strong arm of the state militia to leave the picket line and return to work—has been handed a card reading as follows: "I hereby subscribe $.... to help defray legal fees and expenses incurred by reason of employees' petition to Common Pleas Court for restraining order and injunction against the C. I. O. with respect to their unlawful interference with our right to go to and from our work. Date........ Signed................." The company's name does not appear on the card, nor does that of any other organization. But the employees are given to understand that they are expected to sign the cards; and the amounts they pledge are deducted from their pay—in other words, collected by means of a check-off. Girdler will smash unionism even if his workers have to shell out good money to do it.

BROUN'S PAGE, WE ANNOUNCE WITH REGRET, will no longer appear in *The Nation.* Mr. Broun has neither resigned nor been dropped; he has merely moved. His reasons are his own and have not been vouchsafed even to us; but from occasional comments it seems safe to assume that they were substantially expressed in his article of last April 17 in which he attacked *The Nation* for pursuing a policy of "fair play" which permitted the use of its pages for criticisms of the President's Supreme Court plan such as had been contributed by Oswald Garrison Villard and Maurice Wertheim. In that article Mr. Broun rather cryptically invited *The Nation* to dispense with his services. We firmly declined the invitation. We liked Mr. Broun and his page, and we claimed for ourselves and our other regular contributors only the right we unquestioningly gave to him—free expression of opinion. The irony of Mr. Broun's disapproval was that he and we saw eye to eye on the court proposal—as well as on most other major issues; we differed from him only in believing that it merited debate and that the opposition had a right to be heard. This attitude continued to distress Mr. Broun. He contributed his page with increasing reluctance and irregularity; and now he has left us. We wish him well, but we shall watch his future progress with some misgivings; we suspect that the spirit of fair play may search him out and plague him in the pages of the *New Republic* as well.

The Attack on the Labor Board

MORE important than any of the speeches and statements about labor that were made over the Labor Day week-end by Mr. Lewis, Mr. Roosevelt, and Mr. Green is the controversy over a decision of the National Labor Relations Board. The case involved is that of the National Electric Products Corporation, which we discussed editorially two weeks ago while it was pending. The decision has called down upon the board the wrath of the employers, the A. F. of L., and the press, whose darlings both have become. There have been attacks on the board before this, notably by Senator Nye and Representative Rankin; there have been rumblings of discontent from the A. F. of L.; there has been a sustained campaign by big business and its press for the "revision"—that is, scrapping—of the Labor Relations Act: but the National Electric Products case has evidently been chosen as the strategic ground for the fusion of all these forces and the battle with the board.

What makes the case so strategic is that it subjects the Labor Board to the withering cross-fire of the war between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. If one examines the case only hastily and superficially, it seems to present such a tangle of confusion as to justify the bewilderment of the newspaper writers and commentators. The tangle lies in the fact that not only are two unions involved in this case—and both of them "outside" unions—but also two governmental agencies—the Labor Board and the Federal District Court in Pennsylvania.

The sequence of events is somewhat as follows: The company, which manufactures electrical wire, cables, and other electrical products, and which employs about 1,500 men in its plant at Ambridge, Pennsylvania, had up to May of this year refused to recognize any outside union. During April and May a C. I. O. union conducted an intensive organizing campaign among the workers and claimed to have a majority. On May 20 and for a week thereafter it made several attempts to get the management to meet with the union for collective bargaining. The attempts failed. Meanwhile, however, an A. F. of L. union had approached the management and succeeded in holding conferences with it. A hurried organizing campaign took place in the factory, and on May 28 the company signed a closed-shop agreement with the A. F. of L. union. The C. I. O. union called a strike and shut the plant effectively. Late in June the plant was reopened pending a settlement of the case by the Labor Board. But late in July the A. F. of L. union, not content to await the decision of the board, asked the Federal District Court to compel the company to live up to its closed-shop agreement. The district judge complied and issued a decree calling for specific performance of the contract. On August 30 the Labor Board, after holding hearings, handed down a decision declaring the A. F. of L. agreement invalid because of the conditions under which it was obtained, stating that the decree of the District Court did not apply in a case where the Labor Board had been given exclusive jurisdiction by Congress, and ordering an election to determine which union was to be the legal bargaining agency.

The case is complex but by no means insoluble. The board, to our mind, has handled it with admirable fairness and shown skill in untangling its various strands. As far as the public is concerned, there are three basic questions that need answering. When each of two outside unions claims to be the bargaining unit, should the fact that one has already obtained a closed-shop agreement from the company change the usual procedure of ordering an election? Does the board have the power to examine the circumstances under which such a union has obtained a closed-shop agreement? What happens when the board's decision clashes with the decision of a federal district judge?

To see how clearly and adequately the board has answered these three questions one must read its full opinion. The board is not at all concerned with whether the company likes or dislikes a union. Its only concern is that the company should not translate its likes or dislikes into overt acts of persuasion or coercion. That is why the board did not let the fact that the A. F. of L. had already obtained a closed-shop agreement prevent it from examining the validity of this agreement under the Labor Act. It would have had to do the same if the union in question had been a C. I. O. union or a company union. In examining the validity of this agreement, the board had to find the answers to two questions. Was there actual

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persuasion or coercion by the company in inducing employees to join one union rather than another? Did the company ever have any evidence that the A. F. of L. union spoke for a majority of the workers?

The board's thirty-five-page opinion is packed with factual information in answer to both these questions. Those facts leave no doubt that there was collusion between the company and the A. F. of L. union to get around the Labor Relations Act. The company showed no interest in the A. F. of L. until the C. I. O. organizers claimed a majority, offered to show proof that they had it, and asked for a conference. Then the company officials conferred with the A. F. of L. representatives, while refusing to see any C. I. O. men. In talking with the A. F. of L. men they never once asked for evidence that the A. F. of L. union had a majority. They simply "believed" them. Here is an excerpt from the testimony of I. A. Bennett, the company's vice-president:

> Q. And you didn't think it was necessary to ask them to show any proof of that fact?
>
> A. They couldn't show me proof.
>
> Q. They couldn't show you proof?
>
> A. No.

As for the enlistment of membership in the A. F. of L. union, there was unchallenged testimony from one worker after another showing that the organizing was done on company time, that the company foremen took a hand in it, that the workers were told by the foremen and the superintendent that unless they joined the A. F. of L. union the company would lose business and they would lose their work, and that the notices for a union organizing meeting were run off on a company press, on company time, and with the knowledge of the company.

What further acts of persuasion and coercion one could ask an employer to undertake it is difficult to imagine. There remains, however, the question of the clash between the federal court and the Labor Board. On this too the case is clear. The Wagner Act creating the board gave it exclusive jurisdiction and power over unfair labor practices. Its orders, once handed down, were to be subject to review only by the Circuit Court of Appeals and ultimately only by the United States Supreme Court. The board does not claim to be the final judicial authority. As an administrative board its function is to interpret the Labor Act and settle conflicting claims under it. Like those of other administrative boards, its functions are quasi-judicial; in so far as it deals with judicial matters its findings are expressly made subject to review by the Circuit Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court.

A final word about the social logic of the attack on the Labor Board. The A. F. of L. has launched an intensive campaign to undercut the organizing activities of the C. I. O. The fact is that it does not have anything like the mass response and the mass support among the industrial workers that the C. I. O. has. Its technique has therefore increasingly become that of collusion with employers, who prefer the lesser evil of the A. F. of L. to the greater evil of the C. I. O. The present case is a beautiful instance of how this collusion operates. And the great sin of the Labor Board, in the eyes of William Green, Dan Tracy, the business interests, their lawyers, and their journalistic supporters, is that the board, by pursuing strictly its judicial and administrative duties, has upset their apple-cart.

Anti-British Hysteria

IN the past few weeks there has suddenly arisen in certain circles a suspicion of British foreign policy which is almost hysterical in intensity. It is epitomized in the catchy title of Quincy Howe's new book, "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty," but its intensity requires a more fundamental explanation than is to be found in his pages. A certain amount of anti-British feeling has existed in the United States from the Revolution down to modern times, as was evidenced, for example, by Mayor Thompson's antics in Chicago. The Nye investigation increased the suspicion, already existing, that England inveigled America into the World War to save its imperial interests. But even at the height of the Nye committee's activities, feeling against England did not approach its present strength.

The weakness of British foreign policy during the past few years has undoubtedly contributed to anti-British sentiment. While it may seem inconsistent that Americans, whose own country has been the chief offender in undermining the mechanism for collective security, should berate England for its failure to support collective action against Japan in 1931 and its vacillation on oil sanctions in 1935, this is precisely what has occurred. Americans are firm believers in the collective system as long as the United States is not involved. Similarly, Britain's failure to support democracy in Spain has created a very bad impression in this country although the application to Spain of our neutrality law has aided the rebels precisely as has England's non-intervention policy. Distrust of British policy was increased, moreover, by the stupidity and callousness with which the Cabinet handled the abdication and marriage of Edward. And the American public has taken even less kindly to the aloof Chamberlain than to the moral Baldwin. There is a widespread feeling, which the new Prime Minister has done little to alleviate, that the present British government may ultimately land on the side of Hitler.

To what degree these specific items in British policy account for the present antagonism toward England is hard to say. Quincy Howe gives very little space in his book to a detailed analysis of England's shortcomings and a great deal to the vague assertion that the British Empire is consciously looking to the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire. This interpretation of British policy is being freely applied to the Far Eastern crisis. Opponents of collective action are saying either that it is useless for the United States to consider taking action in the Orient, since Britain will not cooperate, or that this country should be wary of positive measures because Britain is only trying to use us to prop up its own interests in the East.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than that this distrust should serve to prevent cooperation between the two countries when the closest unity of action is essential. It is probably true that Great Britain would like to see the United States assume the leadership in any measures that are taken to curb Japanese aggression. But it is equally obvious that the United States would be only too gratified to see England bear the onus of action against Japan. Essentially, the interests of the two countries—economic, political, and social—are identical as far as China is concerned. The fact that a measure which served to check Japanese aggression would also be of assistance to Britain is by no means a convincing reason for refusing to cooperate in support of the Nine-Power Pact—which is very largely an American document.

Housing and Mr. Ickes

SECRETARY of the Interior Ickes, in a letter to the editors published elsewhere in this issue, takes us to task for saying that to place the federal low-rental housing program under the control of his department "would seem to assure, in view of the department's record in recent years, that no houses will be built for many months to come." *The Nation* admires Mr. Ickes's unquestioned honesty, his good intentions, and—even if we are the victims—his trenchant phrasing. But we still maintain that the record of his housing performance has been a public scandal.

He was appointed head of the Public Works Administration in July, 1933, with $123,000,000 at his disposal for slum clearance and public housing. Soon afterward he announced that the federal government would undertake housing projects only "where no properly constituted housing authority exists," and that local agencies would "be utilized to the fullest extent possible in the acquisition of sites, design, construction, and operation of projects." In line with that policy he wired Mayor LaGuardia in January, 1934, that $25,000,000 was earmarked for use by a New York City Housing Authority in constructing an initial project. In a month the New York City Housing Authority, with an unquestionably competent personnel, was organized and ready to do business. Similar authorities in other cities were hopefully set up.

But instead of following this sound policy Mr. Ickes suddenly reversed himself. Everything, it developed, had to be done not only through but by the PWA. Soon even the smallest detail of housing business in the PWA office became enmeshed in a tangle of checks and counter-checks that tied the whole program into knots. Mr. Ickes leaned over backward so far to keep his skirts clean that forward motion was all but impossible. Local authorities were scarcely even consulted. A number of them resigned or faded away because they had nothing to do. In New York a semblance of consultation remained, but only when it was found that the New York powers of condemnation had to be used to acquire property. A succession of heads of the PWA Housing Division testified to the administrative confusion: Kohn, Hackett, Clas, and now Gray. With these constant changes in personnel, numerous reorganizations of the Housing Division, earmarkings, allocations, allotments, and budgeting of funds for housing purposes, years elapsed before any construction even got under way. And in other cities PWA direction was if possible even less effective.

Caught in this morass of centralized bureaucracy, Mr. Ickes found he could not move fast enough to spend the funds available. He lost most of the $450,000,000 earmarked by Congress in April, 1935, when it was found the WPA could use the money more effectively for work relief of various sorts. But worse than the delays have been the costs of centralized authority. Building prices went up 25 per cent while PWA was going through the complex motions of the housing take-off. Because of its ignorance of local conditions and its needlessly elaborate specifications, contractors jacked up their estimates 10 to 20 per cent when bids were finally called for.

As a result a public housing program that might have given us an additional billion dollars' worth of low-rent housing in four years has succeeded in producing only about one-quarter of that amount. Not until this summer did the first low-rental project of any size open its doors in New York City—four years after Mr. Ickes's telegram to the Mayor; and that project was built not by the local authority as Mr. Ickes promised but by PWA itself. So it has been with all the other projects. Faltering and cumbersome administration has allowed only $134,000,000 of public housing money to pass through the PWA bottleneck so far; for fifty-one projects in thirty-eight cities—all built directly by the PWA. Administration and construction costs, of course, have risen to heights almost as scandalous as if they had been the result of graft instead of an over-exacting and jealous conscience.

So much for the past. The Wagner-Steagall bill, considerably mangled in the process of its passage, has now become law through the President's signature. Mr. Ickes has had his way. The new federal Housing Authority will be in his department, but under the direction of a housing administrator appointed by the President. As a result of excessive PWA spending, rigid limits—$1,250 a room in larger cities—have been placed on construction costs. The financial provisions will probably allow for only $500,000,000 worth of housing in the next three years. Slum clearance is too closely related to new construction, and the requirements for local financial contributions may slow up or even prevent some projects. The best part of the act is its denial of any direct federal power over the construction or operation of projects; local self-government in housing is now compulsory by law. And to Mr. Ickes's credit be it said that he advocated this policy himself at the hearings on the bill. At the very least a permanent housing program is now assured—one which with all its defects is sound in principle. For Mr. Ickes the act is a challenge which we hope he will eagerly and aggressively accept.

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Tammany's Last Stand

BY MAX LERNER

THE political game is dirty and exciting wherever it is played. In America it is a national passion, but in New York City it affects the very fabric of living. New York has contributed three items to American culture: Wall Street, Broadway, and Tammany Hall. Wall Street has been under a shadow since 1929; Broadway has become a suburb of Hollywood; and now every sign points to the passing of Tammany Hall and the collapse of the most powerful urban political structure in history. There is a smell of decay in the air, and you can already hear the crash of falling timber.

Tammany, like every urban political machine, has always been a vast feudal structure, with its hierarchy of leadership linked by subinfeudation and homage. Always it has presented a monolithic mass to its enemies—a mass rotten and corrupt but at least unified in its corruption. This Tammany is now a house divided. In a political machine, where you must hold your mass following by loyalty rather than intelligence, disunion is fatal. For it confronts the rank and file with a choice; to choose you must think, and once the submarginal mind of the party hack starts to work, he is lost.

What has happened to change the shape of things for Tammany? Most people would answer: the sequence of scandals during the last decade and the lack of leadership in handling the shock of them. It is true that Charles Murphy's successors have been puny men, incredible blunderers, bewildered before the onrush of events. But the scandals, ending in the flight of Jimmy Walker in 1932, the fiasco of O'Brien and McKee, the victory of LaGuardia and the Fusion movement in 1933, are by no means a novelty in Tammany's history. Tammany has a theory for such obscure matters as waves of reform and the fall and rise of public wrath. Once every generation, says this Tammany theory of history, a sort of eruption takes place, but it's a good thing it does. It gives Tammany a breathing-spell; it lets the reform mayor do the dirty work of increasing taxes, cutting expenses, replenishing the treasury. Then Tammany sweeps back again, ready for the fatted calf.

But this time the Tammany law of history is obviously not going to work, and Tammany men are bewildered. In their dull, primitive way they personalize their plight and blame it on particular devils—on Roosevelt, on Farley, on LaGuardia. Actually they are being defeated by the drift of our economic life.

Manhattan, the stronghold of the Hall, no longer occupies its old place of dominance over the other four boroughs of Greater New York. In 1920 it had 40 per cent of the registered voters; today it has only 25 per cent. In the interval industry and population have been shifting—to Brooklyn, which is now larger than Manhattan; to the Bronx, which is slightly smaller. And while the old Tammany is still in control of Manhattan, the New Deal Tammany—the Flynn-Farley-Kelly outfit—is in control of the other four boroughs.

To understand how they gained this control one must remember that a fully developed capitalism must get rid of its cruder Tammany Halls. For one thing, they are incompetent to handle the problems of depression subsistence, which have become chronic with capitalism. For another, they are too expensive, and the heavy burdens they add to taxation are no longer compensated by the franchise favors which the corrupt city machines gave the corporations in the earlier days. The depression made Walker's and O'Brien's efforts at government wholly pathetic. Municipal bonds fell in value, and the alliance between Tammany and the downtown bankers was loosened. The old ham-sandwich methods of buying votes, moreover, were futile in the face of widespread desolation. Only federal funds could deal with hunger, and the WPA, rigidly administered from Washington, made the precinct and district leaders seem archaic. In the deepest sense it is the depression that has delivered the knockout blow to Tammany, and it is permanent depression as a phase of capitalism that is likely to keep it knocked out.

Under such conditions a city machine that is on the outs with the national administration cannot last. It has been Tammany's big mistake not to see that truth. The two-cent Tammany leader, living in an atmosphere of the most primitive social consciousness, with a vision bounded by the clubhouse and the parish church, regards the New Deal as a transient whim or a passing trick of fate, and the C. I. O. as the contrivance of Communists. He lives, like the émigrés, in the constant hope of counter-revolution, and like them he thinks it can be accomplished by the old methods. His slightly brighter brothers may, however, see the need for adapting the old dominance to new conditions. Hence the split in Tammany, and the ruinous primary contest between the diehards running Copeland and the New Deal bosses running Mahoney.

The leaders backing Copeland are the Sullivan-Marinelli crowd. Ever since Murphy's death the Tammany leaders have been like a group of Chinese war lords, concerned only with plunder and personal suzerainty. Sullivan is perhaps the weakest leader Tammany has ever had. Technically his business is real estate; actually he is a race-track hanger-on. A lower East Side district like Sullivan's generally costs something like $25,000 to $30,000 a year to run. Some of it is made up through levies and "socials"; where the rest comes from is part of the dark forest of politics. Sullivan's own hold on his district is precarious; rumors are that he is in danger of losing it to Aaron Neiberg, a big Hungarian undertaker on Ludlow Street. As for Marinelli, who controls Sullivan, he has a sort of animal cunning within a limited mentality. Their present course in supporting Copeland is clearly suicidal, at least as far as the Democratic primaries are concerned; for Copeland stands not the slightest chance outside Manhattan. Behind Copeland, who has entered both Republican and Democratic primaries, is a combination of Smith-Raskob-Hearst Liberty Leaguers which embraces both parties with an inclusive hug. Money is pouring in freely from these sluices for the Copeland candidacies in both primaries. It was this golden flow that kept the Sullivan-Marinelli crowd from withdrawing Copeland when Grover Whalen withdrew in favor of Mahoney.

The best that can be said for Candidate Copeland is that he is a good soldier. When Senator Wagner refused to run, Copeland stepped dutifully into the breach. His qualifications were obvious. He had once been Mayor of Ann Arbor, Michigan; he was a doctor who had built up a large personal following by his health columns in the Hearst press; he was considered a great vote-getter, having been elected to the Senate three times; he was a bitter opponent of the New Deal. Dr. Copeland has worked hard on his career, and, as Senators go, he does not lack intelligence. He might have been a good doctor if he had not become a quack Senator. What he lacks is moral fiber. His whole political career has revealed in him a cunning in serving his masters, the vested interests of business and politics, combined with an abject lack of self-respect. His clinging to Hearst, his tenderness toward the patent-medicine interests in his food-and-drug bill and his paid broadcasts on a Fleischmann's Yeast program at the very time the bill was being considered, his glossing over of the shipowners' guilt in his committee report on the Morro Castle disaster, his attempt to put through a "fink book" system for the maritime workers; his demagogic attacks on Rosevelt and the labor movement—these give some notion of the man's stature. His only mass support is likely to come from the clubhouse and the swastika—from the Manhattan Irish and the Yorkville and Queens Germans. He is the natural candidate of the Germans, not only because of LaGuardia's anti-Nazism and Mahoney's stand on the Berlin Olympics, but because Copeland's own anti-labor views and his promises to use police repression in strikes endear him to the Nazis. Fritz Kuhn came out openly in support of him, and Copeland's mistake was to wait a week before repudiating the support. The report is that he is slow at mathematics.

Candidate Jeremiah T. Mahoney is decidedly the more refined type of Tammany leader. He has, at least, a personal appeal of a sort—a big, craggy, impressive human specimen, in excellent physical shape, with a pleasant smile and a decisive manner of speaking. A law partner of Senator Wagner, he caught by contagion a trace of the Senator's liberalism, but only a trace. As President of the A. A. U. in 1935 he led the movement for non-participation in the German Olympics. He lost the fight to Avery Brundage, but the fiasco of the games restored him to the presidency this year. Yet no sooner was he elected than he appointed Brundage, the Naziphile, chairman of the crucial foreign-relations committee. So completely does the politician in him dominate the liberal.

Mahoney's most vendible quality as a mayoralty candidate now is his reputed appeal to the Jewish vote because of his Olympic stand—an appeal that he underlined at the beginning of his campaign by addressing a Jewish audience in Yiddish. But his most enduring quality as a politician is a knowledge of what the traffic will bear in machine politics. It is unlikely that he would ever lend himself to the more brazen corruptions of the Walker regime; yet it is he and Flynn who must be held responsible for the stupid handing of a juicy political plum to Jimmy Walker two weeks ago. The truth is that while it campaigns under a New Deal banner, the Farley-Flynn New York machine is one of the more unlovely aspects of the Administration. Mahoney himself, a child of Tammany to the bone—in fact, much more so than the Tammany candidate, Copeland—has been cast by the ironic logic of events in the role of an anti-Tammany crusader, and the part just doesn't fit him.

LaGuardia is by all odds the outstanding personality in the history of the New York mayoralty. A mercurial and omnivorous mind, an uncontrolled temper, a brilliance as speaker and administrator, an incredible flow of energy, a genius for making the everyday dramatic and for turning the resulting drama to the uses of every day—these are some of his qualities and possessions. He has packed four or five careers into one. And always he has been an insurgent in ideas and a political polygamist in his party relations. A child of the many-tongued East Side, he has acquired and discarded party labels as easily as he has mastered languages. He has been Republican, La Follette Socialist, Republican again, Fusion, and Labor.

His 1933 election had a curious effect on the two parties which voted him into power. The Republican Party in the city is as much a machine as Tammany, only it has had exclusively lean years and is therefore all the hungrier. The clubhouse boys licked their chops when LaGuardia came to power. They saw in him a reform mayor who had gone through the ordeal by fire in practical politics. When they found that he really meant to refuse them jobs, they were stunned; and when, adding insult to injury, he called them a bunch of "clubhouse loafers," their anguish had no bounds.

There are at least four attitudes toward him now among the Republicans. One is that of the silk-stocking Park Avenue group, who hate him as they hate Roosevelt. The less obsessed members of the group, like Ogden Mills, have a special variant of this attitude. LaGuardia, says Mills, promised him in 1933 in return for Republican support that he would keep out of the national political picture; and Mills feels he has broken his promise. The second group is the clubhouse gang, led by Crews of Brooklyn, Ashmead of Queens, and Knewitz of the Bronx. Their hope and their disappointment are alike purely predatory. In the third group are the practical politicians like Simpson of Manhattan. Simpson has played a shrewd game. He held off from too early a commitment on LaGuardia in order not to alienate his

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followers, and then he stole a march on the Mayor and presented him with the *fait accompli* of a list of Republican names—McGoldrick, Morris, Isaacs—in addition to his own. It was a bold stroke and it worked. Simpson's aim is to put in the Republican column the best vote-getter in the city; to prevent the return of Tammany while the Republicans are building their strength; to use the Labor Party as a corrosive for eating away Tammany's mass base; and, not least, to get safe men elected to the state Constitutional Convention, which will have great importance for the future of New York politics. Then there is a fourth and final Republican group which supports LaGuardia squarely in the name of good city government. These are the progressive Republicans typified by Samuel Seabury and William Chadbourne. They are a curious lot: some are business men or *rentiers;* others are lawyers, torn between civic nobility and corporation fees, clinging finally to good government.

If you consider that the left wing of LaGuardia's support in 1933 was the City Fusion Party, and that today it is the American Labor Party—and, more negligibly, the Communists—you get a way of appraising the new base of progressive political action in New York. The City Fusion Party was never a real party. It did yeoman's work in electing LaGuardia in 1933, but it was never more than a mechanism whereby independent Democrats, progressive Republicans, stray Socialists, and mugwumps of all kinds could rally to his support. As soon as the election was over, it began to disintegrate, and it is not unfair to say that it is now scarcely more than an emblem on the voting machine. If LaGuardia had to rely today on the kind of support that elected him in 1933, he would be wise to dust off his lawyer's shingle. That is what happened to Seth Low and John P. Mitchell. But it is not going to happen to LaGuardia.

Why? The answer is generally given in terms of racial groups: he has the support of the Jews, Italians, Negroes, etc. That answer, despite its supposed realism, is to me superficial. Why does he have the support of these groups? If you could get the Jewish vote by consigning Hitler to the Chamber of Horrors, or the Negro vote by appointing a Negro magistrate or making speeches in Negro churches, politics would be a sweet and lovely pursuit. I am not saying these things are unimportant, but their importance is imbedded in a larger context. That context is the achievement of a social program by the city administration, the creation of a progressive climate of opinion throughout the city, and the confident welding of labor into a disciplined and mobile mass political organization. That is what separates 1937 from 1933; that is what distinguishes LaGuardia from Mitchell and breaks the taboo on the return of reform administrations; that is, finally, what gives LaGuardia a vote of over 60 per cent in the New York *Post* straw poll.

LaGuardia is primarily the candidate of the American Labor Party. His place on the city Fusion column is a residue, and any place he may get on the Republican column will be an accident. But his connection with labor is integral. His great strength will lie in the industrial boroughs—Brooklyn and the Bronx; in Manhattan, although labor is still under Tammany dominance, the Labor Party is beginning to break through. His weakness will be where labor is weakest—in Queens and Richmond.

It is not that militant labor has any illusions about LaGuardia. Under stress he would use, and has used, repression in labor disputes. He has handled the relief problem and relief delegations with an intolerant assurance. He is as capable of red-baiting, given the right provocation, as the next man. And yet, once phrased, these objections have a strangely academic sound. Labor has no desire, in a period of intense organization, to be merely a protest group. It is following the policy of effective political action—of getting as much and as good housing, schooling, sanitation, wages, and working conditions as it can get. It wants to pick its direction and move forward as fast as the objective conditions will allow.

I go along with this position, but I am aware of the dangers implicit in it. The habit of opportunism and compromise is not an easy one to shake off, even when the chance for decisive social transformation really arrives. And the case of Tom Dewey raises the question of where labor will set the limits of its support. Dewey knows little about labor. He made his reputation by exposing rackets, among them labor rackets. He performed a necessary surgical operation, but many honest labor people feel he was unnecessarily hard on the patient. The Labor Party's decisive support of Dewey's candidacy for district attorney was strategically wise: it served notice to the world that only honest and militant unionists were wanted in the party. And yet as far as Dewey himself is concerned, his vision of labor is thus far bounded by his experience with the racketeering unions. He is young and may learn—and again he may not. That is a gamble the Labor Party is taking.

There is one final danger. Labor is not entering into politics in any goo-goo spirit of reform. It wants results in social terms; it knows also how to act in realistic terms. I have talked with reporters in New York who have been following Tammany for years, and they tell me that the labor people do not suffer from comparison in tough-mindedness with Tammany. In fact, there is an inverted sentimentality in Tammany—the sentimentality of sticking to an underworld code—which labor lacks completely. Its leaders should make skilful politicians: they have been educated in the task of bargaining over concrete issues with tough-minded employers. The trade union, moreover, furnishes a superb cadre for political organization. The experience of getting out the Roosevelt trade-union vote in Chicago and New York last year showed how easily a shop chairman or business agent could be turned into something approaching a district leader. One of the lessons of the municipal campaigns will be the superiority of the trade union as a party base over the Tammany type of geographical organization.

One need scarcely point out how dangerous are these nettles from which labor must pluck the flower of strength. Labor will succeed in ousting Tammany. But in the process it must use enormous self-discipline. Labor wants no more Tammanies, not even labor Tammanies.

Toward a Bigger Little Entente

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Prague, August 15

NOTHING so well illustrates the new disorder in the Danube valley as the present status of the kingless kingdom of Hungary. For the better part of two decades this aggrieved and pugnacious remnant of the Hapsburg empire has been bullied and held down by its encircling neighbors. Today these same heirs of the Dual Monarchy's Magyar crownlands, or at any rate two of them, waft smiles and discreet kisses over the frontier at the hereditary foe. In theory, to be sure, Budapest remains what it has been all along for the capitals of the Little Entente—the potential disturber of things as they are. In practice, Belgrade and Prague have for some time been engaged in the keenest rivalry for Magyar favor, while Bucharest has been sitting uneasily on the fence, observing the contest with a watchful eye and ready to tumble to the side of the winner. The issue, unless I am much mistaken, is one of those that will determine whether Europe is to be restored to tranquillity or to speed on toward disaster.

The most Occidental nation of the three, the Czechs are politically an intelligent and adroit people. But their realism in the present confusion derives as much from necessity as from native wit. Heirs of a highly industrialized economy, surrounded by enemies or doubtful friends, menaced from within and without by the new "dynamic" Germanism, they have been perforce the first in the Danube basin to perceive that unless some semblance of unity be restored to the region, all its peoples alike are doomed to economic ruin and political annihilation. Hence Mr. Hodza's plan for "a widened Little Entente," which—comprising in addition to the existing group Hungary, Austria, and Bulgaria—would recreate the vanished *imperium* of the Hapsburgs. The Premier of Czecho-Slovakia is too much alive to the mistrusts and suspicions which for ages have divided Central Europeans to be over-sanguine. For the present, he tells me, he is thinking of nothing more ambitious than a kind of *Zollverein* among the six countries. That would perhaps not solve all the problems, but it would suffice as a beginning. By promoting their prosperity, it would render the little states less exposed to the intrigues of their colonizing neighbors, and thus contribute to the maintenance of peace. Some sort of political consolidation might follow later. The project might eventually even be extended to Poland and to the countries north of it, thus giving birth to a veritable Central European confederation.

For this conception to materialize even in its initial phase much will depend on the good-will and the realistic good sense of the men who govern in Budapest, as well as in London and Paris. The Czechs are disposed in the common interest to make serious concessions, including territorial ones, to Hungary. In return they ask but one thing—that the question of Magyar rearmament, which Prague is prepared to concede in principle, be determined by the civilized method of negotiation by all the interested parties instead of in the unilateral surprise fashion made familiar to us of late by the Wilhelmstrasse. From my conversations with Tibor Eckhardt I carried away the clear impression that the leader of the Peasant Party—who, should the Budapest Parliament vote the proposed revival of the secret ballot, may well head the next government of Hungary—is not unfavorable to the Prague overtures. A keenly intelligent man, he has long since left behind him his fascist beginnings and is profoundly disquieted by the progress toward disaster which his country, tied economically to Germany and politically to Italy, has been making. Mr. Hodza, fresh from his Coronation visits to London and Paris, spoke to me in optimistic tones. The French, he says, have all along been favorable to close cooperation, political as well as economic, among the little states of Central Europe; the great stumbling-block has been the passive indifference of the British. Now London has at last awakened to its vital interests in the Danube basin and is ready to do its share toward preventing the region from falling a prey to the intrigues of Rome and Berlin —at least to the extent of not insisting, in its commercial relations with these states, upon most-favored-nation treatment. Ex-Chancellor Renner of Austria confirmed this view of the British position by quoting to me from an English statesman's speech this perspicacious sentence: "We have learned from unpleasant recent experience that the Suez Canal can only be defended from the Danube."

All this notwithstanding, there are reasons for suspecting that the Prague project will encounter many a snag in its path. To look for approval from the neighboring great powers one would have to be exceptionally naive. Moscow, I daresay, will make no difficulties. The Soviet Union may be ruled by a dictatorship, but it is not a land-hungry power, and should rather welcome a barrier between itself and the Reich more solid than the existing patchquilt. The power which little more than a decade ago was aiming at the world revolution is now exerting every muscle to keep the apple-cart upright. But Hitler? The Nazis have proclaimed openly that it is their mission to keep the world in disorder. Determined to effect a redistribution of wealth, not between classes but between nations, they are ready to set the earth aflame to gain their ends. Not for nothing have they labored to bring down Geneva—the only semblance of authority among states. Can Hitler's Germany be expected to give its blessing to a scheme that bars its

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way to the East? It is significant that the Hungarian minister, General Räder, on returning from Berlin recently, tried to stampede his government into denouncing, unilaterally and on the spot, the military clauses of the Treaty of Trianon; it took all of Mr. Daranyi's energy and authority to prevent the coup. I mentioned in my previous article the warning sent down to Budapest by a special emissary of the Führer against any commitments to the Prague idea. And Göring, I learn, recently declared that the Reich asked nothing positive of Austria, but that the return of Otto—that is, the least step toward reconsolidation in the Danube area—would bring war.

That Italy does not find the scheme quite to its taste is equally evident and no more mysterious. Count Ciano, too, when accompanying the King to Budapest, urged the Hungarians to have done with their enforced disarmament. Mussolini knows quite as well as the English statesman that the Suez Canal—that is, British control of the Mediterranean—can only be defended, or challenged, from the Danube—and from the Tagus. He knows, in other words, what his predecessors—Giolitti, for instance—discovered before him: that to fulfil its destiny in *mare nostrum* Italy must make sure of having in its rear no solid hostile land mass. The dissolution of the Dual Monarchy into its component atoms partly met that indispensable condition. Therefore we may rest assured that the Duce will leave no stone unturned to wreck every attempt, whatever the pretext and whatever the form, to unify the Danube basin. And this, in passing, casts a revealing light upon the origin, viewed from the banks of the Tiber, of the Rome-Berlin axis. Austria-Hungary gone, there remained the vastly more solid and formidable mass of Hitler's Germany. There was scarcely any hope of *its* dismemberment in the visible future. Poincaré's efforts to that end had proved worse than futile. The only alternative was to neutralize the Reich by alliance.

My personal opinion is that the Italo-Yugoslav treaty of last March had in Rome's eyes the very same purpose. It goes without saying that the published text does not reveal half of what it contains. But it is clear enough from the behavior of Belgrade that Mussolini sought and obtained something more than a triumph of prestige, and that the end in view was to detach Yugoslavia not so much from the old Little Entente as from the new widened one that was in the making. One had but to see the face of Mr. Krofta, the Czech Foreign Minister, as I did, on the morrow of that startling event, to perceive that something more serious than the semi-anachronistic league against the Magyars was at stake. Coming as it did on top of a series of other disquieting happenings, it was scarcely reassuring. Last November, after Mussolini's Milan blast about the Hungarian frontiers, Prague and Bucharest duly lodged an energetic protest; Belgrade held its peace. Shortly thereafter, I learn, Stoyadinovich, in receiving a delegation of the Magyar minority in Yugoslavia, addressed them in these astonishing terms: "Hungary has overlooked the first principle of strategy—the contraction of front. Why does it persist in fighting for revision on three separate sectors?" In July, a few weeks after my return, a Yugoslav journalist for the semi-official *Vreme* was granted an interview by the Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, the first time this has occurred since the war. M. de Kanya, it is even said in authoritative circles, is soon to pay an official visit to Belgrade.

I have not seen Mr. Stoyadinovich, let alone the Prince Regent Paul. The present rulers of Yugoslavia, it would seem, are ill at ease these days with the French press; and I was the accredited representative of a Paris daily. At a banquet on the day of my arrival the Havas correspondent was ready to bet me the costliest bottle of wine that the Premier would not give me an interview; he himself, he explained, had been waiting for one for three months. Subsequently friends and colleagues of the head of the government assured me that they would arrange a meeting; they could see no reason, they said, why he should not receive me. Apparently Mr. Stoyadinovich did, for he remains one of the rare personages of the five countries with whom I have not spoken.

I have none the less obtained a glimpse of his point of view from numerous conversations with his understudies, which I shall briefly summarize; and then I shall endeavor to convey what, by hints, innuendoes, and pregnant silences, they let you guess. They begin by protesting that they are not deserting their old friends. Why, the Little Entente and the alliance with France are the very keystones of Yugoslavia's unalterable foreign policy. (A few days later I was to hear the identical formula from Carol II and M. Antonescu.) The rapprochement with Italy? Well, to begin with, it is nothing of the sort. it is scarcely more than a *modus vivendi*. Italy, one should keep in mind, is Yugoslavia's best customer. Oh, the pact of "eternal friendship" with Sofia. It is not in contravention of the Balkan Entente; the Bulgars are the kin of the Serbs and Croats; what more natural than that Belgrade should try to draw closer to them? In short, the Stoyadinovich government is endeavoring—as responsible statesmen should—to secure the frontiers of the country by eliminating friction between it and its neighbors. If Prague and Bucharest are not doing likewise, they are neglecting their opportunities and their duty. But aren't they? Rumania has come to an understanding with its neighbor Poland, hasn't it? That does not violate the Little Entente pact. That document does not forbid the three allies from living on good-neighbor terms with other countries. Quite the contrary: everything that relaxes the tension serves the common interest. And, when it comes to that, what about Czecho-Slovakia? Has it not made a deal with the Soviets—a veritable treaty of alliance this time, and with a state, observe, whose frontiers nowhere touch its own? And France itself? Hasn't France signed a pact with Moscow? Has not M. Laval done the very thing—ironed out the roughnesses with Italy, or tried to—which in certain circles is held against Yugoslavia?

It is at this point that the innuendoes, hints, and silences begin. Yugoslavia, because the largest single item of its foreign trade consists of exchanges with Italy, suffered more from "sanctions"—which it took seriously—than any other state. And then what did England and France do? They let the little powers down. France is so far away, so immersed in internal complexities—political, financial, social—that its small allies must look to themselves. If this sounds like a faint echo out of Berlin, what follows has a stronger, more unmistakable timbre. France has not only done little to help China, Ethiopia, and Spain; it is apparently incapable of taking a firm stand in its own defense. When Berlin denounced the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles the interested powers staged the futile comedy at Stresa. And then came worse. When, on March 7, 1936, the Reich reoccupied the Rhineland, in defiance of treaties, France did nothing at all. In these circumstances are the little powers to be blamed for standing guard over their own security?

But where the Germans have been most efficient in propaganda against the Little Entente and against France is in exploiting the pacts, both of the Czechs and the French, with the U. S. S. R. I say "exploiting," not creating. The suspicions and repugnances existed already, in Rumania as well in Yugoslavia; Berlin had but to turn them to account. One would have thought, no doubt, that after Moscow's liquidation of the world revolution, after the Soviet Union had gone sensible and democratic and made alliances with bourgeois powers and joined the League of Nations, the Nazi attempt to revive the *cordon sanitaire* of Clemenceau's days would have been laughed out of court by the toughest of diehards. Not at all! The word passed around by the local Communist parties that Moscow was still Moscow, that the Third International had merely gone into a tactical slumber, to reawaken presently more resplendent, or terrifying, than ever, seems to have been taken for gospel not only by the credulous and hopeful proletariat but also by the credulous and panic-stricken masters of this earth.

If the "democracies" of the West, trembling before a bogy of their own creation, are ready—in China, in Ethiopia, in Spain—to put class prejudice before preponderant national interest, are the pessimists to be blamed for whispering around that were Czecho-Slovakia to be attacked by Germany tomorrow, its allies, through fear of undermining Hitler's credit and precipitating world revolution, would do nothing more than they did in 1931, or 1935, or 1936-37?

Tibor Eckhardt is, I have said, well disposed toward the Hodza plan for the consolidation of Central Europe. He may continue to think as he does now and to act accordingly when if he becomes head of a Hungarian government. But his ally, Count Bethlen, after assuring me that in foreign policy he and Eckhardt see eye to eye, made no secret of his skepticism and hostility toward the scheme. "Austria, I know, is for it," he told me, "because like Czecho-Slovakia it is menaced by Germany. But we are living on the best of terms with the Reich." This after the misfire of the putsch in Hungary last February and the economic colonization of the country by Berlin! And while Mr. Daranyi, thanks to the progressive industrialization of his country, is managing to detach himself gradually from the Magyar feudal barons, the irreconcilable protagonists of "revisionism," he must still reckon with them.

In the general gloom there is one ray of light. The Hodza scheme may yet see the day if the rumors current throughout the Danube basin are well founded. They are to the effect that if England and France were to make certain material and face-saving concessions, Mussolini would be delighted to jump off the Rome-Berlin axis and return to the Stresa front. That axis, it seems, has been creaking badly for some time. As I write, news dispatches come to confirm the persistent prophecies heard around Vienna and elsewhere. Were this to happen, the Little Entente would suddenly get new blood into its veins. But if the rumors prove false, we may expect all the adventures and all the disasters.

Detroit's Labor Slate

BY JOEL SEIDMAN

"AND I propose the name of Maurice Sugar for our slate!" There is an outburst of applause, the loudest of the evening. Another speaker has the floor. "A Negro should also be on our ticket," he says. Again there is widespread applause.

It was an enthusiastic audience that heard these nominations in June and received reports from committees on platform, candidates, and ways and means. For a labor political movement is in the process of formation in Detroit. The three to four hundred delegates to the Political Action Committee were mostly young men from the newly organized automobile plants, among whom sat older and more experienced representatives of the craft unions of the A.F. of L.

Since then the picture has changed somewhat, and for the worse. That the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., despite their bitter enmity elsewhere, could cooperate in political action in Detroit was indeed remarkable. In July, following the lead of the Building Trades Council, the A.F. of L. central labor body withdrew from the joint political movement. Now the A. F. of L. is backing a rival candidate for mayor. To further complicate matters, Frank X. Martel, the local A. F. of L. head, is Michigan chairman of Labor's Non-Partisan League, to which the anti-unionists look for support of their slate.

In this proletarian, union-conscious city labor has a real chance to nominate its candidates in the non-partisan primary to be held on October 5, and to put them in

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office in the final election on November 2. Indeed, the United Automobile Workers alone may achieve some political success. Already that vigorous union has 200,000 members in Detroit, with 100,000 auto workers yet to be enrolled. In a city with a population of 1,700,000, 300,000 auto workers and their families are easily a majority.

Patrick H. O'Brien, a liberal Democratic lawyer with a good labor record, is the labor candidate for mayor. O'Brien worked in the copper mines for several years, then taught school, and finally practiced law. Elected to the bench in 1911, he won attention by dissolving an injunction that had been issued against striking copper miners. The injunction forbade picketing, and O'Brien dissolved it on the ground that the constitutional rights of the miners had been impaired. He hopes to obtain the support of the local Democratic Party, or a part of it, in addition to that of the C.I.O.

The seventeen-point platform that has been drawn up and tentatively adopted is a progressive one. Perhaps the most sweeping plank proposes that public utilities be municipally owned, as the street railways have been since 1922. Other planks provide for labor representation on all commissions, the forty-hour week for city employees, advancement on a seniority basis, and hours and wages for city workers similar to those prevailing for the same classifications in private business. The police are to be used to protect the people, not to evict or intimidate them or to break strikes. An adequate welfare budget is to be established, and overcrowding in classrooms eliminated. Health facilities are to be expanded, and free medical service is to be provided to those unable to pay. Sweatshop conditions are to be abolished.

Lower taxation for the low wage-earner is promised, together with increased and enforced taxation of the wealthy. This is of particular importance in a state that since 1933 has had a 3 per cent sales tax, even upon food. On the issue of housing, which is vital just now in Detroit, the platform pledges an adequate program, to include the abolition of city slums and the establishment of a municipal housing project.

The automobile workers have already learned that friends of labor are not always to be trusted after they attain political office, even when they hail from labor's ranks. The union members learned this last March, when they staged their great protest demonstration in Cadillac Square, in the heart of Detroit. When they asked for a permit to demonstrate there, every member of the Detroit Common Council voted in the negative, including Robert G. Ewald, president of the bricklayers' union, who had been elected two years before with the backing of the Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor. Not until the auto workers announced that they would demonstrate in Cadillac Square, permit or no permit, did the city councilmen vote grudging assent.

Ewald, for this and similar reasons, is not precisely popular among the auto workers. The district council of the United Automobile Workers, with Ewald in mind, voted not to support any member of the present council for reelection. When the Building Trades Council withdrew its support from the joint slate it indorsed Ewald for reelection, and the A. F. of L. has since indorsed him also.

Interestingly enough, it was Ewald who defeated Sugar in the 1935 race. Detroit municipal elections are non-partisan, with the highest nine candidates for the Common Council being elected. Ewald was ninth two years ago with 69,000 votes, and Sugar was tenth with 55,000. As attorney for the United Automobile Workers and many other labor groups, Sugar has figured prominently in labor struggles in Detroit and won the support of large groups of workers. It is significant that Sugar was opposed by all three Detroit dailies, while Ewald had the support of them all. Only 167,000 of the half-million registered voters of the city voted in 1935, which shows what the auto workers' union could accomplish politically if it could get its 200,000 Detroit members to go to the polls.

The Detroit dailies have already attacked the labor slate, and they will certainly fight it with all the bitterness they can command. The most liberal of the three, at least by reputation, is the Detroit *News*, though it is difficult to discern this liberalism when anything closer to Detroit than a foreign war is involved. The *News* pretends to be friendly to labor, but wears a pained expression whenever labor seeks to assert its rights. Its editors hailed the withdrawal of the building tradesmen from the labor slate as "glad news for all who prize this city's non-partisan form of government." The gains made under the non-partisan charter will be secure, said the *News*, "only as long as Detroiters choose their city government primarily as Detroiters, and not as members of any group or clique." It is charming, in this sophisticated age, to find that a great paper can be so naive.

In attacks upon the labor slate the pace has thus far been set by a local business publication with the peculiar name of the *Saturday Night*. "The next Mayor of Detroit," says that eminent publication, "will either be a radical with a Moscow odor in his whiskers or a man with enough native pride to battle for a return to decency." Thus to label the eminently respectable Judge O'Brien is slightly amusing; I have seen the Judge, and I can assert that he wears no whiskers, and that neither Stalin nor Trotsky would recognize a disciple in him. But the *Saturday Night* has no sense of humor, and every epithet that may cost a vote will be hurled at labor's candidates in this campaign. Nor does the *Saturday Night* forget the councilmanic candidates; one of them, it asserts, is supposed to advocate "white wives for buck Negroes."

The automobile workers have had an interesting experience with political action. Last year they supported the effort to form a farmer-labor party in both the city and the state. The district council and many of the locals of the U.A.W.A. were affiliated with the Farmer-Labor Party, as were a number of the craft locals of the A. F. of L. The Detroit and Wayne County Federation of Labor, however, remained aloof. The support of the auto union was not then nearly as important as it is today, for the great growth in membership has occurred in the meantime. The 1936 convention of the U.A.W.A., it is interesting to note, instructed the national office and the local unions to give the strongest possible support to the formation of national, state, and local farmer-labor parties.

Most of the thousands of automobile unionists who are providing the mass base of this interesting political effort had never been in any labor organization until a few months ago. It was they who helped to shatter the General Motors anti-union stronghold. Many of them followed the Coughlin banners but a short time ago. Raw and untrained, they may be marshaled into a genuine workers' political movement or swept off their feet by some silver-tongued fascist demagogue. That is what gives labor's new-born political venture in Detroit its real significance, and that is why this fall's municipal campaign in the capital of the auto empire will command attention.

What Chance Has China?

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

MORE than two months have passed since the first outbreak of hostilities between Chinese and Japanese troops at Lukouchiao, southwest of Peiping. During that period the Japanese have occupied virtually the whole of northern Hopei and a large section of Shanghai. Although considerably outnumbered, they have taken the offensive on practically all fronts. Yet this offensive has not moved anything like as rapidly as planned. The confident boast of two weeks ago that the Chinese would soon be "annihilated" in the Shanghai area has been far from justified.

A careful survey of the military developments of this undeclared war shows that despite serious handicaps the Chinese are doing extraordinarily well. In the Shanghai area 80,000 Japanese troops—nearly twice the number that were finally assembled in 1932—have yet to regain the territory which they won at that time and have suffered extremely heavy losses. Under the bombardment of naval guns the Chinese have conducted an orderly withdrawal from the most exposed positions, but they have not allowed themselves to be outflanked or crushed, as they were in 1932. Their blocking of the Whangpoo by sinking Japanese ships was one of the dramatic feats in the history of modern warfare.

The great Japanese offensive of September 6-7 appears to have bogged down without any appreciable gain in territory. Chinese aviators, despite abominable marksmanship, have helped to prevent the landing of 20,000 sorely needed Japanese regulars. While it is inconceivable that the Chinese can hold on indefinitely in the Shanghai area, their brilliant defense against a foe far superior in equipment has done much to boost Chinese morale and destroy the myth of Japanese invincibility.

In North China the Chinese did not acquit themselves so creditably in the early days of the conflict. Although Peiping was probably untenable, the failure of Chiang Kai-shek to give immediate support to the Twenty-ninth Route Army caused the city to be sold far too cheaply. The Chinese had a heaven-sent opportunity to counterattack at the end of July, when the bulk of the Japanese army was held up in Manchuria by serious floods, but they failed to take advantage of the situation.

In recent weeks they have done much better. Their intrepid defense of Nankow Pass, though ultimately frustrated by a Japanese flanking movement, held up a large Japanese army for a fortnight and took a heavy toll in lives and equipment. During the last few weeks numerous bands of Chinese irregulars have appeared in the western hills near Peiping, ambushing Japanese, harassing lines of communication, and destroying war material. These bands have at times occupied villages within twenty miles of Peiping, and all efforts of the Japanese to dislodge them have proved singularly unsuccessful. The Chinese are still holding their own north of Paotingfu, the capital of Hopei, on the Peiping-Hankow railway, and are only a few miles south of Tientsin along the railway to Nanking. Heavy rains which have mired the Japanese motorized equipment have aided the Chinese throughout the entire region.

The loss of Kalgan undoubtedly represents China's most serious defeat, since it blocks the main road to Soviet Russia by way of Outer Mangolia. Reports from this area have been very fragmentary, but apparently Japan has not yet obtained control of the whole of Nankow Pass. This means that the Japanese at Kalgan have no direct means of communication with their base and, weakened by the revolt of their Manchurian mercenaries, may yet find themselves in difficulties.

In a struggle between massed armies China sooner or later is bound to be smashed. Although Chiang Kai-shek has several divisions of troops that man for man are equal or superior to any the Japanese can put in the field, he has not the artillery, tanks, or air force to hold out indefinitely against Japan's highly mechanized forces. His planes have shown up reasonably well compared with those of the Japanese, but they are outnumbered three or four to one. The Chinese armies have held their own at Shanghai because they had sense enough to withdraw when faced by overwhelming force. In the north a few thousand soldiers operating as guerrilla bands in the western hills and the Chinese plain-clothes men who penetrated into Tientsin in the early days of the conflict appear to have given the Japanese more trouble than the massed troops at Macheng or Paotingfu. Japanese mop-ping-up operations in the conquered areas around Shanghai have also been seriously hampered by plain-clothes men and snipers. China is a huge country, and the farther the Japanese extend their lines the more vulnerable they will become in guerrilla warfare.

Perhaps the most successful exponents of guerrilla tactics in recent years have been the Chinese Communists. For nearly ten years a small red army, never numbering more than 200,000 men, conducted a hide-and-seek warfare over most of the provinces of China. At the end of the period the Chinese soviets not only were stronger numerically than at the beginning but had succeeded in indoctrinating the peasantry of a great part of China with their beliefs. If the Chinese red army had had to depend solely on its own numbers, it would have been exterminated many years ago. But the Communists early developed a technique of organizing the peasant population behind their lines, a strategy which proved of invaluable assistance. The peasants not only assisted in transport and other services which ordinarily fall upon the regular troops but very often appeared behind the Nanking lines attacking communications and destroying military supplies. They acted as snipers and often participated in mass maneuvers to mislead the enemy regarding the location of the army's real strength.

Although the fact is not generally known, a peasant army of some 150,000 men already exists in Manchuria, under centralized command, and has been conducting warfare along these lines. During the past year these forces have repeatedly swooped down on isolated Japanese posts, cut railways, destroyed bridges, and otherwise hampered communications. They have been particularly effective when the *kaoliang* stands high in the fields; in those seasons the Japanese have done well to hold the main towns and keep the railways operating.

If China is to conduct a successful struggle against Japan, Chiang Kai-shek will have to tear a leaf from the Communists' notebook and organize the peasantry for resistance. As yet, though there have been fragmentary reports of peasant activity, particularly between Tungchow and Tientsin in the early days of the conflict, Chiang does not appear to have encouraged these tactics. Nor has he made any attempt to use the veterans of the red army, who are generally recognized as the most effective troops in China.

The ability of China to wage guerrilla warfare until the complex and weakened Japanese economic system breaks down under the strain of attempting to maintain an army of 500,000 to 1,000,000 men on Chinese soil depends on a variety of considerations, chiefly that of morale. It has not been so many years since all that a foreign power had to do to intimidate China was to stage a show of force. The Japanese have used these tactics many times in recent years with fair success. But on this occasion mass attacks and relentless bombing of defenseless cities have brought, not a weakening in Chinese morale, but a mounting determination to fight to the finish. For the first time in history the Chinese people as a whole are thoroughly aroused to the danger which threatens them. Nanking is assured of popular support as long as it continues to fight. Despite Chiang Kai-shek's previous waverings, there is reason to believe that he will carry on the contest till the end. The Japanese have made it clear that they will insist on his elimination before any compromise can be reached. And with Chinese public opinion in its present temper, he has no choice but to fight.

It is true that there is a strong fascist clique at Nanking that would sell out to Japan rather than see China come under Soviet influence. It is also true that Chiang has retained his German and Italian advisers in the face of the open sympathy which their home governments have shown toward Japan. But open support for compromise with Japan is impossible in China today. The real desires of the fascist organizations cannot be revealed until the Chinese public begins to tire of the conflict.

By that time it is likely that Japan's political and economic structure will also be showing signs of strain. For the moment an overwhelming majority of the population is undoubtedly behind the government in its invasion of China. The average Japanese has been told so frequently that his army is carrying the light of civilization and peace to China that he accepts the statement without question. He is convinced that Japanese arms are unconquerable and believes that victory, in some vague way, will mean prosperity for Japan. Events have shown that the liberal reaction of which so much was heard a few months ago was exaggerated. As was the case in 1931, the militarists have been able to use the conflict with China to destroy whatever strength Japanese liberalism may have possessed.

But it is axiomatic that public enthusiasm for an overseas war can only be maintained by victories and an ample food supply. Presumably the army propaganda bureau can furnish the triumphs, but food is likely to become a serious problem if the conflict is long protracted. While, owing to an extraordinarily good harvest this summer, no acute shortage may be expected for at least a year, production is bound to fall in another year with a large portion of the available man-power in the army. More immediately serious is the threat of financial and industrial disorganization. The Japanese national debt has reached the point where further borrowing can only result in inflation and a precipitous rise in prices. In trade circles it is reported that the normal Japanese exports of novelties for the Christmas season will be cut at least in half as a result of the inability of factories to obtain raw materials. While the disorganization of the consumer-goods industries will be offset for a time at least by the intense activity of the munitions plants, these too are bound to be ultimately affected by a shortage of raw materials. The breakdown of the exporting industries is bound, in turn, to create a further shortage of essential materials. Apart from coal, not a single one of the basic commodities which constitute the sinews of war can be obtained within the borders of Japan. Although the country doubtless has laid in heavy stocks, it is almost wholly dependent on imports for scrap iron, iron ore, cotton, oil, nickel, and all the alloys necessary for steel making. International sanctions or a strong private boycott would greatly hasten the inevitable breakdown of Japan's war machine.

China does not begin to have the financial and industrial resources which Japan possesses, but neither is its economy so sensitive to the catastrophic effect of war. From 85 to 90 per cent of China's population is directly dependent on agriculture; the actual industrial population is insignificant. Owing to the almost complete absence of transport facilities, each province and to a large extent each village is virtually self-sufficient. The destruction of Shanghai will have no effect on the living standards of the peasants in the interior provinces. Half the country could be laid waste without seriously influencing the economic structure of the other half.

It must be admitted, however, that China's ability to carry on a protracted struggle with Japan will depend on material assistance from abroad. Although it has a number of armories in which small arms and munitions are manufactured, some of the largest are in areas that are likely to fall quickly under Japanese control. Even guerrilla warfare requires rifles and ammunition, if not machine-guns and hand grenades. Airplanes are indispensable, and the gasoline and oil to operate them can only come from foreign countries.

The non-aggression pact recently signed between China and the Soviet Union suggests that the political difficulties between these two countries have been settled sufficiently to permit Russia to furnish some of the needed supplies. But the extent to which Russia can aid is drastically limited by geographic barriers. Although the two countries are contiguous for many thousands of miles, there is only one well-established caravan route through which a large amount of supplies could be shipped by motor lorry—that from Urga to Kalgan. With this road blocked, more circuitous routes must be used across Mongolia or through Sinkiang, and it is doubtful whether any of these can be developed for regular truck transportation. No obstacle exists, however, to the dispatch of aircraft, and it is highly possible that the recent report that seventy-two Soviet planes had arrived in northern Shensi is accurate.

The success of H. H. Kung, Chinese Minister of Finance, in obtaining credits in the United States and most of the democratic countries of Europe suggests that the democracies may give general economic support to China as an offset to the growth of world fascism. There has been no indication thus far, however, that these credits will be made available for the munitions which are desperately needed. Nor is it entirely clear that the Western powers intend to enforce their legal right to trade with China as long as Japan does not declare war. But the interests of the powers lie definitely in this direction; only an ultimate Chinese victory will preserve the Open Door. Given the aid to which it is entitled, China may yet startle the world by turning back the tide of Japanese aggression.

Revolution in the Deep South

BY DERO A. SAUNDERS

THE last few months have seen the unfurling of storm signals again in the cotton belt. In somewhat worried headlines the financial pages note the ominous tone of government and private crop estimates which indicate that the Paradox of Plenty, 1937 style, is about to arrive in the shape of another bumper cotton crop. Forty Senators have signed a plea to the President to call a special farm session of Congress this fall, and a resolution was passed before adjournment which guaranteed that farm legislation would receive first consideration at the opening of the regular session in January. With one eye cocked on the Supreme Court the ghost of the AAA is showing signs of revival.

During the later part of March spot cotton was over 15 cents a pound in New Orleans. Since then progressive declines have brought it below 10 cents. If this were all, it would be enough: it would represent a loss in Southern purchasing power of over $400,000,000. But it is not a temporary fluctuation; it represents the initial stages of the death of old-style American cotton culture.

For mechanization, and all that it signifies, is already a fact in the cotton country. Quietly and unobtrusively the South has been for several years going through an agrarian revolution which the future may regard as the most important fact of this decade. No aspect of American life will escape its impact. And, especially, the already rickety social structure of the old South is in for a complete overhauling.

Cotton growing, like all agriculture, may be either extensive or intensive. The vast acres of Texas and Oklahoma are generally given over to extensive farming. Yields per acre are low and the area planted is large. Mechanization is no new thing for these sections; they have long employed tractors and developed cultivating and harvesting machinery suitable for giant fields and low yields. Their gins are equipped to handle cotton in all conditions and with large amounts of foreign matter. Generally speaking, the yield from such extensive farming is varied only by increasing or decreasing the acreage; conditions do not encourage the heavy use of fertilizer or other methods of growing two bales where one grew before.

Such sections, naturally, have escaped somewhat the effects of recent changes; but not so the states of the deep South—the black belt and the deltas of the Mississippi and its tributaries. In the states of Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi is some of the richest land in the world. Despite the fact that cotton has been grown in some fields of this area without rotation or fertilizer for nearly a century, it is still perhaps the most fertile land on earth. In this section the effects of the new production methods have been and will be most marked, not only because machine agriculture pays enormous dividends in such favorable surroundings, but because the traditional social structure of the region, long insensitive to change, will not fit the march of technology without fundamental alteration.

Many things have prevented the growth of agricultural technology in the deep South. It was a land of cheap labor kept cheap; even the most ordinary mechanical improvements might prove more expensive than hand labor. Its small farmers and large planters were bound by tradition, the former from lack of education, the latter from the instinctive realization that their rickety perch atop the poverty-stricken Southern hierarchy would be shaken by new production methods. Both were content in periods of high prices, and neither group was able, in a credit-poor section, to improve techniques when low prices or depression pointed imperatively that way.

The long-delayed impetus toward machine farming first came, strangely enough, from the AAA. What temporary reduction of the cotton crop the AAA achieved soon resulted—by the nature of its upside-down logic—in the exact opposite. The poorest acres were invariably left fallow, while more intensive cultivation was practiced on those remaining. Farm machinery, indispensable to cheap but intensive farming, could be and was purchased by AAA subsidies.

No details on the extent of machine farming in the deep South are available, but existing figures and personal observation reveal its growth. The wholesale value of farm equipment sold nationally in 1936 was nearly half a billion dollars, only slightly less than in 1928. With the two greatest machine-using sections of the nation, the Texas-Oklahoma cotton belt and the Middle Western wheat belt, both suffering under intense droughts and correspondingly impoverished, a disproportionately large amount of this new farm equipment must have reached the deep South. Numerous large plantations in the Mississippi Delta have dispensed with work animals completely in the last four years and now use tractors, gang plows, and multi-row planters and cultivators. Small hardware merchants find their farm-implement sales becoming an increasingly important business item, and even the smallest Southern hamlet has today its farm-equipment dealer. Since agricultural machinery is commonly durable, each year's production tends to be a cumulative addition to the already existing quantity rather than a replacement.

The amazing increase of yield per acre in the above-mentioned states attests to the mechanization of the South. The average production during the three years 1934-36, the big years of mechanization thus far, was nearly 240 pounds per acre—an increase of about 25 per cent over the 1923-32 average. In Mississippi, which contains more rich delta land and produces much more cotton than any other state of the six, the average per acre in 1934-36 was more than 30 per cent higher than in 1923-32, and in the favorable 1936 growing season reached the amazing total of 305 pounds per acre, or 60 per cent more than the average 1923-32 output.

The general trend of the national cotton crop in the last few years has given final warning of the impending catastrophe. Despite AAA and subsequent acreage-reduction schemes the 1934 crop of about 9,500,00 bales rose to 10,500,000 in 1935 and 12,500,000 in 1936. Only the "blessed" interference of a devastating drought last year prevented another crushing surplus. Texas and Oklahoma ordinarily produce more cotton than any other three states; both of them, particularly Oklahoma, were visited in 1936 by severe droughts which cut their production to 105 pounds per acre, 27 per cent below their 1923-32 average. A recent unofficial estimate of the 1937 crop was about 16,600,000 bales, which will make it one of the largest crops since 1900.

Though unusual, such yields have occurred in the past without dire results. Today, however, the situation is different: within the past ten years the United States has lost a substantial part of its world cotton market. For decades the United States was the predominant cotton-growing nation of the world. It customarily produced about 60 per cent of the entire world crop, exporting during 1924-29 an average of about 8,300,000 bales a year. The onslaught of the world depression did not destroy the world market for cotton, but it took that market from the United States. That the loss is not merely temporary is indicated by both production and export data. In the years 1934-36 the United States produced only 40 per cent of the world crop as against the customary 60 per cent. Exports during those same years averaged about 6,200,000 bales, more than two million bales less than the 1924-29 average. In short, America was bereft of the foreign cotton markets at the same time that technological advance unfolded new production possibilities.

American tariff policy, of course, was in a large measure responsible for this loss of foreign cotton markets. (Cotton is by far the most important American export, larger than any other two export categories, and much larger than all other agricultural exports combined.) Tariffs, however, are but one aspect of the international struggle which is the distinguishing mark of our age. The belligerent nationalisms of today seek economic autarchy as a guaranty against the day of military reckoning; thus England pushes Egyptian and Indian cotton, Italy booms Ethiopia as a potential source of supply, and every nation attempts to purchase its cotton from colonial or subject sources. The economic idiocy of this course has long been recognized, but few examples are so clear as the AAA subsidizing the destruction of cotton in the United States while Britain subsidizes its production in Egypt.

The social aspect of the contemporary agrarian revolution in the South is of foremost importance. The old share-cropper system is thoroughly incompatible with new production methods. The crumbling of the institution of share-cropping has already become an impressive fact in the sections where mechanization has made its greatest strides. It is only logical, of course, that the breakdown of share-cropping should have received its first impetus from the AAA. Despite its many technical limitations share-cropping did possess certain advantages in certain situations. The planter and tenant, by and large, entered into a comparatively stable relationship, which ordinarily did not change during the growing and harvesting seasons. The planter was assured of his labor, and always felt a certain interest in keeping that labor alive. He was assured, by long experience, of a certain yield, subject only to the general vicissitudes of weather. The AAA, by putting parity money in his pocket, reducing his acreage and, proportionately, his need for labor, and pegging the price of his cotton, changed this situation almost overnight; the planter no longer was interested in assuming either the risks or obligations which small-scale tenant production necessitates. Numerous share-croppers were evicted outright, while many others were transformed in status to day laborers. Mechanization, of course, speeded this process along. The tenant family that farms a few acres on shares cannot be absorbed into large-scale agriculture, for the very theory of share-cropping is the splitting of a large tract into small units farmed separately. The share-cropper became the day laborer; and the day laborer is the rising economic category on the horizon of the deep South today.

The evaluation of the social desirability of this change in the Southern economic structure is for the future. On its debit side may be placed the destruction of the paternal obligation which the landlord sometimes felt toward his tenant. Long accustomed to dependence on a single planter, the new day laborer finds himself on the lowest rung on the agricultural ladder. Nevertheless, the appearance of a large class of agricultural day laborers in the South creates possibilities, as yet unrealized, for substantial improvement in the general welfare and standard of living. Whatever the moral value of the old paternalism, it always failed in the acid test of providing any defensible general standard of living. The real failures of share-cropping were both social and technical in character: on the social side it prevented any operation of the processes of the labor market; on the technical side it tended to hinder general Southern progress by weighing agriculture down with an outmoded economic organization.

The question of putting both planter and agricultural worker into the labor market is of prime importance. The general stability of tenure under the share-cropping system—at least a year—offered little opportunity for the best landlords to select the best tenants, or vice-versa. All too often the tenant's share of the crop was merely nominal, being "credited to account." The day laborer is in a different position. He is paid in cash by the day, without the abuses common to petty usury; he may select his landlord, comparing the offers of several. He has every incentive to improve his knowledge of farming technique, and he is in an infinitely better position to bargain collectively.

Any discussion of the social effects of mechanization in the cotton country naturally brings up the question of the mechanical cotton picker, much publicized as the Damoclean sword hanging over the share-cropper's head. The social effects of such a machine may be considerable, although they will nowhere approximate the ominous headlines conceived by ill-informed writers. There are perhaps a score of mechanical cotton pickers in America today, and all of them are in a comparatively crude state of development. At least 10,000 machines, each picking steadily at the highest rate ever achieved in one day by any mechanical picker, would be required to harvest as much as 10 per cent of this year's crop. Great though its possibilities may be, for the next decade and perhaps longer its importance will be overshadowed by the technical improvements already available.

If the rise of the agricultural day laborer is potentially a forward step, the circumstances in which it occurs seem rather grim. The Southern laborer today does not face a long period of prosperity in which his economic betterment can be achieved with comparative ease. The world market for American cotton is declining, rayon is making steady progress, and the very mechanization which created him creates the threat of a crushing surplus. Since this problem becomes steadily more urgent, it may be well to consider the two general lines that a solution might take. The first is the international approach, through the world-wide reduction of tariff barriers and the restoration of world trade. Whatever the ultimate desirability of this course, the cautious steps involved will be too slow to save the South from the immediately threatening surplus—nor will a renewal of world trade necessarily restore our cotton markets abroad. The other approach is the economic rebuilding of the South, with cotton culture partially superseded by diversified agriculture and intelligent industrialization. Cotton has always been wrung out of the South, so to speak, as an economic tribute. Those millions of bales of cotton every year signify the economic neglect of the South's own needs: clothing the world, it has not yet clothed and fed and housed itself. Such a rebuilding, of course, would present substantial difficulties: it would necessitate wide departures from private enterprise and as a problem in planning would tax all the resources that we have ever gathered through TVA or similar experience. It would also necessitate the complete scrapping of the present Administration's attempt to make small homesteaders out of the landless millions of the South; without some form of producers' cooperative, they cannot compete with mechanized agriculture.

Either approach to the solution of our perennial cotton problem, now coming to a head, will be difficult; the real danger, however, lies in the probability that nothing at all will be done. In such a case we shall have further surpluses and further frantic attempts to destroy our wealth. Even more ominous, if a cotton surplus coincides with the coming of a major war, no counsels of prudence or restraint will prevent the South from attempting to get rid of that surplus to belligerents. It may well be that the dizzy spiral of economic entanglement in a new world war will be begun by the cotton South.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WILL there ever be a time again when it will be proper to start a third party in the United States? I am moved to this query by the complete *volte-face* made by *Common Sense,* which until now has steadfastly advocated a farmer-labor party with the slogan "Production for Use." Today it suddenly discovers, a year in advance of the next Congressional election and three years before the next Presidential campaign, that the thing to do is stand by, not the good old Democratic Party, but the new-born Democratic organization headed by Franklin Roosevelt. This, it declares, "has been gradually becoming all that the third-party forces, the Farmer-Laborites and the progressives, could hope for—and their increasingly close identification with it indicates that they know its real significance. It can assure labor far more than labor could hope for in a party of its own. If it marches in closed ranks with these natural allies the danger of a fascist movement arising will remain remote." *Common Sense* admits that the New Deal has not come out against the profit system itself as has the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota, but maintains that "its actual accomplishment and potentialities are no less radical. And the more the progressive and labor forces work in it the more its direction will be set definitely to the left." It also asserts that the fight over the Supreme Court has cleared the air, and it welcomes the cleavage within the Democratic Party. It foresees a new alignment of conservatives and liberals in separate political parties if the present trend continues until 1940.

Well, similar arguments have postponed the organizing of that third party ever since 1924, when Senator La Follette made his remarkable run and polled nearly five million votes, with little or no money and an organization that was created overnight. With his death that movement ended. In 1928 we were told that the thing to do was to wait until 1932. That year also turned out to be not propitious, but since then we have heard a great deal of talk about the absolute necessity of a Labor Party coming into being in 1940 to solidify the advances gained under Franklin Roosevelt. Now once more progressives are called upon to stay in the party fold. Frankly, it seems to me shortsighted reasoning. In the first place it is building one's hopes upon a politician, and a politician who is in addition a Roosevelt; and that means something very uncertain. The resemblance between Theodore and Franklin is much greater than most people realize. In 1912 Theodore denounced the Republican Party as an alliance of thieves and crooked capitalists and said that it ought to be smashed for good and all. I am not in the least exaggerating the violence of his language and can give the exact quotations if anybody wants them. Four years later he was back in the party of the thieves and crooked capitalists. No one can foretell just where Franklin Roosevelt will stand in the next three years, particularly if the Republicans should make great gains in next year's elections. In the most brilliant analysis of the President and his future that I have seen anywhere, Stanley High in the current *Harper's* wonders whether Roosevelt's faith in his ability to prove that the most critical and pressing problems can be worked out inside the structure of capitalism and democracy would survive a major defeat. There are still other questions that may be raised about him.

For one thing the President is steadily undermining democracy by encouraging the growth of militarism in the United States. Wherever you find large armies and navies, there you find enemies of democracy. Beyond that, the politician in him may make him yield to the Southern reactionaries in his party. I am afraid that the power of those Southern bourbons is underestimated by my friends the editors of *Common Sense.* There is no evidence that so practical a politician as Mr. Roosevelt will carry the New Deal to the point where he will alienate all the Southern leaders. Yet if he were heading straight for the radical changes we need in our national life he would have to repel them more and more, if not break with them altogether. As I have repeatedly pointed out, the Robinsons and Harrisons and other Southern politicians who have been standing for the New Deal have hardly done so out of any genuine conviction of the necessity of radical reforms—the abolition of economic privilege or the redistribution of wealth. They have opposed the anti-lynching bill and the wages-and-hours bill, and they may be counted on to stand fast if at any time there should be a real attempt, let us say, to unionize the South, to give some measure of justice to the Negro, or to end the horrors of the share-cropper system. Nor has Mr. Roosevelt yet shown any real readiness to cut loose from the corrupt Democratic machines in some of our largest cities.

So I, for one, am not prepared to accept the position of *Common Sense.* I do not propose to assume in 1937, three years prior to 1940, that we no longer need a third political party. Too many times I have seen promising political movements wrecked by faith in some "good man," and seen that good man go bad or pass from the scene and leave the political parties just as they were before his advent. I regret that my production-for-use friends are today so willing to climb on the Roosevelt band-wagon. Three years from now they may thoroughly regret it too.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

A Good Doctor's Story

THE CITADEL. By A. J. Cronin. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

THERE'S no sensible way that I can discover to review this book. It badly needs writing; at the same time the material is well worth our attention—a crowded story clumsily but sincerely told, even passionately convincing at times.

This is Dr. A. J. Cronin's latest, his fourth, novel in the last seven years, and in the opinion of the publishers the finest he has yet written. It has to do with the rise and transfiguration of a young Scottish physician—of considerable genius—come fresh from St. Andrews to the drabbest of Welsh mining towns to make his debut in the world. From thence, through sheer ability and drive, though ably assisted by his little wife, Christine, he goes with rapid strides to London and the top of his profession. Not without receiving many bruises from the world. His name is Manson and "Man's son" seems to be the implication. London rather seduces Dr. Manson for a while so that he comes to an impasse: either he must go ahead—whither?—or return to his old scientific idealism. That's the story, the Citadel to be taken. Dr. Cronin's qualities as a writer leave him little choice.

It's a somewhat old-fashioned morality using the medical profession as its stage, a scathing criticism of the state of medicine in England today, of conditions no different from those prevalent elsewhere in the world, or perhaps even a trifle better there than in most other places. The book ought to make good reading for the self-righteous, who will thereby forget what slippery blackguards they are themselves.

The principal interest of the book, the picture Dr. Cronin gives of this English world of medicine—and what goes on in it—is convincingly real, though at two pivotal moments he leaves us high and dry wondering what precisely the diagnosis can have been to come so pat to his plot. In the main the medical part of the book is first-rate and will prove, I think, even to the general reader its chief attraction. Were Dr. Cronin as advanced a writer as his views in this book make him to be a physician, perhaps the book as it stands would never have existed, which would have been a pity. But as a writer he wasn't up to that.

I am reminded of another physician who might have done better by the material. He lives up the line from my suburb and has what the people call "fits," so much so that his old mother often drives about with him protectively on his calls. These fits consist in moments of passion when he is constrained by superhuman laws to seduce any woman who comes within his radius of action at the moment. And he has been doing it for years—as several batches of children by various young women testify. He remains for all that a bachelor and enjoys membership in a local church, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, etc. Poor fellow! Such a brilliant mind. Most unfortunate. Now there would be the proper salty touch somehow lacking here.

I am incited to these animadversions by the legend in gilt letters across the book's attractive jacket, for which, by the way, Dr. Cronin is in no way to be held responsible: "A great novel about a doctor by a doctor who is a great novelist." No, it isn't a great novel, not in the sense that Norman Douglas or Ford Madox Ford would speak of a great novel. But it's a good novel, though it is often ironical to speak of a "good novel" today.

What Dr. Cronin doesn't see is that, as Ezra Pound would say, it's money and its misappropriation and artificial scarcity that are at the back of our troubles, and that unless you see the thing through to its source you can see nothing. Cronin of course has an inkling of that. But though the medical profession no more needs to be shown up in this matter than the Cabinet (ex-Harrow) profession or the plumbing profession, the writing profession, in my humble opinion, has not in the present case been much illuminated.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

North of the 60th Parallel

"40,000 AGAINST THE ARCTIC." By H. P. Smolka. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

HERE is a fascinating account of a great transformation which has been taking place in the last few years—the evolution of an Arctic empire in Siberian regions which have long been regarded as suitable only for penal settlements. Startling in the rapidity of its development, this pioneering venture has been made possible by the coordination of ultra-modern inventions with the scientific planning of a totalitarian state.

Mr. Smolka's book presents a narrative of the Siberian journey of a British journalist with command of the Russian language, but it has all the fascination of a novel, and it contains geographic and other scientific data which are to be found only in related books printed in Russian. It has been the radio, the airplane, and the ice-breaker, working together, which have opened within the space of a few years the long-sought-for "Northeast passage" as a commercial transportation route along the bleak Siberian coast. The region affected—all of it north of the 60th parallel of latitude and north of the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway—is one-third the size of Asia and twenty-five times that of France. Though rich in resources, it has hitherto lacked two vitally essential elements—colonists and transportation. The Soviets call it the "America of the future."

Up to recently only nine small vessels had, under great hazards, effected the Northeast passage. The open water to be found during the brief summer is usually in separated areas which vary with each season. Today the route is traversed by a dozen vessels annually, and many more ships operate within the two sections which are separated by the difficult coast of the long Taimyr peninsula. Ice-breakers are stationed at the more difficult points along the route, and there are many airplane stations. When in difficulty a vessel sends out a radio call for a plane; in an hour or two the plane arrives, scouts ahead for open passages, and then drops to the ship by parachute a map with the possible route indicated.

Connecting this northern transportation route with the Trans-Siberian Railway along the southern border of the empire, the navigable Yenisei River flows due north from Krasnoyarsk to Dickson Island. Situated near the Arctic circle is the new polar capital of Igarka with a population of 12,000 in the winter time and 20,000 in the summer. From

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this city fleets of vessels go out to Murmansk, a port north of Leningrad which is always open, and thence many of them to Great Britain. Krasnayarsk, where the Trans-Siberian Railway crosses the Yenisei River, is today quite a modern city with many skyscrapers.

The early removal of the two great handicaps to the development of this territory is now promised. The main staple articles of export have been lumber, fish, and furs. Exportation of the first of these has been curtailed by the long and difficult transportation and by the fact that coal for the vessels had to be brought in from the outside. Coal, however, has been discovered at Norilsk, which is not far from the Yenisei and is now being connected with it by railway. Similarly, it has been necessary to import salt for preservation of the fish. Now, however, great salt deposits have been discovered at Nordvyk on the Siberian coast, and 150,000 tons of it will be mined in 1938.

Maps and numerous photographs are included in the book to furnish proof of most of its statements. It is significant that the Arctic pathfinders are upheld by a vision of the future. Their talk is of regular air connection across the Arctic to America, and Dr. Schmidt's pioneer transarctic flights give earnest of such traffic. The pilots who are making these flights have already won their spurs in the Siberian coastal service. W. H. HOBBS

Europe's Wars

WAR MADNESS. By Stephen and Joan Raushenbush. Washington, D. C.: National Home Library Foundation. 25 cents.

BEWARE OF EUROPE'S WARS. By Alfred M. Bingham. With a Preface by John Dos Passos. *Common Sense* Magazine. 10 cents.

WHEN the Senate Committee Investigating the Munitions Industry began to map out its work in the summer of 1934, it decided upon two principal objectives: a maximum amount of national publicity for its findings with a view to familiarizing a large section of the population with the facts as they came to light; and the passage of legislation to rectify such evils as might be found to exist. Progress toward the latter goal has been very meager, a fact for which the committee cannot be blamed, for it tried valiantly to get the necessary laws passed and met with continued opposition. The only significant piece of legislation enacted—as a direct result, no doubt, of the committee's work—is the Neutrality Act, which as it now stands on the statute books is a far cry from what the committee recommended in the beginning, and which is being attacked with considerable justification both by those who are for and those who are against isolation.

In the matter of publicity, the results have been more encouraging. Indeed, the actual amount received has exceeded the committee's most extravagant expectations. There is some question, however, whether the evils revealed have impressed themselves upon the public mind sufficiently to stimulate effective action for their abolition. The Raushenbushes, who were closely connected with the committee and who base their very interesting little book largely upon its findings, are in effect testing the public, challenging "those who want this country to stay out of foreign wars" to do something about it. Lest their readers might have overlooked or forgotten certain details, they devote approximately half of their space to a summary of the atrocities of which the munitions makers are guilty. Of necessity, it is a sketchy summary, for the facts filled twenty-odd volumes of testimony, but it gives the reader a striking picture of callousness, corruption, collusion, and plain, calculated murder for profit. This should suffice to stir deep resentment against war and the conditions which make for war; and the authors move on to eight concrete proposals for keeping the United States out of war.

The first four proposals are partially, and in modified form, included in the present Neutrality Act, the book having gone to press before that law was passed. The first is adherence to the "cash and carry" principle. It is contended that this will not necessarily favor nations having big navies provided sales are limited to peace-time or "normal" proportions, and that it will prevent in our own country the development of a war boom, which is a sure forerunner of war. The second is to forbid Americans to travel in belligerent ships, and to treat as warships armed merchant vessels of belligerents. Thirdly, despite the acknowledged difficulties of such an effort, the authors would attempt to limit drastically war profits. They would do so by means of effective legislation and not by pretended moves in that direction, such as the misleading and very dangerous Sheppard-Hill bill introduced in the last Congress. Fourthly, they strongly urge support of the Ludlow amendment requiring a nation-wide referendum on any war save one of actual invasion, and they urge as well a referendum, without an amendment, to determine the nation's sentiment on drafting men for service overseas.

Chief consideration is given to a proposal that the government produce "most of its combat munitions." There can be no objection to the principle, they point out, because "the power of the nation to provide for its national defense is absolute." Advantages to be gained from such a move are these: it would prevent the growth of militarism, which is now working toward an alliance between munitions makers and the army and navy; military secrets would not be divulged as readily as they are now; the government would save money through lower production costs and would remove the vested interest which munitions manufacturers now have in war; and, finally, the disgraceful practice of bribing foreign government officials would be ended.

No doubt any one of the proposals could be, with comparatively little effort, shot full of holes. Indeed, one could find in the authors' own analysis of the powerful economic and political forces which cause wars grounds for condemning this list as purely palliative in character, doomed to failure since our economic order is what it is. Such a disposition of these honest and sincere proposals would be a grave mistake. War is dangerously near, and any suggestion for postponing the fatal day is worth considering. The price of the book should make possible its wide distribution. It will be a pity if peace groups do not undertake to distribute it in large quantities. It should, especially, be made available to workers, who may be encouraged by it to take effective action against war.

Another plea for American isolation is advanced in Alfred Bingham's pamphlet, "Beware of Europe's Wars." This is a passionate and hysterical summation of arguments why the United States should stay out of European squabbles. It would seem that ample defense of this thesis is possible without resorting, as Mr. Bingham does, to half-truths about the similarity between the Hitler and Stalin regimes which seek to prove that neither side is worth fighting for. Particularly disconcerting is his callous and largely inaccurate account of what is happening in Spain. The pamphlet is worth owning, however, because of its first four pages, which contain a preface by John Dos Passos contrasting the current American with the European scene. It Is written in Dos Passos's masterly fashion, and presents some very keen and interesting observations. ROSE M. STEIN

Mann and Superman

FREUD, GOETHE, WAGNER. By Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

AT FIRST glance these three essays, set down in different moods for various purposes, seem to have found their way fortuitously into the present volume. But those who heard them delivered this spring at the New School for Social Research or those who are interested in the context of Thomas Mann's thought will perceive a relevance and a symmetry in his choice of subjects. Each of the figures occupies a strategic point in the civilization of which Mann himself is the dispossessed heir. If Goethe was the prophet of modern German culture crying in the wilderness, Wagner became the stage-manager who provided atmosphere for its triumphs, and Freud is the diagnostician who sits at its bedside. Mann, with his knack of discerning human archetypes for historical situations, can scarcely be unaware of the symbolic force of his own position.

In his threefold role of German, writer, and exile, he is anxious to salvage as much tradition as possible, to seek precedents for cosmopolitanism instead of nationalism, rationalism rather than obscurantism, liberal enlightenment as against fascist propaganda. Freud, as a notorious exponent of *Kulturbolshewismus,* is on his side from the start. To make such a case for Goethe requires certain sacrifices—preferring the second part of Faust to the first, Wertherism to Götzism, the complacencies of Weimar to the ardors of Strassburg. Wagner can only be saved by drastic redefinition, so a distinction is set up between folk art and national art. Wagnerian music-drama, since it is not provincially but professionally Teutonic, is qualified to represent Germany in the concourse of nations, along with the work of Dürer and Luther, Bach and Kant.

But these studies are more intimately connected by the *Leitmotiv* of self-consciousness. It was Goethe who taught writers to convert everything they touched into autobiography. His life, with its carefully marked periods and its succession of mistresses that schoolboys are compelled to memorize, has become the standard of a literary career; "the *imitatio* Goethe . . . can still shape and mythically mold the life of an artist." To turn from Goethe to Wagner is to proceed from egoism to paranoia. Superficially his art bears a closer relation to the world at large, but actually it distorts and transmogrifies it by trying to comprehend the whole thing. Freud again, as an explorer of the self, needs no justification, yet Mann has etherealized the Freudian metaphysic by emphasizing the projection of the ego upon phenomena at the expense of the impact of events upon consciousness.

From these masters of the self-conscious, then, Mann has inherited not only his psychological technique, but also his peculiar realization of the destiny of the artist. Others, by posing thir own dilemmas, have sharpened his awareness of the problem—Nietzsche and voluntaristic philosophy, Ibsen and the naturalistic drama, Dostoevski and the Russian novel. Tonio Kröger, like his creator the son of a German father and a Latin mother, spends his life oscillating between two worlds, the bourgeois and the bohemian; as for the society which produced him, he can neither live with it nor without it. For Mann, at least, this impasse is now over, and he is free in limbo to be as idealistic and eclectic and narcissistic as he likes. By shedding environment factors his psychology, which always made more of symbols than of reflexes, verges into mythology.

T. S. Eliot, in his review of "Ulysses," welcomed myth as an element that would bring richness and pattern to the modern novel. With Mann, "The Magic Mountain" bridged the gap between realism and allegory. In his *Novellen* he has Chekov's faculty for evoking the portentous by the trivial, as when the specter of fascism is conjured up by the improvised performance of a hunchbacked hypnotist in a little Italian watering-place. The Joseph trilogy comes as a final effort to abandon the particular for the typical, the immediate for the universal. Though it seems a brilliant exercise of the historical imagination, it cannot avoid certain odors of the museum; its scenes are all dioramas and its characters miracles of the taxidermist's art.

This later mythological approach, heavily explicit and bewilderingly mystical by turns, is observable in "Freud, Goethe, Wagner." Mann is a little too prone to see cosmic correspondences—for example, to trace Zola's Nana to the Babylonian Ishtar. His critical vocabulary remains indisputably German, so fuzzy that it would take Occam's razor to shave it clean. And his attitude toward his subjects is ultimately uncritical; he is concerned with messages, not methods; he seeks inspiration, not example. To parallel this outlook among familiar critics, we should have to turn to the hero-worshipers, to Emerson and Carlyle. Yet hero-worship is a test as well as a tribute, and Thomas Mann's own stature does not suffer in the company of the famous men whom he chooses to praise. HARRY LEVIN

Fantasia on the Left

THE CONQUEST OF POWER. LIBERALISM, ANARCHISM, SYNDICALISM, SOCIALISM, FASCISM, AND COMMUNISM. By Albert Weisbord. Covici-Friede. Two Volumes. $7.50.

AS I read this huge book, an old story familiar on both sides of the Atlantic came to my mind time and again. The wife of a governor pays a surprise visit to a state asylum. She is shown over the grounds by a guide who discourses quite intelligently about the conditions of the inmates. When she compliments him on his courtesy and knowledge, rare virtues among the officials of the region, she is surprised to learn that he himself is an inmate. He tells her a plausible and heartrending story about being railroaded to the institution by a faithless wife in league with an unscrupulous physician. In high moral indignation she promises to go directly to the governor to secure his release forthwith. As she turns to leave, the guide suddenly boots her in the rear, raises a reproving finger, and exclaims in rising inflection, "Don't forget to tell the governor!"

I picked up this book with large expectations. There is no systematic and comprehensive account in English of the movements it sets out to treat. The author has been active in labor organizations. He has been disillusioned with the opportunistic leadership of the Communist Party. Here, then, one was sure to find some fresh insights into the theory and practice of social doctrines, not by a pedant or ivory-tower academician but by an individual who had had first-hand experience with the class struggle in the raw. Alas! Save for the point at

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which it is hair-raising, the book is utterly pedestrian. It does not even approach the mediocre level of the much-abused doctoral dissertation. It is based largely upon secondary and tertiary sources—and some poor ones, at that. The author's familiarity is, in the main, limited to works available in English translation. Many of these he seems to have opened at random. In the preface Mr. Weisbord tells us he first conceived this work as a political primer. But although he now offers it as "a standard treatise," it has nothing in common with a standard treatise except length and price. The reader will search in vain for a straightforward presentation in their own terms of the social philosophies to which the book is presumably devoted. Mr. Weisbord is so eager to expose theories he disagrees with that he cannot take the time to expound them. No genuine analysis is given; the criticisms take the form of elaborate non-sequiturs.

All these, however, are the usual faults of leaders of lost sects who write their *apologia pro vita sua* in the guise of standard treatises. But Weisbord's distinction is the number of kicks he administers to the governor's wife. I give a few illustrations. First is his discovery that John Dewey has changed his liberalism in the direction of fascism. Proof? A sentence from Dewey's "Liberalism and Social Action," in which he says, according to Weisbord, "Liberty in the concrete signifies release from *past* oppressive forces." That Weisbord misquotes Dewey—probably unintentionally—is relatively unimportant. (What Dewey actually says is: "Liberty in the concrete signifies a release from *particular* evils.") The boot in the rear comes in Weisbord's comment which immediately follows the sentence quoted from Dewey: "Is it not clear that liberalism is now preparing itself to be the midwife to American organized and fascistic capitalism?"

This pales into insignificance compared to the variety of American communism which Weisbord offers as a substitute for Dewey's American liberalism. "Lynching is something for every American Communist to understand and not to scold. It has its roots in the democratic traditions of the country. It is the action of the mass itself which takes the law directly in its own hands. It shows a contempt for the regular legal process. It is something in which millions of Southerners and Westerners have taken part. . . . Communists must point out not that the process of vengeance or of direct action of the masses in the streets has been incorrect, but that the lynching has generally been in the wrong direction."

Everything after this must sound anticlimactic. But as evidence that such comments are not unrepresentative, I cite other examples. Polemicizing against those who have criticized the dogma of inevitability in the Marxian tradition because it tends to make human activity both unintelligent and unintelligible, Weisbord counters with the observation: "If instrumentalists say that the dictatorship of the proletariat is not inevitable, it is because they conceive that fascism may come, and they trim their sails in advance in order to meet it." It is not only critical intellectuals who play into the hands of fascism; any labor leader or radical who demands jobs for workers, according to Weisbord, is guilty of the same thing. "The Communist is in fact negating his own principles when he demands any jobs under capitalism, since all work under the present system can tend only to weaken the proletariat and strengthen the bourgeoisie and, with it, the capitalist state." Indeed, Weisbord does not hesitate to charge all revolutionary organizations in the United States with aiding the Department of Justice. "That [they] have not been averse to having the police register their members and sympathizers can be seen from the fact that they register no protest to the demands of the United States postal authorities for the names and addresses of all the subscribers of their papers, in order to obtain the second-class mailing privileges."

This has its pathetic as well as its humorous side. But Mr. Weisbord's state of mind is not without its social significance. He was formerly one of the leaders of the American Communist Party and ideologically is still living in what is technically called "third-period communism," i.e., the period of Communist sectarianism gone mad. His views can be matched by other choice selections from the history of the American Communist movement. The startling thing about it is that this and similar wisdom has been hatched by what its devotees call "scientific socialism." The larger issues which Mr. Weisbord's case raises are: What in so-called scientific socialism, as understood by *orthodox* Marxism, produces such attitudes and thought processes? What qualities of political leadership can we expect in practice if it is based upon theories of this type? What kind of institutional safeguards can be devised to protect the masses from saviors who regard themselves as the Voice of History when by some strange quirk of events power either falls into their hands or is thrust upon them? It is only in relation to such questions that Mr. Weisbord's thought merits discussion.

SIDNEY HOOK

Cressida of Troy

A TROJAN ENDING. By Laura Riding. Random House. $2.50.

THE importance of Troy to Miss Riding, and consequently the reason for this novel, cannot be stated in a few words. Miss Riding herself has written a great many words without making the matter too clear, though she has kept it in a strange way interesting. Few novels have been more personal in the sense of being saturated with a theme for which there appears to be no language available, and in the sense also of driving the reader constantly to wonder what the special meaning of the story is to the author. In her preface Miss Riding remarks that if she had been surer of her knowledge she would have written a poem about Troy. Leaving aside the fact that the best of all poems would have been her competitor, she was doubtless wise to do as she did. But it was not her knowledge of which she was unsure. It was herself; or rather it was the thing she wished her novel to say. Homer was so sure of himself that he expressed himself perfectly; the "Iliad" as a whole, that is, is what he had to say. "A Trojan Ending" is no such whole, though it has many brilliant parts; something is still unsaid. To use a phrase which one of Miss Riding's critical books has made current, it is a modernist poem: as close to us as the air we walk in, and as difficult to see.

At no time is the thesis of the novel—for, to be a little gross, it has a thesis—necessarily true. Miss Riding's conviction that the world of Troy was like our world remains for all its intensity an isolated conviction, and quite possibly nonsense. The Trojans and we alone have been mature; "ready to be alive"; "happy." We count our miseries, of course, and even our agonies, as Priam's people counted theirs; but like Priam's people, and particularly Cressida, we are blessed with "the certainty that what we now live has the essential taste of life—that is what life verily tastes like." No other age in what Miss Riding contemptuously calls history ever got anywhere near such certainty. "The rest—

the slow, adolescent interval—was elaborately insincere." It is obvious that this means much to Miss Riding, for whom Troy is a symbol of whatever in humanity is most precious. But it is equally obvious that a reader who comes to her without an identical symbol will not be compelled to believe her, and will not even discover what it is that is so precious. "The journey back to Troy," says Miss Riding, "is a journey through a dream." Through her dream, that is; and as in all dreams the connections are missing.

The heroine is Cressida, around whom, both at Troy and in the Greek camp, an endless conversation collects itself. Miss Riding's people must talk a great deal because they must talk for her. She is never dramatic, for the simple reason that the story has no existence outside of her dream. And Cressida for all her intelligence is something of a prig because Miss Riding is so consciously using her to make the point that cannot quite be made—the point about Troy's perfection and about its utter, its unaccented awareness of the truth concerning itself. Troy's danger, indeed, is that it will languish in its grace and fade noiselessly out of being. "The Trojans," mused Helen, "had a gentle power of growing tired—which was their sanity. Yes, the Greeks were insane. The Greeks had a greed for destiny. They did not live." Troy has learned how to be bored beautifully, how to know everything without growing ugly from the knowledge. Yet therein for Cressida lies the threat of its extinction. "Could it be that the very trueness of Troy has weakened the Trojan appetite for life?" It could be; and that is why Cressida goes over to the Greek camp during the truce—to bring back an infection of falseness for life's sake. It is also why she deserts Troilus for Diomedes. For "Troy itself would not remember, it would lie buried under this enchantment, unwakable because it had never gone to sleep; nor would the Greeks remember Troy. . . . She would go to Diomedes; with him she could remember Troy. . . . Let it be shame; the shame, called after her, would be a means of memory. . . . More and more different from its earlier guises would grow the world. But Troy would remain Troy in the depths of the mirror of self-resemblance, the haunting unification of what had been with what was to be."

All this is arbitrary, both as history and as morals; we do not know what Miss Riding means, either as to Troy or as to ourselves. At its center, therefore, the book is vague. But its surface is frequently very fine. The conversation is brainy, the mythology is unconventional, the wrenching of legend (usually to avoid drama) is ingenious, and the summaries of certain characters (notably Pandarus and Thersites) are witty beyond the power of most living novelists. So that if the whole is still one of Miss Riding's secrets, many of the parts await our active pleasure.

MARK VAN DOREN

F. W. P. Homework

AMERICAN STUFF: An Anthology of Prose and Verse by Members of the Federal Writers' Project, with Sixteen Prints by the Federal Art Project. The Viking Press. $3.

THE immediate work of the Federal Writers' Project, as Henry P. Alsberg tactfully explains in his foreword, was to write, assemble, and edit guidebooks of the different localities in which the project was organized. Some of the more able and fortunate among the hundreds employed contributed the better portion of their work in leisure time to theatrical agents on Broadway or to editors of magazines, newspapers, and publishing houses. The present miscellany contains writing that fell between the two possibilities; it could neither be used in the publications of the Writers' Project nor be sold elsewhere.

The character of the prose in "American Stuff" seems curiously outmoded, as though journalistic realism had already exhausted its vitality in the work of Theodore Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and James T. Farrell. Much of it is repetitious and therefore dull, using the clichés of what Mr. Alsberg calls "the American here-and-now." It should be remembered here and now, as well as always, that the superficial devices of dialect and the "true-life" confessional are seldom valuable, and the material from which they stem is of historical use only if arranged and edited by such brilliant technicians in social criticism as Helen and Robert Lynd.

Many of the short stories and semi-autobiographical sketches in this collection are inept examples of a style that has been called acceptable by popular magazines. This fact, rather than the subject matter characteristic of a depression period, makes them rather heavy reading. The best things in the book are Nathan Asch's "Heart's Desire," Leon Dorais's "Mama, the Man Is Standing There," and two legends, "The Legend of Sharon" and "Lookin' fer Three Fools," reported by Francis R. Cole and Luther Clark, respectively. In these four pieces there is an obvious effort, though one not uniformly successful, to penetrate the surfaces of human consciousness and to give meaning to its expression. In the latter legend one sees clearly enough the rich material out of which Erskine Caldwell created his short stories and novels; and here again it waits for the creative imagination to give it form and meaning.

The verse in this collection has of course the same limitations as its prose; the few exceptions are in the work of Vincent McHugh, A. T. Rosen, and Lionel Abel, and in the remarkable Negro spiritual, the twenty-first recorded by the South Carolina Project Workers of Effingham. Again, something of the same blight of gloomy and uninspired repetition falls upon the work of the sixteen graphic artists whose prints illustrate this book. But in justice to the artists it should be said that all achieve a level of competence that is only sporadically attained by the fifty or more writers. There is of course no mystery behind this general improvement; because of the vast amount of work done under the direction of the various art projects throughout the country, it was easier to exercise editorial discrimination, and it should also be remembered that those who were unemployed, in this field, received technical training.

In all fairness it must be said that the present volume does not pretend to definitiveness in its selection, nor does it represent the total achievement of its better-known contributors. It must be regarded as a first step toward recognizing the responsibility of a civilization to its writers. The principle which actuated the Federal Writers' Project is sound and clear; even in the fragments of work contributed by John A. Lomax, who is the National Folklore Adviser, one direction of its usefulness is clearly visible. The other direction is already established by the forthcoming publication of the project's guidebooks. But the production of a creative literature involves aesthetic and cultural problems that cannot be solved within a short time period by any federal administration. It is to be hoped that permanent federal employment agencies will be established after existing projects have been completed. Those who cannot live by their writing alone should be given every opportunity for further research in American folklore or to find means of employment other than hack work.

HORACE GREGORY

Shorter Notices

A. E. HOUSMAN: A SKETCH. Together with a List of His Writings and Indexes to His Classical Papers. By A. S. F. Gow. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

ALTHOUGH this sketch of Housman has to do chiefly with the poet's scholarly work, one gleans from it a number of facts about Housman's character. He was a perfectionist, always in a state of anxiety about the absolute accuracy of any work published. He achieved little fame as a student at the university, and in consequence for ten years afterward remained a clerk in the Patent Office. He began at this time his scholarly writings, as a result of which he was granted the chair in Latin first at University College and then, in 1910, at Cambridge. A harsh and witty critic of his fellow-scholars' performances, he made many enemies. His one ambition was to leave behind him a name, and as Gow says, this was always in conflict "not only with his mistrust of any human judgment and with the doubt whether there would be any long posterity for classical studies, but more fundamentally with his view of life as a 'long fool's errand to the grave.'" Housman's was a solitary life; one lifelong friendship with a fellow-clerk and student, Jackson, is the only intimate companionship we know of his enjoying. And since Jackson lived all his mature years in India, this did not continue save in feeling. Precise, completely punctual, impersonal always in the classroom, Housman was nevertheless welcome with students who knew the "Shropshire Lad."

EDA LOU WALTON

RUN AROUND. By Benjamin Appel. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Benjamin Appel sets his story in New York's West Side and exposes particularly the political shifts and opportunism of clubhouse bosses. Danny Englander's need of a job gets him involved as a flunkey vote-snatcher for one of the party machines. The confusion, the degradation of spirit, the rebellion and apathy which hundreds of men like Danny Englander endure in the slender hope of finding a job are an appalling comment on the "American dream" of life, liberty, and happiness. Mr. Appel reproduces the present scene with knowledge and force. The implications of the struggle between capital and labor, and the specific effects of the W.P.A. upon the spirit of men who are clamoring for the right to live like human beings are disturbingly presented. The vernacular and the tempo of the writing are as contemporary as today's newspaper.

STANLEY YOUNG

WORDS: ENGLISH ROOTS AND HOW THEY GROW. By Margaret S. Ernst. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.20.

In theory the whole art of the teacher may be reduced to knowledge of (1) her pupil, (2) her subject, (3) how to coordinate the two, but the practical difficulty of coordinating youngsters of junior-high-school age or younger with the bewildering and tedious irregularities of English orthography cannot always be overcome with the use of the ordinary spelling book. Mrs. Ernst, expert in the methods of the progressive educator, believes that children will learn to spell if they become interested in words as fragments of cultural history. Understanding of children and enthusiasm for her subject radiate from the pages of her well-devised little book. From it no healthy child could escape learning not only to spell but to take an active interest in his use of words.

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FILMS

A Dedicated Intellect

A SPECIALTY in good standing among Soviet scenarists has been the parable of conversion, in which irreconcilables (gipsies, mujiks, intellectuals) submit, at long length and after many and varied ordeals, to the communal discipline. "Baltic Deputy" (Amkino) might easily have repeated the stereotype but acquires stature of its own precisely because it begins where such products leave off. It must be added that history is in a large measure responsible for clearing the smoke of battle from the camera lenses here. The film makes use of authentic incidents in the life of the Russian scientist Klement Timiriazev, who in his seventy-fifth year so completely earned the admiration of the rank and file by his support of Bolshevist revolt that he was elected delegate to the Leningrad Soviet by the Baltic sailors.

Full responsibility for the picture's peculiar impressiveness and charm devolves upon Nikolai Cherkassov in the role of the militant old scientist, who studiously deflects the crotchets assigned to him, time and again, by the scenarist, and with extraordinary tact understates his way to a portrait that is hearty, homely, and rooted in informed tenderness. He has been compelled, in general, to set into motion situations devoid of palpable excitements: he enters the lecture-room and is denounced by his pupils; a young disciple hurls at his feet the manuscript of a tract upon which they have labored together for many years, and he kneels to retrieve it page by page; he gives a birthday party which is attended only by a drunken porter who mumbles an obsequious greeting, pockets a *pourboire,* and stumbles downstairs; he is plied with the awed attentions of a Baltic sailor (excellently played in blunt, Chapayev fashion), whose capital aside "He was the friend of Newton" deserves mention here as an instance of comradely tribute. In every case Cherkassov, working hand in hand with the camera, manages to translate the gist of a situation into a shrug of the shoulder or a birdlike jerk of the head, and at one and the same time invites and repels a sentimental effect in a way that disarms censure completely Thus, he is able to accompany his wife in a duet played to the empty chairs and deserted dinner table in a darkened drawing-room, when it has become plain that the party guests will not arrive. Tension builds and hangs in the balance, until, springing suddenly toward an electric switch, he floods the room with light and archly disinfects the mood with a melody in march time.

Credit for such moments must unquestionably be shared with the directors, Alexander Zarkhi and Josef Heifetz, who keep the camera moving with easy plasticity and only occasionally digress to underscore the moral of the piece in unduly propagandic boldface. The closing scenes, wherein Cherkassov's moving address to the Leningrad Soviet is tiresomely marred by marching masses, letters from Lenin, farewells, and heroic statuary, are particularly unfortunate. Even here, however, the directors are to be thanked for rejecting a possible deathbed session with the ailing hero, and concluding by the happiest device possible—with a receding long shot of a bent figure stooped over his books on the summit of a small stepladder, flicking the pages intently, and turning a dedicated intellect outward.

BEN BELITT

RECORDS

THE harpsichord sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti vary of course, but the best of them are among the most delightful and lovely music ever written; and some of the best, along with some that are less interesting, have been recorded for Columbia by Yella Pessl (six ten-inch records, $6). This is not the first set of its kind: a volume of recording by Wanda Landowska was issued by subscription some time ago. But it is the first set released for general distribution, and thirteen of the fourteen sonatas are, we are told, recorded for the first time. Not having heard the Landowska records I cannot make comparative judgments, but can only say that Miss Pessl's performances have the dexterity, clarity, color, and spirit that the music calls for, and are well recorded.

No. 595 in Köchel's catalogue of Mozart's works is the wonderful Piano Concerto in B flat recorded by Schnabel; and we would therefore expect the String Quartet K 590 also to be wonderful. But one cannot go by numbers and dates with Mozart; the quality of the work depends on whether it was just a job or whether heart and inspiration were in it. They were in the Piano Concerto K 271 that I discussed a few weeks ago; they were obviously—to everyone but the blurb-writer for Columbia's set—not in the perfunctory and feeble Quartet K 590. The performance by the Stradivarius String Quartet and the recording are both good (three twelve-inch records, $5).

What the music of three and four centuries ago would mean to us if we could hear it as it sounded in the performances of its own time we cannot know; we can know only the effect on us of the altered sound of performances today; and this effect varies. Some old music—works of Byrd, Victoria, Purcell—I have found moving, exciting, beautiful at first hearing, but not Palestrina's Missa Brevis as recorded by the Madrigal Singers under the direction of Lehman Engel (Columbia: three twelve-inch records, $5). Repetition, study may reveal more; and those who study may find Mr. Engel's accompanying notes inadequate. If, for example, one wants the listener to appreciate Palestrina's musical treatment of the words, it is not enough merely to refer to an example or two; one must do what Mr. Engel does not do: direct the listener to the places on the records where the actual sound of the treatment of certain words can be heard. That, at least, if one sets out to do an educational job, and this work, which is so far removed from most people's musical experience, is one that calls for an educational job.

On two records, one twelve-inch and one ten-inch ($1.50 and $1), Columbia has issued Gieseking's performance, wrought with his usual incredible perfection, of Debussy's "Children's Corner." It has relisted the record ($1) of several strange Rumanian folk dances played in his unfailing superb style by Szigeti, with Bartok at the piano. Also, it has issued a fine new recording of Gaubert's excellent performance of Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice" with the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (two records, $3); and has done the same for Beecham's richly colored performance of Delius's "Summer Night on a River" with the London Philharmonic (one record, $1). On another single ($1.50) "With Verdure Clad," from Haydn's "Creation," and Bishop's charming setting of Shakespeare's "Should He Upbraid" are sung beautifully by Dora Labette.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Mr. Ickes Suspects

Dear Sirs: Last evening I read a self-serving and therefore necessarily highly laudatory advertisement by and of *The Nation.* It ran: "They [its readers] find that *The Nation* accepts the challenge of the intelligent minority to disclose the facts behind the news and to interpret them authoritatively from the progressive point of view." This sounded better than fine. Indeed, it gave me quite a glow, because I am one of the readers of *The Nation* myself and I was momentarily happy in this bold admission that you "disclose the facts behind the news" and "interpret them authoritatively from the progressive point of view."

Whereupon I opened a recent issue in full confidence that I was about to have some first-class, authoritative interpretation of the facts behind the news—only to read another attack on the Housing Division of the Public Works Administration. The Logan amendment, said you—authoritatively and from the progressive point of view interpreting the facts behind the news — which places the housing administration under the Wagner bill in the Department of the Interior, "would seem to assure, in view of the department's record in recent years, that no houses will be built for many months to come."

It has been the policy of *The Nation* for two or three years not only to belittle but to misrepresent the facts with reference to what has been accomplished under PWA. I have invited an investigation on your part. I really would like you to know the facts, but you don't seem to want to know them. It appears to be a cherished habit of a "liberal" editor not to mess up with common, mundane facts. The rarefied air of Mt. Olympus seems to supply a medium through which one can see such facts as happen to suit one's purpose.

I haven't any doubt that the editors of *The Nation* could have done a much better job if they had undertaken the task of inaugurating a housing program. And yet I doubt whether even such gifted persons could have made a success of housing if they had accepted the facts and followed the advice that seem to be influential with them in determining their editorial policy toward housing.

I don't want to think the editors of *The Nation* are merely voicing the prejudices of that small and futile group in New York which PWA made the mistake of relying upon in its housing program at the beginning—a mistake the cost of which we have been paying ever since. And yet I suspect that clever and wise as they are, the editors of *The Nation* choose to be misled on housing by two small but persistent groups: first, those who were given carte blanche with respect to housing by PWA until a catastrophic failure threatened and resignations and separations were necessary in order to save anything of the program; and, second, those whose chief interest in the Wagner housing bill was in creating an administrative jungle that would provide jobs for them even if it was cumbersome, ineffective, and costly.

In short, I strongly suspect that the editorial in the recent issue of *The Nation* expresses the disappointment of those who have lost jobs as well as of those who hoped for jobs.

HAROLD L. ICKES

Washington, August 21

Catholic Layman on Spain

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that the position of the average American Catholic toward the Spanish civil war has been to a large extent misrepresented to the American public by the press, both liberal and conservative. Letters to the editors of *The Nation* have displayed an appalling lack of understanding of the Catholic layman's viewpoint. In a country as traditionally Roman Catholic as Spain we have witnessed a transition from a love of the church and all things of religion to a stinging hate as all-embracing as was the original love. This profound change has occurred particularly among the workers. Why? Does it seem plausible, as some of our church's hierarchy would have us believe, that the big, bad Russian "reds" have overnight so completely overthrown the ancestral religion of ages past? We, the American laity, think not. Rather we are inclined to believe that the smug indifference of the state-supported clergy to the exploitation of the workers of Spain has led to this mass antipathy to the church. And the same is true in Mexico.

Despite efforts to arouse the American Catholic to an enthusiastic support of the rebel cause, he has remained as a whole unconvinced. We find it difficult to believe that Hitler is honestly the "Defender of the Faith" in his support of General Franco. He carries the swastika instead of the true cross. In accord with millions of other American Catholics I cannot in conscience find a semblance of justice in the rebel cause!

FRANCIS KANE FENDT

West Philadelphia, Pa., September 2

How to Make Girdler Sign

Dear Sirs: Tom Girdler says that no law compels him to sign a union-recognition acknowledgment. If he refers solely to the Wagner Act his accuracy is questionable, but when he includes all laws he is definitely wrong; he completely overlooks Section 5 of the Federal Trade Commission Act. Rulings under this law stipulate three conditions that must be present before the commission may order a trade practice stopped: the practice must be one used in interstate commerce; the practice must be unfair to competitors; the public must be interested in having the practice cease. All three are present in the case of Tom Girdler.

As the first condition, decisions in the Wagner Act cases clearly make the labor practices of recalcitrant companies matters of interstate commerce. Concerning unfairness to competitors, it is plain, even construing the Wagner Act narrowly, that collective bargaining through union representatives is an employee's right, and that those steel companies which have recognized this by signing are following the ethical practice. Those employers who prevent effective collective bargaining by not signing will be able to pay lower wages or work their men longer hours than their signed-up competitors; hence they can keep their cost of production lower and either undersell their competitors or make more profit. The only recourse of the firm that has signed up is to refuse to renew a union agreement when it expires or to break it immediately. According to the opinion of Supreme Court Justice Stone in Federal Trade Commission *vs.* Keppel and Brothers, "A method of competition which casts upon one's competitors the burden of the loss of business unless they will descend to a practice which they are under a powerful moral compulsion not to adopt, even though it is not criminal, was thought to involve the kinds of unfairness at which the statute [the Trade Commission Act] was aimed.

The third condition laid down by the commission is hardly to be questioned in the case of Republic Steel. The public certainly has an interest in preventing the murder, bloodshed, pay-roll loss, and other evils resulting from the strikes which have been the consequence of Girdler's obstinate refusal to sign.

As for the contention that it is unconstitutional for courts to order people to affix their signatures to documents, it is sufficient to call attention to the age-old practice of equity courts by which people are compelled to sign grants of property to others equitably entitled to it. In the interest of the public, in the interest of the steel workers, and out of fairness to those steel companies which have signed, the Federal Trade Commission should act. The law requires Tom Girdler to sign.

CHARLES N. HOFFMAN

Washington, August 15

Where Credit Is Due

Dear Sirs: Miss Eda Lou Walton, reviewing "And Spain Sings" in the August 28 issue of *The Nation*, has been more than generous to me, but she has correspondingly tended to slight the part played by my colleague. M. J. Benardete laid all the groundwork of this book; he procured the original material from the files of *El Mono Azul* (not from several popular magazines, as Miss Walton indicates), and his literal and rhythmical English prose statement of 90 per cent of the text formed the basis on which the American adapters worked. Moreover, Mr. Benardete's introduction to the book should by no means escape the notice of the careful reviewer.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Belvidere, N. J., September 1

"Epius" Emerges

Dear Sirs: In my recent travels through the Far West my attention has been attracted to the new "Epius" movement. This movement, led by Arthur W. Watwood of Winner, South Dakota, has for its motto, "End Poverty in the United States," and "Epius" clubs are being formed by the People's Democratic League, of which Watwood, former Democratic candidate for Congressman, is president.

The "Epius" program goes farther than did Upton Sinclair's "Epic" platform. It advocates public ownership of banks and utilities, a moratorium on farm mortgages, monthly old-age pensions of at least $50, maternity and disability insurance, and direct election of Supreme Court judges. Watwood and several other speakers have been conducting a whirlwind tour of South Dakota, speaking in almost every town and city. The papers give "Epius" considerable space and take it seriously. I heard Watwood speak several times. He is a man of force, evidently very sincere, and well informed in economics.

It looks as if something has been started in South Dakota that may parallel the old Nonpartisan League in strength. Watwood, while counting on the support of most of his liberal Democratic colleagues, will evidently be backed in his fight by many progressive Republicans, as well as the old veterans of the Nonpartisan League and the Socialist Party.

THEODORE A. JOHNSON

Pensacola, Fla., August 9

CONTRIBUTORS

M. E. RAVAGE, *The Nation's* regular correspondent in France, recently returned to Paris after an intensive first-hand study of Central Europe and the Balkans.

MAXWELL STEWART lived in China for six years and has closely followed the course of Sino-Japanese relations.

JOEL SEIDMAN is on leave from Brookwood Labor College to work with the Education Department of the United Automobile Workers of America.

DERO A. SAUNDERS, a Southerner and a student of Southern problems, has worked as apprentice machinist for the Rust Cotton Picker Company.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS is a practicing physician as well as a distinguished poet and novelist.

W. H. HOBBS, author of a biography of Peary, has led his own expedition to Greenland.

ROSE M. STEIN is the author of "M-Day," a study of war-mobilization plans in America.

HARRY LEVIN is a member of the Society of Fellows at Harvard University.

SIDNEY HOOK, chairman of the Department of Philosophy of New York University, is the author of several books on Marxist theory.

HORACE GREGORY will soon publish a study of the traditions behind modern literature entitled "Makers and Ancestors."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for September 11, 1937.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HUGO VAN ARX
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of September, 1937. TERESITA GRANT.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)
(Seal)

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THIS WEEK THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION reaches the 150th year of its existence. It is old and tough. It merits respect because it has served well the purposes for which it was written. But it merits no reverential awe; it is neither symbol nor fetish; on the contrary, it is a political instrument to be used or changed according to the requirements of the society which employs it. It needs to be changed today to insure that the wishes of the majority of the people expressed through Congress may make themselves effective; to insure that the financial and industrial forces at large in the modern world may be brought under social control. Specifically, the Constitution must be changed to end the unrestricted power of the Supreme Court to veto legislation. This change will be fought by important interests and influential groups of citizens, the same for the most part that fought the President's legislative program for court reform.

THESE GROUPS HAVE BEEN WITH US ALWAYS. They dominated the framing of the Constitution; they voted for its ratification. Their identity and interests were defined once and for all by Charles A. Beard in his historic essay on "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States." We quote from Dr. Beard's conclusion:

> The movement for the Constitution of the United States was originated and carried through principally by four groups of personalty interests which had been adversely affected under the Articles of Confederation: money, public securities, manufactures, and trade and shipping.
>
> The first firm steps toward the formation of the Constitution were taken by a small and active group of men immediately interested through their personal possessions in the outcome of their labors. . . .
>
> The propertyless masses under the prevailing suffrage qualifications were excluded at the outset from participation (through representatives) in the work of framing the Constitution.
>
> The members of the Philadelphia conventions which drafted the Constitution were, with a few exceptions, immediately, directly, and personally interested in, and derived economic advantages from, the establishment of the new system.
>
> The Constitution was essentially an economic document based upon the concept that the fundamental

> private rights of property are anterior to government and morally beyond the reach of popular majorities.

That concept is still dominant in the minds of those who believe the Constitution to be beyond criticism or change. If it is to be made into an instrument for the protection of the rights and interests of the generalty, rather than of "personalty," the change must be brought about through the will of those whose will has been overruled in the name of the Constitution.

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THE CHARGES MADE AGAINST JUSTICE BLACK by the *Post-Gazette* of Pittsburgh are serious. They are, in brief, that Justice Black joined the Ku Klux Klan in 1923, that he resigned in 1925 just before a campaign for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator in order to be able to deny that he was a member, but that this resignation was never acted upon formally and that after a successful campaign he accepted a life-membership card. These charges directly controvert the impression given out by Black's supporters, and hence presumably by Black himself, at the time of his appointment to the court that he had accepted Ku Klux Klan support—along with labor backing—but had never actually been a member of an organization whose primary principle is "white supremacy." Membership in the Klan, under any circumstances and for any reason, is not to be lightly dismissed when a Supreme Court justiceship or any other public office is involved. At the same time Justice Black's record for the past ten years in Congress has been so consistently liberal and even radical that *The Nation* whole-heartedly supported his nomination in spite of the rumors of an earlier political flirtation with the Klan. We shall continue to defend Justice Black on the basis of his record unless it can be proved beyond doubt that he has consciously maintained his connection, if it ever existed, with the Klan. We shall do so all the more vigorously because the present attack comes from the same general source from which has come the hysterical and reactionary opposition to the President's court plan and to every other attempt to curb the industrial and financial oligarchy. But in justice to his friends Justice Black himself must now explain fully his alleged connection with the Klan.

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WHILE THE LOSS OF MACHANG AND THE retreat from Shanghai represent definite setbacks for China, the events of the past week afford no reason for serious discouragement. It has been apparent for several weeks that the Chinese could put up more effective resistance if they would withdraw beyond the range of the Japanese naval guns. The withdrawal also ends the danger that the Chinese troops in the Yangtzepoo section might be cut off and destroyed, a danger that has existed since the early days of struggle in the Shanghai area. The loss of Machang, thirty miles south of Tientsin, may be taken as another indication of the difficulty of holding out against mass Japanese attacks, but its effect was more than offset, from a strategic point of view, by the success of the guerrilla forces operating in the Western Hills, outside of Peiping, in cutting off and destroying a detachment of 4,000 Japanese troops which had been sent against them. None of these developments approach in significance, however, the final settlement of the long struggle between Nanking and the Chinese Communists. For this not only brings 200,000 veterans of the Chinese red army into the struggle on a front where their guerrilla tactics are likely to show up to the best advantage but provides full assurance that there will be no compromise with Japan.

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THE TREASURY'S ACTION IN LIBERATING $300,000,000 of its "sterilized" gold as an offset to the recent stock-market collapse is significant chiefly for the use of a new device in monetary management. Since there was no actual shortage in money or credit, the move cannot be expected to affect prices or stimulate business activity. It does, however, indicate that the Administration intends to leave no stone unturned in its efforts to find a method of moderating the business cycle. In the present instance it is working in the dark because no one has yet been able to advance a convincing explanation for the decline of the market. The war threat obviously existed chiefly in the columns of papers which were interested in boosting sales and, if real, should have been a factor in raising rather than lowering stock prices. Conservative papers have tried valiantly to show that the decline was the result of the restrictive policies adopted by the New Deal, but their case is considerably weakened by the fact that the recent Congress failed to pass any of the measures which were particularly frightening to business. The truth is that a slight slackening in business activity has taken place and this, with the war scare, gave the speculators a bad case of jitters. While there is some evidence that the natural forces of recovery have about run their course, we find no justification for hysteria.

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THE ONLY NEW ATTRACTION AT NURNBERG this year was the presence of the diplomats of the principal democratic countries. They were displayed in a private car which had been graciously provided by the Führer; and seventeen military scouting planes welcomed them by flying over in the form of a swastika. As a prelude to their appearance, which was limited to one day, Propaganda Minister Goebbels made an unrestrained attack on democracy, and Otto Dietrich, Nazi press chief, carried on with taunts at "the powerless governments of democracy." Dr. Dietrich also paid his respects to the gentlemen of the press, particularly those representing New York papers, whose duty he said it was to "tell lies and bow down in the temple of Mammon." For the rest there were parades and more parades, in which a nation of slaves walked past their master, cheering wildly his threats of war abroad and of hunger at home. That any diplomat of a democratic country should have been allowed, let alone instructed, to witness such a spectacle and thereby passively condone it almost merits the sneer

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of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, who also spoke. Democracies, he said, are "piteously shortsighted and as terrified as a rabbit before a rattlesnake." Which reminds us that of all the name-calling that went on at Nürnberg, Dr. Rosenberg's designation of his leader as a rattlesnake strikes us as the neatest. The *Völkische Beobachter* please copy.

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THE NEWSPAPER GUILD MEMBERSHIP, IN THE referendum just ended, upheld with one exception the actions of the St. Louis convention which led to a demand for a rank-and-file vote. Affiliation with the Committee for Industrial Organization was voted two to one, the vote being 3,392 to 1,691. The decision to broaden the jurisdiction of the Guild to include other editorial employees was also upheld by a large majority. The one decision which was reversed was a resolution condemning fascism in Spain, and here the vote was close—2,592 to 2,409. In general the votes on questions having political implications were relatively close. Indorsement of independent political action was upheld by a vote of 2,774 to 2,202, the resolution for increased WPA appropriations by 2,815 to 2,178, and indorsement of the President's Supreme Court proposal by 2,685 to 2,271. These figures show that a majority of the membership approves of the resolutions adopted in St. Louis; they also indicate that opinion was sufficiently divided to have made a referendum essential.

War—East and West

The New Face of War

THE world is witnessing the collapse of the structure of international law and morality which had begun to crumble before the Great War. What the powers at that time began, fascist cynicism and ruthlessness are now completing. The ethic of political conduct is a common one today among the fascist powers of Europe and Asia: anything goes if you can get away with it; act first and explain afterward; assemble vast armaments in the name of peace and send armies of invasion in the name of non-intervention; destroy cities and blame the carnage on the victims; torpedo merchant vessels without warning and deny that your submarines are responsible; trample on treaties in the name of international order and wipe out populations in the name of international good-will. Use a stentorian voice and keep a straight face while indulging in the most cynical and outrageous lies.

"Will there be war?" is the question all people are asking. One answer is that there *is* war today—undeclared war in Spain, in the Mediterranean, in the Far East. Undeclared war has its advantages. It allows you to strike without warning. It gives you, as in the case of Italy and Germany in Spain, the effectiveness of a belligerent along with the status of a neutral. It enables you to stir up civil war under cover of diplomatic protection. But, above all, it enables you to escape the onus of having started the war. For except in imperialist conquest of obscure and "backward" tribes, we still cling to the notion that to begin a war requires some moral justification. And the experience of Germany shows that, even in dollars and cents, it does not pay to be labeled as having started a war.

War has become trans-national. Not since the European wars of religion have national boundaries meant so little. The struggle is now in its largest aspects one between fascism and democracy, with cross-currents of national and economic interest to confuse the issue. Whoever has a stake in either camp feels a strong urge to reach out across boundary lines and take a hand in the conflict. Thus far the fascist powers have combined to take the aggressive, using as auxiliary techniques civil war and the puppet state or the puppet military commander. They have encountered stiff opposition in the form of a people's front of anti-fascist forces both in Spain and in China.

To break this resistance has been the object of the unspeakable massacre of noncombatants carried out on a scale that marks a new chapter in the history of warfare. The bombing of defenseless cities in Spain and China and the machine-gunning of fleeing populations have served no direct military purpose. Their only object can have been to terrify the population and destroy morale. The dictators make use of their own mass populations and the mass populations on the other side in the same coldly instrumental way. The individual life has become terribly cheap. Even we in America, who watch in press and newsreels the progress of the horrible slaughter, who see mangled children and the decaying and distended bodies of noncombatants floating down a stream, are becoming more and more callous to destruction and terror. We require continually increased increments of horror to capture our attention or stir our indignation.

But the measure of this imperviousness is the measure also of isolationist sentiment in America, England, France. The growth of pacifist isolationism is the outstanding development of recent years. It is, to our mind, an unrealistic sentiment, which runs the danger of releasing the very wars it seeks to inhibit. But it is none the less strong and tenacious—a fact to be reckoned with. It is significant in that it runs counter to the economic interests of the Western powers in the East as well as to the dictates of collective security.

The Mediterranean Front

All hope of collective action in support of peace and in opposition to aggression has been abandoned in Europe. In its place the powers have erected a system of pretense and concealment; a technique of manipulating realities with unrealities. The method is complicated as well as devious, but the idea behind it is essentially simple and essentially British. It is based on Great Britain's desire for peace with the dictators at almost any price—even the price of democracy and the territorial integrity of the lesser nations. At the end of the present struggle in the West—which has spread from Spain into the Mediterranean—Britain would like to see Spain under an orderly, perhaps monarchist, preferably not openly fascist, government; Italy placated with recognition of its African empire and bound by a gentlemen's agreement to respectful behavior in the Mediterranean; Germany purged of all westward ambitions and endowed somehow with a measure of diplomatic finesse; France freed from leftism and its Soviet connection and securely tied to British Continental purposes; and Russia left to its fate at the hands of Germany and Japan.

Such in broad outline is British "ideology" in the present struggle on the Western front. It explains the "non-intervention" which has cloaked armed intervention, the patrol which failed to detect continual large-scale violations of non-intervention, the attempt to stage at Nyon a parley which would end piracy in the Mediterranean and at the same time prevent the detection and exposure of the pirate.

But occasionally the cat jumps out of the bag, either of its own accord or through the help of an interested onlooker. Mussolini torpedoed the strategy of pretense when he openly claimed for Italy the honor of the capture of Santander. The Soviet Union pretty well completed the job when it charged Italy with piracy and the sinking of two Russian ships. And Spain is contributing to the cause of realism by thrusting before the League Assembly this week its own complete bill of particulars against the fascist powers. We might deplore this break in the smooth front of fake and suppression if we believed, as so many of our contemporaries insist, that honesty meant general European war. We are convinced, on the contrary, that the price of capitulation to aggression is not peace but more aggression. The European fascist powers and Japan are not moved by the spectacle of weakness. Ethiopia was the direct result of Manchuria; the occupation of the Rhineland followed logically upon the Ethiopian conquest; the fascist invasion of Spain and every outrage that has accompanied it are the end results of the whole shameful record of surrender, evasion, hypocritical pretense.

To British statesmen Russia's open accusation of Italy was a shocking breach of what has come to seem normal diplomatic procedure, committed just when Great Britain had arranged everything with an eye to soothing, while also checking, the presumptive pirate. But despite British annoyance, the Soviet Union obviously achieved a substantial victory by its outburst of honesty. Italy and Germany stayed away from the conference—in itself a help since their presence would have insured a polite evasion of the real facts. And Britain was forced to take a stronger stand than it wished in order to prevent Russia from acting alone. The Russian threat was timed exactly to take advantage of a situation in which British prestige and British property were for the first time so clearly involved that some action was inevitable. But without the Russian pressure the action might well have been an agreement with Italy which would have operated to the complete disadvantage of the Soviet Union—and Spain. Such an agreement would almost certainly have more clearly granted belligerent rights to Franco, drawn Italy closer to Britain, and pushed Russia farther away. But if certain major objectives were achieved, the details of the Nyon arrangement leave much to be desired. The exact status of the Spanish government is still in doubt, and Mussolini is let down gently with an invitation to patrol the waters adjacent to Italy. The British and French will carry the greater share of the police work, and Russia's beat will be limited to the Black Sea. It is expected that both the Soviet and Spanish delegates at Geneva will protest certain unsatisfactory provisions of the agreement, but no serious opposition is looked for from any source.

For Spain the success of the patrol is a matter of life or death. Dispatches from Valencia indicate that acts of piracy had succeeded in stopping essential supplies—especially oil—from reaching Loyalist ports. Some vessels were sunk; many more were frightened off the sea. Without supplies from Russia, the Loyalists cannot win, while Franco can continue to get supplies as long as Italian pirate submarines rule the Mediterranean. The agreement at Nyon should result in partly opening the sea lanes again.

THE FAR EASTERN FRONT

In many respects the Far Eastern struggle represents an advanced phase of the conflict in the West. The fascist elements of Japan have precipitated the invasion of China not only out of a desire for raw materials and markets but in order to maintain their prestige and dominance at home. The invasion also seems to have been planned to forestall an agreement between Nanking and the Chinese Communists.

The Japanese militarists completely miscalculated the strength of Chinese resistance. At first it was believed that a mere show of force would bring China to terms. If worst came to worst and resistance were attempted, it was felt that the Chinese would be so disunited as to offer only feeble opposition to the highly mechanized Japanese army. In fact, however, at no time in Chinese history has there been anything as closely approaching national unity as at the present moment. War lords like Yen Hsi-shan, Li Tsung-jen, and Pai Chung-hsi, who in the past have consistently opposed the government, have placed their armies directly under Chiang's command. Even more significant is the settlement of the ten-year war between Nanking and the Chinese soviets. The red army, known as the most efficient military force in China, has been rechristened the Chinese Eighth Route Army and has moved into Suiyuan and Shansi, where it may shortly come into actual conflict with the Japanese. A further indication of the abandonment of Nanking's anti-Communist campaign may be seen in the release of Mr. and Mrs. Ruegg, who had been serving a long sentence at Nanking for Communist activities.

The Far Eastern conflict differs from that in Spain in that no attempt has so far been made to insulate the world from its effects. A non-intervention agreement such as has been applied in the Spanish struggle is unthinkable in China because it would involve the surrender of Western interests to the Japanese. And the stake of the Western powers, particularly Great Britain and the United States, is too great for such a move. The situation is complicated, however, not only by the threatening situation in the Mediterranean but by the considerable body of influential Tory opinion in England which would look upon a Japanese victory as a welcome alternative to communism in China. That the Soviet Union, facing the threat of a Japanese invasion of Siberia, will extend material assistance to China is to be taken for granted. In spite of Japan's control of important lines of communication, supplies can be sent through. It may also be assumed that this assistance has been promised in return for political concessions such as have already been granted in the rapprochement between Nanking and the Chinese soviets. But what British conservatives have been slow to see in China, as in Spain, is that a vast difference exists between Communist participation in a popular front dominated by moderate groups and actual Communist rule.

Despite the division of Tory opinion, the chance of a strong British policy in the East is considerably better than in Spain. The whole question of British prestige, which was not at stake in Spain until the recent attacks on British shipping, has already been raised by the attack on the British ambassador. Moreover, as the Japanese move south, the threat to material British interests will become increasingly direct. Alone, Britain can do little to stop Japanese aggression. But with the cooperation of France, the United States, and the Soviet Union it would be possible, as in 1895 and 1922, to force Japan to give up its immediate territorial ambitions in China. Under present circumstances this can only be achieved through American leadership.

AMERICAN POLICY

American policy in the present crisis will of necessity be forged by conflicting pressures—economic, sentimental, and traditional. There is no large country in the world, save possibly China, where isolationist sentiment is as strong as in the United States. Yet, paradoxically, there are few countries which possess such an overwhelming passion to make the world over according to their own pattern. American missionaries greatly outnumber those of Communist Russia or Nazi Germany and are as a group fully as confident of the universal applicability of America's social and political philosophy. The foreign policy of the United States is also influenced by deep-seated national prejudices, many of which have been carried over from the Old World.

It is scarcely surprising that these conflicts in interest and sentiment should result in contradictory policies. The Neutrality Act, for example, is a direct outgrowth of isolationist sentiment, while the Nine-Power Pact, the Open Door policy in China, and the Monroe Doctrine are reflections of expansionist economic policies which have equally deep roots. The surrender of the Philippines and the withdrawal of American citizens from China stand in sharp contrast to the Administration's new naval program.

The Mediterranean piracy crisis, however, dramatically demonstrates the limitations of the isolationist theory that the United States should never seek to protect its overseas interests lest it become involved in war. Modern civilization is dependent very largely upon the freedom of the seas. While the world accepts certain limitations on that freedom in time of war, irresponsible attacks on peace-time shipping threaten the existence of world trade. Fortunately, the United States has not been called upon to send ships to the Mediterranean. It is probable that the immediate situation can be handled by Great Britain and France with only moral support from the United States. But what if Japan tears a leaf from Mussolini's notebook and inaugurates an "unofficial" blockade against foreign shipping destined for China? Should the United States withdraw its ships from the infested areas and allow piracy to obtain *de facto* recognition, or should it combine with the other powers in an effort to restore safety to the seas? The issues raised by Italian piracy in the Mediterranean differ only in geographic location from those involved in Japan's illegal invasion of China. What violation of law could be worse than making an unprovoked attack on a peaceful, law-abiding neighbor, laying waste its cities, murdering tens of thousands of its citizens, and seizing its meager economic resources?

Thus far the Administration has pursued a simple opportunist policy in the Far Eastern crisis. It has played up to isolationist sentiment by arranging for the evacuation of several thousand Americans from the war zones and by asserting that those who remain do so at their own risk. But it has delayed application of the Neutrality Act and has taken steps to protect American interests in China. It has made no effort, either individually or in concert with the other powers, to check Japanese aggression or to devise measures for protection against future aggressors.

Such a policy may represent a skilful middle course between conflicting domestic pressures, but it involves serious dangers. It affords neither the limited safety of a wholly isolationist policy nor the more adequate protection which would be provided by a system of collective security. Any attempt to protect national interests in the East is dangerous if it is undertaken unilaterally. Until recently there has been no natural channel for collective action. The Nine-Power Pact carries no obligation for action and provides no machinery for the enforcement of its terms. This mechanism has now been provided by China's appeal to the League under Article XVII of the Covenant. The United States is a member of the Far Eastern Advisory Committee of the League and is in a position not only to cooperate but to take the initiative in proposing collective penalties against the aggressor. It should also be possible for the League, with the aid of the United States, to provide a channel whereby the powers may give active economic support to the victim of aggression. Left to itself, the League is most unlikely to take steps to curb Japan. But given American leadership, the necessity of defending Western interests may force the powers to the only action which can save the world from chaos and war.

Pirates and British Policy

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Geneva, September 13

FOR Moscow and Valencia the issue at Nyon was whether a situation could be created in the Mediterranean which would allow Soviet arms to reach Spain. The Italian submarine campaign was inaugurated on the assumption that after the fall of Bilbao and the impending fall of Santander had robbed the republic of its Biscay ports, a blockade in the Mediterranean would cut off Russian supplies and quickly bring about a Loyalist collapse. Mussolini is having trouble at home. There have recently been strikes and peasant revolts in Italy, and the cost of the Spanish war is becoming an irritating burden. Il Duce needs an early triumph, and he knows he cannot have it on the battlefield. On September 8, in the *Popolo d'Italia,* the Burgos correspondent, Barzini, stated: "We must not imagine an easy, rapid victory." Warning against optimism, he added that the Loyalists' "resistance can become very solid and very tenacious. . . . We must not believe the enemy to be weak and ill-prepared." The interruption of arms importations, however, would undermine Valencia's strength—and that was Mussolini's object.

London and Paris manifested alarm as soon as the first Spanish steamer was torpedoed near the Dardanelles by "an unknown submarine." (It is being said that in Rome a grave has been prepared for the unknown submarine by the side of the unknown soldier.) Soviet shipments to Spain would never have been made without the connivance, and perhaps even the good-will, of England and France. Now these powers saw the possibility of shipments ceasing.

Members of the French General Staff have informed their government that the army could not accept responsibility for the defense of France if the Spanish rebels won. The French know that Germany lost the World War because it had two fronts. Franco's success would give France three. The French nationalists are more perturbed than they were before. Last week a well-founded rumor circulated in Paris that the French government had intended immediately to open the frontier to Valencia-controlled territory but that Eden wore out the wires urging caution upon Chautemps and Delbos.

The British are too worried about the Mediterranean to look on with equanimity while Italy shows it can do as it pleases there—to the length even of enforcing a blockade against commercial shipping, British included. The Admiralty could hardly have enjoyed such a picture. British men-of-war received orders to shoot to kill. And Britain may be indisposed to see Valencia lose to Franco. Some Englishmen still nourish the illusion that after Mussolini and Hitler have shed the blood of tens of thousands of their nationals and spent hundreds of millions of dollars in order that Franco may win, they will gallantly step aside and say to the British: "We did all this for you. Please come in and take our places." More realistic and more Machiavellian British politicians maintain that the prolongation of the civil war will so preoccupy the fascist powers that England will have a peaceful respite for rearmament, and they hope that the struggle will leave both belligerents so exhausted that England may step into the role of mediator. Hence London's interest in the continuation of Russian aid. To gain time Neville Chamberlain also proposes a four-power pact with France, Germany, and Italy, and Eden makes pro-Italian gestures at Nyon. In any case the British want no immediate peace—and the Nyon decisions serve their purpose. They may not finish Italian piracy but they will prevent a tight blockade.

At Nyon Litvinov alone championed the Spanish republic's cause. That is all that is left of the League of Nations anti-aggression covenant. The Russians feel their international position improved by Japan's involvement in China. Japan cannot now attack Russia. Therefore, and for other reasons too, Germany cannot attack. Moscow can now do more to check world fascism in Spain.

Meanwhile a sorry spectacle is being enacted on the windy shores of Lake Leman. Spain has been invaded. The League could at least give moral comfort; it could reelect Spain to the council seat which it has occupied since 1928. Spain's failure to be reelected would bring joy to the fascists inside and outside Spain and constitute a blow to the League patriots and to the whole pacifist movement. What good is a League which does not refrain from spitting into the face of a victim of aggression? But the Duke of Alba has been here to interview the Latin American delegates and persuade them to vote against Spain in the council. This Spanish "nationalist" may have met with some success.

The Nyon resolutions would still permit submarines to sink steamers in gentlemanly fashion, but most definite assurances have been given to certain powers that Italy will hereafter refrain from torpedoing ships. The British and French will have some eighty war units in the Mediterranean, and Mussolini knows they mean business. The Spaniards, however, are not so sure that submarines or destroyers which Italy can "sell" to Franco won't operate in Valencia's territorial waters, where patrol vessels—this at the moment is uncertain—may not enter. The fact that the British today foiled an Italian attempt through the Greek delegate Politis to exclude Ethiopia from the League would seem to indicate that London thinks it desirable to show a kid-gloved but firm hand before the fascist dictators meet in Germany.

Neutrality—a Dangerous Myth

BY GEOFFREY STONE

I HATE fascism. My heart is with the Spanish Loyalists. Yet if it were possible to insulate the United States from the world, to retire into our shell, to plow our fields and write our books and raise our children untouched by quarrels across the sea, if I felt we should be uninfected by a victory for reaction abroad, I would be for isolationist neutrality legislation. America was not born to set the universe aright. War is nightmare. Europe, unable to organize itself, despite the common heritage and the economic blood vessels that link its nations, may be doomed. Why should we risk sharing its fate?

But I do not believe insulation and isolation possible. I believe that we have taken the world for better or worse, and that there is no Reno in which we can cut the nuptial bonds welded by modern industrialism. I think that neutrality legislation of any sort is no more than a breeder of delusions, that it will break down in the event of another world war, that another world war is coming, that we shall ultimately be drawn in; that it would be better for us, by boldly taking our stand with *the* League or *a* League or some other form of collective action, to throw our weight on the side of peace and against aggression. I see no other possible way of averting war. I see no way to keep out of another world war, once it starts.

Must we play nursemaid to the world? I am afraid so. Two hundred years ago scattered agricultural communities along our Atlantic Coast might have been little affected by European preparations for war or the tread of marching men, though even in the simpler world of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries every major European war had its repercussions on this continent. Had the Armada been victorious, the Pilgrim Fathers would have been Spanish grandees; and North American institutions would have drawn their characteristics from a transplanted feudalism, not from an emerging middle class's desire for greater freedom. If Louis XIV had not been so anxious to place a Bourbon on the throne of Spain, Canada might still be French. If the English had not pressed Napoleon so hard, the tricolor might still fly over the plains between the Mississippi and the Rockies. Europe's conflicts seemed remote because others, principally the British, fought our battles, decided our destinies.

It has been assumed that to maintain the peace we need only pass a law. I think the time has come to examine that assumption. The last war showed that trade with belligerents soon becomes trade with one side, the side that gains control of the seas, that in the long run this trade can only be financed by loans, that the loans create a vested interest in the victory of the debtor, that creditor interests will use their economic power to make propaganda for intervention lest the debtor be defeated and the loans be lost. This is an oversimplification. But it is nevertheless the oversimplification on which neutrality legislation rests.

The advocates of neutrality legislation and of isolation believe that we must avoid the economic entanglements that draw us into diplomatic entanglements, thence into war. This policy, to be successful, must be thoroughgoing. In the event of another world war it would necessitate embargos not only on munitions but on the cotton, wheat, coal, iron, and oil that are as necessary to the warring nations as bullets. It would mean keeping our ships out of the war zone, selling nothing to either side, making no loans to either. Cash-and-carry is a loophole that would only whet the appetite for war orders, without providing enough business to cushion the impact of embargos on our economy; a device to remain neutral in a world war yet help Britain.

The advocates of neutrality legislation—with all respect for their sincerity and their ardent desire to keep us out of war—apparently fail to realize the economic consequences. The chemical lobby has hammered home the fact that less than a tenth of our total production is sold abroad, and the over-all figure has lulled us into complacence. Break the figure down, and the devastating effects of isolation on whole areas of our economy and our country rise to view. In normal times we sell about half our cotton abroad, a fifth of our wheat, a third of our oil. It is estimated that 2,000,000 Americans are directly dependent on foreign trade for their bread and butter. Many industries would lose their profit margins if they could no longer—thanks to our tariffs—dump their surpluses abroad at less than the price they charge for their products at home. Texas, which produces 90 per cent of its cotton for export; the California valleys, which must sell a large portion of their fruit abroad; the Middle Western wheat and corn country, which depends on the export margin for a profitable price; the business section of our great ports—these would be struck, as though by a plague, by isolation. What are we to do about the bread lines, the unemployment, the falling prices, the panicky markets, the bankruptcies, the dispossessed croppers, that would follow in the wake of the neutrality embargos required to keep us out of a world war? On political grounds what Administration would dare to face such a prospect?

Unless we have the answers ready in advance, the pressure for abandonment of neutrality legislation will be irresistible. Pro-neutrality newspapers will find their passion for peace crumbling when advertisers want war orders. Pro-neutrality legislators will begin to fear the effects of five-cent cotton and fifty-cent wheat. The emotions generated by the conflict will provide the energy for a change in policy; the ideas in which these emotions embody themselves will provide the necessary excuse. We shall sell again, lend again, fight again—in a war that might have been prevented had we thrown our influence on the side of peace. We run the risk of repeating Britain's mistake of 1914. The failure of the English openly to commit themselves to France, the consequent German illusion that England would not intervene if Austria attacked Serbia and Germany marched across Belgium, helped loose the hounds of war. There would have been hesitation, there might have been peace, if "all authoritative quarters" in the Reich—I refer to the July 12, 1914, dispatch of the Austrian ambassador at Berlin to his home government—had not been sure that the time was favorable for strong measures because Britain would not intervene. A neutrality program that fails to prepare in advance for an economic crisis deludes people into the comfortable assurance that we need to take no measures to prevent war; we can merely stay out of a war. Neutrality would almost certainly be abandoned soon after the outbreak of a world war unless a program were immediately available to fill the gap created in our economy by the sudden loss of foreign markets.

Is a program of this kind possible? I doubt it. What would it involve? One envisages a general staff for peace, as we have a general staff for war. One outlines a mobilization plan for peace, as we have a mobilization plan for war. One pictures a central government bureau with all the facts at its disposal: the extent to which virtual loss of foreign trade would affect prices, jobs, and values, the amount of lending needed to bolster markets and provide employment, the possibility of new markets at home in the shape of new uses for our basic products and higher living standards for our people. Carried away by the possibilities, one imagines an America geared to fight a peace rather than a war, pouring out millions for construction, clearing slums, ending floods, halting the deserts encroaching on our Western plains, building a new America, a richer, happier America, while the Old World, in a frenzy, spills its blood and treasure.

The prospect is inspiring, but is it possible? I doubt it. It can be reduced to blueprints. It is as simple as arithmetic. It is sane and it is sensible. But it won't work. True, we mobilize for war. Why not for peace? But we make a profit on war. There are dividends in war. Our whole economic machine is geared to profits, and war means profits—at least in the immediate sense. But peace with isolation means a loss, and our boards of directors are not convened to pass altruistic resolutions. A war between two powers, even a war among a few powers, is not a problem. We can keep out, neutrality embargos or not. But another world war, a war that might last from three to six years, would require thoroughgoing socialization if we were to remain isolated and yet support a passable standard of living. We should have to squeeze the water out of our industries; we could no longer afford to pay a return on the fantastic value the elder Morgan placed on United States Steel. We could no longer afford to permit the Mellon heirs to monopolize aluminum; or the Guggenheims, copper. The du Ponts would have to dissolve. We should have to operate first a few, later more industries on a non-profit basis. The process of plowing under crops and keeping men at boondoggles so as not to disturb profit-making would be too expensive. A policy of this kind reduces real wealth in terms of goods produced and human labor used; increases real debt in terms of obligations assumed and bonds issued by the government. On top of the debt piled up in fighting depression we could not afford another AAA, another NRA, another WPA, especially since all of them would have to be on a larger scale than we have known during the Roosevelt period. The problem would be to produce more, to distribute it better, and to do this quickly. That spells socialism of one variety or another. Would we give up profit for peace? I doubt it.

Even assuming that business interests would not force the country to abandon isolation, it is likely that Congress, instead of moving toward socialism, would, under the pressure of big property, lay the basis for a more repressive and less democratic system than this country has ever seen, even in time of war—complete government control of labor unions, abolition of the right to strike, machinery for cutting wages, forceful methods for removing dispossessed croppers and tenant farmers to new areas, makeshift boondoggles and Spartan rations for the unemployed. Consider the ugly mood that would be engendered among Southern planters, among strong-arm industrialists, by the economic crisis in the wake of isolationist embargos; consider the turbulent and revolutionary mood of the workers. Here would be the makings of a vigilante, a fascist America, an America that would use neutrality as a demagogic cover-up for its attack on liberty and finally plunge the more eagerly into war as a way out of difficulties at home.

We cannot be isolated. We shall pay higher telephone rates for a generation because a man named Hitler started an arms race in Europe and copper is a war necessity. We shall pay higher prices for steel because we have been drained of a generation's accumulation of scrap metal by war preparations abroad. We are faced even now by the necessity for profound changes in our national policy and national temper because of what is already happening across the Atlantic and across the Pacific. Shall we creep into the isolationist shell? Democracy will never be the same if we do. Shall we arm to the teeth, match ship for ship, cannon for cannon, with the aggressor powers? A militaristic, regimented, goose-step influence hitherto absent from our national life would make its appearance. Shall we support the League or some other agency of collective action? This too requires a wrench in our traditional way of thinking. Why must we choose? Because we are no longer free, because we are not isolated, because forces beyond our control are forcing us to choose. In the context of our time isolation is an unreal, a classroom solution.

I think the road that offers the least change, the best chance of peace, the greatest possibility of preserving

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the free institutions that, with all their frequent lapses from the ideal, remain our proud possession, is the path of international cooperation. Democracy depends in large part on the freedom of the market, and the market is international. The international market is being destroyed by fear of war, the haste of nations to make themselves self-sufficient. Political security is necessary for economic security, for the revival of international trade, for the easing of nationalistic hatreds; it can come only through international cooperation. The weight of our power might turn the trick, halt the aggressor nations, prevent war. Nothing else can.

The Aggressive Good Neighbor

BY G. ARBAIZA

NOT long ago American diplomacy posted at the gates of Pan-America a sign reading: "American obsolete destroyers leased for a nominal charge to good neighbors on application." Official Latin America was amazed as it had not been since President Roosevelt announced his non-intervention policy in 1933. Shrewd dictators arched their eyebrows, then smiled unbelievingly. Was it really possible to get antiquated small craft of the American armada for nothing? Or was there a catch? Did you need only to fill out an application for destroyers as you would for books in a circulating library? Or did the good neighbor require that you have a strategic coast line, raw materials to protect against the "desires" of foreign powers, and plans for building up a navy, such as Brazil, the first favored applicant, had? Then, too, since destroyers are hardly instruments of good neighborliness, was this offer a departure from the good-neighbor policy?

In a joint statement the governments of the United States and Brazil answered that it was only "an entirely minor phase of that policy," and when a storm of queries and objections broke out here and abroad, American diplomacy took down the sign. But the statement remains substantially correct. The proposed lease of destroyers to Brazil was apparently only a minor item in a much larger program lately undertaken in the name of the good-neighbor policy. Washington has abandoned its suave tactics and plunged into direct action.

It has gone into action to fight for a position of vantage on the South American commercial battleground, where the great trading powers have been competing since the turn of the century. The deal recently closed with Brazil is not mainly concerned with the leasing of destroyers. Those much-discussed vessels play a comparatively trifling part in it. The fire of comments the leasing proposal drew from the press has hidden from public view the real story. The deal marks the first move in Washington's campaign to defeat European influence in the southern continent; to check the gains made by America's trade rivals, particularly Germany, in the Brazilian market, the second largest in South America; to secure a continued supply of the Brazilian raw materials essential to American industry; and to obtain through cooperation with Brazil a strategic advantage that will permit the United States to protect American interests on the eastern coast of South America in the event of world hostilities.

Frustrated in Buenos Aires last December in its plans for the organization of a bicontinental bloc that would have meant a solid Latin America behind the United States in the present world emergency, American diplomacy seems determined now to obtain by individual treatment what could not be accomplished by collective persuasion. The logical country to start with was Brazil. In contrast to the attitude of Argentina, which balked the plan for a bicontinental bloc at Buenos Aires, that of the Brazilian delegation under Oswaldo Aranha, "chief exponent of Monroeism in Latin America," was out-and-out pro-American. Although Brazilian policy, following the vicissitudes of coffee and the changing sources of financial help abroad, has fluctuated, influenced by developments in Europe and the United States, it has invariably backed American policy in matters affecting the Western Hemisphere as a whole. Brazil supported the Wilson Administration and declared war on Germany in 1917 when the British blockade cut off its trade with the Central Powers, while President Irigoyen of Argentina refused to be "dragged into the war by the United States." And again, in the early twenties, when relations between the United States and the British-Japanese alliance took an ugly turn, arrangements were made by the American and Brazilian governments for an American naval mission to Brazil.

With the inflow of American capital into Brazil in the period of economic expansion that followed the war, relations between the United States and Brazil developed into a tremendous business partnership. Between 1919 and 1930 American investors lent Brazil, in government, state, and municipal bonds, about $420,000,000. The stake of American industrial interests in that country now is estimated at about $500,000,000, invested mainly in public utilities, mining, meat packing, shipping, rubber, oil, branch and assembling plants, and manufacturing. American capital probably makes up more than one-fourth of the total foreign investments in Brazil, largely supplied by the power trust and international banks, United States Steel, Ford, du Pont, Standard Oil, General Electric, Diamond Match, General Motors, and the packing triumvirate—Wilson, Swift, and Armour.

With the recession in American trade and investments after the 1929 crash, American influence in Brazil ebbed. A commerce that had climbed from $150,000,000 in 1913 to more than $300,000,000 in the golden years of dollar diplomacy, financed in large measure by American loans, shrank to $100,000,000 at the beginning of the depression, when the United States closed its purse to Latin America. Whereupon the trade rivals of the United States, old and new, appeared in the field, Germany among them.

One of the main difficulties of American trade was the lack of exchange. Like many other non-industrial countries, Brazil had established exchange control in order to preserve its scanty gold stock and retaliate against the deflation of the prices of its raw materials and foodstuffs forced by the despotic centers of world industry. Taking advantage of this situation in a masterly stroke, Dr. Schacht proposed to Brazil to do away with exchange worries and adopt the barter system. That clever tactical device, the "compensation" mark, made this possible. By this system German importers of Brazilian products paid the Reichsbank for them in marks that were kept in Germany for the purchase of German goods by Brazil. By piling up trade balances in favor of Brazil in blocked marks, Germany induced Brazil to buy more and more, for balances could only be thawed by purchases. Thus Dr. Schacht outgeneraled the traders of gold-glutted countries, who had to wait for the liquidation of their drafts while German traders were able to liquidate immediately.

Soon the Hamburg-bound stream of Brazilian coffee, cotton, tobacco, hides, vegetable oils, grains, cacao beans, fruit, rubber, and other products became tremendous, and Germany was shipping a proportional quantity of manufactured goods, without using an ounce of gold. Moreover, German diligence and the elasticity that the dictatorship was able to give wages and prices enabled Germany to undersell other nations in Brazil, including the United States. As for dividends on German investments, Brazil had to pay them in foreign exchange derived from its trade with other countries. The barter strategy carried the victorious German trade forces even farther. Acquiring more Brazilian products than it consumed, Germany resold the surplus abroad, collecting in open exchange and bringing international free currencies into the Reichsbank. In this way, while it traded with Brazil without using gold, the Reich obtained gold by selling surplus Brazilian products. Thus it gradually became more and more of a factor in marketing Brazilian products, and at the same time, through investments and concessions in Brazilian mines, including iron ore, steadily increased its share in the country's mineral wealth. By 1936, after three years of hard campaigning, General Schacht's commercial forces in Brazil had outstripped British and American exporters and captured first place in Brazilian import trade with a share of 23 per cent. Germany had become the largest seller of manufactured goods to Brazil and the second largest buyer of Brazilian products. An American counter-move, the 1935 reciprocity treaty with Brazil, although it probably helped to maintain the American share at only a slightly lower level, failed to bring about a recovery.

While American diplomacy in December, 1936, was trying to persuade South America to put up a common front before the European war threat, Dr. Schacht was reaping the benefits of the greatest year for German trade in Brazil. At the same time, however, the Brazilian government was supporting the American proposal at the Buenos Aires conference with an eagerness that seemed to betray some expectation. The fact is that at the height of Dr. Schacht's success the recently revealed American-Brazilian deal was in the making. Negotiations that had started before the Buenos Aires conference were hastened upon its failure. American diplomacy called Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau and the Navy Department to its assistance, and the result was a threefold deal—monetary, commercial, and naval. Utilizing a small fraction of its enormous and troublesome stock of "sterilized" gold, the United States Treasury last July signed with Arturo de Souza Costa, Finance Minister of Brazil, an agreement granting Brazil a $60,000,000 gold credit to maintain "monetary equilibrium" between the two countries and "to facilitate the establishment by Brazil of a central reserve bank," with "technical assistance" from the United States. Brazil, in return, undertook to remove from its tariff laws provisions operating against United States commerce and to protect its markets "against outside competition that is directly subsidized by governments"—a pledge that would obviously stop the expansion of German trade. The gold made available to Brazil, in dollar exchange, will remain in the United States.

This broadside of American gold inflicts on German trade in Brazil its most serious setback since the World War. American trade will have plenty of exchange, the inducement will be to buy American goods, and Dr. Schacht's new lieutenant in Brazil, Dr. Karl Ritter one of the Reich's ablest foreign-trade specialists, will have a hard time to save the barter system from total destruction. There are, however, two factors still in Germany's favor—its ability to underquote the United States by a wide margin in many lines, and the insistence of some Brazilian producers, especially the São Paulo cotton growers, to continue the barter trade with Germany. The Reich, which formerly bought cotton in the United States, is now the second largest consumer of the Brazilian product and is partly responsible for raising Brazil to fifth place among the world's producers of cotton.

But the new American gold strategy has a larger aim than checking Dr. Schacht's schemes in South America. It is intended to ward off not only German but all competition. Germany happened to be leading the competitors of the United States, but it is only one of the powers that have been jockeying for economic, political, and strategic positions in South America in anticipation of a vast conflict. Among Brazil's most valued raw materials—and one which the United States has now made sure of getting—is ferromanganese. Absolutely vital to industry in war time and just as valuable in peace, this precious ingredient in the making of steel now comes chiefly from Russia, India, and Brazil, which possesses the most extensive reserve in the world. Brazil now furnishes 25 per cent of the product consumed in the United States, and in case of war it would offer the most important accessible source of supply—particularly since United States Steel, through a subsidiary, the Companhia Meridional de Mineração, already owns vast deposits there. But "accessible" means that American economic sway in Brazil must be preserved, and that the American navy must be ready to protect the transportation of this mineral in war time, unless the United States accumulates beforehand reserves sufficiently large for any emergency.

As for Brazil's gain from the deal, the gold-credit agreement comes to steady not only the milreis but also Dictator-President Vargas, and it lends a hand to the Brazilian and American coffee interests at a moment when Brazil's coffee-export trade, the chief source of foreign exchange and purchasing power for Brazil abroad, is going through a most critical period. It is estimated that for the present crop year Brazil's share in the coffee taken by world trading centers will not exceed 50 per cent, whereas formerly it amounted to as much as 70 per cent. In a desperate effort to keep up the price Brazil is now burning its oversupply at the rate of 100,000 bags a day. Since 1931, when the elimination of the surplus began, it has destroyed nearly 50,000,000 bags, and it plans to destroy 15,000,000 more during the first half of the present crop year—about 60 per cent of estimated production. The National Coffee Department owes the Bank of Brazil more than $36,000,000, which has been used for coffee destruction. The United States is the largest consumer of Brazilian coffee, and the American speculators' control of the trade was definitely menaced when Germany began reselling purchases of the Brazilian product in competition with Brazil itself. A few days after signing the gold-credit agreement with the United States, the Brazilian government significantly canceled a German purchase of 100,000 bags of coffee for resale in the Balkans, and instead gave the National Coffee Department 100,000 more bags of coffee to burn.

The American Treasury Department's announcement of the agreement with Brazil was not explicit about the exact terms of the transaction. Has the credit been granted for a definite period of time? How is it going to be used for steadying the dollar-milreis rate? To what extent will it be applied to the establishment of a central bank in Brazil? The answers to these questions have not been revealed, but one thing at least seems clear. The United States is to have a hand in the reorganization of Brazil's banking and monetary structure—a big job and one that British interests in that country have sought for years—and it is entering on the task with the aim of restoring and maintaining American commercial supremacy and protecting American investments.

Two joint American-Brazilian committees, "composed of representatives of the trade interests of both countries," will sit at Rio de Janeiro and at New York or Washington to secure "within the commitments mutually entered into by the government of Brazil and the government of the United States . . . the most appropriate solutions in order to overcome the obstacles which might hinder the natural development of trade between the two countries." If—as the quoted announcement seems to imply—the mixed committees are to see that the American-Brazilian *quid pro quo* will be carried out, then it means that Brazil is going to have American commercial supervision.

The present monetary credit is not a loan in the sense that a bond flotation is. Nevertheless, it is a credit operation. But what is more significant is that the extension of monetary facilities to Latin America should have been induced, as in the post-war period, by a plethora of gold, this time government-controlled gold. The United States government, which has already invaded the field of banking in this country, appears now in a game which used to be played chiefly by international bankers. The pecuniary help given to the Latin American governments in the twenties, when American experts were assisting fifteen of them to place their fiscal systems on a "sound" basis, consisted of bond flotations sold in the market by Wall Street international banks. We know what was done with the money, and what is happening to the bonds. The money, loaned in a saturnalia of bribes and fat commissions, was in large measure either privately absorbed or publicly squandered by the cliques in power, with the same irresponsibility with which it was gathered by the bankers from American investors. Of the total amount outstanding on December 31, 1936—$1,917,000,000—about 77 per cent was and still remains in default. Brazil's unpaid debt to American investors aggregates nearly $370,000,000. The present transaction may prevent further manipulations by the international bankers, but all the same it is a very generous accommodation in the light of preceding events.

American trade has been experiencing exchange difficulties in other Latin American countries as well as in Brazil; the German government has signed compensation-mark agreements with other southern republics. More of our "sterilized" gold stock could be used to stabilize Latin American exchange in these states and to open new outlets for American trade. Latin American governments may even be willing to pay their debts to American investors provided the United States lends them the money to do it. And the question suggests itself: Will facilities of this sort lead to another period of expansion in our trade with Latin America, financed by American gold as it was in the twenties? "But America," said President Roosevelt in a speech at St. Paul last October, "has learned her lesson once and for all about that kind of frenzied finance." Whatever the outcome, the good-neighbor policy has taken on an aggressive aspect. It is being turned to the rescue of American business in the southern latitudes, and in its first real battle it has some $60,000,000 in gold to use for ammunition.

D. A. R. in the Schoolroom

BY M. B. SCHNAPPER

IF THE Daughters of the American Revolution had their way about our educational system, young America would be taught only D. A. R. views of history, economics, foreign affairs, and political doctrines. To the Daughters the educational ideal is a process of memorizing platitudes, reciting patriotic poetry, rejecting everything new and accepting everything old, going through incessant flag salutes and military drills, and learning to render unthinking obedience. Their efforts to achieve that ideal are far more extensive and intensive than those of any other group of professional patriots, excepting only the ubiquitous American Legion. Their influence upon our schoolchildren is perhaps even greater than the combined efforts of such groups as the National Civic Federation, the Sons of the American Revolution, the American Coalition. These groups influence the school only occasionally and incidentally, whereas the D. A. R. has ceaselessly made the school the center of a score of highly ramified pressures and activities.

Because the teacher is obviously the most vital link in American education, he, or she, is the central target. Let the teacher voice an opinion not altogether in keeping with D. A. R. tenets and he is open to a barrage of criticism. Even in communities where the D. A. R. is only moderately snoopy, it is a foolhardy teacher who dares express an idea which could be misinterpreted or who even broaches such topics as internationalism, social planning, or Soviet Russia. Every Daughter is advised not only to "become acquainted with the sentiments of the teachers and their methods of instructing the children in the part the United States has taken in history," but to see to it "that the great men and women who have carried the banner of patriotism and loyalty to the country and the high ideals upon which this nation was founded and has prospered be presented to the youth in their true colors." "Put none but Americans on guard!" is the warning of a president general of the D. A. R., and "put loyal American men and women on our school boards, whom you can trust to get only good teachers who are also loyal Americans, about whose patriotism there can be no question."

In the spring of 1936 the D. A. R. decided to intensify its efforts to oust teachers opposed to its conception of American government. Announcing but not proving that it possessed evidence that many educators were selling themselves to the Comintern, it went on record as favoring the immediate dismissal of any and all who, in its opinion, revealed Moscow connections through aversion to D. A. R. loyalty oaths. Objections by the National Education Association and other groups that the oaths curtailed academic freedom and unfairly implied subversive activities in the teaching profession were cursorily dismissed by President General Becker. "No patriotic teacher should object to taking the oath of allegiance," she said. "It is an honor, not a reflection upon character. It does not carry with it interference with the right of educators to determine courses of study. Courses of study will be safe in the hands of loyal teachers." And as a logical follow-up, Dr. Felix Forte, a lawyer of repute, urged a constitutional amendment giving the courts power to take away rights of citizenship from those "who are Americans according to the definition of the Constitution and yet are unworthy of the name."

Any teacher who believes that democratic education should pave the way toward peace has much to unlearn. There is a common feeling among the Daughters that anything suggestive of pacifism is in truth radicalism, a feeling succinctly expressed by Mrs. Anthony Wayne Cook, one-time president general:

> We should see that our school boards are not allowing our public-school system to be used for the dissemination of propaganda which, in the guise of so-called peace literature, is in reality dangerous and insidious pacifist dogma. As a matter of fact, too much of this sort of thing has already been disseminated. It has been cleverly prepared so that it might insidiously stir up unrest and discontent in the minds of both pupils and teachers concerning our time-tested American governmental institutions.

Even more foolish is the teacher who thinks such questions should be considered from all points of view. "We want no teachers," warn the Daughters, "who say there are two sides to every question . . . who care more for their academic freedom of speech than for their country . . . academic freedom of speech has no place in school, where the youth of our country are taught and their unformed minds developed."

The D. A. R. has never shown reluctance about placing educators and institutions of note on the black lists which it freely distributes. Among the more prominent institutions so honored are Barnard College, Berkeley Divinity School, Boston School of Social Sciences, Bryn Mawr Summer School, Smith College, and the New School for Social Research. Blacklisted college organizations include the Barnard Social Science Club, the Bryn Mawr Liberal Club, the Dartmouth Round Table, the Harvard Student Liberal Club, the Union Theological Contemporary Club, the University of Chicago Liberal Club, the University of Colorado Forum, the Wellesley College Forum, the Vassar College Political Association, and the Yale Liberal Club.

Forthright criticism of these lists almost cost Dr. Clarence Cook Little his job as president of the University of Michigan and the university itself a large benefaction when Mrs. Alfred J. Brousseau, a former president general of the D. A. R., took offense at an expression of his views on the matter. This was something which neither he nor his university could afford since Mrs. Brousseau and her husband, the president of Mack Trucks, had just established a $115,000 scholarship and student-loan fund. On the assumption that her money entitled her to handle him in her own fashion, Mrs. Brousseau wrote to Dr. Little:

> Through a newspaper report I learn of a recent diatribe of yours against the D. A. R., part of the attack being based upon an "alleged black list." . . . Frankly, I would say that the policies of the D. A. R. are not any of your particular concern. You are supposed to be an educator and not a censor of organization methods, other than the particular organization with which you are concerned. . . . You state that some of the qualities of the D. A. R. are un-American. Will you pardon me if I remind you of the fact that in certain quarters during the past two years criticism along similar lines has been leveled at you? The D. A. R. has not attacked you. Why should you go out of your way to needlessly criticize it? . . . Last but not least, the national society, D. A. R., does not issue any such list as you condemn, which fact you might have learned had you shown me the courtesy of an inquiry. That would have been quite logical, considering our mutual interests in the University of Michigan, of which you happen at the moment to be president.

Despite Mrs. Brousseau's protestations, there was no doubt that the D. A. R. was responsible for the black lists, and Dr. Little courageously announced his refusal to be controlled "by inside secret deliberations and decisions of an inner and privileged council of any organization."

Perhaps the most active concern of the D. A. R. as a whole is the protection of young America from school textbooks which the Daughters consider un-American. Gestated during the hysterical red-baiting days of the early twenties, their campaign in this field has suckled upon the Bolshevik menace ever since. In the loquacious person of Mrs. M. R. Jacobs, the D. A. R. was one of the active forces in the opera-bouffe investigation of New York City's history textbooks in 1920-22. Later, united with other professional patriots, the D. A. R. of New Jersey sponsored a bill designed to legalize the censorship of history in that state. And shortly thereafter D. A. R. chapters everywhere showered praise and publicity upon an interminable series of articles syndicated by the Hearst newspapers to show parents that "school histories now being taught their children have been revised and in some instances wholly rewritten in a new and propitiatory spirit toward England."

Some of the nation's most distinguished scholars have fared sadly at the hands of the D. A. R. in the course of its drive on textbooks. Professor David S. Muzzey's "American History" has been frequently denounced by the Daughters because, according to a study of the American Historical Association, they feel "it gives to military history insufficient emphasis to make good soldiers out of children." In the District of Columbia the Daughters have been especially active in a campaign to remove Muzzey's history from the schools, and in North Carolina, because they felt that he had slighted their state and unjustly called slavery the chief cause of the Civil War, they have had his book removed from the state's official textbook list. That landmark of American scholarship "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard, and other noted histories have enjoyed similar treatment. Let any text view America's past at all realistically and its author is immediately accused of everything but treason, and sometimes even that.

The tune is always the same. In one year a president general reveals that the insidious purpose is "to intentionally distort the traditions of American heroism and patriotism; to make mockery and derision of the high motives and purposes of the patriots, thereby to destroy the natural instinct of veneration in every youthful American for the ideals and principles of the Republic and its institutions." In another year there is a traitorous movement afoot "to delete our school histories of the heroism of battles and the honor rolls of our valiant fighters; to substitute for our patriotic expressions radical pacifist slogans calculated to stress internationalism in place of nationalism; to ban recognition of our warrior patriots who have fought and died for the life of the nation, and to exalt in their stead so-called 'heroes of permanent service' and civilian and scientific heroes."

Of the hundreds of American histories only two seem to meet D. A. R. prejudices: "The American Government Today," by Frederick J. Haskin, and "The Story of the American People," by Charles F. Horne. The former is a mediocre work by a journalist on the staff of the Washington *Evening Star*, one of the most conservative papers in the country. In 1935 alone some 12,000 free copies of this book were sent by the D. A. R. to schools, libraries, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. reading-rooms, Federal Emergency Relief Administration schools, and CCC camps. The Horne work is a bombastic affair published by the American Legion in cooperation with the D. A. R. and thirty-two other super-patriotic organizations. In recognition of its "commendable purpose" the D. A. R. has recommended that its members "bring this history to the attention of the school boards in all communities and urge that it be adopted as a textbook in United States history." In announcing plans for the publication of Horne's unique history, the American Legion frankly stated that its object was to "inspire the children with patriotism," to "preach a vivid love of America," to "be careful to tell the truth optimistically," and to "speak chiefly of success." All this the book does remarkably well. It tells its young readers that America is "a kind of paradise . . . where work brings its best reward, the one region where peace seems assured, the land of Opportunity." The D. A. R. heartily agrees with Mr. Horne that the Spanish-American War was "a people's war" and the World War a supreme test of our democracy, and it exults in his revelation that America has a "divine purpose," realizable when and if "civilization should prove worthy of it."

Swiss Democracy in Retreat

BY PETER BROWN

Geneva, September 1

THE shadow of fascism today lies dark and long over this supposed ancient cradle of democratic liberties. Called in referendum upon laws proposed to them by their legislative authorities, the sovereign people of the Canton of Geneva last spring voted three to two to outlaw subversive political organizations, more specifically the Communist Party. The real issue went much deeper. Should the reactionary bourgeois alliance now in power, combining fascist and Catholic groups of the far right with liberal and radical groups of the center, be granted a free hand in acting against militant Socialists and trade unionists, against active friends of the Soviet Union and the Spanish republic, against outspoken enemies of the German and Italian dictatorships?

These laws were not enacted in the hysteria of threatened civil war, nor yet in the heat of revolutionary labor unrest. They were passed against a background of perfect calm, political and economic. Their formal thrust is against a party of microscopic membership and of infinitesimal activity. Their unconcealed inspiration comes from a small fascist-Catholic bloc in the bourgeois united front which displaced the Socialist administration of Nicole at the cantonal elections last year. In short, these laws represent the technique of the cold pogrom assuming the forms of constitutional procedure. In reasoned deliberation and with frigid malice, the upper and middle classes of Geneva are determined to wipe out the left wing of the local labor movement. In doing so they are ready to reject all their country's traditions of political freedom and to advance firmly along the road which leads to the totalitarian state.

Such developments at the foot of Lake Leman may shock sentimental Americans who still think of Switzerland in a haze of tender-minded sentiment as the country of William Tell and the revolt against Austrian tyranny, the land of primitive agrarian democracy, where the initiative and referendum are brought to their highest perfection, the asylum for religious and political refugees from time out of mind. Actually the enactment of anti-Communist laws by the Canton of Geneva is by no means an isolated event. It is only one phase in a process of evolution by which, in the gradual division of Europe into two opposed ideologies, Switzerland is moving toward the far right to take its stand along the axis which runs from Berlin to Rome.

To give the devil his due, Switzerland is still very far from being a totalitarian state. Trade unions are still an active force, parliamentary institutions continue to function, newspapers and public speakers are free to criticize the public authorities. In terms of fascism very simply defined—the suppression of trade unions and the abolition of civil liberties and parliamentary procedure—Switzerland is still to be counted as a democratic country. But bit by bit and step by step the institutions of bourgeois democracy are breaking down. They are breaking down economically in violent reaction against the leftward drift of France, and politically as a gesture of accommodation to the armed ruthlessness of Germany and Italy.

Geneva was not the first Swiss canton to outlaw the Communist Party. Neuchâtel had set the precedent a few weeks earlier, although its only application of the law so far has been the promulgation of a decree to deprive a mildly socialistic high-school teacher at La Chaux-de-Fonds of his right to teach in the canton. With Geneva and Neuchâtel in line, it is reasonable to suppose that Vaud will soon follow suit.

No mystery surrounds the peculiarly violent animus of the three French-speaking cantons toward left-wing groups of all shades. These cantons lie along the French border; they are the next-door neighbors of the Confédération Générale du Travail. France, during the course of the last year, has undergone a rather complete revolution on the labor front. As a result of sitdown strikes joined to political action, the workers of France have gained the forty-hour week, wage increases, holidays with pay, legal recognition of trade unions. Peering across the frontier at this nation-wide drama of employers in forced retreat, the collective bankers, industrialists, merchants, and hotel and restaurant keepers of Suisse Romande have alternated between green fear and purple fury. Their own Swiss wage-slaves must be immunized against this Gallic pestilence; the impulses which set the French labor movement going in 1936 must be sternly checked at the source. To accomplish these ends under respectable camouflage what simpler or more efficacious method could be found than to declare a crusade against Moscow? The technique is dependable, its usage worldwide.

But the economics of fascism in Switzerland are not peculiar to the French-speaking cantons. Popular fallacies to the contrary notwithstanding, Switzerland is a highly industrialized country which gets its living not only from tourists and cows but also, and more significantly, from the manufacture of textiles, chemicals, watches, electrical machinery, transportation equipment, and armaments. Economic control over the major industries, including the admittedly vital hotel trade, is concentrated in the hands of the big banks at Zurich and Basel. As for the peasantry, beautifully organized for pressure politics, a very large part of it is Roman Catholic—fervently so—and thus in the grasp of a religious body which everywhere works hand in hand with the economic reactionaries.

There are perfectly sound reasons why the bankers and industrialists who run the economic system of Switzerland should be turning their attention to the techniques by which the employers of Germany and Italy have relieved themselves of their labor troubles. True, the Swiss workers have not yet got out of hand. No strikes of any consequence, sitdown or otherwise, have occurred during the past year; no sweeping wage increases have had to be granted. But the set-up which might awaken the Swiss trade unions from their present lethargy is undeniably present. Since the devaluation of the franc last autumn economic recovery has been advancing vigorously to the accompaniment of a rapid rise in the cost of living. At any moment the Swiss trade unions might follow the example of their French brothers across the border by committing the indiscretion of pressing forcefully for higher wages and shorter hours. To crusade against Moscow under circumstances such as these is merely to recognize that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

In this good work the industrial masters of Switzerland have enjoyed the enthusiastic assistance of the federal authorities. At the height of the French labor unrest last June, for example, the federal authorities refused to permit Léon Jouhaux to address the workers of Geneva on the forty-hour week, although Jouhaux was then discoursing daily on that subject at the sessions of the International Labor Conference. And since last summer the postal department has been banning a longer and longer list of foreign newspapers and journals, mostly Communist, such as *Humanité* and the *Daily Worker,* both British and American. A climax to this sort of repression was reached when the World Peace Congress of 1936 had to meet in Brussels instead of Geneva, as originally intended, because of the impossibly severe restrictions which the Swiss federal government decided to impose upon the admission and activity of the left-wing delegates.

It is in the realm of politics, however, that the Swiss federal government has seen fit to reveal itself most glaringly as the supine creature of Mussolini and Hitler. Almost alone among the countries of the world Switzerland voted to refuse the Soviet Union membership in the League of Nations in 1934. (Switzerland is still one of those rare countries which refuse to recognize officially that the U. S. S. R. exists.) Relying on its special status as a neutral state, Switzerland refrained from applying full economic sanctions against Italy when the Ethiopian crisis arose, and after Ethiopia had been subdued, Switzerland hastened to be among the first to recognize Italian *de jure* sovereignty over the conquered territory. When the administration of Geneva, then Socialist, expelled the hooligan Italian journalists who booed and catcalled the Negus at a meeting of the League Assembly, the federal authorities at Berne brought them right back again. Before any other democratic government had joined in the tragic farce of "non-intervention" in Spain, the Swiss federal government was issuing decrees to stop meetings and demonstrations in favor of the Spanish republic and to prohibit the raising of funds for Valencia.

Significantly the outburst of anti-Communist cantonal laws was, in its origins, inspired by abortive federal efforts along the same lines. For a year Berne has been seeking a grant of emergency powers which would permit it to outlaw all radical activities by executive fiat. The project was withdrawn only a few days before Geneva held its referendum. Fortunately for the country's political liberties its legislators are becoming violently jealous of an executive which never ceases its encroachments upon parliamentary prerogatives. Given the first favorable opportunity, however, Berne will no doubt return to the attack.

Why this complete subordination of Swiss foreign and domestic policy to the whims of Rome and Berlin? Is it because the Swiss national character, as some pretend, instinctively revolts at the idea of bolshevism? Is it because, as others allege, M. Motta, the Swiss President, is from the Italian-speaking part of the country and dreams of allying his family to Mussolini's? The truth is much simpler, much more direct. In a military sense Switzerland has everything to fear from the territorial ambitions of Germany and Italy. It has nothing to fear from the side of a surfeited France, dreaming only of European peace. Nazi propaganda in favor of the pan-Germanic ideal is actively carried on in the German-speaking cantons; Italian propaganda is similarly at work in the Tessin. Although this is all unofficial work on behalf of totalitarian nationalism, the Berne authorities well know that Germany and Italy would grasp at a chance to cut large chunks away from the territory of the confederation. Switzerland's national interests thus demand, as an elementary proposition in *Realpolitik,* that Germany and Italy be placated, won over to friendship, however overbearing. This may at times humiliate Swiss national pride, but humility is well worth the price if it serves to divert Italian and German lust for expansion.

Thus if the federal authorities are doing all in their power to place Switzerland securely on the German-Italian axis, it is because they are political realists. They know that if you join the enemy he may be persuaded to refrain from swallowing you up; at least his combative attentions may be diverted elsewhere. But Swiss political realism goes farther than this. Like all other countries Switzerland is now heaving in the financial agonies of an enormous program of rearmament and national defense. By far the largest part, if not all, of this expenditure is going to fortify the defenses along the Italian and German frontiers, for those are the directions from which danger is known to threaten. Turn by turn each of the larger Swiss towns goes through its air-raid drills. It is an open secret that these drills are being carried out with an eye to the possible tender ministrations, in the not-too-distant future, of Italian and German bombers. If Switzerland is moving as fast as it can along the path which ends in totalitarianism, it is nevertheless sparing no effort to defend itself against its fascist neighbors.

These are sad reflections, no doubt, at the seat of the League of Nations and the International Labor Office; they form a discordant accompaniment to the daily oratory of peace, good-will, and social justice. But it is economic and political realities, not Alps, which form the strongest barriers against the plague of fascism. And why, after all, should we expect Swiss democracy to stand firm when the British, French, and American democracies daily permit the totalitarian dictatorships to stretch their inches into yards, their yards into miles?

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FREQUENTLY of late I have been asked two questions: "What would you do in regard to Japan and China if you were President?" and "Does not the plight of China end all thought of pacifism?" I should be flattered by the implication of the first question that I am competent to attempt to answer it if I did not believe that it often emanates from a desire to put me in a hole. Well, I'll rush in where angels might well fear to tread, and do my best. Here is what my program would be:

1. Issue a proclamation forthwith putting the neutrality law into effect, refusing to be deterred therefrom by statements that to do so is to deprive China of the opportunity to purchase supplies while Japan can avail itself of the "cash-and-carry" provision. Without our enforcement of this law Japan is able to blockade China and to prevent contraband from reaching it. Its enforcement will help China by preventing arms from going to Japan and by preventing loans to both belligerents, thus making Japan's trading position more nearly equal to China's.

2. Notify China that all American ships and soldiers are being withdrawn from China permanently, and promise never to reestablish the American garrisons in Tientsin, Peiping, or Shanghai.

3. Repatriate all our nationals by a given date, using warships if necessary for that purpose, and notify all Americans who remain thereafter, precisely as we notified them in Spain and Ethiopia, that they do so at their own risk and responsibility and that their injuries or deaths will not be a *casus belli*—this policy has already been adopted by the President.

4. Endeavor to induce England, Russia, France, Holland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, and the Scandinavian countries to join the United States in a statement denouncing the violation by Japan of the Kellogg pact, the Nine-Power treaty, and other agreements. Concerted action of this kind is absolutely necessary to uphold the sanctity of treaties. The statement should renew the demand for the territorial integrity of China, and the cooperation of the League of Nations should be invited.

5. Announce approval of a boycott of Japan by the American public and possibly later ask Congress for a non-intercourse law to stop our trade with Japan until Chinese territory is evacuated.

6. In any event withdraw our American ambassador promptly from Japan as a moral protest, precisely as Italy once withdrew its minister, Baron Fava, from the United States because of our failure to offer compensation for the murder of Italian citizens in New Orleans.

Now if it is asserted that this would (a) invite war with Japan and (b) make us virtually the ally of China, my reply is that war with Japan is only possible if we start it; with China on its hands and Russia in the background, there would be no danger of any attack by Japan on the United States, since under any circumstances that would mean national suicide. This policy would not be taking sides with China or passing judgment upon all its relations with Japan, but would merely register a protest against wholesale violation of treaties and give expression to decent world opinion. If we cannot build up a respect for international obligations by condemning the violators of them, then the world ought to apologize to Germany for having denounced it in 1914 for making a scrap of paper out of its treaty with Belgium. The United States has here a magnificent opportunity for moral leadership—provided we make it clear that we are withdrawing from China and have not the slightest intention of engaging in war.

It would of course be difficult to get other nations to go along; I have not forgotten how we were let down by England on the Manchurian issue. But this Shanghai adventure is something else; it endangers British property worth $900,000,000; if Japan holds Shanghai, England and all other nations will be shut off from the vast Yangtze River territory. The British Cabinet might well discover, suddenly, moral issues in the present war on China which it could not perceive in Manchuria. But the fact that others might refuse to follow is no reason why we should not lead. Throughout our entire history, especially when we were weak, our government has freely expressed adverse opinions upon the acts of other countries, and yet we have usually remained at peace with them—even in the Venezuela imbroglio with England. Should we not speak out now when the case is clear?

As to the plight of China proving the impossibility of pacifism, every war is always declared to prove exactly that; yet the pacifist sentiment in the world is far more intelligent and widespread than it has ever been since the death of the Prince of Peace. Pacifists are no longer under the obligation to prove that their position is ethically sound, or that peace is the highest dictate of Christianity, or even that it is the safest and sanest policy for all humanity. The burden of proof is upon the war-makers to show that any war results in good, or fails to bring more evils in its train than good. If China must yield to Japan at present, it will rise above Japan in the future, as in so many other interludes in its history when it has absorbed its conquerors. The seeds of decline are in Japan today, its feudalism, its militarism, its domination by war lords, its economic distress—but not in China the resurgent, the renascent, the nation that has loved peace so long. Military victory for Japan in China will prove far worse for it than defeat.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GARCIA LORCA

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA was a man in his middle thirties when the fascists killed him at Granada a year ago. His life, though it began and ended in the same geographical area, was by no means parochial. He had studied and traveled widely; his art, while basically Andalusian, was remarkable for its sensitive assimilation of influences and moved freely in many directions. He knew how to write both simply and subtly at the same time, and it is on this account that minority and masses are united in his praise.

He was born in 1899. Even in his early student days he seems to have been extremely popular with his contemporaries. At the university he studied philosophy under Spain's present ambassador to the United States, Dr. Fernando de los Rios, who persuaded him to continue his education in Madrid. He was interested in music and painting as well as in letters, and in 1922 he collaborated with Falla and Zuloaga in developing the *Cante Hondo* fiesta at Granada. His first book of poems appeared in 1921, but his earliest poetry was not printed until 1935. His first published book was prose, "Impressions and Landscapes" (1918). In the late twenties he belonged to a group of writers whose orientation was distinctly toward the new poetry; their taste was sufficiently catholic to include Góngora and surrealism in the scope of their admiration. He exhibited as a painter at Barcelona in 1927, edited literary reviews and lectured on poetry in Madrid, and in 1930 came to this country for a visit which seems to have made a much more profound impression on García Lorca than on the city of New York. On his return to Spain he founded his theatrical company, *la Barraca*, for the performance of classical plays and wrote musical dramas whose range was from tragedy to farce. He was absent from Spain again in 1933 and 1934 traveling and lecturing in the Argentine and Uruguay, but was back in Granada completing a new dramatic work when the fascists came and got him.

Just exactly what prompted his criminal and stupid murder is not very clear; nor has any eyewitness ever been found to report the actual details of the execution. García Lorca took no part in politics, belonged to no political party, whether of the Popular Front or otherwise, and made rather a point of avoiding assemblies where political argument was rife. He seems to have thought of himself as a universal man, certainly not above the struggle but at any rate out of reach of the quarreling. A rumor that Benavente had been executed "by the reds" may have been responsible for this act of revenge; it is possible that the fascists, either through illiteracy or wilfulness, seized on the pretext of misinterpreting certain letters as meaning that the poet had declined a trip to Mexico in order to work for the revolution in Spain. The fact that his sister resided in a house owned by the Popular Front *alcalde* of Granada may have had something to do with it. More probably the fascists' instinct was sounder than their reasons: they recognized in him the kind of person they are eager to get rid of. He declared once in an interview affirming his Spanish character that he execrated the man who would sacrifice himself for an abstract national idea and who insisted on loving his country with a bandage over his eyes; that he preferred a good Chinese any day to a bad Spaniard. It seems impossible to doubt, however, that had he been spared he would have aligned himself with those who were employing the old ballad forms to tell, in *El Mono Azul*, new stories of the heroism of the Spanish people.

Little of Lorca's work has been available in English, on this side of the Atlantic at any rate. One of his plays was produced in New York in February, 1935, under the title "Bitter Oleander," and since his death perhaps a dozen of his lyric poems and one or two longer ballads have appeared in translation scattered here and there in American periodicals. Mr. Lloyd's collection* presents the first substantial body of evidence on the poet's quality. In addition to its half-dozen poems the book contains a photograph of the poet, a biographical sketch, a bibliography of major items (Mr. Lloyd does not mention the so-called guignolesque farces "La Zapatera Prodigiosa" and "Amor de Don Perlimplin con Belisa en su Jardin"), and a preface which discusses in amiable if not too incisive fashion the conflicting tendencies of the Spanish literary revival to which Lorca was a contributor. The title poem is followed by the ballads of The Faithless Wife, Preciosa and the Wind, The Spanish Civil Guard, The Arrest of Antoñito el Camborio, and The Martyrdom of St. Eulalia. Both the Spanish and the English texts appear. As a translator, Mr. Lloyd plays his cards pretty close to his vest and is content to state the meaning and hint the meter, making no effort to swing the original over into anything resembling the forms or cadences of the English ballad tradition. Consequently, as he would no doubt be the first to admit, his work suggests a high-class literary crib, a Loeb Classical Library volume with the poetic quality improved, rather than authentic and robust popular poetry.

Spanish literary tradition, as far back as the days when Spanish writers—Lucan, Seneca, Martial, Quintilian—dominated the letters of Rome, has always had a tendency to excess, to incoherence, to affectation, and to sentimental rhetoric. The cry of "invertebrate Spain!" sounds like an echo of that past when Seneca was criticized for his "mere mosaics," his patterns of "sand without lime," and Lucan was called "passionate and inspired but to be counted among orators rather than poets." García Lorca knew exactly where to go for the necessary correction and how to apply it; his interest in Andalusian folklore and gipsy song went far deeper than the contrivance of vulgarized and decadent popular effects or the exploitation of neo-primitive cultism. Moreover, in achieving a synthesis of all that he knew, from the pre-classic to the post-modern, of all that he had received from the world of dance and painting, music and theater, he abandoned nothing of value, and was able to work his erudition down into the substance of his art.

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* "Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter, and Other Poems." By Federico García Lorca. In the Original Spanish with the English Translation by A. L. Lloyd. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Just as modern music and antique folk song blend in the harmonies of Lorca's verse, so his experience of painting, the theater, and the dance contributes to the eye's delight in his work. He was fully aware that in much of Spain the eye must be quickened through the ear, and the visual capacity of his imagination was unusually rich. In a talk with Gerardo Diego he implied that a fundamental requirement of all poetic talent was the ability to see. "What am I going to say of poetry? What am I going to say of these clouds, of this heaven? Look, look, look at them, look at it; and nothing more. That's it, look." And this meant the ability to look inward as well as outward. Lorca had no foolish romantic illusions about the nature of inspiration. "If I cannot talk about my own poetry," he said, "it is not because I am unconscious of what I am doing. On the contrary, if it is true that I am a poet by the grace of God—or the demon—it is also true that I am one by the grace of technique and force, and of giving myself the strictest account of what a poem is." Scrupulous insight, technique, and force: García Lorca was popular, deservedly, not because he had the wish, but because he had the power.

BOOKS

A Second-Empire Journal

THE GONCOURT JOURNAL: 1851-1870. Edited and Translated from the Journal of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Biographical Repertory, by Lewis Galantière. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.50.

A REVIVAL has been due the Goncourts for some time; everyone mentions them and apparently nobody reads them; and Mr. Galantière must be promptly thanked for having produced here not only one of the most delightful books of the year but one that makes it impossible to excuse, by further lip-service, an ignorance of what they actually contributed to modern literature. He introduces the brothers with no flattery, little enthusiasm, and without greatly encouraging the reader. In fact, he almost succeeds in demolishing them as men and artists. He has little but contempt for their lives, hints of neurotic disability for their temperaments, the faintest possible praise for their aesthetic tastes, and nothing but harsh words for their novels. They were "persistently womanish . . . extravagantly neurasthenic, constantly subject to megrims, thrown into frenzies of incapacity and self-pity by noises, insomnia, indigestion . . . men of morbid inquisitiveness who were fascinated by the repellent." They admired "prettiness rather than beauty." Their famous connoisseurship of art is spoken of as a "maidenly orderliness, surrounded by the delicate products of eighteenth-century craftsmanship and, later, the artful horrors of the Japanese dragon world." Their pioneer excursions in naturalistic fiction are "dismal, airless, written only for the sake of the 'scientific, clinical observation' with which the authors fancied they were scrutinizing human beings who were to them so many monstrosities."

These verdicts are perhaps unjustly extreme. One cannot be so sure that no impulse of humanitarian passion or social justice stirred the authors of "Soeur Philomène" and "Renée Mauperin"; that their discoveries in art, which were to influence a new generation of painters and craftsmen, were trivial and fruitless; that they altogether "loathed" the world of "the impoverished, the defeated, the hysterical"; that they had no profound influence on the art and content of the modern novel. Yet there can be no dispute about the claim that their masterpiece was their "Journal"; that it embodies their world and its temper unforgettably; that it contains a superb portrait gallery of the makers of a new art and literature and shows the two brothers as preeminent among those men "whose talents as commentators, or conversationalists, or *animateurs* were a precious leaven in the society of their time"; that, in short, it is among the world's great diaries, and that it would be hard to name a more entertaining one.

Particularly for the present-day reader. The world to which the Goncourts introduce us, with their complete entrée to its inner circles of society and art, is the one out of whose ferment and enthusiasms the social ideas and aesthetic forms of our own emerged. It is the Paris of Manet's and Renoir's early pictures, of Degas's and Daumier's satires, of Rops, Guys, and Garvarni, and it is conveyed with equal graphic brilliance: a city emerging, to the brothers' painful distress, from its romantic aura and Balzacian disorder toward "new boulevards that go straight on, without meandering, without the adventures of perspective, implacably a straight line, without any of the atmosphere of Balzac's world, making one think of some American Babylon of the future." In its cafes and studios, garrets, drawing-rooms, and theaters the romantic was "not yet regimented in a flawlessly civilized society in which he loses complete possession of himself," and social justice was still a matter to torment the fastidious conscience. Within its sanctum the Goncourts held their court, attended the "princess," presided at the Magny dinners with Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Flaubert, Renan, Taine, and Turgenev, and gleaned the details of their panorama of life —high and low—in the Second Empire.

The "Journal" has the properties of the greatest diaries: avidity, sensory keenness and dramatic understatement, a constant integrity of interest, a deft interplay of egoism and detachment, a zest for the trivial, and a sustained confidence in the historic moment. It has also, it is true, the exaggerated personal emphasis that Wilfrid Blunt considered the defect of diarists since Rousseau. The brothers insist on themselves as "emotional, nervous, unhealthily impressionable

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creatures, and therefore at times unjust"; they quote with approval Gautier's remark that they are "sick men, and that what distinguishes us from the rest is exoticism." But it was their nervous sensibility that kept their perceptions quick, just as it was their exoticism that gave them, as it gave Flaubert in "Bouvard et Pécuchet," their special vantage in seizing the casual, the tedious, and the commonplace. Their agonizing discipline as naturalists served here to lift them out of the flaccid luxury of their aesthetic tastes and gave them the ear and eye with which they caught the tone and complexion of a century. However much they failed at plays and novels, they set down their daily paragraphs with perfect felicity. They arrived at their ambition—"to show meandering humanity in its *momentary* reality"; and that is the diarist's final merit. What may surprise the reader is that he will find here not only the vital elements—caustic, passionate, pathetic, and humane—of a past moment but pronouncements on art, society, civilization, and human nature that are as valid now as they were eighty years ago.

Mr. Galantière has selected, from the nine published French volumes, entries from twenty of the Journal's forty-five years—the two crowded decades that end with the death of Jules in 1870. He has provided a biographical repertory that is one of the book's most valuable features—too laboriously smartened up with impious Rascoeisms, perhaps, but an admirable index to the characters and anecdotes of the memoirs. And he has produced a translation so fresh and fluent that it pays the Goncourts the inadvertent tribute of making it difficult to believe that outside their Journal they could possibly have been as precious and neurotic, or as prosaic and dismal, as his preface pictures them.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Latest Shudder

THE SEVEN WHO FLED. By Frederic Prokosch. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN "The Seven Who Fled," Frederic Prokosch's Harper prize novel, we find "The Asiatics" elaborated into frozen symmetry. The subject matter, though more rationalized in the second novel, is essentially the same. Asia is Mr. Prokosch's Magic Mountain. To Asia Mr. Prokosch's contemporary Europeans come, not, as one might think, to escape from reality but, as he thinks, to live cheek by jowl with it. On the hot, barren plains and the terrible mountains of Asia life achieves a super-real incandescence; burning as in a tubercular fever it transforms itself more rapidly than in Europe to its ultimate ashes. Decomposition of the flesh and degeneration of the character are in Asia accelerated; yet flesh and character, in their brief lifetime, are more intensely, extremely themselves than in the padded world of the West. For Mr. Prokosch's characters a trip through the interior of Asia automatically becomes a voyage of self-exploration, an excursion into self-consciousness. In "The Asiatics" one introspective globe-trotter, a young American, shoulders the burden of discovery and definition; in "The Seven Who Fled" the weight is distributed among seven Europeans—an Englishman, a Belgian, a Russian, a German, an Austrian, a Spanish lady, and a Frenchman.

To warrant this division of responsibility one would expect a rather sharp and meaningful differentiation of experience. Yet one finds the reverse. The outlines of personality, feeling, and behavior are blurred until the characters seem to dissolve into one another. Even the physical adventures do not differ notably from one character to the next—cold, privation, disease, and compulsive sexual erraticism are the common lot; while on the spiritual plane each person finds in Asia but one thing—heightened sensibility, which is reached via physical hardship, death or its contemplation, and memory. Searching out the meaning of life Mr. Prokosch's people come upon it in the very molecules of existence, in the assaults of natural objects and forces upon the nervous system, or, at second-hand, in the memory of former assaults made in childhood and adolescence, when the receiving apparatus was most highly tuned. Since Mr. Prokosch's characters are mere borderline cases, minor decorative personalities from the fringes of Western society, not actors but sufferers on the Western stage, they have no validity as symbols of either Europe or its respective states; and the novel breaks down into a simple catalogue of sensations, a confession of the meaninglessness of meaning. The characters, indeed, have so little personal identity, so little individual clearness of tone, that the novel in the end reduces itself to a catalogue of the author's sensations, the author's private confession.

The range of the author's sensations is narrow, and for all his admiration of intensity the sensations themselves are not very vigorous. His book is full of "little spasms," "little plans," "little gardens," "little moments." He is a connoisseur of the gentle, the tender, the delicate, the pure, the simple, the sweet, the hesitant; and an academician of the tremor. "Touching" is his favorite designation for the people he likes and the situations he relishes; and the "viciousness" and "corruption" which so much enchant him must always coexist with the gentler qualities. Thus in Mr. Prokosch's novel, for all its cosmic aspirations, its League of Nations personnel, its dedication to violence and the doctrine of extremes, the Magic Mountain becomes a dwarf flower garden, and the terror of the super-real expresses itself in an elegant *frisson.*

MARY MCCARTHY

A "Comic Conscience"

LABBY—THE LIFE OF HENRY LABOUCHERE. By Hesketh Pearson. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

HESKETH PEARSON, in this lively study, likens his subject to Sydney Smith and Samuel Butler. Like them, he says, Henry Labouchère was a genius who saw through the establishment and whom the establishment therefore could not afford to take seriously. "Labby" might also in some ways be likened to Bernard Shaw. His wit and impudence were somewhat Shavian in quality, as were his irreverence toward the sacred cows of the upper classes and the habit, rather disconcerting even to his constituents, of refusing to sentimentalize in behalf of causes he championed.

No idealist, Labouchère played the game of politics coolly, astutely, and resourcefully for ends that were wholly disinterested and socially decent, was clear-sighted in controversy, and under a mask of irresponsible cynicism fought implacably against hypocrisy and cruelty. He shared the constituency of Northampton with Bradlaugh and was careful to refer to himself, with his tongue in his cheek, as "the *Christian* member from Northampton," but his first important speech in the House was made in behalf of Bradlaugh's right to affirm rather than take a religious oath that was repugnant to him. He fought the intrenched privilege of the established church, but he also hated the bigotry of the nonconformist conscience and stood resolutely against blue laws.

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I, Yahweh

A NOVEL IN THE FORM OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

by ROBERT MUNSON GREY

"My unbounded enthusiasm for Mr. Grey's novel is mixed with envy. I would rather have written I, YAHWEH than any book I have read in many years." Charles Clayton Morrison, Editor The Christian Century

THE audacity and magnificence of Mr. Grey's conception is measured by the fact that his novel is the autobiography of no less a personage than the God of the Western world, who was given to our civilization by the Jews of the Old Testament.

This God, Yahweh, is a very *human* God. He reflects man's moral insights and also man's compromises with evil and the lesser good. Molded by man, he rises only so high as man himself will let him—he goes up and down in history with human aspiration or the lack of it. The vast sweep of history, from the days of Abraham down to Hitler and the coronation of George VI of England in 1937, is portrayed as seen by Yahweh himself, the chief Actor in the dramatic episodes that have shaped the modern world. Each event is told, each character is presented, not [illegible] it appeared to men, but in the light of its effect upon Yahweh, the God of Western civilization.

The reader will see the contemporary world situation in [illegible] wholly new perspective. The book will provoke controversy as to its meaning for the nations, for religion, for human progress. It is a powerful drama of the spiritual history of the West and of the fate toward which modern civilization is rushing.

The author's style is lighted up with a humor now gentle, now cutting. His dramatic power is held under full control, leaving the reader haunted with cryptic meanings and never overwhelmed with gratuitous interpretation or moralizing. A true work of art, I, YAHWEH thrills the emotions and kindles the imagination.

Excerpts from Pre-publication Reviews

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, *Episcopal Clergyman.*—"I, YAHWEH took [illegible] day and half the night; there was no laying it down. It is superbly written, luminous in its insight and perfectly devastating in its implications. The story of Yahweh, and his final conversion to the Christian religion, is an epic. Thrilling [illegible] too mild [illegible] word; it is searching, subduing, awesome—the more [illegible] the nearer it comes to our own tangled, tormented times. Not in many a day have I read [illegible] book that stirred [illegible] so deeply, and gave [illegible] more furiously to think; it made me want to be a Christian for three whole days. Nay, it will haunt me for many a day ahead."

L. O. HARTMAN, *Editor Zion's Herald.*—"This book will shake up the Christian world. The conservatives will regard it as atheistic and even blasphemous. The sponsors of the 'Finite God' will hail it with satisfaction [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ally. Discerning men and women, however, will [illegible] in this daring novel something deeper."

GUY EMERY SHIPLER, *Editor The Churchman.*—"Done with artistry and alluring insight. Here is a story of religion, dramatic and potent, which blasts away vast areas of rock with which [illegible] has overlaid truth."

NORMAN THOMAS, *Socialist Leader.*—"Interesting, original, powerful."

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH, *The Boston Transcript.*—"It baffles, antagonizes, inspires and stimulates. . . . An extraordinary style. . . . Yahweh reflects shockingly the kind of people we actually are. . . . Before the simple Galilean who talks of [illegible] 'Father' stands Yahweh, your god and mine, discredited, embarrassed, yet always conscious that there is something higher to which he does not attain. . . . This remarkable story of mankind will be called sacrilegious by some p[illegible] who have not caught up with the truth about themselves and their god."

KIRTLEY F. MATHER, *Harvard University.*—"No wonder the publishers were, as they confess, 'excited' by this manuscript. It is an amazing piece of work. Mr. Grey has produced a masterpiece which will undoubtedly have a deep and beneficial impact upon contemporary thought."

GAIUS GLENN ATKINS, *Auburn Theological Seminary.*—"I think it is by any test [illegible] remarkable piece of work. . . . The technique [illegible] difficult and daring but it is entirely permissible and defensible. . . . A book which is bound to start a long line of comment and discussion."

EDWIN McNEILL POTEAT, *Baptist Clergyman.*—"Enthusiastic! I, YAHWEH will win warm admiration and provoke stout protest."

VIDA D. SCUDDER, *Wellesley College.*—"Some readers may feel that the author is skating [illegible] thin ice, but to [illegible] he seems entirely reverent. I wonder whether he was inspired by the old Gnostic heresy which identified Jehovah with Satan? That has always been to me [illegible] tempting thought. The ironical passages in the book seem to me the best, as the delightful dealings of Hitler with Yahweh, and the irresistible account of the formulation of the Trinitarian doctrine."

RAYMOND ROBINS, *Social Economist.*—"A book of extraordinary daring, originality, power and timeliness. The most challenging book on the religious conception of Hebrews and Christians."

CARL S. PATTON, *Pacific School of Religion.*—"A great book! It illustrates the old truth that the gods are made in the image of [illegible] and gives a hint that there is a God who is *not* so made. The extent of the author's biblical, historical and philosophical learning and his use of all this learning in a story that holds the interest throughout—all this is unique. I [illegible] greatly taken with the book."

HARRY ELMER BARNES, *Historian and Journalist.*—"The book is [illegible] admirable combination of scholarly knowledge and popular exposition. The conception is audacious but thoroughly sound."

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Labby at one period of his career had been a stage-manager, and he always put on a good show. Even his enemies must at times laugh with him and at themselves. They frequently took refuge in the belief that they could laugh him off, and in a sense they could. Actually he accomplished little enough. For all his political astuteness he was too honest, too individual, too indifferent to the spoils to become really influential in British politics. He was, in Mr. Pearson's happy phrase, a "comic conscience," and the easiest course for his contemporaries was to enjoy the comedy and ignore the conscience. Labby understood and accepted this as imperturbably as he did everything else. He even fostered this attitude and traded on it to help Gladstone and Parnell behind the scenes in the fight for Irish home rule. It is not the smallest merit of Mr. Pearson's delightful biography that while it in no way slights the anecdotal side of its subject, it also presents his sound and serious core.

MARTHA GRUENING

Behind Tomorrow's Headlines

THE PRESS AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By Robert W. Desmond. With an Introduction by Harold J. Laski. D. Appleton-Century Company. $4.

A NEW YORK newspaper in 1937 is about as different from a New York newspaper of Horace Greeley's or even of James Gordon Bennett's day as a 1937 streamlined automobile is from the old-fashioned buggy. A history of that change and an account of how today's news is handled—roughly comparable to the manuals for car owners issued by the motor manufacturers—are given in Dr. Desmond's comprehensive book. For such a critical judgment of newspapers as the Consumers' Union offers about cars, however, the reader will have to look elsewhere.

News capital by news capital—London, Paris, Tokyo, Moscow, Buenos Aires—Dr. Desmond tells precisely how news is handled: where the correspondent gets his news, how he assesses it, how he races to transmit it, what he pays for transmission, and how it is handled in the home offices. He reports upon the state of censorship in various countries and, with a certain disciplined discretion, observes the control of news in "free" countries like England, where the press, though "uncensored," is "disciplined." He quotes instructions to the muzzled and chained Italian press, reports upon indirect censorship through the cable companies in Argentina, and describes the forthright methods of the Russian Foreign Office. The attentive reader will find the book, especially its plummy footnotes, a mine of significant facts.

"Newspapers," Dr. Desmond, who is an academician with practical newspaper experience behind him, comments in an all too brief summary, "are the products of three autocratic groups—the persons who own them, the persons who make them, and the persons who read them. . . . The reader, however, has the last word. . . . It is the audience-response, very largely, that makes so many newspapers dull, standardized, heavy-witted, and elemental in their handling of everything that matters." Whereupon Dr. Desmond hopefully suggests that public education will help.

Mr. Laski in his introduction cuts deeper. "Our news system," he recognizes, "is a reflection of our social system; there will be no vital change in the one unless there is also a vital change in the other." The newspaper is a part of a big-business world. In Horace Greeley's day an enterprising idealist might found a newspaper and make it count. Today

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a metropolitan newspaper is no longer a mere million-dollar affair; it calls for tens of millions. It cannot afford risks; it depends not upon class—not on any class—circulation but upon mass circulation, which means that it cannot afford seriously to offend any effectively literate and articulate group of the population. It is almost as standardized as radio, more so than the movies.

"One of the most heartening things in the post-war world," Mr. Laski remarks, "is the number of foreign correspondents who have genuinely tried to keep the public honestly informed." That is true; the record of the American newshawks under the dictatorships (Dr. Desmond properly notes that the American newspapers today have the best-informed, most alert, and most independent corps of foreign correspondents in newspaper history) has often been heroic; the continuity of the gallant record seems almost miraculous. Perhaps one reason for the miracle is that the foreign reporters are farther removed from the influence of the home office, an influence far subtler and more refined, yet perhaps more pervasive, than the simple-minded Upton Sinclairs used to make out. But now that dictatorial governments, through politically controlled shipping lines and other enterprises, advertise, some of this independence may be lost.

Into the subtler influences Dr. Desmond seldom goes. His book is as thorough a piece of research, and almost as free from dangerous wonderings, [illegible] any foundation report.

LEWIS GANNETT

An Anti-Slavery Saint

THE GREATEST AMERICAN WOMAN: LUCRETIA MOTT. By Lloyd C. M. Hare. The American Historical Society, New York. $3.

LUCRETIA MOTT would have been the first to protest against her designation as America's greatest woman. No one can deny that she was a rare and saint-like person with an unusual mind; that in a day when it was considered intolerable that women should take part in any political movement or unsex themselves by even attending a public meeting, she was an unusually advanced thinker. More than that, she was an excellent Quaker preacher, being one of the Hicksite leaders who caused the schism in the Quaker church. As a campaigner for freedom in slavery days she was perhaps unsurpassed among the women leaders in her ability to make converts because of the charm, the modesty, and the simplicity of her bearing. Like Garrison, to whose wing of the Abolition movement she belonged, she soon found that she could not confine herself merely to advocating freedom for the slave, and so she bravely bore her testimony in the cause of peace, temperance, and the emancipation of women; indeed, there were few good causes which this group did not espouse. Nevertheless, Mr. Hare has not justified the title of his book. It would have been kinder not to raise this question about Lucretia Mott when there was so much else of interest to be said about her. Her work and her mind, so unusually open to new ideas, speak for themselves.

Unfortunately, Mr. Hare has given us a pedestrian volume, without literary quality or any dramatic portrayal of Lucretia Mott's manifold activities. The main facts of her life and her husband's life are here sincerely and correctly stated. They were almost lifelong residents of Philadelphia, where their home was the center of Abolition activities, to which they gave more of their devotion than to anything else save their church. Being devout followers of Garrison, they were never

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repelled by the heat of his language or by his attacks upon the recreant churches. Lucretia Mott herself said that the worst of the anti-slavery struggle "is that we should hear this institution claimed as sanctioned by the Bible. It is the grossest perversion of the Bible, and many ministers have thus turned over its pages unworthily, to find testimonies in favor of slavery. 'Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him naught for his work.' This is what we should quote." In her forty-seventh year Mrs. Mott went to London as a delegate to the first World Anti-Slavery Convention, only to be refused a seat as a delegate because of her sex. But she made a great impression none the less. The Dublin *Weekly Herald* spoke of her thus:

> Opinions differ materially as to whether Clarkson, Buxton, O'Connell, Garrison, Thompson, Sturge, or Birney were the greatest men, but nobody doubted that Lucretia Mott was the *lioness* of the convention. She is a thin, petite, dark-complexioned woman, about fifty years of age. She has striking intellectual features and bright, vivacious eyes. This lady has the enviable celebrity of being one of the most undaunted, insistent, able, and indefatigable friends of the slaves, being paramount even amongst the female Abolitionists of America.

Mrs. Mott was a difficult antagonist, and not only because of the charm of her presence, which moved Thomas Wentworth Higginson to exclaim: "Such a face and such a regal erectness! Nobody else ever stood upright before. She said but little in the meeting, but that so clear and sagacious and wise; and there was such an instinct of her superiority, that she rules like a queen on the platform. . . ." She had a quiet humor that often turned the laugh upon her antagonists, and by her earnestness and dignity she easily silenced ridicule and sneers.

The freeing of the slaves did not bring an end to her crusading activities. She survived her husband thirteen years; and until she died, in 1880, continued to fight for free and natural religion, for woman suffrage and social emancipation, for peace and against war, for the freed men and for her own Quaker faith. She never lost her interest in the progress of the world and was always ready to adapt her ideas to changing standards and social attitudes. Some day these things will be set forth about her in a more inspiring and moving volume than Mr. Hare's; and they should be, for whether she was the greatest American woman or not, Mrs. Mott was beyond doubt unsurpassed in her fineness and devotion.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Spoon River Again

THE TIDE OF TIME. By Edgar Lee Masters. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.

THIS book, Mr. Masters's fourth within the year, is a chronicle of Ferrisburg, Illinois, and of its first family from the time of the town's foundation in 1822 under the land grants of the War of 1812 through the tumultuous century of American life which followed. It is concerned chiefly with the story of Leonard Westerfield Atterberry, one of Jefferson's natural aristocrats, whose liberalism came into conflict with the stubborn mediocrity of his Illinois village and whose promise was defeated by his environment. It is the tale of just one of the lives wasted by the tide of time, many of them potentially richer than this of a near-genius who had the determination of a U. S. Grant but lacked the favor of the "world spirit."

Mr. Masters had a more ambitious project in mind than

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the story of a liberal lawyer in a small town when he set about the writing of this book, but he has not realized his larger scheme. There are indications that he hoped to reveal the ways of history by studying the life of a small community through years of struggle and change; that he intended his panorama of a century of American life to show cause and effect at work in the ways of small lives. In short, he hoped to find out what made the people of the "Spoon River Anthology" what they were. But the task proved too much for him, and his would-be profundities wreck the whole scheme.

The book, then, is something less than a prosy "Spoon River." The sprawling, formless narrative stumbles through nearly seven hundred closely printed pages with only a few vivid passages to redeem its tonelessness. There are too many inept attempts to connect the course of small lives with the great events that were taking place at the same time. Mr. Masters does not handle historical material with ease, and the book only comes to life when he is dealing with the Middle Western psychology which he has already made familiar. It is an ambitious failure, swamped by careless writing and irrelevant detail, and when at its close Mr. Masters asks, "What does all this mean as an ultimate thing?" and answers, "It may mean nothing," the reader is only too inclined to agree.

MASON WADE

MUSIC

Salzburg, 1937

THERE was more to be heard in Salzburg than I can discuss here; and I shall speak chiefly of opera, which was chiefly what led me there this summer. Consider merely what operas were offered. Of the ten, seven were great classics—by which I mean works that contain some of the most effective and affecting dramatic music ever written: Gluck's "Orpheus and Eurydice," Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro," "Don Juan," "Magic Flute," Beethoven's "Fidelio," Wagner's "Mastersingers of Nürnberg," Verdi's "Falstaff." In addition there were two notable works of this century: Strauss's "Elektra" and "Rosenkavalier." And finally there was an opportunity to hear Weber's seldom given "Euryanthe." Of all these only one—"The Mastersingers"—was given at the Metropolitan last year.

Consider also that the seven great classics were presented in a way that is beyond the conception of anyone who knows opera only as it is given at the Metropolitan. This way meant, for one thing, scenery, lighting, and costumes contrived with imagination and taste, and action carefully coordinated with words and music. Sachs exclaimed at the sight of Eva—not, as he does at the Metropolitan, at the sight of the conductor; he exclaimed when she appeared at his window—not before; and she appeared from the left, where her home is in relation to Sachs's—not from the right. Such precision, which achieved possibly its most triumphant result in "Figaro," was only one manifestation of a stagecraft that solved other problems as triumphantly. On a stage so small as to create an insoluble problem in the last scene of "The Mastersingers," the counterpoint of action in the washbasket scene of "Falstaff" must be considered a triumph.

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But in opera the drama proceeds in the music at the same time as on the stage; and in "Fidelio," "The Magic Flute," "The Mastersingers," and "Falstaff" the beauty and perfection for the eye created by stage designers (Holzmeister, Kautsky, Wildermann) and directors (Graf, Salvini, Wallerstein) were paralleled by the beauty and perfection created for the ear by Toscanini. As a conductor Toscanini reveals the same feeling for the medium of music that Mozart does as a composer; in this respect Mozart surpasses all his fellows; and it is in Mozart's music therefore that this quality of Toscanini's work is revealed most strikingly. A Toscanini performance ravishes our ears with its aural textures; and no composer has ever remotely approached Mozart in his ability to combine in ravishing textures the sounds of strings, winds, and voices. It was therefore in Toscanini's performance of "The Magic Flute"—in the ensembles, above all, employing the orchestra and the voices of the Three Ladies, Tamino, and Papageno—that the most miraculous manifestations were heard of a skill that accomplished such miracles in the other operas—for example, the distinctness of every melodic strand in the densely woven texture of "The Mastersingers."

Toscanini's feeling for the medium reveals itself also in the extraordinary plastic quality of music as he plays it—in the sharply defined contour of a note, a phrase; and in the unfailing organic coherence of the musical continuum, a tonal and rhythmic coherence that is inflexible in its flexibility. Each sound, in a succession that is suppleness itself, falls inevitably but easily into exactly the right place in time with exactly the right weight and color of tone—right, that is, in relation to what precedes and follows. It is this that is largely responsible for the precision of execution in his orchestral performances; and in the performances of opera this summer the precision extended beyond the orchestra pit to the stage: there were no discrepancies between orchestra and singers to make one physically uncomfortable, but always a unanimity that occasionally seemed beyond the humanly possible—for example, the pause, followed by a staccato "No!" of Falstaff and the orchestra as sharp as a needle point.

The difference between these productions and those of "Figaro," "Don Juan," "Orpheus," and "Euryanthe" conducted by Bruno Walter was the difference between Toscanini and Walter as musicians and, ultimately, as persons. "When Walter comes to something beautiful," one person remarked, "he melts; Toscanini suffers." In "Figaro" Walter melted only over Cherubino's "No so più cosa son"; for the rest a delightful performance of the score provided, with the perfect staging, one of the finest productions of the festival. He also did an excellent job with "Don Juan"; but the beautiful production of "Orpheus" was spoiled by a performance of the music that was often emotionally, and at times even technically, sloppy; and I did not like his treatment of "Euryanthe."

All that remains to say is that the perfection in ensemble offered by the best Salzburg productions was achieved with an excellent orchestra and chorus—from the Vienna State Opera—and by artists of whom only a few were in one way or another outstanding: in "Fidelio" Lotte Lehmann, Roswaenge, and Kipnis; in "Figaro" Pinza and Novotna; in "Don Juan" Pinza and Dino Borgioli; in "Magic Flute" Domgraf-Fassbänder and Kipnis; in "Orpheus" and "Euryanthe" Thorborg; in "Falstaff" Stabile.

One of the orchestral concerts was conducted by Artur Rodzinski, whose excellent work with the New York Philharmonic last season made the treatment he received from

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the orchestra's management scandalous. In Salzburg, instead of choosing works suited to the acoustic conditions of the small Mozarteum, he undertook to show what he could do with Brahms's Fourth and Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe," and almost blew the roof off with the noise he made. He also undertook to show what an American composer could do with the symphony; but the example he chose—Samuel Barber's Symphony—is a work that testifies only to the fluency which, understandably, leads judges to award Pulitzer prizes and Prix de Rome. Barber is able to produce sounds in great profusion; as yet he has nothing that gives these sounds meaning, organic relation, direction.

And in the closing days of the festival Furtwängler conducted a performance of Beethoven's Ninth—a defacement of the work by a technically brilliant but musically tasteless effect-monger. Worse still was the fact that his last rehearsal, on the day of a performance of "Fidelio," left the horn-players with weakened lips, with the result that Toscanini's performance of the opera was marred by false notes from the horns.

Other concerts were conducted by Toscanini and Walter; Lehmann gave her annual lieder recital with Walter at the piano; there was the annual performance on two pianos by Robert and Heinz Scholz of Bach's "Art of Fugue," which Bach intended, I believe, as a work not to be played through but to be known from study, and which I do not think can be apprehended from a performance. For the rest, Salzburg offered more than one person could hear, and some things that could be missed—among them the concerts and operas conducted by Knappertsbusch.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama: 1776 and All That

LAWRENCE STALLINGS is credited with the book for "Virginia" (Center Theater), and Mr. Stallings is known to be interested in American history. Unfortunately, however, few evidences of the fact are to be found in the plot he has put together along the lines consecrated by a thousand romantic operettas, and he seems, like everyone else concerned in the production, to have had chiefly in mind some simple excuse for filling the stage with marching men or dancing girls. Even Lee Simonson's settings, though beautiful in their way, are as literal as a postcard, and no one has done anything calculated to give an unpleasant surprise to the hordes who will get what they expect—a big show unusually lavish in the most usual way. One assumes that only something very big can even begin to fill so huge a stage or reach out across so huge an auditorium, and I wonder if those responsible for the production were as surprised as I was to realize that a Punch and Judy show of approximately conventional dimensions did, in the few moments allotted to it, not only fill the stage but capture the attention of the whole audience about as well as anything in the proceedings. Perhaps that means that anything really fundamental in its appeal would do as much, and that what one requires is not several hundred persons but two or three that are really vivid. Costumes are unusually good and so is the show—of its kind.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

[The French film version of Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths," which was awarded the French Critics' Prize, will be reviewed next week by Mark Van Doren.]

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Letters to the Editors

Wheeler Looks Ahead

Dear Sirs: Mr. Neuberger's study of Senator Wheeler's problems in his home state which appeared in *The Nation* of August 28 shares the wishful thinking of a good many embittered liberals who have consigned shrewd "B. K." to an untimely political death. The state's senior Senator has more than three years in which to repair his political fences, and he is riding those fences now with a vigor which confounds prophets of his demise.

Wheeler is conducting a virtual election campaign in Montana in September, staging a whirlwind auto-and-plane tour which will carry him to picnics, Labor Day celebrations, "farmer-labor" conferences, anywhere that a crowd will assemble. One of the things he will stress in those appearances, and one thing Mr. Neuberger did not mention, is his leadership in labor's fight for publicly owned power at Fort Peck. It is not the "patronage" of Fort Peck that is important to the state or to Wheeler; that is negligible. It is power. Wheeler has worked whole-heartedly for such a project, and he forced a Fort Peck power bill through the Senate in the closing days of Congress. The measure died in the House adjournment stampede, but that was not his fault. Labor wants that power and knows that Wheeler worked for it.

Unquestionably Wheeler's court fight hurt him tremendously, though many in the labor movement, recalling past favors, hesitated to pass judgment. And counterbalancing his "fighting against God" phrase, to which Mr. Neuberger says many took exception, there was that other phrase spoken by Vice-President Garner: "Burt, write your own ticket!" Montana loves a winner, even if he's wrong!

Mr. Neuberger is right in minimizing the influence of Montana's negligible middle class; but I don't think the court issue has sufficient imaginative appeal to Wheeler's worker and farmer supporters to become a major factor in the election campaign three years hence. Wheeler can think of too many other issues in the meantime. It was personal loyalty to the President, moreover, not support for the court plan, which aroused those who most bitterly denounced Wheeler during the first flush of reaction against him. This Mr. Neuberger recognized of course.

Vengeful liberals, come not to bury Wheeler—yet! KINSEY HOWARD

Great Falls, Mont., September 8

Psychiatry Too Exclusive

Dear Sirs: Apparently Dr. Karl A. Menninger, who reviewed Albert Deutsch's "The Mentally Ill in America" in *The Nation* of August 28, resents the fact that Deutsch does not give more space to the private psychiatric hospital, such as he himself maintains in Topeka, Kansas. I wish to remind Dr. Menninger that while the average private psychiatric hospital is doing good work, it is available to but a few because of the almost prohibitive rates. On an average they have a fixed rate of $50 per week.

Since the vast majority of people cannot afford such fees, it is well that Mr. Deutsch's book is largely devoted to state institutions. More publicity should be given them. The patients confined in these state mental hospitals are indeed the "forgotten men" of America. Since patients in the state mental hospitals of the United States outnumber the patients in all other types of hospital combined, it is high time that more is known about these institutions—especially since in thirty states they still use such medieval methods as the strait-jacket, the lockbelt, and the lockroom.

Dr. Menninger finds it "rather amusing" to recall that the recommendation for raising the wage scale of attendants in state hospitals was made 134 years ago by Benjamin Rush. I fail to see the humor in such a situation; to me it is a sad and tragic thing that people in direct attendance upon our mentally ill are so poorly prepared to care for them; in most cases they know absolutely nothing about mental illness. Patients in many of the state institutions for the mentally ill become incurable because of the methods employed. Certainly many of these patients could be restored to mental health and happiness in a comparatively short time under the proper treatment.

Will the time ever come when the methods of modern psychiatry can be made available to the average person? How long must we wait for the methods used in such splendid mental hospitals as Phipps and Bellevue to be duplicated in all our state mental hospitals? I feel angry whenever I say "mental hospital." Let's call them by their right names, insane asylums, and let's get rid of them.

DELLA PEREA

Waxahachie, Tex., September 3

Awakening the Mass Mind

Dear Sirs: Max Lerner's suggestion that there be a cheap edition of "Selected Supreme Court Decisions" is all right, but cheap editions will not suffice today for the education of the masses. If civilization can only be saved from catastrophe by education, it would be well for those who desire to perpetuate democratic principles to find out whether it is possible to awaken the mass mind to an appreciation of sound ideas and methods of procedure. Cheap editions of scholarly works will not turn the trick in a time like this, for the simple reason that the masses have little time to read, and besides it is all a lot of us can do to provide bread and butter.

In one of your book reviews the statement is made that "every force evolves a form." The question is, Is liberalism a force or a fizzle? If liberalism is a force, it will have to evolve a pedagogical form for the masses of our day. If we had a national radio hour called the "Voice of Criticism" to clarify issues, puncture conceits, expose falsity and corruption, and present to the masses the cream of analytical thought in an intelligible form, with an offering of five- and ten-cent tracts, there might be some hope of teaching people to think cautiously. Of course there would have to be a voice at the mike competent to match those of the crackpots and demagogues in appeal. ROBERT W. DUEL

St. Paul, Minn., September 7

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The Shape of Things

* * *

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND LEGIONNAIRES can't be wrong, and whatever city they happen to pick for their annual convention has come to accept stoically the prospect of a week of howling bedlam during which a mob of patriotic middle-aged adolescents of good-will paint the town red, white, and alcoholic blue. There is one important compensation: though the hotel owner may have to put up with horses in his elevators, his hostelry will be full, for the Legion is expected to leave from five to ten million dollars in New York City. While the rank and file turn the chosen city upside down, the conservative gentlemen who run the Legion and know its potential power—in the words of its outgoing national commander it "blankets 11,382 towns"—have serious business which they attend to seriously.

* * *

THE LEGION IS THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE —and the most confused—middle-class organization in this country, cutting as it does across every group from worker to business to professional man. Its leaders, who hail from its more prosperous ranks, take care to reiterate that the Legion must remain neutral in industrial and labor disputes; but the part legionnaires have played in strike-breaking "law-and-order" groups in the past year indicates what that neutrality means, and National Commander Colmery's opening speech made it doubly clear. Between two protestations of the Legion's neutrality he sandwiched a justification of vigilante activities, a denial that participants could be described as "obnoxious vigilantes," and a warning that legionnaires must not wear Legion uniforms or insignia "in such instances." The Legion's exploit at Baltimore in helping to prevent Arthur Garfield Hays from making a mild though effective speech on the Constitution is symbolic of its attitude, as is the fact that in New York City men wearing Legion insignia snatched placards from pickets and called them "paid agitators." For the rest, Mr. Colmery denounced the New Deal without naming it and attacked in the usual obscurantist terms all "isms." He also spoke at length of peace, one of the most important issues before the convention. It goes without saying that the peace the Legion leadership has in mind is that based upon isolation with "adequate defense." The most persistent demand is for a universal-service law providing for a confiscatory tax on the profits of war. The danger is that the genuine desire of the rank and file for peace will be turned into support of such a measure as the Sheppard-Hill bill, which would presumably take the profits out of the next war but would certainly be much more automatic and efficient in conscripting labor on M-day.

*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IS FULFILLING HIS function as the nation's greatest mass-educator. His Constitution Day speech was aimed at wresting from the reactionaries the monopoly they have so long claimed in the Constitution. All that he left them were its "misinterpreters"—the Supreme Court and the corporation lawyers. A fine feature of Mr. Roosevelt's speech was his effort to make the common man see that the Constitution is his precious possession, which its interpreters on bar and bench have sought to pervert to the uses of their wealthy allies; that the Constitution itself is not "a lawyer's contract" but a "layman's document," a living instrument of government drafted by laymen to serve the purposes of an evolving social system; that the conservatives have consistently tried to block the path of constitutional adaptation; and that where the popular will has finally triumphed, it has always been at the cost of a generation's delay. What distinguishes the President's analysis above all else from the writings of the "liberals" who have fought his program of court reform is its sense that time is of the essence of the matter. "We can no longer afford the luxury of twenty-year lags. Desperate people in other lands surrendered their liberties when freedom came merely to mean humiliation and starvation." We are glad to have this distinguished and mature statement of the problem of judicial reform. And we are glad the President has abandoned some of the technical legalism of his own Supreme Court proposal and taken his stand on ground broad enough and strong enough to hold all believers in democratic progress.

*

THE LEAGUE ASSEMBLY'S FAILURE TO REELECT Spain to its seat on the Council is a sad commentary on the low estate to which that international body has fallen. Its action was particularly inexcusable in view of the fact that Premier Negrin had just submitted an impressive document charging Germany and Italy with invasion of Spain in violation of the League Covenant. If the League were half the body that its creators intended, its first act would have been to reelect Spain to its traditional seat as a means of assuring it that its accusations against the major powers would receive adequate consideration. Whether China's charges against Japan are to be similarly pushed into oblivion remains to be seen. Reference of the case to the League's Far Eastern Advisory Committee may be justified as a means of enlisting the cooperation of the United States, but it may also provide a neat method of sidetracking the whole affair if the United States fails to cooperate. Among the ironies of the situation is the fact that the most perplexing and complicated issue likely to be brought before the League—the British plan for the partition of Palestine—will probably be pushed through in record time, while China and Spain are left to fight single-handed against fascist invaders.

*

REPORTS FROM THE SINO-JAPANESE FRONT indicate that the Chinese are continuing to resist while falling back slowly before the Japanese forces. Although any loss of ground is discouraging to those who would like to see China overwhelm the invader, the gradual withdrawal would appear to be excellent strategy. Every mile of additional communications imposes fresh burdens on the Japanese, especially in view of the increased activity of Chinese plain-clothes fighters behind the enemy lines. As it is, Japanese progress has been confined primarily to the desolate areas of Chahar, Suiyuan, and northern Shansi, where their advance can have very little military value. South of Peiping the Chinese lines are still within forty-five miles of the former capital. Paotingfu, capital and third largest city of Hopei, seems to be still safe against Japanese attack. On the vital Shanghai front the enemy gains have been almost imperceptible. Thus far Japanese superiority in the air has meant little; the raids on Nanking and other interior cities have been chiefly for the purpose of intimidating the civilian population and have achieved no military objective. Continued Chinese resistance presupposes, however, an uninterrupted flow of munitions from abroad. This has been made difficult by President Roosevelt's partial embargo and London's increased insurance rates on Far Eastern shipments.

*

BRITAIN'S PROBLEM OF HOW TO CHECK Italian piracy in the Mediterranean without offending Italy has not been satisfactorily solved as we go to press. Although the anti-piracy patrol is actually functioning, Eden's speech at Geneva indicates that Britain has not yet given up hope of finding a formula for saving Mussolini's face. Rome has suggested that this might be achieved if Italy were given the right to participate in the patrol on an equal footing with England and France. If this is denied, the fascist powers threaten to set up their own anti-piracy patrol, presumably for the purpose of protecting their submarines. While the danger that the fascists will actually carry out this threat is remote, a real possibility exists that Britain will be intimidated to the extent of granting fundamental concessions to the government chiefly responsible for the existing piracy. Thus we may still have the ironic spectacle of policeman and thug patrolling the streets together.

*

LABOR SPIES, HATCHET GANGS, AND SWELL dinners to keep the workers happy—it all comes out in the NLRB wash, which has become a regular institution and thereby improved the sanitation of industrial relations. The Labor Board has been holding hearings in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and we may confidently hope that the Bethlehem Steel Company's labor policy, Mayor Shields, the back-to-work movement, and the Citizens'

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National Committee will be thoroughly gone over and hung out to dry in the sterilizing light of publicity. Bethlehem countered the investigation with an elaborate attempt to prove that the corporation had no dirt to conceal. It contended first that Bethlehem is a holding company and in no way engaged in production or manufacture; it denied all charges of unfair labor practices; it complained with all the force of the legal talent at its command that the board's charges were not specific and that the company had been given too short notice of the hearings. Mayor Shields, meanwhile, illustrated his belief in law and order by ignoring the board's subpoena.The board, nevertheless, went on with its hearings and has already turned up significant data on the genesis of the Citizens' Committee. One witness testified, for instance, that Sidney D. Evans of Bethlehem Steel spoke at the committee's first meeting. A vigilante outfit is best judged according to the company it is kept by. The officials of the Citizens' Committee have maintained that it was able to raise the tens of thousand of dollars it spent on newspaper advertising in behalf of the right to work for Bethlehem through "small contributions" from various sources. But seeing is believing. Let the NLRB proceed.

*

GOVERNOR EARLE OF PENNSYLVANIA, WHO last spring banned the showing of the film "Spain in Flames" and blazed up when *The Nation* protested that ban, is now applying the heat of censorship to another picture of the Spanish war—Joris Ivens's "The Spanish Earth." The state Board of Censors, a three-man board, held up the picture for ten days before handing down a belated decision against it. The final decision was reached the day after Governor Earle's return from Europe. The official grounds given by the board were vague, but privately one of its members stated that the picture was suppressed for being pro-Loyalist. The irony of the whole matter is that "The Spanish Earth" has been acclaimed by non-political film and dramatic critics in New York and Hollywood for its restraint of statement and calmness of tone, as well as for the almost perfect artistry of its execution. Earle's objections to the earlier picture, "Spain in Flames," were that it was shrill and calculated to induce men to enlist. No such charges can possibly be made against "The Spanish Earth." It is difficult to believe that the Governor himself has seen the picture, but also difficult to believe that he could have allowed so important a decision to be made unless he had. The film exhibitors have applied for a rehearing before the board. It is Governor Earle's duty to see that the rehearing is granted, and to take on himself the final responsibility for the decision. Labor and progressive groups not only in Pennsylvania but throughout the nation await his next move.

*

LAST YEAR CONGRESS PASSED A MERCHANT Marine Act that was to assure the United States a trading fleet of some 350 new ships. Although Joseph P. Kennedy, chairman of the Maritime Commission, has not specifically abandoned the entire program, there is a good chance that most of the glorious armada will be sunk in blueprint. And it is just as well. Under the act the government was to have lent shipowners 75 per cent of the cost of constructing new vessels, with rebates as high as 50 per cent where the cost exceeded the expense of building a similar ship in foreign yards. For all this generosity, Mr. Kennedy is compelled to admit sorrowfully, "if we removed every restriction and guaranteed them [the ship operators] everything except actual profits, they still couldn't put up a dime." The shippers would like to have the government build the vessels altogether and rent them out for operation—which would reduce the risk of the shipping magnates to the zero point. It would be easy of course to go on from that point and urge complete government ownership and operation. But if the failure of the present plan proves anything at all, it proves that the United States does not need a more extensive merchant marine, that such a fleet would, in an economic sense, be as much of a white elephant for the government as it is for private lines. In a military sense it would have distinct advantages—of an aggressive sort. Finally there is everything to be said for allowing foreign nations to continue to transport our goods in their own ships. It is one of the best ways that still remain open to them of paying for American products.

*

THOMAS G. MASARYK IN DEATH MADE A LAST contribution to the cause of democracy that he served so well in life. The world has grown used to gigantic spectacles in which vast throngs pay tribute to dictators according to blueprints drawn up by ministers of propaganda. Orders go out to party functionaries all over Germany to send to Nürnberg on a given date so many men, so many women, so many children, wearing such and such uniforms, to heil Hitler in mass formation at given signals, and to yield so many decibels of noise in so doing. Similarly, Italians are massed on order to yell "Doo-chay!" at strategic moments. And these demonstrations have come to be regarded as proof of the potency of fascism, contrasted with the weak tea of democracy; as the ultimate victory of circuses over freedom. The spontaneous reaction of the people of Czecho-Slovakia to the death of President-Liberator Masaryk is an eloquent refutation of the theory. There is no all-powerful party in that country to supply flag-wavers, mourners, or demonstrators at the order of a propaganda ministry, no Gestapo to take note of those who fall below the required standard of enthusiasm. Yet the Czech government, through the press, had to beg the public to stay away from Prague because days in advance of the Masaryk funeral that city of a million had already doubled its population. Despite the requisitioning of all possible emergency quarters, thousands had to spend at least one night in the streets. And few were the windows in all Czecho-Slovakia that did not display a picture of the man who brought the American democratic tradition to the heart of Europe.

Bigger than Black

WHEN Paul Block and his associates succeeded in nailing Hugo Black to a fiery cross, they hoped to crucify with him the President of the United States and the Administration's entire program of court reform and social reconstruction. Whether or not their hopes will be fulfilled the near future will show. It will depend partly on the ability of the American people to see through to the real purpose of the maneuver, and partly on the shrewdness with which Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers, and Justice Black himself, handle the situation. At the moment of writing we are not sanguine of the outcome. The attack on Black seems to us as slick a job of political manipulation as we have witnessed in many a year. By attaching to Black the label—and libel—of bigot and political reactionary, the genuine, conscious bigots and reactionaries have succeeded in turning against him a large measure of his normal liberal following—which makes the opposition nearly unanimous. In a desperate effort to save themselves and the Administration from the same stigma, many Democratic Senators and friends of the President have showed an almost indecent haste in repudiating Black and laying upon him the responsibility for the fix in which they find themselves. And the new justice has made matters worse by maintaining a silence which is widely construed as both admission of guilt and acquiescence in his own execution. The President's attitude is still somewhat ambiguous. His one statement seemed to hint that the next move was Mr. Black's, but private advices from Washington, as well as Robert S. Allen's article in this issue of *The Nation,* indicate that Mr. Roosevelt will at least passively support Black's continued membership in the court.

Considering the situation as a whole, however, we feel that the best cards are still in the hands of the President's reactionary foes, and that this need not have been the case. Hindsight makes it easy to say that the incident could have been avoided altogether by a frank statement by Black at the time his former connections with the Klan were first discussed. But we believe this to be true. His eleven-year record of vigorous liberalism would then have easily outweighed the onus of past Klan support or membership, and justly so. The worst that could have been said would have been that Hugo Black had started as a typical Southern politician but had risen above his beginnings in almost unparalleled degree. His independence and his liberalism would have loomed even larger against such a background, for it takes a brave man to turn against the interests and the organization that put him into office. Senator Black lost that chance, perhaps because his Klan connections had so wholly faded into the limbo that had engulfed the Klan itself that they seemed scarcely worth discussing. But this was far from shrewd, and a bolder, more realistic strategy might have been expected from a man with as much experience in the technique of political battle as the Senator from Alabama.

This was not, however, Mr. Black's only chance. When the first newspaper stories syndicated by Mr. Block and the N. A. N. A. appeared some ten days ago, the new justice should have made a bold response. It was not too late. He could have told clearly what his past connection with the Klan had actually amounted to. He could have stated—what all honest men know to be true—that he had come to the Senate with no commitments and had steadfastly followed his own judgment in dealing with national issues; that in the years that followed his election he had earned the Klan's hostility as well as that of the utilities and other vested interests in his state and in the nation as a whole; and that he would submit his record as evidence of his integrity and independence. This Justice Black could have said in a single formal statement. It would not have silenced his enemies, but it would have heartened his friends and helped the Administration.

But even on this score the fault is divided. If Justice Black should have spoken in defense of his record, so should his friends. Where *are* his friends in this crisis, men who in Mr. Black's absence dare to speak out and dispel the nonsense and hysteria that have been generated by the articles "exposing" this man? Not one has done the thing which it would be hard for Black to do: listed his many courageous attacks on privilege and graft—the investigation of ocean- and air-mail subsidy frauds, of the power lobby; recalled the social legislation he has sponsored; given the names of Jews and Catholics he has backed for public office; cited his support of Smith in 1928, his opposition to Heflin in 1930; offered proof of the hostility of the Klan in recent years. With the honorable exception of a handful of Democratic Senators, we have seen no report that any of his former colleagues have come to his defense. Are they afraid for their own political futures or bamboozled by the attack itself?

And where are the liberal and Democratic newspapers in this emergency? To their shame most of the independent editorial writers and columnists have joined the rabble-rousers in shouting for Justice Black's resignation or impeachment. The gusto with which Westbrook Pegler and Hugh S. Johnson have pounced upon the victim was perhaps to be expected. But when Heywood Broun and the New York *Post* turned against him, the gods of things as they are must have smiled with sardonic satisfaction. Notable and vivid exceptions are Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, authors of the syndicated column Washington Merry-Go-Round, and Jay Franklin in the New York *Post,* all of whom have exposed the political mechanics behind the attack. The attitude of the majority seems to us either craven or naive.

In the interest not only of fairness to Justice Black but of the country's political future, liberals should refuse to be hoodwinked or silenced on this issue. To let the Blocks and Hearsts and Copelands succeed in this maneuver may mean selling out our hope of continued progress under the present Administration. Admit that Black's connection with the Klan was unfortunate, admit that his silence under attack has been a mistake, but do not be taken in by the attack itself. Look straight through it to the men who launched it, recognize them for the enemies of progress that they are, distinguish the hatred of Roosevelt and his progressive legislation that animated them, examine the legislative record of the man chosen as their victim; and then decide whether Hugo Black or Paul Block is closer to the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan.

Embargo Against China

THE joy with which Japan has received the news of the partial embargo on American munitions imposed by the President should be sufficient evidence of its unneutral character. The United States has, in effect, taken sides in the Far Eastern conflict, and aligned itself with the aggressor. Our trade with Japan is not in the least affected by the embargo. Few if any of our shipments of war supplies to Japan are carried in government-owned, or even American, vessels. The warning that privately owned American ships will carry munitions "at their own risk" does not affect our trade with Japan since no risk is involved. In the case of China the degree to which the embargo will cut off American supplies is a matter of dispute. Admittedly, the President's order has more psychological than practical importance. At most only thirteen vessels are involved, and few of these are used primarily in trade between the United States and China.

Psychologically, however, the order is unfortunate. Quite apart from its intention or ultimate effect, it is being interpreted in both China and Japan as a deliberate gesture of aid to Tokyo. Rightly or wrongly, it is looked upon as the first step in a general retreat before the isolationist forces. In any case the United States has imposed a serious obstacle in the way of collective action against Japanese aggression. By far the most realistic hope of joint action lay in the possibility of a general illegal blockade. While the present action is less of a retreat from our traditional policy than the iron-clad embargo which would be imposed by the Neutrality Act, it weakens the chances of a concerted demand by the powers that the channels of ordinary commerce be kept open.

The case against an isolationist embargo goes far beyond the issues presented in the immediate Far Eastern situation, but many of its most objectionable features would be removed if it did not actively aid aggression. If an embargo is imposed against China, the least that should be demanded is equivalent action directed against Japan. Cotton, scrap iron, and oil are as essential to Japan as airplanes and munitions to China. If the peace groups which are clamoring for the invocation of the Neutrality Act are sincere in desiring to avoid American entanglement in the Far Eastern conflict, they should make it clear that they do not desire to see the act invoked unless these secondary war materials are included among the prohibited articles.

Meanwhile, China's appeal to the League of Nations has been referred to the Far Eastern Advisory Committee. This move presents the United States with a somewhat unexpected opportunity for positive action. It is easy to take a defeatist attitude toward the League and say that we should be only wasting our time if we sent delegates to the sessions of the committee. But the fact remains that most of the smaller nations represented on the committee, together with the leading anti-fascist powers, would like nothing better than to see the League spurred into last-minute action. And the one hope of achieving that result lies in American leadership. The failure of the United States to act decisively in the early months of the Manchurian invasion was largely responsible for the fiasco at Geneva in 1932. This makes it especially imperative that it take the helm in what is probably the last opportunity to escape a world cataclysm.

Victory and Insult

LAST week's primaries in New York City were like a dream come true for good government. Senator Copeland, running in both the Republican and Democratic primaries, got a bad thrashing in the Republican by Mayor LaGuardia, and in the Democratic by Jeremiah Mahoney. His defeat marks the end of one phase of Tammany Hall—the phase in which it sought, from its Manhattan stronghold, to dominate the other four boroughs as well, and to rule with a cynical disregard of the changes and chances of political life. Whether the Hall can reconstruct itself under the new Farley-Kelly-Flynn triumvirate which supported Mahoney is something that remains for the long-run future to decide. As far as the mayoralty election on November 2 is concerned, it is almost a certainty that the patched-up alliance between the Hall and the Mahoney forces will not be adequate to defeat Mayor LaGuardia and the fusion of labor and progressive forces behind him.

Meanwhile there are other and accessory triumphs to take delight in. Copeland's defeat is less a personal one than a defeat of his tactics and his support. The attempt to make the city campaign a forum for anti-Roosevelt politics, the attempt to feed the New York voters intravenously with the Ku Klux Klan issue, the thrice-told tales of a hack politician—all these were repudiated. But even more important was the repudiation of Al Smith and his Liberty League comrades, who stood behind Copeland with unknown sums of money and incredibly stupid advice, and who manipulated the puppet doctor with both.

Affirmatively, of course, the result was a triumph for LaGuardia's administration of the city's affairs. For that reason the Mayor's action, two days after the primaries, in indorsing George U. Harvey for another term as Borough President of Queens, and even promising to campaign for him, was an unexpected and gratuitous insult to the Mayor's supporters. This Harvey, let it be remembered, is the Harvey who has opposed every progressive move of the Mayor at the Board of Estimate meetings, he is the Harvey who is probably the most fanatical red-baiter in New York City officialdom; he is the Harvey who has been consistently anti-labor and has attacked the American Labor Party; he is, finally, the Harvey who only five months ago stood up on the platform at the New York Hippodrome and said that if he were Mayor of New York and had the problem of labor radicals to handle, his injunction to the police would be simple: "I wouldn't need any fancy orders. I'd just say, 'Boys, get about three feet of rubber hose, and don't bring any of them back to the station house.' "

It is possible, from the standpoint of political opportunism to understand why the Mayor has come out in support of this Harvey. Perhaps there was an understanding that if Harvey would deliver the Queens vote in the Republican primaries, he would in turn get the Mayor's support. Or, if there was no such deal, the Mayor may still want to make doubly sure of his election even at the expense of aligning himself with so primitive a reactionary as the bombastic Führer of Queens. But if these were the Mayor's motives, they are unworthy of a man whom all the progressive forces are supporting. The Mayor himself told a meeting of Republican women before the primaries that he would not "beg votes." The Mayor said at the same meeting that the only question in the coming campaign was whether the people wanted to return to machine rule. Truckling to the Harvey machine is no higher in human dignity or civic virtue than taking orders from a Tammany boss. The fact that the boss is a Republican does not sweeten the act.

The truth is that the Mayor is riding high on a wave of success. He knows that he can count on labor's strength, and the fact that the A. F. of L. unions, in addition to the American Labor Party, have come out in his support makes him doubly sure. With labor comfortably tucked away for the duration of the campaign, the Mayor may feel he can afford to patch up his alliances with labor's enemies. We think he is tragically wrong. He will probably win the coming election, and he deserves to win on his record as an administrator. But the importance of his stand thus far has lain in his repudiation of machine politics and in the shift to the politics of the mass base. His indorsement of Harvey destroys the whole logic of his former position. It may seem strategic in the heat of the campaign, but it will return to plague him in the future.

Nazi Challenge to American Labor

NAZI activities in the United States are beginning to follow the historic pattern laid down in other countries. Affirming a Communist menace, the Nazi leaders offer their services in defense of the established order. As Herr Kuhn, the American Führer, recently put it, "Our organization is just waiting until the Communists get ready to seize control, which will be sooner than you think. Then, if the government—the legal, elected government—needs our help, we will step in and fight for our country, the United States." This statement bears a strange resemblance to the reports published by the official German news service early in 1933 announcing the discovery of Communist plans to take over the government, burn public buildings, and shoot women and children. *Der Tag* was ushered in under the pretense that the Communists were ready to "seize control."

No one, not even Herr Kuhn, believes that the Communists are about to take power in the United States, but the Nazis know that the country is moving into a period of intense industrial struggle. The lines are forming—and the Nazis are preparing to cash in on a situation they believe is made to their order.

They know that they cannot command mass support—even the support of the German-American masses. A recent study made by the Chicago daily *Times* bears out this conclusion. Two *Times* reporters spent several months gathering material among the American Nazis. Perhaps the most important fact revealed in the *Times* stories is that the Nazi Volksbund numbers about 20,000 members, instead of some 200,000 as Kuhn likes to boast. The best the Nazi leaders can hope for is to induce the officials of the big German social organizations to back them and their programs. During the recent New York City primary fight the officials of the Steuben Society and some other *Landsmannschaften* indorsed Herr Copeland. He carried Yorkville but lost the other German districts.

But if the Nazis cannot gain mass support, they have at least developed gangs with considerable skill and experience in methods of terror; and these gangs will be offered to the employers in coming labor disputes. The Nazis in America are dangerous not because they represent the German-American population but because they have financial and diplomatic support from the Nazi government in Berlin and because they have formed close connections with practically all the other fascist and vigilante groups and citizens' committees in the United States. Asked by a reporter what role the Nazis had played during the steel strike in Johnstown, Kuhn answered "Oh, we left that up to the local offices."

At the beginning of July the Nazis held a convention at the Hotel Biltmore in New York. Most of the committee meetings were secret; especially the one at which the labor question was dealt with. At this session delegates of the American Nazi organization, together with special agents sent from Berlin, adopted a definite program of action against the C. I. O. and the trade-union movement generally. Nazi leaders have good reason to fear the upswing in the American labor movement. They know that workers cannot be militant unionists and Nazi sympathizers at the same time. The plans are laid for Nazi intervention in the coming struggle with Henry Ford, and agents are already at work in the plants. It is a matter of life and death for the Nazis in the United States to fight the unions and to fight them with all methods—even terror and provocation. It is equally a matter of life and death for American labor to keep the Nazi blight from spreading in the United States until it is strong enough to crush all unionism.

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Who "Exposed" Black?

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, September 19

THE exposé of Justice Hugo Black's one-time membership in the Ku Klux Klan was a deliberate conspiracy to destroy the crusading New Dealer's usefulness on the bench and to force President Roosevelt to abandon his fight to liberalize the reaction-ridden federal judiciary. Parties to the conspiracy were the Hearst stooge Paul Block, the North American Newspaper Alliance, and certain not definitely identified Administration-hating business interests. The last-named supplied the information and alleged documents, and Block and the North American Newspaper Alliance furnished the newspaper columns and scare-headlines to blazon the "dope" to the world. The sensational stories carried the by-line of a Block reporter, but their real author was Frank Prince, one-time Hearst reporter and now operator of a private detective agency with offices on Fifth Avenue in New York City. It was Prince who dug up the material on which the Black-Klan articles were based.

Who employed him for this important service is still a matter of unconfirmed clues and reports. One points to the independent steel companies which successfully resisted C. I. O. unionization last spring and whose tactics are now being aired by the National Labor Relations Board; another to certain financial interests in Pittsburgh. How far all or some of these corporations are implicated in the affair probably will have to await disclosure by a Senate investigating committee—a committee practically certain to be appointed. In the meantime, however, certain facts about Prince's activities are known.

A week or so before the Black-Klan exposé he spent several days in Pittsburgh, where Block publishes the *Post-Gazette,* which carried the copyright on the stories. Prince handles public relations for the University of Pittsburgh, Mellon-supported institution of anti-labor fame. He is now engaged in a gumshoe job on John L. Lewis for the same interests that hired him to investigate Black. Two of Prince's agents are ferreting around in Indianapolis, where Lewis lived when the national offices of the United Mine Workers were located there, in an effort to uncover information about his past that could be used to discredit or embarrass him.

Prince is one of the ablest and smoothest operators in his line. He is tall, handsome, a good dresser, and a ready mixer; there is nothing of the "dick" or "flatfoot" about him. In appearance and speech he gives the impression of an intelligent business executive. He has the highest business and publisher connections. In addition, as a one-time reporter, he knows the news game and talks reporters' language. He never attempts to plant a "bum" story on them. When he offers a tip, they know from experience it is dependable. In the last few years Prince has done a number of undercover jobs with political angles. He supplied the McCormack-Dickstein Nazi-investigating committee with most of its important disclosures.

What the final outcome of the attack on Black will be is unpredictable at this writing. Administration strategists believe the matter will blow over. At least they hope so. But certain positive forecasts can be made: (1) Black will not resign; (2) Mr. Roosevelt will not ask him to resign. The new justice has no thought of resigning, for he considers himself guilty of no misconduct or misbehavior either in act or thought. He stands on his twelve-year senatorial record as a steadfast liberal and friend of labor and the farmer. That record includes a vigorous opposition to the attempt of Tom Heflin, Number One Catholic-baiter, to hold on to his Senate seat through an election contest after being defeated at the polls. The President will make no request or suggestion to Black, holding that the latter is a full-fledged Justice of the United States Supreme Court and under the Constitution removed from any interference or pressure by anyone in or out of the government. The President holds that it would be no more fitting or legal for him to call on Black to quit because of his one-time membership in the Klan than it would be to make such a demand on Justice McReynolds because of certain well-known facts about his private life or on Justice Butler because he violated his word of honor that he would not participate in cases involving railroads he once represented as a corporation lawyer. Mr. Roosevelt would not have appointed Black had he known of his past Klan affiliation. But having appointed him, the President takes the position that Black now is the sole judge of his conduct.

It can also be positively predicted that there will be no impeachment proceedings against Black—despite all the labored "dope" stories from Washington and the threatening mutters from Senators Wheeler and Burke and other renegade liberals and reactionary Democrats. There will be no move to impeach because there are no grounds for impeachment. The breast-beaters are fully aware of that. Their outpourings of righteous indignation are sham maneuvers to make political capital for themselves. It is highly significant that the real liberals in both the House and the Senate, men who fought shoulder to shoulder with Black in scores of battles for reform legislation, have not uttered a word of condemnation against him.

That the White House was stunned by the exposé is putting it mildly. From the President down, the inner circle was astounded and frightened. The first reaction very definitely was panicky. Some felt that the President would have to modify his plan to launch a new attack on the Supreme Court in the speech he was then in the process of writing. They did not see how he could blast the court in the face of the Klan explosion. The affair was discussed at length at a Cabinet meeting. At least one member urged strongly that the President issue a statement declaring that he would not have named Black had he known of his Klan connection. Roosevelt rejected this counsel. He agreed that it was advisable to say something, but held that it should be merely a statement to spar for time until public reaction could be gauged more accurately. And that was what he did.

Whether the President seriously considered soft-pedaling the court issue in his speech is not known. But the "I-told-you-so" chortles of glee from Wheeler, Burke, and Copeland unquestionably had a lot to do with stiffening his backbone. Under the spur of his deep hatred of them, and on the very sound theory that the best course was a bold and unconcerned front, he went through with his original intention to open a new offensive against the judiciary. His speech, incidentally, was the most effective fighting argument he has made in the court battle. Had he opened with such an attack last February, instead of with the stupid and unsupportable grounds of age and overcrowded calendars that Attorney General Cummings sold him, he would have saved himself much grief and embarrassment. It is significant that Cummings was not consulted on this last address. The President intends to harp on his anti-court theme in at least one of his prepared speeches during his coming trip across the continent.

While they have regained their composure and now confidently believe that the President has not suffered a loss of popular support, some of his advisers privately are worried about what the Supreme Court may do with the Black-Klan matter. There are pending before the court two petitions seeking its permission to challenge Black's right to sit on the bench. The petitions were filed long before the Klan exposé. They are based on two legalistic contentions advanced during the confirmation debate in the Senate; first, that since Van Devanter retired and did not resign, no vacancy exists on the court; and, second, that by voting for the retirement act Black barred himself from appointment to the vacancy. Until the Klan exposé government lawyers considered the petitions of no consequence. There is nothing in the Constitution that gives the court the power to unseat its members. But they are now wondering whether Chief Justice Hughes, who played such a controlling role in scuttling the President's six-judge bill, may not seize the opportunity presented by the press hullabaloo to allow arguments to be heard on the petitions. Nothing would be said, of course, about the Klan. Everything would be on a lofty legal plane. But the President's appointee, and the President's crusade against the judiciary, would be put on the griddle in sensational front-page proceedings. Mr. Hughes, as his long record proves, is not above such tactics.

The Capitalist International

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

WHEN the Holy City of Guernica was bombed into a heap of rubble and corpses, millions of people knew that the perpetrators of that act were Hitler and Mussolini, not their Spanish puppet Franco. Hitler and Mussolini have so long been castigated as the mad-dog outcasts of Europe that this new horror added merely the weight of a straw to their list of crimes. But the cynical defiance of their intervention in Spain, which has made them the Satan and Beelzebub of the story, has been a little two obvious.

The role is too big for them to play—and in reality it is not being played by them. They are the agents without whose troops and munitions Franco's rebellion would collapse. But far from being alone in their fight against the Spanish government, they have behind them what is probably the most powerful and respected group of men in the world today—the international of world capitalism.

Many of the men in this group, of course, are English, and their stakes in Spain raise the basic question: Which way are Britain's financial and imperial interests inclining it? The blunt fact is that an international combination of capitalists is pushing Britain into a union with fascism, and in this group are not only the owners of the choicest properties in the Empire but even those who demand an alliance with the France of the Popular Front.

We can best investigate this body by tracing the incredibly numerous interests of one of its principal units, through which work most of the corporations and magnates that comprise our capitalist international. This organization is the Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles, better known as "Sofina." It is the international public-utility and electrical-engineering trust. Sofina, it has been said, has so many banks behind it that it is independent of all banks, and it is in possession of many of the basic resources of almost every country in the world. Its presiding genius, a virtually unknown South Carolina engineer named Heineman, who speaks to the business world once a year from his Brussels headquarters, is said to have been in good part responsible for a number of the earlier triumphs of Herbert Hoover.

The importance of Sofina arises from its stake in undeveloped countries—like Spain and Mexico and China—where the system of free private enterprise is under severest pressure. Nothing is more natural, therefore, than that Sofina should use its great influence in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome to bring back the halcyon days when capital could move freely and securely from London and Paris to Madrid and Mexico City. And this happens to be a demand which in 1937 dovetails neatly with the fascists' "crusade against bolshevism."

In England the Sofina circle includes a dazzling list of the greatest powers of British industry and finance: Associated Electrical Industries, the General Electric of England; Vickers; Baldwin's, the steel combine originally owned by the present Lord Baldwin's father; Midland Bank, the world's largest; Shell Oil, itself a large and influential shareholder in the notorious Mannesmann Tube Company of Düsseldorf, which has been angling for Spain's iron since the first Moroccan crisis and which has been named repeatedly as one of the instigators of Franco's insurrection; the London *Times*; the British metal trust; certain British steel companies which own Spanish iron mines in partnership with Krupp; the International Sleeping Car trust, to which all independent European railroad interests of whatever nationality must pay tribute; and, finally, a circle of ten private banks in the City of London, whose spokesman is Montagu Norman, governor of the Bank of England, whose pro-German sympathies are no secret.

The vast importance of this network in international politics is apparent from the activities of its members. One of the banking houses, for instance, that of Helbert Wagg, which operates principally through England's greatest insurance company, the Prudential, conducts joint ventures all over Europe with two gentlemen who have been receiving considerable publicity lately in connection with Germany's part in the Spanish insurrection. They are Dr. Otto Jeidels, member of the inner circle of the Thyssen steel trust, and Gustav Schlieper, of both the German metal trust and the chemical trust. These three German firms, it is widely believed, made the rebel insurrection possible. Another Sofina bank connecnection is with Guinness, Mahon, the Anglo-Irish bank which grew out of the famous river brewery. Arthur Guinness, in the interest of his German friends, recently made a spirited attack on our Kentucky gold hoard, declaring to the recent Berlin congress of the International Chamber of Commerce that "a large gold loan at a reasonable rate [should] be granted by the United States and Britain to Germany." The Guinness, Mahon interests in Spain are the Great Southern Railroad, the Zafra and Huelva Railroad, and the Seville Electric Company. But the bank which is most completely Sofina's is Thomas Cook and Son, which, together with Helbert Wagg and Guinness, Mahon, operates an international network of investment syndicates.

Of great importance in the Sofina circle is Erlanger's, the African railroad bank par excellence. In this world of "haves" and "have nots," the strength of the British Empire lies no longer in the playing fields of Eton but in the raw-material resources of the overseas empire and particularly of Africa. The nineteenth-century trader has long since been overshadowed. The land and its wealth are owned and dominated by holding companies in London, and the key holding companies are those which operate the mines and railroads of the Dark Continent.

Intimately related to the group of Erlanger-financed African railroads is the pyramid of mining companies which exploit the continent's reservoirs of base and precious metals. The pyramid is financed from top to bottom, diamonds to copper, by the most celebrated of all British banks—the House of Rothschild. It is now known that the famous Rio Tinto copper mine in Spain is likewise financed by the Rothschilds. Far from being independent, Rio Tinto is an integral part of the centrally owned and centrally financed African copper and gold empire. It is also known that Rio Tinto maintains intimate relations with the German metal trust, and that it has in no way regarded the German "confiscation" of its Spanish ores as an unfriendly act.

Thus when Sir Auckland Geddes, former ambassador to the United States, and head of Rio Tinto, expresses the company's indorsement of the Franco regime, he speaks not merely for a British concessionaire in Spain but for that imperial interest which is thought to be threatened in the Meriterranean by fascism's expansion. What is left of imperial fears in the face of the official report from which the following is an excerpt?

> In reply to the rising led by General Franco a general strike throughout the country was declared by the unions, and arms were issued to the workmen by the civil authorities. . . . On July 28 the port of Huelva was taken by General Franco's forces; work in the Huelva department began on the following day. The mines area was occupied by a column of General Franco's army on August 25-26. . . . On the last day of August 5,400 men were reemployed. This figure compares with 8,500 men employed on May 31. It is interesting to note that with 6,000 men employed in December, 1936, we were able to export 143,000 tons of ore, 30,000 tons more than we were able to export in the month of May with 8,500 men employed. This is a measure of the economic waste forced on the companies by the decrees of the "Popular Front." Since General Franco's forces occupied the mines area, there has been no labor unrest. During the period of disturbances in that area there were some atrocities perpetrated by drunken mobs. The perpetrators and others, dealt with by court martial, were found guilty and shot.

Sir Auckland went farther. Rio Tinto's principal customer is Germany, and Germany pays no cash for the products Rio Tinto sells it, a clearing agreement being in force. "Remember," Sir Auckland told his directors, "that these clearing arrangements have got nothing to do in origin with the civil war in Spain." In other words, Franco or no Franco, Rio Tinto would give Germany its ores under the same compensation arrangements that several of the London banks in the Sofina circle have made with the Third Reich.

The parent holding company of the African group to which Rio Tinto belongs is the British South Africa Company. In 1935 one of its affiliates, the Southwest Africa Company, a large concessionaire in Damaraland, acquired a sizable block of stock in Ludwig Loewe, one of the most important German industrial concerns, with a large interest in German General Electric. After a year's negotiation the Southwest Africa Company won the rare privilege of drawing foreign exchange out of Germany for the money owed it. Accordingly, the chairman of this company, who is also the head of the parent holding company, was able to announce at the 1936 meeting that "our relations with the German authorities and our friends in Germany have always been of a very satisfactory nature." Here, in the British South Africa Company, speaks the voice of imperial Britain.

This African railroad and mining monopoly has other bonds with Sofina. Members of the Sofina family share control in certain of its enterprises, and it has a similar share in some of theirs. The most notable instance of this reciprocal arrangement is Sofina's interest in Ludwig Loewe, which with its affiliate, German General Electric, controls the principal Sofina property in Germany. Loewe's directors participate in the ownership of both Krupp and the steel trust. Thus in fact as well as in purpose Sofina binds together on an international scale the colonial mining trusts of the "have" powers and the mineral-consuming industrial trusts of the "have nots."

It is in this international fashion that the English and German units of Sofina hold Spain in their grasp. The principal utility properties in Spain are Sofina's. The most important, the Barcelona Traction, Light, and Power Company, once exercised a monopoly over Catalonia's power and other utility services, and its Bilbao Company was equally powerful. What is at least as important as Spain itself, however, is the fact that Madrid and Barcelona have served Sofina as bridges on the way to the New World. For out of Spain radiate its corporate ties with the utility monopolies in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Uruguay, Mexico. A cross-section of its Madrid-South American holding company, the Compañia Hispano-Americana de Electricidad, or "Chade," is revealing. Among the Spanish members of the board are the Duke of Berwick and Alba, premier grandee of Spain and official representative in London of General Franco, and the Marquis de Urquijo y Ussia of the Bank of Urquijo, Spain's leading private bank. Of the two British directors, one is the chairman of Thomas Cook and Son, as well as a director of the Suez Canal Company and thus one of the pillars of the French alliance; the other is a director of the Bank of England and one of the Sofina representatives in the British South Africa Company's group of railway properties. The two German directors represent Ludwig Loewe and the German General Electric.

Chade has a French director too—and here arises the issue which cuts across the relationship of England and France, the two democracies, in this international movement. We have seen that the "threat to the Empire" does not deter reputable British firms from backing Franco. The other supposed tie of England to the Loyalists is the French alliance. There is indeed a French alliance—but it is not with the French people. It is with the famous 200 families, who want to maintain the English alliance but also to expand it into a four-power pact that would include Germany and Italy.

The French director of Chade is a director of the principal financial agency by which the Schneider munitions trust operates its foreign investments. He is also a prominent figure in Sofina's French engineering enterprises. By far the most important of these center around the famous Mercier group of electrical-engineering and utility properties. M. Mercier himself has long been prominent in Croix de Feu circles. One of Sofina's many bonds with the Mercier group is the president of the executive board of the French section of Sofina's railway-coach monopoly, who is also a colleague of the French Baron Robert de Rothschild and of the Marquis de Urquijo in the management of the Madrid-Saragossa-Alicante railroad. These same French interests, fortified by one of the De Wendels, also control Spain's important Penarroya mines. Thus Sofina has penetrated so deeply into the Spanish interests of France that it is hardly distinguishable from them.

Aside from their common interest in Spain, France and England have close bonds through Sofina. Thomas Cook, we have noted, is the principal Sofina bank in England, and one of its partners is that same president of the executive board of the French railway-coach monopoly who is in such excellent company in the management of the Madrid-Saragossa-Alicante railway. Another such connection is afforded by Hambros, one of the ten Bank of England banks in the Sofina orbit. The Hambros association is with Maurice de Wendel's Union des Mines, the French coal trust, whose directors participate as well in the steel properties of the well-known Theodore Laurent. It has long been a commonplace of French politics that both the De Wendel and the Laurent interests are pro-German whenever France moves to the left. Charles Laurent, incidentally, is one of the leading Sofina figures in France.

One more example of the way in which Sofina serves as the intermediary in the new orientation of the Anglo-French alliance is provided by the four great Protestant private banks which have grown up around the English connection. The firms of Mallet, Hottinguer, Neuflize, and Mirabeau, all former members of the Bank of France, have in partnership with the English permeated all the colonial countries on the southern and western shores of the Mediterranean. Together they also serve to maintain the financial and political structure of the succession states of post-war Europe. And each of the four belongs in more respects than one to the Sofina circle.

We have seen how Sofina binds together the greatest interests of England, France, and Germany. One final link remains for present investigation—Sofina's Italian contingent. A great deal has been written of the progress Italy has made toward electrification under Mussolini. This might better be termed the progress made under Sofina. For the great utilities of Venice, Milan, Turin, Tuscany, and Naples fall within the empire of the Capitalist International. The individual under whose supervision this gigantic industry has arisen, Count Volpi di Misurata, formerly Mussolini's Finance Min-

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ister, is himself the most distinguished of the Italian representatives in the inner council of Sofina. No less important are Sofina's other head men in Italy—Toeplitz, who heads Italy's greatest bank, the Banca Commerciale Italiana, and Pirelli, who dominates the rubber and cable combine which bears his name. Between them Toeplitz and Pirelli share control of the Montecatini, Italy's chemical trust, and together with Volpi they are the leaders of the financial oligarchy which supports Mussolini.

Last year this international solidarity had not yet matured. Distrust and smoldering antagonism between Germany and Italy were still evident, and it was still possible for Ernst Henri to analyze in minute detail the impending war between Toeplitz and Thyssen for control of Austria. Today these differences have disappeared. The Spanish rebellion was the catalyst that precipitated this new compound, the Unholy Alliance of Europe's four great powers, which is quite as firm in its dislike of democracy as ever Metternich was.

Recently the Paris *Journal des Debats,* owned outright by the pro-German De Wendel family, had occasion to summarize for its readers England's position in the Spanish crisis. "It is becoming more and more clear," said the *Journal,* "that like Italy England herself is deeply hostile to anything which might lead to the extension of bolshevism." Here in essence is Europe's four-power pact. It is the political reflection of the unity which has been achieved by big capital. Are we soon to feel the effects of this unity on our side of the Atlantic?

Scandinavia's "New Democracy"

BY LUDWIG LORE

THE American public is becoming Scandinavia-conscious. In the past five years Denmark, Norway, and Sweden have been patronized by visitors from the United States as never before, and Scandinavian liners are doing a record business. Not so many years ago our middle class knew Scandinavia only as the place good servants came from. Today these countries are viewed with undisguised respect for the rapidity with which they recovered from the crisis and not less for their determined stand on the issues of peace and democracy.

American visitors to the Northland return to their home towns talking glibly of cooperatives and housing. Countless afternoon clubs are listening to papers that picture Scandinavia as a sort of petty-bourgeois paradise, where integrity, frugality, and wise restraint have been their own reward. Clinics and public welfare institutions, statistics on employment and social services, the fact that there seems to be not a single beggar in all Scandinavia—all these lead the superficial observer to conclude that Northern Europe, by taking a middle course between capitalism and socialism, between communism and fascism, has found the answer to the world's great problems.

What they do not see is that Norway and Sweden, and to a lesser degree Denmark, are striking out along revolutionary paths, that far from being admirable examples of what reform can accomplish under capitalism, they are the protagonists of a new and revolutionary labor philosophy. What they do not know is the shocking fact that some of the most prominent of the sturdy Nordic leaders responsible for this admirable state of affairs in Northern Europe received their first lessons in labor theory in our own United States as rank-and-file members of the Industrial Workers of the World and other radical labor organizations.

The I. W. W. may be a thing of the past, but the seed it scattered is growing and bearing abundant fruit in three of the happiest and most contented countries of the European continent. It was carried across the seas by men like Johann Nygaardsvold, Norwegian Prime Minister, and Alfred Madsen, Minister of Commerce, by Martin Trammael, editor of the great Socialist daily *Arbeiderbladet,* by Gustav Moeller, Social Minister, and Osten Unden, trade-union leader of Sweden, and by numerous other persons of prominence in the three Scandinavian governments.

From the very beginning the founders of the I. W. W. acknowledged kinship with the great syndicalist movement that was making rapid forward strides in the Latin countries of Europe, though the relationship was one of spirit rather than of organizational forms. Except in Great Britain, which furnished the pattern for American trade-union organization, European workers were for the most part already assembled in industrial organizations. What distinguished the syndicalist organizations was their conception of the class struggle and the role of organized labor in that struggle. It was a question of methods and tactics rather than of organization.

The dyed-in-the-wool syndicalists accepted, more or less conditionally, the anarchist view of the state as an unmitigated evil, of revolution as the task of the worker in industry, not of political parties and political leaders. They were anti-political and anti-parliamentarian. They believed the general strike—and direct action in general—more effective weapons than the ballot. The French Confédération Générale du Travail (C. G. T.) and the still older Confederación Nacional del Trabajo (C. N. T.) of Spain were considered by the labor parties of these countries their most implacable enemies. In France the two arms of the working-class movement are coming to an understanding of their common responsibility. The heated atmosphere of threatening fascism has compelled them to cooperate.

Today the C. G. T. is an active factor in the People's Front, though unrepresented in the government as such. In an article entitled Will France Go Syndicalist? in *The Nation* of August 21, Robert Dell reported that Léon Jouhaux, the John L. Lewis of France, was propagating the idea of a syndicalist government formed and controlled by the trade unions to the exclusion of the two labor parties. If so, it is a new development. Heretofore the syndicalist organizations of France have always declined, as a matter of fundamental principle, to participate in any government, the state being, in the eyes of the syndicalist, always and under all circumstances the embodiment of the power of the ruling class, the protector of its interests, and the effective organ for the enslavement of the masses. The syndicalists of France know full well that the installation of a C. G. T. government would not end capitalist rule. They do believe, however, that a non-political labor government would be better able to serve the interests of the producers than one formed by political parties.

In Spain, the classical land of anarchism, the Anarcho-Syndicalist C. N. T. was converted to a certain understanding of political realities by the anti-monarchist, republican revolution of 1932. It cooperated with democratic-republican regimes and even accepted representation in two coalition governments after the fascist counter-revolution started its military offensive last year. Under Caballero's leadership the U. G. T., the Socialist trade-union organization, recently concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the C. N. T. against the Socialist and Communist parties which at present control the Valencia government.

However, accusing Socialists and Communists of terrorism and corruption is not a program. If the U. G. T. and the C. N. T., which together with the F. A. I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation) are numerically stronger than the two proletarian labor parties, should take over the government on their own responsibility, they would have to repudiate their fundamental anti-political position. I do not believe that the trade unions of Spain contemplate taking control of the state at this stage of the game. What they really are after is to prevent the labor parties and their leaders from making the economic organizations subservient to political interests.

Reduced to its simplest terms, the situation in European labor politics is this: the two extremes—the purely political point of view of the northern countries and the extreme syndicalism of the Latin nations—are beginning to converge toward a common purpose. In essence it is a resurrection of the idea promulgated by Eugene V. Debs at the turn of the century, when he called on American labor to strengthen "both arms of the labor movement."

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The most positive exponent of coordination between political and militant economic action is undoubtedly Norway. The Norwegian Labor Party has been for many years the most radical Socialist mass party of Europe. Its main body was at one time a Communist Party and belonged to the Communist International, just as Norway's trade unions were a link in the chain of the red trade-union international. Its leader, Prime Minister Nygaardsvold, admits that the I. W. W. affiliations of three of Norway's most influential labor leaders have had a telling influence on the course taken by the Norwegian labor movement. "I worked hard in America," he told me, "but I learned more about labor politics in the eight years I spent in the United States than I knew before—perhaps more than I have learned since. I saw capitalism in the raw. It was a hard school, but I have never regretted it."

Johann Nygaardsvold is a labor leader of the finest type. He has spent by far the greater part of his fifty-eight years as an unskilled worker in Norwegian and American industry, in wood mills and shingle factories. When he became president of the Storthing, the Norwegian parliament, he was employed in a rayon manufacturing plant. I wondered, when I saw him, what Goebbels or Hitler would give to look as unquestionably Aryan as he. Like most Norwegians he is friendly and kindly, though there is nothing soft or undecided in his demeanor. Both face and manner inspire trust. His eyes are keen, his conversation undiplomatically frank.

In spite of his high political office Prime Minister Nygaardsvold is as positive as ever that economic action is more important in the class struggle than political, and his party as a whole shares that opinion. Political action is important, they say, but it must never be allowed to supersede labor's direct participation in public affairs. Political power is a dangerous thing. Labor parties have entered into coalitions with other parties before and been crushed under the burden of their compromises. Being purely political or largely political in their outlook and orientation, they felt that they were obligated to carry on for the sake of carrying on. The result was a chain of compromises. The Norwegian Labor Party will not compromise on any fundamental issue. When faced with the alternative of doing so or losing office the first Labor government chose to resign. There are differences, of course, between its position and that of the MacDonald and Blum governments. In the first place, it has almost a majority of the entire popular vote. In the second place, it has the unconditional support of the labor unions in a country where 240,000 out of 670,000 industrial workers are organized. In the third place, it depends for its majority in the Storthing not on so-called liberals but on the eighteen deputies of the Peasant Party, whose strong left wing at the moment dictates that party's policies.

The Peasant Party is not a radical party. The fact that most of the 30,000 farm owners in Norway have small holdings, none of them comparable to the large acres of America's Western farms, naturally gives their party a mildly conservative character. Several years ago there was a move toward fascism among certain dissatisfied elements in the party, but anti-fascist sentiment in Nor-

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way, as indeed throughout Scandinavia, is too overpowering to encourage such manifestations. The left wing of the Peasant Party, on the other hand, representing the poorer peasants and animated by old democratic traditions, has looked favorably on cooperation with labor ever since the Labor Party began showing political strength.

The Labor Party does not rely on these uncertain allies, however. Through the Norwegian trade-union movement it is organizing the farm workers and small farmers into special unions. The government does its share by opening up new areas to landless farmers and giving food and financial support to young peasants and their families until they can raise sufficient crops to support themselves. About five hundred such farms are opened up annually. This measure has a dual purpose. It keeps the young agrarians from crowding into the cities and increasing the army of unemployed, and it helps to make Norway less dependent on other countries for its food supply.

All this is done with the assistance, and wherever possible through the instrumentality, of the cooperative organizations, which have achieved a high degree of development in all the Scandinavian countries. Similar methods are being used to bring the fishermen, of whom there are some 60,000 without boats and nets of their own, into the sphere of influence of the Labor Party and the labor unions. To these boatless men, who are wholly dependent on the owners of fishing fleets for a livelihood, the cooperatives offer independence through group ownership of boats, nets, and fishing implements. Through the trade unions these fishermen are being brought into class-conscious organizations on which the future of the industry will rest.

Norwegians no longer emigrate to the New World, said Mr. Nygaardsvold, though nothing stands in their way if they wish to do so. They feel that the government is their friend and look into the future hopefully. The slogan of the Labor Party, "Labor is the whole people," has captured the popular imagination. In the last election the Labor Party made three-quarters of its gains in the rural districts, and Labor-Farmer Day last year brought 75,000 persons to Oslo.

Thanks to the flourishing trade in steel and ore, with Germany and England as competing buyers, Sweden is the most prosperous of the three Scandinavian countries, with a living standard almost as high as ours. By a system of public works it reduced unemployment from 180,000 in 1933 to 17,000, less than one-half of 1 per cent of its total population, in 1936. While this simplifies the fiscal problems of the Socialist-Peasant coalition, it also means that the government must cope with the power of highly concentrated heavy industries, which tend to make it more conservative and more circumspect than its immediate neighbor. The influence of big capital is partly neutralized by a solid phalanx of 800,000 trade unionists, whom the Swedish government, like the Norwegian, has made a vital part of the government machine, and by the fact that Sweden's nationalized industries offer very effective competition.

"We look upon the trade unions and cooperatives as government departments," said Ragner Johansen, manager of the Publishing Association of the Swedish Workers, the central organization of the syndicalist trade unions of Sweden. "They have the added advantage, moreover, of being independent of government control, so that they are in a position at any time to bring pressure to bear on their political representatives." Mr. Johansen is another I. W. W. graduate, having lived in the United States between 1912 and 1923 when the activity of the I. W. W. was at its height. He was one of the more than a hundred wobblies convicted of conspiracy against the American government during the World War. He was sentenced by Judge Landis to sixteen years in prison, but after two years was released and deported to Sweden.

Johansen has been sharply critical of the coalition government of Per Albin Hansson, but he admits that the blunt, unpretentious leader of the Swedish Social Democracy is enormously popular. Per Albin, as he is affectionately called in Swedish labor circles, reminds one strongly of the old school of European Social Democrats, the kind who were not afraid to mix honest sentimentality with common sense in dealing with working-class problems. Looking at him, one is reminded of the old joke that Scandinavians can never be revolutionists since the only time they would have for a revolution would be between breakfast and lunch, and that is too short.

Hansson's government is justly proud of Sweden's having made a more rapid recovery than any other industrial state, and this with a minimum of government interference in business affairs. There has been no attempt to enforce legislative curbs, no "economic planning." That Sweden has so many nationalized industries is not the result of a deliberate policy. It simply happened that Sweden's resources were located in the sparsely settled interior and were discovered only comparatively recently. The large nationalized industry acts as an effective check on private ownership and works hand in hand with the labor unions and the cooperative movement.

Sweden's cooperatives, like those of Norway and Denmark, have become gigantic business enterprises, insuring to the public comparatively modest living costs without governmental price regulation. Whenever a private concern tries to jack up prices, the cooperatives establish factories and mills of their own, and prices automatically return to a reasonable level. Boots, butter, clothing, coffee, fertilizers, bicycle and automobile tires, electric-light bulbs, flour, and cereals—there is hardly an article of general consumption that is not produced in one of Sweden's cooperative factories and sold in its 4,000 cooperative stores.

With 80 per cent of its industrial workers and 45 per cent of its agricultural workers organized in labor unions, Sweden's Socialist-Peasant coalition government is as firmly intrenched as any regime in Europe. The story of how the Social Democracy in Sweden won the confidence of the peasant is an interesting example of Scandinavian cooperation between government and trade unions. To combat a noticeable drift in the direction of fascism, the Social Democrats prevailed on their followers in the labor unions to support increased prices an an aid to Sweden's agrarian population. The effect was immediate. Generations of prejudice were wiped out. Today the alliance between worker and poor peasant is an impressive bulwark against the spread of fascism.

It is more than seven years since the present Socialist-Radical government of Denmark assumed office under the leadership of Thorwald Stauning, for decades one of the outstanding figures in the Socialist International. It was reelected to office in 1932 on the issue of unemployment relief, the world crisis having meanwhile struck a violent blow at Danish prosperity. Forty-three per cent of the nation's workers were unemployed; 200,000 were looking for jobs. Relief, tax exemption, public works, reduced interest rates for farmers, and price stabilization were all carried out with characteristic Scandinavian energy, and a systematic effort was made toward centralized planning of the nation's economic activities. This control is not exercised through the Danish Parliament, however, but is in the hands of an extra-parliamentary commission composed of representatives of the labor unions, the cooperatives, and the political parties. Another commission, similarly constituted but with a strong representation of organized agricultural workers in addition, has charge of agriculture and is studying the problem of meeting a growing tendency toward national self-sufficiency in the rest of Europe.

Premier Stauning has defined the "new democracy" of the Scandinavian people as follows: "Social control of economic life, production, and distribution is not socialism, but it is well adapted to form a basis for fighting capitalism and establishing that social order which is our aim and which shall be founded on popular rule." Per Albin Hansson, the Swedish Premier, expresses the same thought: "Democracy is not a system of government. It is something which extends to all spheres of community and individual life, the family, the friends, the place where we work, the school. Democracy is cooperation. Where group and party interests fail to secure workable majorities, democracy loses its capacity for positive work." Comparisons are odious, yet who will deny that the French Popular Front government might have fared more happily had it taken a leaf out of the book of Scandinavian socialism and rested its powers in the masses instead of permitting itself to become the football of forces outside of or in opposition to the government?

The Scandinavian Socialists have taken the best of two revolutionary philosophies and united them into a flexible political syndicalism. Having built a party machinery for the political conquest of the state by the productive elements of the nation, they are deliberately erecting barriers to party control by transferring responsibility wherever possible to the economic organizations of the workers and peasants. They are trying to create a state in which power rests not in a self-perpetuating dictatorship, not in parliamentary democracy with its inherent weaknesses of ruthless political competition and fluctuating governments, but in the people themselves, acting for the common good through honest cooperation between their economic and political organizations. It is a course peculiarly adapted to the Scandinavian temperament, but recent trends in other countries seem to indicate that the workers of the world are about to enter on a new period of sane, realistic development.

Sex Crimes and the Law

BY SHELDON GLUECK

RECENT illustrations of the old phenomenon that pathological sex offenses and sexually motivated homicides occur in series should convince even solid skeptics that the threat of punishment is not as deterrent a force as is generally believed; that at all events it needs to be greatly supplemented by other methods. Those who cry for punishment and more punishment as the panacea for crime grossly oversimplify human nature. Fear is not the only motive of conduct, and when other motives are operative, fear may not turn the scales in favor of self-restraint. Of course, if you stand a cop with a club over every citizen, you will greatly reduce crime. But since it is possible and desirable to have only a limited police force, it is necessary to resort to more fundamental measures for keeping crime in check.

Many crimes are committed on the spur of the moment, or from deep-rooted pathologic impulse. In not a few instances intensive analysis shows that the aggressive sex offender is more a problem for psychopathology than for criminal justice. Sometimes he is feeble-minded; sometimes he suffers from some epileptic condition; frequently he is a chronic alcoholic; often his uninhibited impulses are related to premature senility.

Social influences of course also play a part in conditioning abnormal sexual expression. Illicit heterosexual activity today is common. Enough has been written in recent years on the effects of the machine age and of urban civilization on the love folkways and *mores* to make that fact well known. A recent penetrating analysis of contemporary morality goes so far as to say that "the emphasis upon sex in fiction, drama, and essay, the radical demands for individual liberty and self-expression in sex relations, both before and after marriage, show a focus of interest comparable to the political focus of the American and French revolutions. . . . The pendulum is swinging from sex repression to sex obsession." At the same time prostitution is on the increase.

Many influences are responsible. There is space to cite merely a few: the progressive disintegration of erstwhile symbols and sources of authority and social control, such as family, neighborhood, church, government; the popularization in distorted form of the writings of psychoanalysts; a mounting reaction to the old religious policy of investing sexual matters with an aura of uncleanliness; the greater freedom of the sexes since the World War; the economic emancipation of youth; the easy anonymity of the individual in the modern city; the large-scale exploitation of sex-stimulating entertainment; a press more concerned with purveying the sensational and pornographic than with living up to its social responsibilities.

Delinquents, who so often become criminals, are of course not immune from these influences. No fewer than 78 per cent of the youths sentenced to a well-known Eastern reformatory admitted having had illicit sexual experiences before entering that institution. In fact, almost a third of the 500 young men involved had indulged in sexual practices at the age of fifteen or less. Examination revealed that 27 per cent were venereally diseased when they entered the reformatory. Almost a fifth practiced sexual irregularities during a five-year follow-up period after parole.

But while it is true that deep-rooted and far-flung forces are involved and that therefore socio-economic and psychiatric preventive measures are urgently needed, it is also legitimate to inquire into the improvements that might be made in existing methods of law-enforcement. These are, after all, our first line of defense against existing criminals. What about the police? Recent official statistics indicate a significantly increasing efficiency on the part of the police in the field of sex crimes. During 1933, for example, the last year for which there are figures at hand, no fewer than 93 per cent of the rape cases reported to the police in the state of New York and 85 per cent of other sexual offenses were solved—a very substantial proportion in contrast to the 31 per cent for burglary cases and 16 per cent for automobile thefts. But though some police departments have achieved a fair degree of efficiency in apprehending offenders, they are less effective in preventing the commission of crimes of this sort.

What about the courts? Within limits prescribed by the law they exercise considerable discretion in the imposition of sentences; there is, in fact, a wide and irrational difference in the sentences imposed by judges having similar criminal jurisdiction. In one large Eastern city, for example, the combined records of eight lower courts handling the same types of offense show that imprisonment was ordered in 4 per cent of the cases, fines were imposed in 26 per cent, and probation was granted in 38 per cent; but broken down by individual courts the figures show these variations: in district court A the respective percentages were 3, 27, and 32; in court B they were 5, 32, 39; in C, 1, 10, 64; in D, 2, 34, 31; in E, 3, 32, 40; in F, 10, 12, 38; in G, 4, 14, 43. Analysis of dispositions by separate offenses shows similar differences. In a study of more than 7,000 cases in a New Jersey county it was found that the variation in sentences for felonies was just as marked as for lesser offenses. The proportion of cases in which sentences of imprisonment were imposed by each of six judges varied all the way from 34 per cent to 58 per cent. A prisoner found guilty of a serious crime had about three chances out of ten of being sent to prison by two of the judges and five out of ten if he happened to appear before one of the other four.

Such variation in sentences cannot be defended either on a punishment-to-fit-the-crime theory or as an enlightened policy of scientifically individualized treatment. On the theory of even-handed justice it is obviously wrong, and it cannot be due to careful individualization because in the long run the proportions of the different types of sentence imposed ought to be nearly uniform. Persons, as well as crimes, tend to fall into types. Moreover, the frequently inadequate nature of the investigators' reports which judges consult prior to imposing sentence and the fact that judges are as a rule not trained in the interpretation of medical, psychiatric, psychologic, and sociologic data make it very doubtful that the wide differences in sentences reflect a high degree of thoughtful individualization.

While the probation services attached to courts have been considerably improved in recent years, they are still in many places below a desirable standard in both personnel and technique. Any careful study of the careers of criminals discloses that a large proportion of them have again and again been probationers. Their failure to reform cannot of course be attributed exclusively to inadequate probationary oversight; yet an unbiased analysis of case histories demonstrates that this plays some role.

What about our prisons and reformatories? Even the most ardent believers in the present penal system have in recent years reluctantly admitted that neither prisons nor reformatories as a rule reform offenders. In a recent study by Dr. Eleanor T. Glueck and myself it was found that while the passage of time brings a measurable increase in the proportion of ex-prisoners who reform, this good result is largely attributable to the natural factor of aging or maturation of the prisoners rather than to the good influences of imprisonment or parole. The extent to which this "settling-down" process might be facilitated or hastened by improved personnel and correctional technique is difficult to gauge, but there is some evidence that contact with adequately trained institutional officers who combine insight with sympathy has an enduring effect on many offenders.

What about the parole system? Here again some improvement in recent years is to be noted. It is of course unfair and superficial to pass from the fact that many a "killer" was once a parolee to a general condemnation of parole. Nevertheless, the power to release offenders before the end of a prescribed sentence is so potentially dangerous an instrument that citizens ought to insist on the appointment of only the best-trained men and women, instead of political hacks, as parole-board members and supervising officers. Neither probation nor parole should be considered—as they so often are by both officials and the public—as "favors," or as the largess of political position. A good deal of the harm done by prisoners who should not have been paroled is the fault of lawyers whose "practice" consists largely in using political influence or more reprehensible means to bring about the release or transfer of dangerous "clients."

Lack of space prevents my more than touching on defects in the criminal law itself. For the present purpose I need only point to the fact that "indeterminate" sentences at present are really limited sentences. Often they have only an outer line beyond which the dangerous offender cannot be kept incarcerated, even though he threatens to commit a serious crime as soon as released; sometimes they have both the lower and upper limits. Consequently it is often not the fault either of the sentencing judge or of the parole board that upon leaving prison an ex-prisoner commits an atrocious crime. The practical issue often presented to a parole board is whether in the case of a potentially dangerous criminal sentenced for "not more than fifteen years" it is better to release him a few months before he completes his full term, thereby affording some watch on him during the frequently crucial period between complete imprisonment and complete freedom, or to hold him for the full term, thereby slightly reducing his period of potential wrongdoing.

This necessarily sketchy diagnosis of the ills of criminal justice leaves room for but an outline of proposed treatment:

First, police departments need to concentrate much more on crime prevention. By combining with schools, clinics, playground and recreation associations, and agencies for community organization, they can participate in the reduction of delinquency and crime at the source.

Secondly, the sentencing function should be intrusted to special "treatment tribunals," each composed of one legally trained member, a psychiatrist, and a sociologist, social worker, or educator. This body should be charged with determining the disposition of offenders and the time of their release. Such action should be based on intensive psychologic, psychiatric, and social examinations of each offender during a period between his conviction by the regular criminal courts and his sentence. Each treatment tribunal should have attached to it a detention unit and laboratory, staffed by technicians properly trained in the relevant disciplines, where offenders awaiting treatment can be examined and investigated. Psychiatric examinations should not merely determine whether or not the offender is "insane" but should probe more deeply into his personality and motivations and attempt to discover his potentialities for good and evil.

In the imposition of sentence and determination of time of release these tribunals should avail themselves of the aid of prediction instruments. Several studies have demonstrated the practical usefulness of prognostic tables, based on the traits and past experiences of thousands of offenders, in forecasting the probable future behavior of offenders. The probation services should be attached to the treatment tribunal; parole officers to the various penal and correctional establishments. A committee of representatives of a state's treatment tribunals should be empowered to employ a staff of liaison officers to carry suggestions for treatment procedures between the tribunals and the institutions. In this way the experience accumulated in more careful sentencing and releasing practices could be translated into administrative and technical improvements in the correctional services, and the results of different treament procedures could be brought to the attention of the sentencing experts and probation officers.

Thirdly, the treatment tribunals should have the power to impose a *wholly indeterminate* sentence, so that manifestly dangerous individuals might be kept under control within institutions and on parole for long periods—if necessary throughout life—without the need of reinvoking the slow-moving cumbersome machinery of prosecution and trial; while those rapidly rehabilitated might be released, at least experimentally, after relatively short periods of control and training. Periodic reconsideration of each offender's case and other devices would afford ample protection to the prisoner.

Finally, the press and motion pictures have a serious obligation to reduce whatever harmfulness there may be in the overexploitation of sex and sensationalism. At any one time there are many persons just poised on the brink between self-restraint and the urge to criminal conduct. The fact that sordid sex offenses often occur in series would seem to indicate that their lurid front-page exploitation has some connection with the phenomenon.

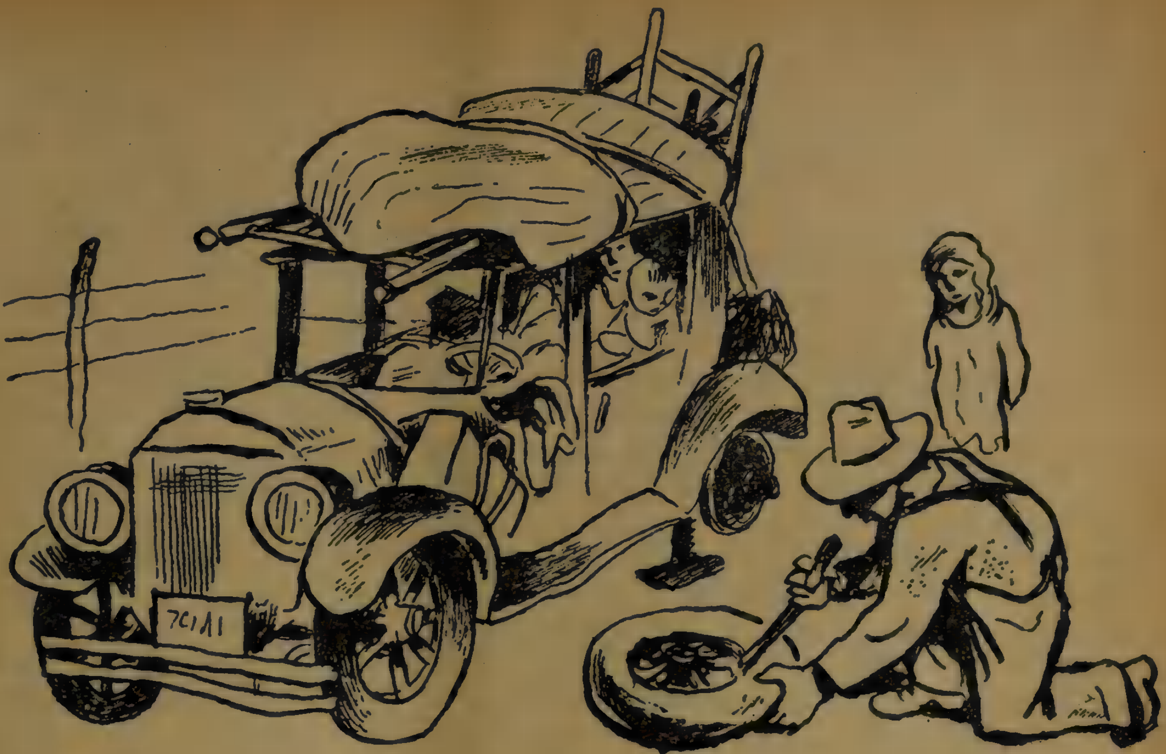
While limitations of space prohibit a thorough discussion of more fundamental preventive efforts, enough has been said to indicate that neither "gadgetary" adjustments nor more fundamental reforms of the machinery of criminal justice alone will serve as an adequate program. The battle cry of those who are seriously concerned with the criminal situation should be "stoppage at the source!" This approach implies a many-sided attack which would include the strengthening of motives and conditions that make for law-abidingness, as well as restraining influences involving the fear of punishment. It means effective grappling with the slum problem and the evils of poor housing; provision of more and better facilities for discovery and treatment of mental abnormality and the extension of mental-hygiene programs; wholesome play and recreational facilities and special schools for the physically and mentally handicapped, as well as other essentials of a healthy social organism.

Gipsy Labor

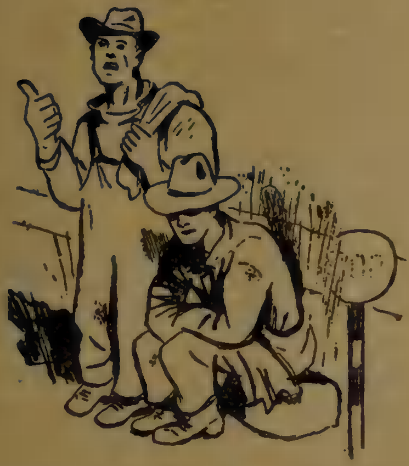
BY

WILLIAM

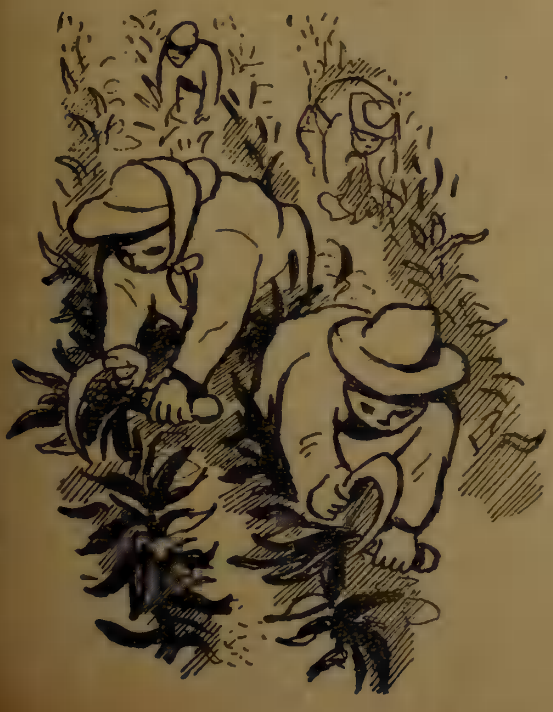
GROPPER



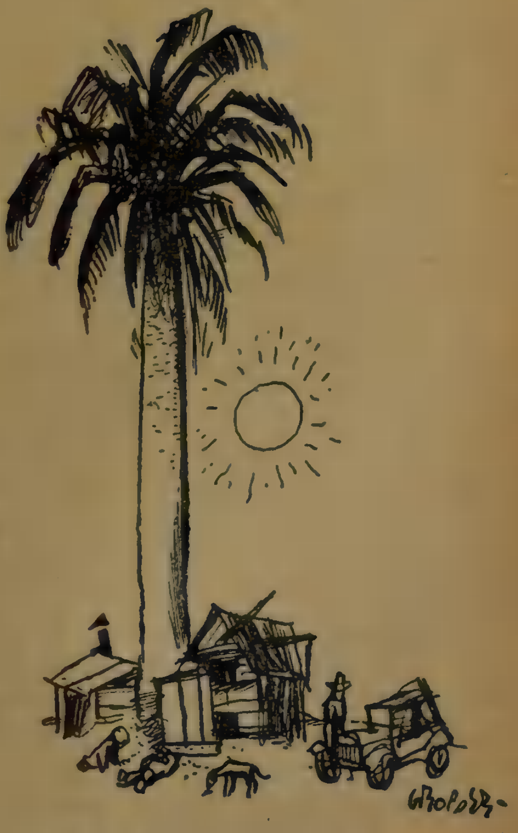
In the warm months one-half of this nation are gipsies. Traveling from coast to coast you will find the highways crowded with cars of every description packed with baggage, going in every direction. Along Route 99 I found farmers and their families, many of them from the Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas dust areas, camping or fixing their tires. At first, when I was going through the Mohave Desert and passed these old Fords heavily laden with bedding and belongings, percolating along in the heat, I thought the people in them were tourists on a vacation. I later learned that thousands of them were Dust Bowl refugees.



Many have been evicted by the California Board of Health, and the local press was glad to get rid of these "bums."



Some were following the harvest, trying to get work. At ex-President Hoover's ranch they would only hire local people, and so it seemed all the way up through the Sacramento Valley. In Woodland, California, I saw children from the age of six to twelve working in the sugar-beet fields. An Oklahoma farmer told me he had been offered work by a California employment agency, but by the time he got there the work was finished.



The sun always shines in California.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Who Are the Real Anarchists?

LET me confess at the outset that I have had a genuine sympathy for anarchists, that is, those of the old Russian philosophical brand, long since completely liquidated by the Communists. I remember well meeting Prince Kropotkin. I had expected to find a brutal-looking, black-bearded, dangerous fanatic with a bomb and a dagger somewhere in his clothes. I met the most gentle, kindly, tolerant, and soft-spoken of men, bearing no more resemblance to the anarchists of the caricatures than to Queen Victoria. No one could have been more benign, almost patriarchal. As I understood it, he and Tolstoy and the rest of his school wanted to do away with all government, just how I never discovered. Now I more and more want to eliminate governments. They are today the true enemies of mankind. They imperil human liberty everywhere. They, not the closet philosophers of bygone years, are the deadly, murderous anarchists. The rise of vast states, the tremendous powers of the modern capitalistic system, the new speedy means of transportation, communication, and propaganda bestowed upon our rulers—all make the menace of government far greater even than was the menace of the czars, who certainly held the fate of Russia and all Russians in their pockets.

It is the government of Hitler which is today the greatest danger to liberty and to the world, with the German people unable to free themselves from it if they would. So in Italy, so in Japan, so in Russia with its wholesale liquidating of suspects, innocent and guilty. These governments and many others order, or are ready to order, their pawns to slaughter other pawns with a ruthlessness and bloodiness that would make the anarchists of the czars' time seem as gentle as cooing doves. The Mikado has no difficulty whatever in getting plenty of men to bomb to bits women, children, male noncombatants, hospitals, colleges, cultural centers which can probably never be replaced, and glorious monuments of a beautiful civilization handed down from the ages. Like Mussolini and Hitler in Spain, and like Mussolini in Ethiopia, he makes anarchists out of his soldiers and sailors, anarchists of the caricatured murdering, dynamiting type, who make no distinction of age or sex or helplessness.

Laws of war? They exist no longer. Nobody ever talks now, after Ethiopia, Spain, and Shanghai, about making war more civilized and keeping it "within bounds." I believe that if Theodore Roosevelt were alive, even he would no longer be able to speak of war as a manly art, producing and furthering the fine, heroic qualities in youth. We were capable of an outraged indignation in 1914 when defenseless towns and cities were bombarded, helpless citizens shot down by firing squads, and Red Cross hospitals attacked. People everywhere cursed the Huns when the first poison gas was used. Today who protests when he reads of similar or worse things? We accept the most horrible type of war ever seen with almost complete indifference. We shudder at the movies which reveal Shanghai conditions in all their stark obscenity and horror, and then go home and forget about them. Why should poison gas not be used in China? It could not make the Japanese war methods any more barbarous—the Chinese would be just as barbarous if they reached Japan, and Hitler even more ruthless if he should attack Czecho-Slovakia or France. Why not equip our armies with germ-distributing devices? Wouldn't killing by scarlet fever or smallpox be far more humane than tearing men, women, and children to shreds with airplane bombs?

Anarchists? When I hear people decrying the Loyalist government of Spain because they say it is composed in part of Anarchists and Communists, I do not know whether to laugh or cry. Good Lord! Could there be greater anarchists under the sun than the war lords of today? No Nihilists were ever more determined upon a reign of terror. Japan does not pretend that there is a military necessity for the attacks upon many of the cities it has in part destroyed. No, indeed; it is terror that is the objective, unadulterated terror, so infernal that men and women go insane, so annihilating that, as the newsreels show us, the gutters are full of the entrails and brains and legs and arms of little children, of whom Someone once said that they were of the Kingdom of Heaven and that they were to be suffered to come unto Him. Terror is the aim, precisely as it was the reason for the bombing and gassing of Ethiopians. To break the enemy's morale far behind the lines is the great objective—not to smash his armies. What the Japanese military anarchists desire is a decimated Chinese population demanding of Nanking that their slaughter cease.

Now that the Chinese reds have discarded their crimson banners, Hitler's and Mussolini's denunciations of the Chinese as bolsheviks will ring more hypocritically than ever. How long is the world to be terrorized by a couple of adjectives or nouns? Bolshevik and red—are they really the enemies of mankind? I more than doubt it. It is the governmental anarchists that I fear. They are destroying the world. Every shot they fire blots out another bit of civilization, erases from the international lawbooks another statute. Every salvo takes us nearer to the law of the jungle, of tooth and claw, to complete international anarchy, murderous, terroristic, and nation-destroying.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

BLUE LIKE AN ORANGE

BY MEYER SCHAPIRO

IN NONE of the five essays in this volume* is there a clearly reasoned statement of the surrealist theory of art. It is perhaps too much to ask for logic in a group which is avowedly anti-rational; but the surrealists speak constantly of "our craft of logic, our dialectic," and call themselves "psychologists of the strictest type." They even identify surrealism with "surrationalism," the latter being vaguely described as the present position of nothing less than mathematics, logic, and theoretical physics. They talk of "invariable first principles," despite their "open rationalism" which admits no absolutes, and they address the book as "a definitive manifesto" to a "serious public of scientists, artists, philosophers, and socialists." The surrealists not only say they are Marxists, but insist (1) that acceptance of their poems entails acceptance of Marxism, and (2) that these poems are necessary elements in the struggle to overthrow capitalism. Lest the reader think that this is a construction arbitrarily put upon their writings, let me quote M. Hugnet: "It is impossible to enjoy surrealist poetry without being led to share the [political] aims of the writer; surrealism is a whole from which no single element can be taken away." And, according to Mr. Read, "it would be absurd to call a surrealist anything but a dialectical materalist."

Their dialectical materialism, however, is of a muddled and cabalistic kind, a "science of the general law of movement" of the universe which permits Mr. Read to believe in "monistic supernaturalism" and occult phenomena, and which gives M. Breton the license to say that "the contradictions . . . of objectivity and subjectivity, of past and future, and even of life and death" can be resolved only by an appeal to psychic automatism. They believe that "the dream is a deeper reality than waking life"; and in distinguishing a manifest and a latent content in social movements, precisely as in dreams, M. Breton asserts that the "fantastic is the supreme key to the latter, the means of fathoming the secret depths of history which disappear beneath a maze of events." The surrealists transfer to the subconscious that originating role of thought which they, like other self-respecting intellectuals, are so anxious to rescue from mechanical materialism. But they "free" the mind only by limiting its creative part to fantasy and paranoiac obsessions, only by denying or minimizing the place of reason (Mr. Read "pities Michelangelo and Poussin, who were caught in the toils of rational ideas") and by elevating the automatic and unconscious to a higher level than the deliberated act. The prison camp of the practical world is exchanged for an underground dungeon. In this way they restore in a Freudian disguise the mechanistic views they wished to escape, for their subconscious operates irresponsibly and spontaneously by a mechanism subject to the "strictest laws," like the laws they attribute, incidentally, to the movement of society. They maintain and even widen the older moralistic separation of reason and impulse, and in condemning bourgeois society as rational they conclude that the enmity of reason and impulse is eternal. In this anti-rational theory nothing is more isolated, more mysterious, more bizarre—hence more surrealist—than reason and purpose.

It may be objected, of course, that their poems have nothing to do with Marxism or psychology, that they are not assertions about matters of fact but works of art. It is very doubtful that the best painters claimed by the school—Picasso, Miro, Klee—are in any sense Marxists or that their ideas and practices of art entail Marxist views about society, unless they are stood on their heads. There have been fascist as well as communist surrealists, and an American representative of the group could write in 1929 that "communism and fascism were virtually the same."

In all five essays there is a persistent ambiguity in the surrealist theory of art. On the one hand the authors use the language of purists; they wish to remove all the extraneous props of art, to restore "the mystery of language," to bring creation back to its subconscious source and inaugurate a "renascence of wonder." If for the abstractionists great art survives through its forms, the surrealists are sure that "it survives precisely by virtue of its irrationality . . . ; the imaginative faculty has a completely irrational basis." And just as the abstractionists think that abstract forms may be found in all past art, the surrealists suppose that surrealism is a universal principle. "Surrealism includes a faculty as permanent as dreaming . . . and [therefore] always has existed and always will." On the other hand surrealism is justified as a timely and practical movement, "the natural and inevitable product of historical forces." "It is not inspired, it is caused," and therefore requires no irrational converts as do the Buchmanites, with whom these conjurors of the subconscious feel some rivalry. M. Breton takes it as a sign from heaven that the present high point of surrealist influence—July, 1936—corresponds to the high point of political struggle, that its teaching of spontaneity coincides with the spontaneous strikes of the French workers in June, 1936. Surrealism is not an art or a "state of poetry" but "first and foremost a method of investigation. . . . There is no possible excuse for regarding the poetic experiments of the surrealists in an aesthetic light" (Hugnet). In the struggle against capitalism surrealism is a scientific weapon operating through the automatism of the subconscious, which "is a means of winning from man that self-illumination needed for his final enfranchisement." Following Freud, the liberator of the individual, as Marx—whom they classify as a great poet with the Marquis de Sade—is the liberator of society, surrealism has the mission of creating a modern "collective myth" to meet the crisis in feeling brought on by capitalism, "to assist man in dominating the crisis in his own nature through the imagination." Just as Walpole, in the period of the French Revolution, in perfect response to a similar crisis produced the "black novel, inspired by dreams and composed automatically in an old castle," our period must create an equivalent automatic writing in a modern equivalent of the old castle. Not only is their link with romanticism, especially in its morbid aspect of erotic cruelty, recognized by the surrealists; these amateurs of haunted houses and sex crimes are proud to call themselves "the tail of romanticism, but a most prehensile tail" (with branches in fourteen countries), and regard all true art as by its very nature romantic, and therefore surrealist. But "where romanticism was notoriously inchoate, disorderly, intuitive, surrealism is organized, conscious, and orderly" (Davies).

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* "Surrealism." Edited by Herbert Read. With Ninety-six Illustrations. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

Of this tactical advance in the poetic struggle against capitalism by self-illumination, one example will be enough. To illustrate the "luminosity" of Eluard's poems, "their fine exactness in the flux and reflux of images," M. Hugnet cites this line, "foreshortened as in dreams": "La terre est bleue comme une orange" (the earth is blue like an orange). Yet it should be said that of all the contributors to this volume—who abstain with a dogmatic intransigence from contact with other than subconscious fields, despite their "invariable first principle" of "free mental adventure"—Eluard alone has enough freedom to imagine that poetry may be found elsewhere than in the fantastic, that the events of our time may inspire art. "True poetry," he writes, "may be present in chill necessity, that of knowing or of eating better, as well as in a predilection for the marvelous." And in this deviation he anticipates the least political of the surrealists, their master-painter, Picasso, who has just depicted the horrors of Guernica.

BOOKS

Miss Pedder's Governess

MISS WEETON: JOURNAL OF A GOVERNESS, 1807-1811. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

THE great value of journals and letters is that they let light through on to the more ordinary sides of history and human nature, which other chronicles either miss or lie about. Miss Weeton's transcribed letters (her passion for writing as a mere physical act led her to copy out her entire correspondence into quarto volumes) and her journals record a peculiar, transitional period in English life and an inarticulate and grisly section of English society—the northern lower middle class, and the agricultural, just beginning to pass over into the industrial—as they have rarely been recorded. When Miss Weeton began to write, Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell were not yet born, and literate women belonged almost wholly to a "higher sphere" than that to which it had pleased God to call Miss Weeton. (Jane Austen was her exact contemporary.) So that her sincere and keen-sighted rendering of early nineteenth-century penury, violence, avarice, "spleen," class-consciousness (very strong in the infinite gradations of the lower middle class), and provincial alcoholism, boredom, and lust is enlightening, showing as it does the extent to which a society can run down, through lethargy and mismanagement, before disaster or chance start it going again.

Miss Weeton's grandfathers were, paternally, a Lancaster tenant farmer and, maternally, a butcher. Her father, a captain of merchantmen engaged first in the African slave trade and later in harrying American ships during the Revolution, perished at sea during her early childhood. Her mother, who had been a lady's maid, after her husband's death opened a small school in the village of Up-Holland, near Wigan, thus supporting her son, articled out at fourteen to a solicitor, and her daughter. "Unless a father can provide independent fortunes for his daughters, they must either be made mop-squeezers or mantua makers," Weeton *père* had remarked before his untimely taking off. Miss Weeton escaped these lowly employments, spending her youth as the half-starved drudge of her mother, who saved every penny for the advancement of her only son. These early years, during which the mother made determined efforts at gentility (see Cobbett on this tendency) while she and her daughter lived on a subhuman diet of bread and potatoes, and Miss Weeton's self-imposed poverty, with her brother in mind, after her mother's death were enough to break a sturdy spirit. But they did not break Miss Weeton's. Her brother, after receiving the lion's share of his mother's small property, promptly married and began a punctually produced family. Miss Weeton finally made a heroic break for freedom. Determined to live on her small income, she sold her belongings and went into seaside lodgings near Liverpool. Later she took a position as governess in one of the strangest English households that has ever come to light. Independent, fearless, irascible, and eccentric, she was a thorn in several sagging communities, in which open breaks with debased lower-class respectability were unthinkable.

Her letters are not directly descriptive of the historic changes which were disrupting the closely woven feudal structure of northern English villages and cities. But on the day-to-day living within that structure what fierce beams she sheds! Her brother's slug-a-bed habits (he and his wife rose at eleven in the morning); the drunken village clerics and equally drunken village maids of eighteen; the graveyard crowded with illegitimate and legitimate infants; the dark rooms; the pathetic luxuries of tea, privacy, and a fire; the universal ignorance among people of her own economic level; the family quarrels of her landlady, often narrowly missing murder—all this serves to dissipate the romantic notions of Gothic splendor, noble hinds, and the like promulgated by the romances of the following generation. And her experience as the governess not only of a country gentleman's simple-minded daughter but also of his milkmaid wife (one of the pleasantest figures in the narrative) on the estate of Mr. Pedder, Lakehead, Windemere (in the district where Wordsworth was at the time daily "composing, in the wood"), is enough to make the hair rise on the head. Mr. Pedder (income, £2,000 a year) and his putrescent kind lacked a Dickens to "caricature" them. But in this instance they had a Miss Weeton to put them down in cold blood.

The publishers promise more of Miss Weeton's disclosures in another volume. They are something to look forward to.

LOUISE BOGAN

Music of the Stratospheres

COLD MORNING SKY. By Marya Zaturenska. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MARYA ZATURENSKA'S second book manifests a surer command of poetic resources than did her first, "Threshold and Hearth," which appeared three years ago. She has selected and developed those things which were soundest in the earlier poems, and she has to a large extent avoided the echoes and the mechanical facility which diluted them. "Cold Morning Sky" reveals her as a stylist of distinction. The texture of the verse is firmer and more intricate. She now has a more confident control of metrical forms; without sacrificing definiteness of outline she uses them with greater flexibility and invention.

Along with progress in these fundamentals, her development has brought her closely into line with the symbolist tradition. Two requisites for symbolist poetry—and they are shared by good lyricism in general—are that it be musical, and that it produce what Valéry calls a "state." All of this verse can be enjoyed as sheer word music, and much of it is most profitably read at this level alone. The best of the poems also create, by fixation upon the succession of images, a unified "state," or emotional tension, which in this case is usually dread or enchantment. The imagery by which this is achieved still has in it more of grace than of nature; at its most striking it is unlocalized, coldly luminous, and apocalyptic:

> They are always there
> The frightened virgin at the burning fountain
> The leper left upon the fatal stair
> The milk-white doe lost on the savage mountain.

Some of the symbolists try to symbolize only emotions, together with a vague suggestion of the infinite; others use insight symbols, with specific transcendental objects. The inflections in this volume are often those of mysticism, religious or secular, but it is not always evident to what extent one should seek dimensions of meaning behind the immediate emotional effect of the image. Along with the familiar counters of religious mysticism, there is some play with D. H. Lawrence's sun and moon symbols, and there is frequent mention of a "new Eros." Asseverations of "no retreat" quickly dissolve into nostalgic invocations of "antique marble" and the "forgotten paradise." A few poems, such as Dialogue, appear to propound riddles. The value of the insight symbolism, if such it be, cannot be assayed until its import is more perfectly realized within the poems themselves.

Those who find it a trifle chilly in the mystic's stratosphere may believe that a larger intermixture of the imagination which is wedded to observation would supply depth to this poetry, and that a nearer involvement in the human comedy would lend it warmth. Whether this is the course of her future development or not, this volume gives confidence that Miss Zaturenska's genuine talent and careful workmanship will bring her the rest of the way from artifice to art.

PHILIP BLAIR RICE

One Out of Ten Has It

SHADOW ON THE LAND: SYPHILIS. By Thomas Parran, M.D. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

TEN MILLION AMERICANS HAVE IT! By S. William Becker, M.D. J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.35.

IT IS a conservative estimate that in the United States one in every ten adults has or has had syphilis; of these only 20 per cent have received even the minimum of adequate treatment. So enormous an incidence of acute illness, of late complications (heart disease, insanity, and blindness), of diseased and still-born children, do these figures indicate that no other illness approaches it in immediate and potential seriousness.

Dr. Parran, surgeon general of the United States Public Health Service, and for many years a leader in the fight against the disease here, describes its varied manifestations. He reviews its history from its first outbreak in Europe after the return of Columbus from America to the present day, and presents valuable data on its prevalence, the effect of treatment, and the methods used in other countries in handling the disease.

The greater part of the book deals with the factors that underlie the spread and control of syphilis, its relation to poverty, underprivilege, lack of education, racketeering, prostitution, and false moral standards. In a vigorous chapter entitled White Man's Burden, Dr. Parran analyzes the well-known fact that syphilis among Negroes is six times as prevalent as among the white population. This fact, which has so often been taken as a sign of the racial and moral inferiority of the Negro, Dr. Parran shows to be determined by economic and educational factors, the racial factor operating only in so far as Negroes are a poverty-stricken, exploited race. A study of the incidence of syphilis among Negroes of different economic and educational levels revealed a difference of incidence from 39.8 per cent in Macon County, Alabama, where "even in prosperous times the poverty exceeded anything most of us have seen," to 5.9 per cent in a group of professional students in Meharry University, Tennessee. Between these extremes were an incidence of 24 per cent in Bolivar County, Mississippi, where a large plantation owned by the Delta and Pine Land Company offered some medical care to the 4,000 Negro sharecroppers on its land, and an incidence of 8.9 per cent, less than among many white groups, in Albemarle County, Virginia, "a community above the average in literacy and where good medical care has been available." Syphilis is a "social" disease in the most literal sense of the word.

Syphilis, however, is a curable disease, and it is possible to control its spread. This has been demonstrated, as Dr. Parran dramatically reports, in the achievements of the Scandinavian countries, which have reduced syphilis to the point where the case incidence is only a small fraction of that in the United States. The figures follow:

United States	796 cases per 100,000 population
Norway	30 cases per 100,000 population
Denmark	20 cases per 100,000 population
Sweden	7 cases per 100,000 population

These are not mere statistics: they are a challenge.

How have such results been obtained? Why has this country, which has produced many of the most eminent syphilologists in the world, lagged so far behind in the control of this disease? Briefly, the difficulty is that in the United States people do not talk of syphilis; men and women who are diseased do not realize the need for treatment; physicians see cases and do not trace their source; patients under treatment are not followed up and let their treatment lapse before they are cured.

Dr. Parran presents a simple formula for the control of syphilis. He says that the thing to do is to find syphilis and to treat it. But this simple formula requires for its successful accomplishment, as Dr. Parran emphasizes in his elaboration of it, the united action of an awakened public and alert government agencies. The finding of syphilis calls for the use of routine blood tests in hospitals, in industry, in insurance examinations, among government employees, among criminals, and wherever large groups are available for testing. Such routine Wassermann testing would bring to light many cases in persons who had no suspicion that they were infected. The next important measure in locating syphilis, and perhaps the most difficult, is tracing the source of all new cases which come for treatment. Often this means tracing the disease to a prostitute who, if allowed to continue at her trade without treatment, will remain a source of further infection in the community. As a usual thing physicians and health agencies make no effort to trace the source of a syphilitic infection and their failure to do so arouses no comment in the community; but if a case of typhoid fever in any part of the country were not carefully investigated by the local board of health, a hurricane of editorial and public criticism would follow. There is no sensible reason why the two diseases should be considered differently.

What is to be done? Again it becomes a matter of the education of the general public to the point where all diseased persons learn the value of treatment. Of more immediate importance is the use of regulatory measures making it impossible for a diseased person to stop treatment until he is cured. But such a demand on the private citizen carries with it the obligation of the government to make the necessary treatment available to everybody, so that no person is untreated because he cannot afford to be treated.

It is clear that the government must function as a directing force. Dr. Parran states the matter succinctly:

> In general it may be said that in no place in the world has syphilis declined without active government intervention. A nationally coordinated attack upon it seems as necessary as upon an invading army. And, further, gains against syphilis have been greatest in those nations where social legislation has done most to establish public-health protection as a basic privilege of citizenship.

Dr. Becker in his smaller book presents a simpler account of syphilis and is concerned essentially with the manifestations of the disease in the individual, its history, and its treatment. He considers its social aspects also, but in less detail. His book is an excellent work worth the attention of anyone interested in the subject. DAVID BERES

Golden Calves

LITTLE GOLDEN AMERICA. By Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov. Translated from the Russian by Charles Malamuth. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.75.

ILF and Petrov had a good time in America, since it was here that they finally beheld as actuality what in their own country they had learned to regard as the ultimates of socialist achievement on the material plane. Their record of a trip in a Ford automobile from New York to the Pacific Coast and back again is a veritable dithyramb to American technique, efficiency, and comforts. Every American seems to them a magical being, for he is surrounded by omnipotent machines whose service is so smooth and docile that the routines of living become an actual round of pleasures. Hence their book reads like a catalogue of conveniences admiringly noted and recommended to the folks back home; and though they met multitudes of people, including such celebrities as Henry Ford and Ernest Hemingway, it is our mechanical marvels alone that really exercise their imagination and for which they reserve their true eloquence. Our roads so enchanted them that at length they are moved to declare that "America is located on a large automobile highway!" Our social system, of course, they find reprehensible, our movies boring, and cafeteria food tasteless, yet what elementary need and pathetic envy are reflected in remarks like the following:

> Laundering is done quickly and unusually well in America. The ironed shirts look better than new ones on display in a store window. And each one of them is placed in a paper pocket, around which is a paper ribbon with the trademark of the laundry, and all of it is neatly pinned together, with pins even around the sleeves. Moreover, the laundry is brought back mended and the socks darned. In America such comforts are not at all a sign of luxury. They are standardized and accessible.

In "The Little Golden Calf" Ilf and Petrov achieved a comic idiom which nourished itself on the fantastic confusions and extravagances that are inevitable amid the turmoil of a society drastically transforming itself. But in "Little Golden America," though they maintain the lively tone of professional humorists and intersperse their narrative with anecdotes that are often very entertaining, their comic manner has been reduced to a mere geniality of phrase. One may laugh at human beings, but the machine, comrades—at least in the era of industrial construction—is no joke!

PHILIP RAHV

Mrs. Luhan's All

EDGE OF TAOS DESERT. By Mabel Dodge Luhan. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

MABEL LUHAN's autobiographies have been unique for many reasons; and not the least of these is the fact that in them she appears as the solo dancer, while all the famous people of her acquaintance are seemingly content to play the chorus. A little more than willing to tell us "all," Mrs. Luhan has written narratives of appalling but amusing frankness which have, so she believes, sociological value. Now, however, all is changed as Tony, Mabel Luhan's Taos Indian husband, enters the scene:

> I have told of the habits and customs of myself and my own people. With the passionate curiosity of the hunting anthropologist and with his single-minded willingness to throw away honor, loyalty, and integrity if only he can get to know and tell about them, I have studied and sacrificed my people and myself in order to tell about us.
>
> But I am not an anthropologist where Tony and his people are concerned. . . . That I could "write a book about Indians" is the least that might be said; that I may not write one is the most. . . . If I can get any part of the truth out to others, it will not depend upon the intimate details of Tony's life and mine together. But if only I can translate into words something of all I have learned from him! For I have a deep conviction that we were brought together for this purpose, and that my reason for living is to show how life may be, must be lived.

Mabel forthwith begins to probe the secrets of the primitive soul and goes mystic. She no longer dwells on the inti-

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mate details of famous peoples' lives or describes with vividness the souls of the rich and the furniture of their houses. And although she persists in impressing us as a wealthy woman in search of another adventure, she takes herself very seriously in her final search for the elemental. She is, after all, still in Taos, still Mrs. Luhan; she is only some fifteen years behind herself in this volume. She can no longer, for these reasons, be even so little objective as she was in the earlier books.

With her usual enormous appetite for the novel and the adventurous Mrs. Luhan went to Taos when it was little known by the tourists who now infest its streets. She found herself more and more drawn to the pueblo there and to Tony in particular. She describes her life in Taos vividly. The latter half of the book is given over to her daily visits to Tony's home, to accounts of Tony's intuitions, notations of his great wisdom expressed in broken English. The book ends as Mabel's husband, Maurice Sterne, departs. Tony is on the scene:

> "I comin' here to this tepee tonight," he said. "When darkness here. That be right?"
>
> "Yes, Tony," I said, "that will be right."
>
> And it was right.

Since Tony and Mabel do not marry in this book, another must describe the marital transference; for Tony too had a mate, and Pueblo Indian women have a strong sense of property rights.

Mrs. Luhan's autobiographies are not typical histories of a woman of her class, but they are well documented and authentic. She is a professed sophisticate, yet remains utterly naive. She sees herself always as a great actress. Here her role is that of the earth creature, the female humbled before the primitive man's power. It is not as interesting as her role of famous New York hostess. These "confession stories" are, alas, too true and without moral or theme.

EDA LOU WALTON

After Adonais

LIFE OF JOHN KEATS. By Charles Armitage Brown. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Dorothy Hyde Bodurtha and Willard Bissell Pope. Oxford University Press. $2.50.

THIS is not the "newest life" of the poet, but the oldest, written by the friend who sheltered Keats during the period of the great odes and The Eve of St. Agnes, and unpublished for almost a century. The excellent introduction and notes by Miss Bodurtha and Mr. Pope begin where Shelley's Adonais leaves off, and weave patiently through an inside story of the silence which is as unsavory as it is intricate. Keats's ill luck was not buried with him in Rome; having been victimized by his enemies while he lived, he was yet to be victimized by his friends after his death. The group of admirers which gathered about him during his lifetime had, it appears, only the most superficial regard for one another, and even when leagued in a common purpose of vindication, yielded to acts of envy and rancor which today make painful reading.

The decade and a half following his death remains an unbroken stalemate of mistaken loyalties, mutual distrust, petulance, and procrastination for which little can be offered in extenuation. The competitive race to secure Keatsiana, as the editors point out, succeeded only "in scattering the material so widely that not one of the group could put together a volume of any completeness." At long length, fully sixteen years after the poet's death, the present memoir was made public, as the first full-length biography of Keats, in the form of a lecture delivered at Plymouth Hall. The audience, we learn, was recruited from among "those gentlemen 'who undertook to lecture' "—and if this fact were not in itself sufficiently depressing, we have Brown's further testimony, in a letter to Leigh Hunt, that "among other parsons [*sic*] Coleridge's son was there, and he was the only person [as well as parson] present who had *read* his [Keats's] poems."

Since the memoir has been accessible in manuscript to biographers of Keats from Milne to Colvin to Lowell, little is here provided in the way of "new light." This fact, however, in no way condones the strange complacency with which the document has so long been withheld from publication in its own right as an ardent and uncannily touching testimony to a friendship that was, in all events, deeply felt—one whose later offenses are those of expediency rather than integrity or love. Many letters already familiar through use in subsequent biographies may here be seen in their original context; nor have they ever spoken more movingly than when they are employed, as here, as a substitute for the biographer's own perplexities and inarticulateness. Among the passages already well known are the account of the composition of the Ode to a Nightingale under a favorite plum tree, and the Severn letter to Brown setting down with unforgettable tenderness and austerity the facts of Keats's death. If, as is more or less inevitable after the clinical exposure of the introduction, one begins the memoir with umbrage at the futility of a vindication that not only failed to vindicate but came sixteen years too late, one concludes more charitably. It is no disservice to Keats's memory to point out that his closest friend, though indolent, confused, and wanting in resolution, has defenses of his own:

> As soon as I begin to be occupied with his [Keats's] poems, or with the Life I have written, it forcibly seems to me, against all reason (that is out of the question), that he is sitting by my side, his eyes seriously wandering from me to the papers by turns, and watching my doings. Call it nervousness if you will; but with this nervous impression I am unable to do justice to his fame. Could he speak I would abide by his decision.

BEN BELITT

History Without Tears

A SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF THE JEWS. By Salo Wittmayer Baron. Columbia University Press. Volumes I and II, $3.75 each; Volume III, $4.

THE author of this significant undertaking has traced the fundamental social trends in Jewish life from ancient Biblical times to the present day. His approach to Judaism and Jewish history is sociological, and he has conceived his entire work on the basic idea that "the Jewish religion has been from the very beginning and in the process of time has increasingly become a *historical* religion, in permanent contrast to all *natural* religions."

The first two volumes deal with the origins of tribal Israel, the expansion of Judaism, the life of Jews in the Diaspora within and without the Ghetto walls, the emancipation of Jews, and the *dernier cri* of our epoch—nationalism. All these stages in the long historic evolution of the Jewish people are scientifically analyzed from the point of view of the interrelation of social and religious forces in Judaism. The philosophic aspect of ancient Israelitic religion, as well as of medieval and modern Judaism, the author denotes as fundamentally optimistic, and he rejects any "lachrymose conception" of Jewish history.

This history, from the author's point of view, is an uninterrupted struggle between the spiritual forces of Judaism and the natural order of things, and its optimism lies in its pursuance of a messianic goal, an era in which spirit will triumph over matter. In the words of the author himself:

> Emancipation from nature, then, rather than nature's suppression, is the cardinal goal: for the time being limited and well defined legally, it will be thoroughgoing in the messianic age. . . . In that age "history" will finally vanquish "nature," even changing its very course, for in that day "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb" (Isaiah 11:6), and in general, nature will be transformed into a community.

Against this somewhat nebulous and metaphysical conception, the author sets the Jewish ideal of social justice, tracing it in the entire socio-religious history of the Jews from antiquity, through the Middle Ages, up to modern times. Yet it is noteworthy and to the credit of the author that his work is realistic as well as metaphysical. Indeed, we may say that in dealing with the realities of Jewish life Professor Baron has succeeded in bringing together in comprehensive and detailed form those documented facts that are characteristic of each historical epoch. The reader, therefore, will find in each chapter a systematically arranged and clearly described body of facts pertaining not only to cultural activities and ideological trends but also to the various social strata of Jews, their institutions, economic conditions, occupations, political activities, and inner struggles.

In this respect the work of Professor Baron acquires great importance for every person who is interested in the study of modern sociological problems in general, and the Jewish problem in particular. Anti-Semite and pro-Semite alike will find an authoritative and abundant source of information which should prove equally valuable to both. Nor should the reader take lightly the author's own admission that his work is writen "with so little partisan bias that it must evoke at least partial disapproval by all partisan Jewish and non-Jewish groups. Their respective approval and disapproval, however, affecting interchangeably exclusive points, will evidently neutralize one another."

The third volume (406 pages), containing valuable notes, extensive bibliographical data, and a well organized index, is also to be commended. DAVID KRINKIN

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Shorter Notices

THE PROFITS OF WAR. By Richard Lewinsohn. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Richard Lewinsohn is one of a group of German journalists, including Otto Lehmann-Russüldt, author of "War for Profits," who have been delving into the financial maneuverings behind war. As pioneers in a field conspicuously neglected by historians and journalists, they have offered the general reader and the special student important discoveries and paved the way for more thorough and integrated researches. In one case, the biography of Sir Basil Zaharoff, Lewinsohn wrote a book which for all its faults still remains the best sketch of the career of a man who was a sensational symptom of capitalist decay. In "The Profits of War" Lewinsohn presents much curious and some valuable historical information, hitherto unnoticed, on such matters as the financial and industrial background of Napoleon's epic, the career of Frank Steinhart in Cuba following the Spanish-American War, the part of Thomas Cook and Son (no less) in the British imperialist wars. But the book adds little, outside these historical finds, to the already familiar hearings of the Nye committee and the existing literature on the subject. Lewinsohn's work—this book particularly—gives the impression of a sharp-eyed journalist who knows his libraries, emerges somewhat hastily with colorful, and at times significant, facts, and arranges them competently, though not brilliantly, in a book.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN

ORNAMENT OF HONOR. By E. H. R. Altounyan. Cambridge University Press. $2.75.

Unlike such familiar social conventions as funeral orations, epitaphs, and birthday greetings, poetry is generally expected to rise beyond the specific occasion and become universal experience. Its qualities are intrinsic, its references inevitable. In the case of Mr. Altounyan's dedicatory sonnet sequences to T. E. Lawrence, we have a work which has the characteristics of a social convention and the ambitions of a poem, and which fails in either category. What might be said to approximate poetry in "Ornament of Honor" is the author's fervor. Mr. Altounyan's reactions to Lawrence as a personality and figure would have been rapt and intense enough to serve the sonnets as a source of poetic energy and movement if they were translated into correspondingly ecstatic terms—if they were related to the idea rather than to the event of death. But Mr. Altounyan, inverting the normal poetic process, vulgarizes what it is necessary for him to exalt by reducing a potentially rare emotion to its vaguest and most artificial synonyms. The result is more epitaph than poem; its rhetoric, its celebration, its references commemorate a static occasion when they should commemorate an experience. CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

CLAUDE. By Genevieve Fauconnier. Translated by Lauren Ford. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

There used to be a critical cliché to the effect that everyone is capable of at least one first-rate novel, though unfortunately only one in many millions seems to have the talent to write it. Mme Fauconnier's "Claude" is the novel that, theoretically, every woman ought to be able to write but actually only one woman in all France could write. If it is not a great work of art, it is at any rate the product of a private dream, and not the contrived story of a professional. The style, perceptively rendered by Lauren Ford, is impressionistic. Patches of revelatory color exhibit and illumine the scenes as in a painting by Monet. The effect is kaleidoscopic. Here are the fragments—episodes, or landscapes, or gestures—recollected from the life of a woman reared in the French countryside, who marries and bears children and works by her husband's side and keeps her private memories. Her life is interrupted by the war and saddened by the last stirring of certain suppressed impulses of childhood and girlhood toward a "great cause, a noble love." But day by day she hurries over into the years, while she and her husband mature together—"as if leaning upon each other, yoked together—and digging the same furrow." MICHAEL SAYERS

DOWN EAST. By Lewis Pendleton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Mr. Pendleton has hit upon the agreeable device of inventing two men of Maine who write letters to the *Gooseport Weekly* about the exploits of their respective grandfathers, Captain Isaac Drinkwater and Jedediah Peabody, and in the couse of doing so became competitors at the tall tale, not to say enemies of each other. The novelty of the book is its dry style, proper of course to the region but refreshing as well because the tall tale by and large does not come dry. Of late it has been coming with a tiresome and self-conscious juiciness, so that the thin, pickled malice of these old fellows is by contrast most effective. Their invention too is more gorgeous than a careless reader would ever know, for in the coolest of voices they tell the hottest of lies, and in the briefest imaginable space. "Down East" may very well become a classic in its kind. MARK VAN DOREN

INTERNATIONAL MONETARY ISSUES. By Charles R. Whittlesey. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $2.50.

Writing from Princeton, home of Dr. Kemmerer, the leading American exponent of the gold standard, Dr. Whittlesey has brilliantly presented the case against gold. He denies that a fixed standard of exchange is as important in international economic relations as it is ordinarily asserted to be, and argues that world trade, foreign investments, and economic stability can be attained more satisfactorily under a free system of exchanges than under the gold standard. In justification of this somewhat unorthodox position he points out that international economic development cannot be achieved as long as the domestic economy is throttled by an inflexible monetary standard. Nationalistic trade policies are held to be not the result of competitive currency depreciation but a reflection of unwise

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attempts to maintain artificial monetary levels. Dr. Whittlesey does not join with the growing number of economists who favor temporary stabilization in terms of gold. While he would consider a system of flexible parities such as has been adopted in France preferable to the traditional gold standard, he prefers an even freer system of exchanges which is not inconsistent with policies directed toward the mitigation of cyclic movements. MAXWELL S. STEWART

FILMS

Where Nothing Happens

JEAN RENOIR, director of the French film which has been made from Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), says that Gorki exclaimed in 1928: "Let them try my stage plays! 'The Lower Depths,' for example—this play where nothing happens, where the whole thing is atmosphere, nothing but atmosphere. The film people will break their teeth on it!" M. Renoir quite naturally believes that he has broken no teeth on Gorki, and the French critics have agreed with him to the extent of voting his film the best of the year. And "The Lower Depths" does have its good points. But it is not a first-rate film, nor is it a successful translation of Gorki's original achievement. The two negatives are, of course, related.

Gorki's atmosphere, like that of any good playwright, was built with words, and was cumulative by virtue of the fact that the words were spoken in a consistent setting all of which was visible all of the time—the actors coming or going, or simply sitting around, while the cloud of their dialogue thickened over their heads. And M. Renoir's atmosphere is most impressive when it reminds us of this one: when a good line from the play is well spoken, or when still better lines from a still better playwright are spoken by the dipsomaniac actor who hangs himself with Shakespeare pouring from his lips. But to say this is merely to say that M. Renoir has failed most of the time to find in his own medium an equivalent for Gorki's effect. It is difficult to find such equivalents, and more so as the playwright at hand is good; Shakespeare, as we have been discovering, is all but impossible to adapt. Yet the fact of the difficulty should not keep us from admitting the fact of the failure; indeed, if there is an impossibility we should face it.

Granted enough genius in the director the thing should not be impossible. M. Renoir happens not to have showed the genius. His film is often stagey (a virtue in the theater), and neither the movements of his camera nor the activities he has been inspired to bestow upon the sodden figures of Gorki's dream are contributions to a convincing end. The violence, for instance Natasha's beating, is unreal; and the desire of Pepel for a better life is a little mawkish when expressed in close-ups. This last is too bad, for Pepel is on the whole excellently conceived and acted by Jean Gabin, as the Baron is by Louis Jouvet. The pair of them make the film as good as it is; only in them does it move with anything like freedom, and only in their intelligent pantomime do we forget that we are in the shadow of a dramatic masterpiece. The drunkard with his accordion never looks drunk; the women of the film have wandered into it from the play, and stand rather helplessly around in the thinner atmosphere; and the old men are a bit artificial behind their beards. Looking back I see that I have been perhaps too hard on "The Lower Depths," which is worth seeing. But one should not expect to find in it either Gorki or something else as good.

On the same program at the Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse appears a shorter film, "Heart of Spain," designed to arouse sympathy for the Loyalists. Since my sympathies are already with the Loyalists I was free to consider the film as a piece of pleading. It is undoubtedly effective in its use of horrors, as when mangled children are dug out of ruins left by bombs, and it is still more effective in its use of the blood-transfusion theme: the sight of many citizens extending their arms to the surgeon is touching evidence of the spirit behind the lines. But I am not sure that spectacles of horror, or even of national spirit, prove anything more than that war as such is abominable; and I can go so far as to imagine myself sorry for a rebel bleeding to death, provided I saw his wound and the expression on his face. The argument after all is political and not sensational; and so is the truth.

MARK VAN DOREN

Liebestod

APPARENTLY "Mayerling" (Filmarte) owes more to Claude Anet's "Idyl's End" than it does to the various legends surrounding the death of the Archduke Rudolph of Austria which both the film and the book have drawn upon. Desultory attempts, it is true, are made in the opening sequences to suggest the young archduke's involvement in radical activities of the day, but the theme is lost sight of as soon as he is permitted to escort the Baroness Marie Vetsera through the park for an unchaperoned glimpse of the swans. It becomes increasingly apparent, as the simple love story progresses, that the director has little fondness for history *qua* history, and it needs only the Baroness's cry of "Mayerling! It sounds like a name out of a fairy tale!" to sum up in a stroke the force of the film as a whole. It is as a kind of fancy-dress fairy tale, precisely, that the production achieves its most delicate and touching effects of pathos and invests the love-or-duty formula with a lyric intensity that is strikingly free from mawkishness. The hunting lodge of Mayerling, where the desperate lovers have fled for a night, acquires by this simple outcry, a quality of enchantment and portent, as though it had been lifted bodily from legends as old as those of Tristan and Isolde, and the suicide pact of the young lovers is so genuinely a "love-death" that the sound of the pistol shots in the end seems almost an anachronism. Particularly commendable for their large effect of suspense are the closing scenes, in which tenderness and terror are projected against a sense of doom that is "idyllic" in the least spurious sense of the word. Charles Boyer in the role of the Archduke Rudolph offers further proof of the extent to which his talents have so far gone unnoticed in Hollywood; his impersonation is admirably conceived at all points and handled with effortless acerbity and restraint. The picture also introduces to American audiences Danielle Darrieux as the little Baroness, whose thankless task it has been to serve up youthful innocence with large helpings of whatever it is that enables romantic heroines to reply, quite mildly, in the midst of unmerited rough treatment, "My poor love, how you suffer!" Mlle Darrieux has been newly recruited for duty on the West Coast, and one can only hope that her beauty and talents will find better employment there than have those of M. Boyer. BEN BELITT

Letters to the Editors

Two Geoffrey Stones

Dear Sirs: Your new contributor, Mr. Geoffrey Stone, is of course as much entitled to the use of his name as I am to the same name, but perhaps the fact that I preceded him in published authorship by several years will allow me space in your columns to point out that I did not write the article in this week's *Nation* beginning "I hate fascism. My heart is with the Spanish Loyalists." As will have been plain to any *Nation* readers who may have seen articles and reviews signed by me in the *American Review*, the *Commonweal*, and elsewhere, it is Marxism that I hate, and my heart is with the Spanish Nationalists.

Has not your Geoffrey Stone a first or middle initial he could incorporate in his signature, or possibly an alternative first name, to save us both in the future from the embarrassment that the present occasion has doubtless caused him as well as me?

GEOFFREY STONE, Assistant Editor
the *American Review*
New York, September 16

Quincy Howe on Britain

Dear Sirs: I have so long esteemed you and your paper for your good sense, good temper, and good-will that it was physically impossible for me to read the editorial in your issue of September 11 called Anti-British Hysteria and keep away from my typewriter. Either the author of that editorial has not read my book, "England Expects Every American to Do His Duty," which is made the whipping-boy for every form of anti-British sentiment in the United States, or he does not understand English.

I cannot speak with authority for every hysterical Anglophobe; I can only say that what I object to is not "the weakness of British foreign policy" but the whole position of the British Empire, which many Americans—among them, apparently, the editors of *The Nation*—wish the American people to rescue as they did in 1917. Nor did I "berate England for its failure to support collective action" against Japan and Italy. Instead, I devoted many pages to indicating that England's vacillation toward Japanese and Italian aggression conformed precisely with the weak position of the Empire. As for British and American policy in Spain, I pointed out—as many others have done before and since—that the Roosevelt Administration did not rush through its embargo on shipments of war materials to the Spanish government until after Britain and the Non-Intervention Committee had taken precisely the same step. And while I hazarded no guess as to what policy Neville Chamberlain might decide to pursue toward Germany, I tried my best to point out that whoever was Prime Minister, Britain was bound to drift slowly or rapidly into the anti-German camp.

My "vague assertion that the British Empire is consciously looking to the United States to pull its chestnuts out of the fire" finds confirmation in several recent dispatches in the New York *Times* by such gentry as Harold B. Hinton and such peers of the realm as Sir Arthur Willert. The former reports that the State Department and Downing Street have been working hand in glove from the beginning of the Shanghai troubles; the latter comes out openly for Anglo-American cooperation. I also note that though I am accused of vagueness in my references to the activities of British subjects, nothing is said about the list of specific names, statements, and activities of American citizens whose support of British interests carries a thousand times more weight here than anything the British can accomplish by remote control.

But I could accept all this distortion and omission in philosophic silence were it not for your closing paragraph on England and America. "Essentially"—and, mind you, this is *The Nation*, not the New York *Times* or the London *Times* speaking—"the interests of the two countries—economic, political, and social—are identical as far as China is concerned." Only the American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai can top that one.

QUINCY HOWE
New York, September 14

[Much of Mr. Howe's difficulty appears to lie in the assumption that our editorial was intended primarily to be a review of his book. This was far from our intention. In listing the factors responsible for the growth of anti-British sentiment in this country, it did not occur to us to limit ourselves to those discussed in Mr. Howe's biased volume, which was mentioned as a symbol of the existing hysteria rather than as the cause of it. With regard to the main issue—the identity of American and British interests in the Far East—we see no reason why his list of distinguished Anglophiles should make us blind ourselves to realities. One does not need to be a supporter of British imperialism in order to advocate Anglo-American cooperation to check the advance of fascism in the East.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Old Gold Mine

Dear Sirs: Concerning *The Nation's* comment on the Old Gold cigarette contest, "the cream of the jest," it seems to me, lay in the cleverness of the promoters in getting the boob public not only to pay the entire cost of the enterprise but to fatten the company's bank account appreciably. Each contestant turned in three wrappers with each group of answers, or forty-five wrappers in all. Hence, each two of the two million contestants turned in ninety wrappers, representing the purchase of nine cartons of cigarettes at $1.25 a carton. Thus each pair of contestants invested $11.25, making a total investment for the two million contestants of $11,250,000. The company's profit, roughly 10 per cent, would thus be $1,125,000. Deducting cash prizes of $200,000 would leave a balance of $925,000 to cover other costs. Thus the contest apparently yielded a substantial profit, to say nothing of the gain represented by the advertising.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY
New York, September 3

Fired for Silicosis

Dear Sirs: On April 17, 1935, the Supreme Court of Illinois found the state's law pertaining to occupational diseases unconstitutional. This measure had been on the statute books for twenty-five years before the court immolated it on the altar of Illinois industry.

On October 1, 1936, a new occupational-diseases act and a new health and safety act became effective. Both laws are the result of long and increasing pressure by Illinois social and labor agencies. Both are a real step toward health protection in Illinois industry. The Health and Safety Act, which makes the installation of dust-removal equipment mandatory in places where any sort of abrasive machinery is used is particularly commendable.

But from the date of the court's action voiding the old act until the new bill became effective—a period of eighteen and a half months—Illinois workmen in dust-infested shops and factories were without the protection of any law. And Illinois manufacturers, backed by the legal sharpshooters of their insurance carriers, who were no more anxious than industry to shoulder the looming burden of benefits and compensations, took advantage of this court-made period of grace to junk their stricken workers.

Throughout the state the pattern of procedure was almost unvarying. Employees were given X-ray examinations of the chest, and if the results showed even a trace of silicosis or asbestosis they were discharged. In most cases, however, the management did not take such action until the very last hour before the new laws went into effect; thus they squeezed to the final drop the services of skilled and loyal workers. In the April 17 issue of *The Nation* Milton Mayer related how the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria cleared its skirts of 180 afflicted "earthworms." Cement factories, steel mills, potteries, and machine-shops throughout the state had their last-minute mass discharges of faithful workers.

At Robinson thirty-one employees of the local plant of the W. A. Case and Son Pottery Company of Buffalo were turned out in a particularly callous fashion. The Robinson plant manufactures lavatory bowls and tanks and during the greater part of each year employs around two hundred men. Prior to the passage of the Health and Safety Act with its compulsory regulations concerning dust removal, the plant during working hours resembled a sandstorm on the Sahara. The bowls and tanks were dry finished with sandpaper and flint, fine particles of which settled over the workers.

In September, 1936, some 140 employees were give X-ray examinations. The work was done by three doctors—all strangers in the city. The pictures taken were sent to the insurance carrier, the Traveller's of Hartford, Connecticut. As a result thirty men were declared by the insurance company to be uninsurable. Another worker who refused to have a picture taken was dismissed peremptorily; he knew his lungs were bad from private examinations. The other workers knew nothing of the findings of the doctors until 4:30 p.m. on September 30, the day before the new law become effective. On that date thirty-one of the workers were called into the office of the president. For almost an hour he lauded them as the flower of his workmen—then he revealed his purpose in summoning them. Since the insurance company would no longer carry them, W. A. Case and Son was reluctantly forced to dismiss them. In subsequent attempts to justify its action the company has insisted that the aggregate of possible compensation and damages under the new Illinois statute would have meant bankruptcy for the firm. Since the new law as it pertains to occupational-disease compensation is strictly elective, this is hardly valid reasoning.

Of the thirty-one discharged workers, one—Herbert Morris—died nine days after he was discharged. On October 1 he went to the company doctor in Robinson and had an examination which he paid for himself. One lung was closed and the other more than half closed. The shock of this revelation and of his cold-blooded discharge was too much for his weakened body. Morris was just past forty-one and had been employed at the plant for fourteen years.

Among the gratuitous advice given to the Robinson men at the time of their dismissal was the admonition to "get into something else as soon as possible." Two or three have attempted farming, for which they are ill suited by nature of the ailment which led to their discharge. Others are scattered in makeshift jobs such as part-time painting, truck driving, lawn mowing, and taking care of a lodge room. About half of the thirty-one have already exhausted their savings and are on relief. Three had to leave their homes and go out to the oil fields of the Southwest to find real jobs. Seventy-seven children were dependent on these thirty-one laborers for support.

Soon after their dismissal the Robinson men made a direct appeal to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins. Miss Perkins referred their case to Governor Henry Horner. The Governor in turn handed them over to the Illinois Industrial Commission. The commission made the situation pitifully plain in a statement saying that it felt "under no legal obligation to take action but considers the moral obligation clear."

And there the whole matter rests. But if it be true that misery loves company the Robinson men should not be without solace. Six hundred other workers in Illinois, suffering from silicosis because their employers' failed to provide proper working conditions, are marking time with them.

NELSON NUTTALL

Lawrenceville, Ill., September 10

Correction

In the article Detroit's Labor Slate, published September 11, Joel Seidman, referring to Labor's Non-Partisan League, wrote, "to which the auto-unionists look for support of their slate." Through an error "auto-unionists" was printed "anti-unionists."—EDITORS THE NATION.

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

AS THE PRESIDENT'S TRAIN SWINGS THROUGH the Western states, several things grow clearer than they were before. First, the President has lost little if any of his popularity among the common people, despite the frenzied newspaper assaults on him. Secondly, the issue of Justice Black does not loom large enough in the West to enter into political calculations, however it may be bruited in the East. Third, most people are by this time pretty thoroughly wearied with the whole court question, and it will take another important adverse decision of the judges to shake them out of their boredom. Fourth, voters respond most to the hard accomplished facts of economic improvement and local public works under federal auspices. Finally, despite the outcry about government expenditures and high taxes, millions of people still feel that they must continue to depend on federal aid. We agree with Robert S. Allen's statement, elsewhere in this issue, that the President's position on federal expenditures presents a contradiction, and we trust that his Western trip will make him change his mind about drastic curtailing of relief and public-works money. One curious fact is worth noting about the entire trip—the surprise that many newspapers express over the President's failure to push reprisals against Senators Wheeler, O'Mahoney, and the others. This failure is not due to his fear over the Black matter but, as was pointed out in *The Nation* a month ago, to Mr. Roosevelt's determination not to repeat Woodrow Wilson's mistake of making the Congressional elections a personal issue. The President's decision to invade the territory of the hostile Senators is now seen to have been thoroughly justified; it shows the opposition that even in those states they must reckon with the President's undiminished popularity.

*

JAPANESE TROOPS IN NORTH CHINA LAST week captured both Tsangchow and Paotingfu, where Chinese concentrations had remained since the beginning of hostilities. While neither city was of major importance, their loss opens the way to the fertile Yellow River valley, which is the immediate objective of the Japanese advance. It also brings the Japanese near to Shihchiachuang, key to the rich province of Shansi. Despite the crushing defeat inflicted upon them, the Chi-

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nese showed exceptional skill in their retreat. Reports from Japanese sources admit that large Chinese armies escaped southward virtually intact, leaving the Japanese with the problem of ever-lengthening lines of communication. A further complication for the Japanese in this area is the continued presence of strong guerrilla forces in the Western Hills, not more than twenty miles southwest of Peiping. On the all-important Shanghai front the deadlock continues, although there are rumors that the Japanese are about to launch another "big push." Apparently angered by their inability to make greater progress, the Japanese resorted to wholesale bombings of the civilian population of the great southern cities—Nanking, Canton, Hankow, Wuchang, and Nanchang—with appalling consequences. Two thousand civilians were killed in Canton, and hundreds in each of the other cities.

*

FURTHER ACTION BY THE FEDERAL RESERVE Board to ease its money-market restrictions has so far failed to stem the precipitous decline of the stock market. Financial observers remain as bewildered as ever about the cause of the sudden collapse of security prices. Apart from a small decline in steel operations and a somewhat slow seasonal development in the automobile industry, business reports remain generally favorable. Railway-car loadings, usually an accurate index, were higher in the past week than in any previous week since November, 1930. Commodity prices have, on the whole, remained firm despite excellent crops. The farm purchasing power is estimated to be within 1 per cent of the 1929 level. Bank clearances are running some 15 per cent ahead of last year. But stock prices are not determined primarily by objective conditions. They represent an evaluation of future profits. Here there are at least some reasons for caution. Prices have in many instances risen more rapidly than purchasing power, and it is probable that certain of these advances, as in the automobile and steel industries, will hold down consumption. As a result of the outcry of the conservatives, government expenditures for relief and public works have been cut to the bone. The social-security taxes are beginning to reduce purchasing power; the effects of the bonus have completely worn off. But with all these factors taken into consideration, there still appears to be no reason, apart from a profound case of Wall Street jitters, why prices should have fallen to the extent they have.

*

WALL STREET'S LIP-APPROVAL OF THE NEW chairman of the SEC, William O. Douglas, should not be taken too trustingly. Neither Charles R. Gay, head of the Stock Exchange, nor Fred Moffatt, head of the Curb Exchange, welcomes Mr. Douglas's selection. It is no secret that powerful broker and banker interests sought to put every obstacle in the way of his selection, and their belated protestations of approval merely indicate a desire to propitiate the power of the commission. The selection of Mr. Douglas as chairman by the other members of the commission is, to our mind, one of the best pieces of news that has come out of Washington during this discouraging year. It has undoubtedly the indorsement of President Roosevelt and of the retiring chairman, Dean Landis of the Harvard Law School. The commission has thus far been in the stage of laying the groundwork, making exploratory surveys of the territory, feeling out the Wall Street climate. It may go on to become an effective "investors' advocate," controlling the issue of and trading in securities, corporate reorganizations, holding-company structure, and operations on the Exchange. Or it may go the path that the Tariff Commission and the Federal Trade Commission went in the twenties, when they fell into the hands of the very people they were meant to regulate. We welcome Mr. Douglas's chairmanship because his whole record on the commission thus far indicates that he has the intelligence and the vigor, if anyone has, to give effectiveness to the work of the SEC.

*

THE MODERN FORM OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY known as fascist foreign policy has reached such proportions that the Lost and Found Department at Geneva now merely records major thefts, such as the seizure of Ethiopia or the burglary of the Balearics; while the recent Nyon conference, like the Non-Intervention Committee, was content merely to introduce some measure of regulation into the international piracy that has reared its ugly periscope in the Mediterranean. . . . The large-scale operations of Mussolini and Hitler have inevitably given rise to an outbreak of minor cases of assault and battery, petty larceny, kidnapping, and homicide which are becoming a burden at least to the French police and detective agencies. At Brest the other day a group of General Franco's agents tried, as the stately New York *Times* headline had it, to "hijack" a Spanish government submarine which was laid up in that port for repairs. One man was killed in the affair. Count Julian Troncozo y Sagrado, insurgent chief of the northern frontier of Spain, who happened to be in France at the time, has been arrested and jailed in Bayonne as the instigator of the plot. In retaliation the French consul at Malaga has been "stolen" by the insurgents and is being held, we hope not for repairs. The submarine robbery was foiled, but there is an unfounded rumor that the British fleet has been ordered to stick together lest one of its crack ships, venturing out alone, should attract the covetous eye of an Italian, German, insurgent, or Japanese admiral. . . . In French Tunis a group of Italian sailors who may have been part of a "punitive expedition" of fascists from Italian Libya, invaded the office of an Italian anti-fascist newspaper editor. He did not survive the encounter; the headquarters of the Italian League for the Rights of Man was sacked at about the same time. . . . But the most mysterious international mystery has occurred in Paris, where two white Russian generals have been borrowed, stolen, or "disposed of." The mystery is intensified of course by the Russian names of those involved as well as by the fact that one of them is a "veiled Russian singer." This woman, whose name is Nadine

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Plevitskaia, has been arrested on suspicion of complicity in a plot in which her husband was a vanishee; and a Soviet freighter which sailed from Havre for Leningrad with two alleged mysterious passengers is also suspected. The freighter's name is Marya Ulyanova. We give up.

*

THE LA FOLLETTE SENATE COMMITTEE ON civil liberties last year laid bare the inner workings of labor espionage. According to current reports it has set for itself this year the task of investigating vigilante activities. The inquiry will have a wide geographical sweep, and the committee's experts will play the tank towns as well as the big industrial centers. It is planning hearings in the Imperial Valley, in Kansas City, in Arkansas, and in Tampa, Florida, where the Klan is on the march again. The inquiry into labor espionage had excellent results in educating the public; the present project is even more important. Benjamin Stolberg in his articles in our issues of August 14 and 21 established the fact that the employers have fully discovered the uses of fascism and are ready to finance it. The La Follette committee is in an excellent position to demonstrate and define for the public, in terms of specific local events and persons, the general characteristics of vigilantism, the sources of its support, and its significance as a dress rehearsal of fascism. Vigilantism thrives by exploiting the decent motives of the ignorant or unthinking average citizen. The La Follette committee can teach him that when he aids or condones the violation of the civil rights of any individual or group he is thereby laying the basis for his own repression at some later time.

*

THE DEATH OF EDWARD A. FILENE ROBS THE United States of one of its most vigorous personalities. Scorning the easy living and thinking of the conventional rich man, he devoted his money and his untiring energy to economic reform. Higher wages and lower prices, achieved through increasingly mechanized mass-production, was his prescription for an ailing capitalism. Only through the "companionate prosperity" of the masses, he maintained, could the owners of American industry make secure their own prosperity. It was Mr. Roosevelt's effort to increase the purchasing power of the masses that made Mr. Filene an ardent New Dealer —one of the few recruits from the ranks of business "leaders." The same concern for the economic welfare of the little man led Mr. Filene to give an initial impetus to the credit-union movement that now serves more than a million people in thirty-five states with small loans at low rates; to launch, in his seventy-fourth year, the Consumers' Distribution Corporation designed to build a chain of cooperative department stores across the country; and to endow the Twentieth Century Fund, a foundation dedicated to the unusual theory that the chief aim of philanthropy should be to help remove the necessity for giving.

Don't Buy Silk!

THE increasing terror of the Japanese invasion of China, with its wanton bombardment of refugees and of the slum quarters of China's great sprawling cities, has shocked the conscience of a world which is accustomed to brutality and bloodshed. Great Britain, France, the United States, and the Soviet Union have entered vigorous protests against the mass murder of civilian populations. But aside from a condemnatory resolution adopted by its advisory committee, no step has been taken by the League or by the powers acting individually to restrain Japanese aggression. Governments seem to find themselves immobilized by the powerful popular sentiment against any action which might involve their countries in war. If Japan is to be checked and other potential aggressors headed off, it will have to be through a new technique—a technique that is nonviolent and is not dependent on governmental action. A method must be found whereby the masses who are called upon to bear the brunt of war can take action to prevent the war madness which has engulfed Japan from spreading through the world.

The one effective means of protest against war available to the American people today is a consumers' boycott of Japanese goods. An unofficial boycott is not open to any of the objections which have been leveled against international sanctions or governmental embargos. The American government cannot be charged with unneutral conduct merely because citizens choose to buy American-made rather than Japanese goods, or because they refuse to give economic assistance to the Japanese war machine. No military or naval force is required to back up a refusal to purchase Japanese products. Nor can it be said that a boycott would lead to the starvation of Japanese noncombatants. It happens that Japan, with Korea and Formosa, is virtually self-sufficient in foodstuffs, although for secondary war materials, such as scrap-iron, oil, and cotton, it depends very largely on imports.

Because of this, Japan is peculiarly vulnerable to a boycott. As Freda Utley points out in an article on another page of this issue, the Japanese economy is highly unstable. In the first six months of 1937, before the present difficulties even started in China, Japan had an unfavorable trade balance of 640 million yen. Japan is dependent on outside sources for practically all the raw materials necessary to maintain its industry. It must keep up its present export trade if it is to purchase the necessities for waging its war in China.

The organization of a boycott against Japanese goods is a complicated and difficult task. It is not only necessary to persuade consumers that they can make an effective protest against militarism by refusing to support the Japanese war machine, but it is necessary to tell them what products they can substitute for Japanese articles or induce them to do without certain articles to which they are accustomed. This difficulty is apparent particularly in the case of silk. To be effective, a boycott must be directed primarily against silk. Sericulture is the foundation stone of Japan's economy. Silk is the one important export commodity entirely Japanese-created. Other textiles and cheap manufactured articles are merely processed in Japan, the raw materials coming from abroad. Moreover, despite the decline in recent years, silk makes up 55 per cent of Japan's exports to the United States, and the United States takes some 85 per cent of Japan's exported silk. And—even more important from the standpoint of an effective boycott—no less than 97 per cent of the silk used in this country in recent years has come from Japan. Thus the purchase of any given silk dress, if really silk, or pair of silk stockings, is a direct aid to the Japanese in their invasion of China.

A boycott against silk dresses should not present any insurmountable difficulties, since excellent rayon dresses may be obtained in any style and at any price. Women buyers need only be educated to demand American-made rayon, and if the demand is effective enough they can compel local manufacturers to mark their goods "Contains no silk." In the case of silk stockings the problem is admittedly difficult and yet vitally important, since the bulk of Japanese silk is used in the stocking industry. While stockings made of the coarse grades of rayon wear better, on the average, than cheap silk stockings, they are by no means as satisfactory in style or appearance. On the other hand, a stocking made from the better grades of artificial silk will not wear as well as genuine silk. As substitutes, however, both plain lisle and lisle-net stockings may be purchased. Though moderately expensive, these are satisfactory in both appearance and wearing qualities, and they have the advantage of being readily distinguishable from silk.

While no other Japanese export even approaches silk in value, there are a great many articles which, in the aggregate, are of considerable importance. The five-and-ten-cent stores of the country are filled with Japanese products, mostly of inferior quality. These include chinaware, electric-light bulbs, clothing accessories, decorated trays, household gadgets, tuna fish, crab meat, rag rugs, toys, Christmas-tree ornaments, and many other petty articles. A boycott directed against these should be relatively simple, since most of the articles are clearly stamped "Made in Japan," and since a corresponding American-made article, while more expensive, is usually of considerably better quality. Japanese electric-light bulbs, for example, cost five cents less than the American product but use so much more electricity that they would be expensive if a fifty-cent piece were wrapped with each bulb.

We believe that there are large numbers of Americans who are willing to make whatever sacrifice is involved in changing their buying habits until the Japanese are forced out of China. The task is one of organization; and since it is primarily one of organizing women, we commend it to the women's peace organizations, trade unions, and all other groups desirous of preventing another world war. "Don't Buy Silk" is the slogan which will make possible, if anything will, the restoration of international law and security in the Far East.

The Dictators Meet

WHILE the full import of Mussolini's visit to Hitler may not be known for some time, it cannot be denied that it was a masterpiece of showmanship. The League had just met and was feebly engaged in trying to find a solution to the Spanish and Chinese appeals which would not offend the aggressors. The Nyon "piracy" agreement had been made over in part to suit the pirates. Japan was unleashing death upon defenseless Chinese civilians. With large sections of the world in shambles, the two great dictators—upon whose word the outbreak of the next war hangs—met amid unparalleled display to determine the next step in their campaign of aggression.

Beneath the pomp and ceremony, however, Hitler and Mussolini were undoubtedly oppressed by the fact that events are not going too well for dictators. Despite the partial victory at Nyon, the anti-piracy patrol has been established, and for the first time in weeks supplies are pouring into Loyalist Spain. Madrid reports food shipments which eliminate for the time being any danger of serious shortage. Aided by new supplies, the government has launched two of the most successful offensives that it has undertaken since the beginning of the war. In the south the Loyalists have captured Penarroya, an important rail junction, and swept on almost ten miles to the outskirts of Granja. In the extreme east government troops have advanced along the Pyrenees to Jaca. They are also reported to have cut the railway between Saragossa and Huesca. While the rebel advance against Gijon has continued in the north, the Asturians are putting up a much better fight than anyone believed possible a few weeks ago.

Once again Mussolini and Hitler must decide whether to withdraw from Spain or to send heavy reinforcements in the hope of breaking the long deadlock. On this the reports are conflicting. In the middle of last week the British government declared that it had been assured that Italy would send no more "volunteers" to Spain. Later, however, a responsible Italian official asserted that Italian troops would continue to fight for Franco "until he wins." Which course is taken will depend largely on the accuracy of the sensational stories which have been coming through recently of disaffection in Mussolini's empire. While the report of a wholesale massacre of Italians at Makale, printed in the New York *Herald Tribune,* was promptly denied, such denials can never be taken at their face value. Meanwhile, even more significant stories have come from Sicily. The most recent issue of the *Week* (London) credits foreign military observers with the statement that the recent Italian maneuvers were held in Sicily primarily for the purpose of forestalling severe civilian disturbances. Prior to the dispatch of troops the area was described as being in "a state of more or less open and sporadic civil war."

In ordinary states the existence of domestic unrest would bring about a conciliatory shift in foreign policy.

In fascist states, however, this is not necessarily the case. Both Hitler and Mussolini have consistently acted on the assumption that the best way to quell internal discontent is to create a first-rate international issue. Thus the next few weeks may be decisive ones in European history.

The Education of Hugo Black

BY THE time this is read, Justice Black will have returned to the United States, faced with a choice of talking or refusing to talk, of resigning or sticking to his guns. We want him to talk, but not to resign.

The Nation's position on the Black imbroglio can be briefly summarized. We are against the Klan, as we have always been, and against everything that the Klan stands for. If we thought that Justice Black were now a Klansman, in fact, spirit, deed, or idea, we should oppose him bitterly and without compromise. But we see nothing about him—his personality, his actions, his speeches, his friends and enemies, his Senate record—that carries even a whiff of the Klan smell. We see instead a brilliant, militant, uncompromising liberal, who has brought his fine abilities to the service of the underprivileged and the oppressed—one of a small group in Congress that has put teeth into liberalism. And seeing this, we examine the charges contained in the Paul Block series "exposing" Black, we consider the sources from which these charges come and the motives that impel them, and in the absence of any other evidence we refuse to be swerved from our belief in the integrity of Black's liberalism.

What did the Paul Block articles say? They said that Justice Black was a member of the Klan in Alabama for two years, from 1923 to 1925, before he ran for the Senate; that he resigned in 1925; that he appeared at another Klan meeting in 1926 and received a "grand passport" of honorary membership in the Klan, which he has never since formally turned back; that in his speech at this meeting he thanked the Klan for its support; and that others present at this meeting made violent speeches in affirmation of the Klan's anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-Jewish principles.

We want to know from Justice Black how many of these charges are true. Pending his long-delayed statement, we will assume their truth. What follows? We stated, in our first editorial approving Black's nomination to the Supreme Court, that he had accepted Klan support in his senatorial campaign. This seemed small when weighed in the balance against Black's record in the Senate, and his stand against everything reactionary in American life. The new charges add three specific items—the actual Klan membership for two years, the actual speech acknowledging Klan support, and the acceptance of the "passport." Of these the last is the one that troubles liberals most. If the "passport" has any meaning, it would make Justice Black still a Klan member. But one has only to read its bombastic phrases to see that it is one of those meaningless baubles that every politician possesses, of one kind or another. None of the new items are palatable to us, but they do not go substantially beyond the original fact of Black's acceptance of Klan support. They do increase the conviction we have previously expressed that Black at the time of his election to the Senate was a political opportunist.

But what of the Black of 1937? It is that Black who is now on the court, and whose right to be on the court is now being contested. We don't like political opportunists, but we insist on the necessity for distinguishing between opportunism and all the connotations of bigotry and reaction that go with the symbol of the Klansman.

Hugo Black is no Klansman. Everything that he has stood for in his eleven years in the Senate runs counter to what the Klan has stood for. The Klan itself hates him bitterly now, as the Alabama employers hate him, and it has evidently lent its records with great willingness to the "investigators." Black has supported human rights in their crucial aspect in the America of today—the right to have a job and get decent wages and not work excessive hours; he has fought for adequate relief for the unemployed from the ravages of the depression; he has fought to give Negroes in the South the same economic status as whites, and to save them from discrimination in the provisions of the wage-hour bill; he has fought for the consumer of public-utility services; he has fought for the liberation of the common man from the oppressive weight of the giant corporation lobbies, which have hitherto kept him from thinking freely or freely exercising his political privileges. Black has throughout his Senate career been more than the politico who pays lip-service to the tenets of liberalism. He has been a passionately sincere humanist, guided throughout by his understanding of the fundamental truth of the new militant liberalism—that the basic approach to human rights lies in securing for the individual that economic freedom on which alone the dignity of the individual can be based.

Hugo Black was not born to this knowledge. He was no New England Brahman, no Western Populist, no New York intellectual. He did not have in his blood and at his command the traditions of intellectual enlightenment that Justice Holmes, Senator La Follette, Justice Cardozo inherited. For what he is, he has had to sweat and fight. He has come up from the ignorance and bigotry of the Southern masses. He has fought his way from a rudimentary schooling and a small-town law practice into national prominence. He has had no one like Emerson near him to discuss Plato with, as Holmes did, no expensive Harvard training as Brandeis did. He has had to grope his way unaided through books, see through their platitudes, get at their truths. On his visit in London the man he sought out was Harold Laski, the place he sought out was Toynbee Hall, the books he looked for in the bookstalls were some volumes of Grote's "History of Aristotle" which were missing from his collection, and Thucydides's "History of the Greek Wars." Between the philosophical radical of today and Black's origins in the little town of Ashland, Alabama, stretches an enormous span. The story of how that span was built is the story of the education of Hugo Black. And in that education the Klan incident was an episode, blunderingly entered upon and now being bitterly paid for. But the results of that education hearten us with a renewed belief in the possibilities of American life.

The Nation's support of Justice Black, like the support of other progressive organs of opinion, has been vigorously attacked by writers in the New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune.* These writers, who have fought reaction with a fervor directly proportionate to its distance from our shores, now set themselves up as the high priests of liberalism in America and the keepers of its sacred fires. Their views on Justice Black undoubtedly reflect as well as form the opinions of a strong minority of liberals, especially since so many of them still cling to the notion of Supreme Court judges as men set apart from other mortals. This other-worldly view of the judges is part of a false symbolism of the court that exercises such a hold over us still, even after the proof that has piled up in the past two years that judges are all too human. Not sharing this view of the court, we plead for making the same appraisal of an appointment to it as one would make of a selection for any other high and responsible office.

We are accused of betraying liberalism by the doctrine that the end justifies any means. We hold no such doctrine. We hold that if democratic government is to survive it must learn not to fall into the traps set by powerful oligarchical minorities, and that the demand for the resignation of Justice Black is such a trap. Parallels are continually drawn with the experience of Germany and Italy. But we insist that the crucial lessons to be learned from the experience of both countries is that the absolutes of ideological liberalism are not enough, and that when democracies allow the machinery of government to be deadlocked and fail to maintain their control over the anarchic forces of big business, they give way to dictatorships. Justice Black as an individual is of minor importance, but Justice Black as an active part of a program of effective democracy is a symbol of major moment.

There is another line of objection that has a measure of cogency, although we find it indecisive. It comes from those who feel that the liberal defense of Justice Black will have indirect consequences that may in the end prove costly. It is of course conceivable that Klan organizers will feel emboldened to go about claiming the sanction of liberal approval and Supreme Court membership, but it is too far-fetched a contingency to sway our judgment. Like other liberals we shall continue to attack the Klan and every other manifestation of vigilantism and reaction wherever they appear. But the way to attack these evils is to continue the fight against the conditions that breed them, not assail a man who in defiance of his own past has made himself a leader in that fight.

Legionism

TIMES SQUARE has recovered from the impact of an American Legion convention, and several hundred thousand legionnaires and their wives have gone back to a thousand American towns to pursue business as usual—until another riotous holiday rolls round. We do not grudge the legionnaires their fun. Yet it does not seem too much to ask that the representatives of 1,000,000 men who were soldiers in the world's most futile war twenty years ago should now, in their maturity, make a genuine if small contribution to the preservation of democracy and peace in the form of intelligent declarations of policy. But the air of democracy was not enriched by the utterances of American Legion dignitaries; and peace was discussed only in terms of militarism and the next war. The whole affair was a dispiriting exhibition of hypocrisy and confusion by day—while by night elephantine schoolboy pranks paralyzed the orderly processes of the country's largest city with ominous completeness.

The Legion convention made a great show of non-partisanship on controversial issues. If it had been truly non-partisan it would have denounced the extra-legal vigilante movements in which legionnaires have played a large part in the past year. Instead, it passed resolutions defending property rights and the sanctity of contracts but neglected to mention freedom of speech, press, peaceable assembly, or picketing; and its new commander, Daniel J. Doherty, a "desk admiral" from Boston, took occasion to say that while every legionnaire must decide for himself which side to take in a given situation, "the American Legion and each individual legionnaire must preserve law and order when called upon by the legal authorities." Apparently, then, it remains only for the deputy sheriff or the mayor of a company town to speak—as they did in Monroe, Michigan, and Johnstown, Pennsylvania—and the men of the Legion will be found once more on the side of the angels and Tom Girdler.

Before the convention opened, there was much talk of peace as the most pressing issue to be considered. But the program presented to the delegates, those that showed up on the morning after the night before in Times Square, was much the same as in former years. It called for the conscription of capital as well as men in the next war, demanded a navy second to none, recommended increases in the standing army and reserve corps, and demanded pensions for widows and orphans of veterans.

Aside from such matters as electing a new national commander, the Legion leadership devoted most of its energy to a typical "know-nothing" attack on what it calls "isms"—fascism, communism, and nazism—while fostering in the ranks of the organization an attitude of intolerance which is best described as legionism. The legionnaires this year did not bring up the question of pensions. But there will be other conventions—and it is a commonplace of our history that one good handout, like one good war, always deserves another.

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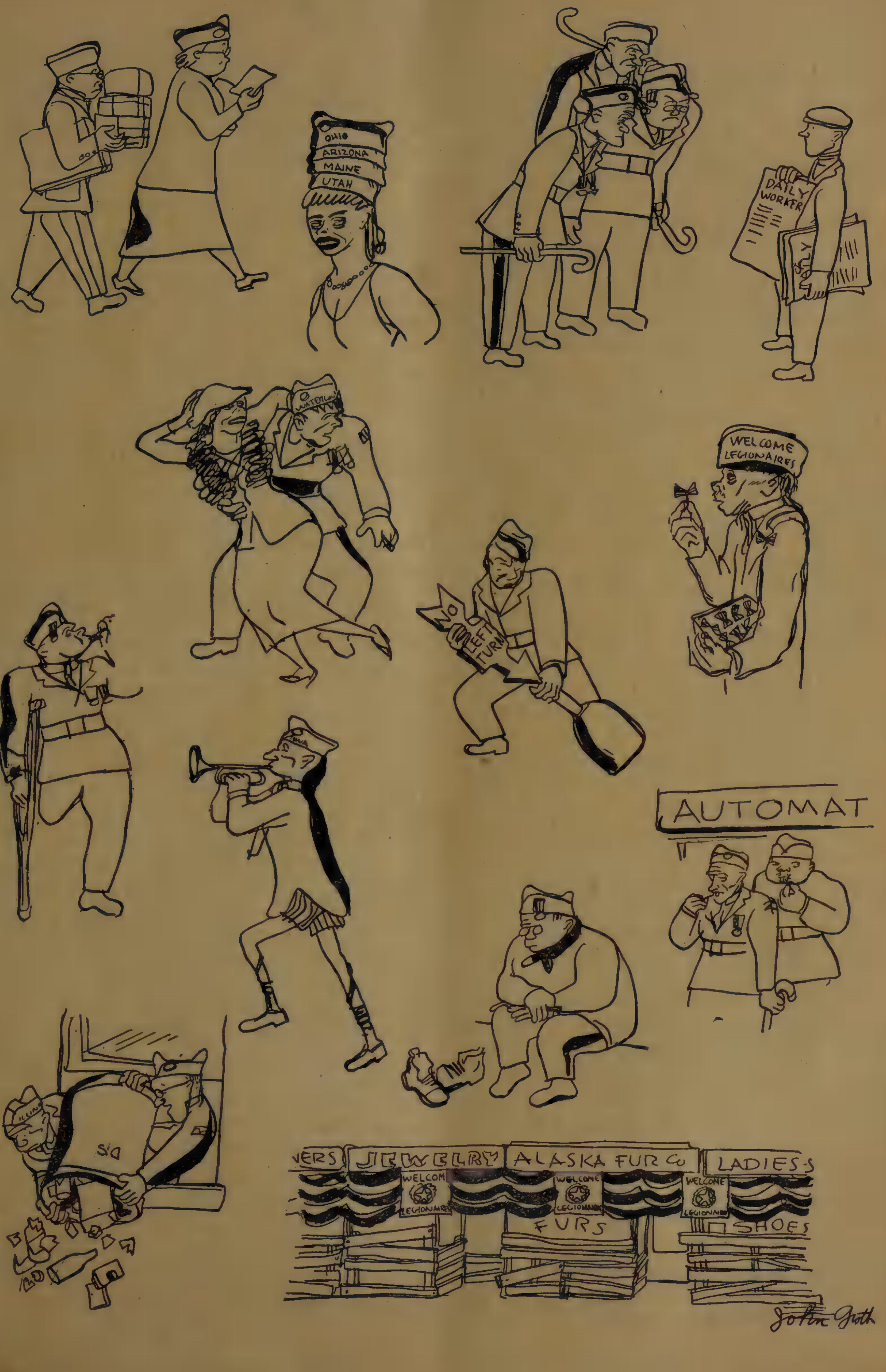
The Legion Comes to Town—by John Groth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FURS
SHOES
John Groth

Roosevelt Consults the Country

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Pocatello, Idaho, September 26
Aboard President Roosevelt's Train

THIS has been a hard trip for all but a handful of the twenty-odd correspondents accompanying the President. Reactionary news butchers working for reactionary papers, most of them were sent for the express purpose of producing unfavorable dispatches. Particularly were they under orders to cook up stories reporting a great tidal wave of popular outrage over the Black-Klan exposé. They have found it tough going.

From Chicago west there is no sign of excitement over the Black matter. The feeling seems to be general that the Alabaman was appointed because of his long and outstanding liberal record in the Senate and that his one-time membership in the Klan, while unfortunate, does not establish his present unfitness for the bench. The most conclusive evidence of this state of public opinion is the calm attitude of local leaders, whose business it is to keep an ear close to the ground. With few exceptions, from Mayor Kelly of Chicago to Senator Schwellenbach of Washington they declare there is no strong feeling against Black. Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, a Catholic and a leading foe of the President's court bill, summed up the general point of view: "People are discounting Black's membership in the Klan years ago. They feel he has grown up and that he will make as courageous and liberal a judge as he was for twelve years a Senator."

As striking as this attitude concerning Black is the undiminished popularity and strength of the President throughout the West. In fact, the two go hand in hand. Repeatedly this correspondent has heard the remark, "Well, Roosevelt appointed him, and he must be all right." The President's continued hold on the public is extraordinary. It is safe to assert that if a vote were taken this year he would sweep the country as overwhelmingly as he did a year ago. Everywhere along his route, whether early in the morning, in the afternoon, or late at night, enthusiastic crowds are on hand to acclaim him. Even more significant is the way state and local officials and Senators and Congressmen hover about him. Politicos don't do that unless they know it pays. The most dramatic illustration of this was Senator O'Mahoney's muscling in on the President's party during the tour through Wyoming. O'Mahoney never would have put on so public an exhibition of crow-eating if he had not felt he had to.

At the same time there is no excessive interest in the court-reform fight. The feeling seems to be that while Roosevelt did not get the bill he wanted, he nevertheless forced the Supreme Court to reverse itself and that a man of his choice now holds a place on the bench. Unquestionably a reactionary decision by the Supreme Court or a new judiciary bill by the President would rekindle the flames of controversy, but at present interest is at a low ebb. Nor is there active sentiment for a special session of Congress. If Roosevelt calls one, it will be accepted as something he considers necessary. But there is no demand for it. On the other hand, there is strong demand for a new AAA. This is a reversal of attitude. A few months ago the farmers generally were indifferent to such legislation. But the break in commodity prices has scared them. They fear a repetition of 1930-32 and want another crop-surplus control program. They don't care whether it is enacted at a special or regular session, but they want it in operation by next spring.

The significance of one phase of the President's speeches during the trip has largely been muffed by the press accompanying him. Little stress has been placed on his repeated and deftly worded statements that the end is in sight for large public-works and relief expenditures. In throwing out this hint the President has found himself at variance with both local authorities and public sentiment. The West wants more, not fewer, federal projects, and state and city officials have warned Roosevelt that continued curtailment of relief rolls will result in extensive and bitter suffering this winter. To this popular opinion and official counsel he has replied in a curious way. In one breath he has boasted of the thousands of permanent developments constructed under his Administration and the great benefits localities will derive from them, and in the next he has declared the time has come to put an end to such commendable works. His speech at Casper, Wyoming, was an illustration of this paradoxical position.

"I am glad this great project of yours, the Casper-Alcova dam, is being constructed," he said. "It is just one example of what the government has been doing these last four years. We have spent money in every part of the country putting people to work. At the same time we have benefited thousands of communities with developments of permanent value. However, from now on we are not going to spend nearly so fast as we did the first four years. There isn't anything like the unemployment today that existed when I first came into office. That, of course, is helping me to balance the budget and we are doing that steadily."

Cutting down relief and public-works expenditures undoubtedly will help balance the budget. It will also win the President plaudits from the reactionary press, Wall Street, and business men. But it will not solve unemployment or the problems of states and cities on whom the care of the huge army of jobless is steadily being thrust—as Mr. Roosevelt is destined to learn in the not distant future.

Japan Fears a Boycott

BY FREDA UTLEY

IN SEVERAL quarters a boycott is being suggested as a technique to check Japanese aggression in China. The effectiveness of such a boycott is readily apparent, for Japan is economically even more vulnerable than Italy. Moreover, while Italy entered upon its conquest of Ethiopia after more than a decade of peace, Japan is attempting to conquer China with its reserves already exhausted by the effort of holding down the 30,000,000 people of Manchuria and fortifying that puppet state against the U. S. S. R. And, finally, the conquest of a united China determined on resistance at whatever cost is a far stiffer proposition than the conquest of Ethiopia.

In the first six months of 1937 Japan had an adverse trade balance larger than the total for the earthquake year of 1924 and almost as large as the total adverse balance for 1936. Even before the war began, exports were covering only two-thirds of imports. Japan lacks the foreign investments necessary to cover its trade deficit and has accordingly been forced to export its scanty gold reserves.

Japan's great import excess in 1936 and 1937 is due not only to the large amount of metals and machinery necessary for its armament program, but also to the dwindling of the advantage it has derived since 1932 from extremely low labor costs in a period of cheap raw materials. As the prices of cotton and wool rose on the world market, the ratio of raw-material cost to the total cost of production rose along with it, while that of labor cost fell. Consequently Japan's export of textiles started to decline last year in quantity as well as in value, and has continued to decline ever since. Japan is finding it increasingly difficult to undercut its competitors.

The British Empire takes 28 per cent of Japanese exports and supplies 31 per cent of its imports. The United States (without the Philippines) takes 22 per cent and supplies 32 per cent. Thus the British Empire and the United States combined take half of Japan's exports and supply 63 per cent of its needs. Moreover, the United States takes 85 per cent of Japan's raw-silk export, which is the only Japanese export not dependent on imported supplies of raw materials. Japan's whole social structure, in fact, is dependent on the American silk market.

Japan is vitally dependent on imports of oil from the United States and the Dutch East Indies, and of iron and scrap from India, Malaya, and Australia. Even with imported ore the output of pig iron in the Japanese Empire, including Manchuria, at its peak figure in 1936 was only 2.9 million tons as against Britain's 8 million and Germany's 15 million. Japan's steel production is little more than double Luxemburg's; together with that of Manchuria its output in 1936 came to only 5½ million tons as against Britain's 11.8 million and Germany's 19 million. Its coal consumption is only a fifth of Britain's. Japan's heavy industry is not developed proportionately to its light industry. Japan cannot even make its own automobiles and is dependent on the West for many kinds of machinery.

A vital weakness for Japan in war is its primitive system of land cultivation. The productivity per acre is high, but the productivity per man is excessively low since not even animal power is used in cultivation and machinery is almost unknown. The labor of one peasant family produces only enough rice to feed itself and two other families even at the low average rate of consumption in peace time. Hence the transfer of large numbers of men to the army, and of women to the munition factories, is bound to cause a steep fall in production at the very time when tens of thousands of soldiers have to be provided with a more substantial diet than they existed on as peasants.

Japan has never fought a real war without financial assistance from the West. Today its financial position is worse than it has ever been, and at the end of last year it had already started down the slippery slope of inflation. Wholesale prices last April were nearly double what they had been in December, 1931, before the gold standard was abandoned, although money wages have declined. Metals had risen 76 per cent since 1936, textiles and fuel 25 per cent, and retail prices 30 per cent. The hardship of this caused the number of strikes in the first four months of this year to reach the highest figure on record. The difference in the extent to which wholesale and retail prices have risen is a measure of the difficulties of the small shopkeepers and artisans.

The rise in the cost of living, which was proceeding at an accelerated pace even before the war began, is mainly due to Japan's long series of unbalanced budgets. Ever since the Manchurian "affair" the deficit covered by loan issues has been mounting, and according to official estimates for the current year, national expenditure was expected to reach 2,872 million yen as against an ordinary revenue of little more than 1,500 million. Fresh loans were to provide 965 million, and taxation 1,313 million. The new appropriations for the war on China bring the total expenditure up to nearly 5,500 million. The estimated revenue from taxation, state monopolies, and the like now covers less than a third of expenditure. Moreover, the war expenditures are estimated for a war of short duration.

The significance of the 5½-billion-yen state expenditure can be appreciated if one notes that the estimated national income (according to the Mitsubishi Economic Research Bureau) was only 13 billion in 1936, and that the national debt was already 11 billion at the end of last year. The per capita income in Japan is less than 200 yen a year (about $56.50 in American money), of which the state now claims 40 per cent.

Socially Japan is as unstable as it is economically. Nearly half the population is on the land, and the large majority of the peasantry pay half or more of the rice harvest as rent in kind to a million parasitic landowners, who contribute neither seed, nor fertilizer, nor capital. Those peasants who in theory own their own land are equally burdened by the high rates of interest they have to pay to usurers; practically none of them are free from debt. The consequence of the survival of such feudal social and economic relationships is an extremely narrow home market and a desperately poor peasantry, unable to accumulate capital even when prices rise, and therefore unable to modernize its methods of cultivation. This in turn has led to a lopsided industrial development; only the export industries, such as textiles, and the armament industries, relying on state orders, are conducted on a large scale with up-to-date technique. Below them are an enormous number of tiny enterprises in which a master and a few apprentices and "journeymen" produce by hand or with a minimum of mechanical power.

The enormous lower middle class of petty landowners, usurers, small industrialists, traders, artisans, and craftsmen is extremely poor and full of hatred for the monopolists of trade and industry who control raw materials, credit, and foreign trade. Interest rates are so high and the home market is so narrow that there is no possibility of the small man's expanding his business and becoming a prosperous capitalist. There is no substantial investing middle class, capital being centralized to an extraordinary degree in the hands of the giant family business houses—the Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, Yasuda, and others. Although all incomes above 1,200 yen ($600 at par) a year are taxable, there were only 569,046 income taxpayers in 1931, and only 20,524 who reported incomes of $5,000 or more. The average was about $800. Yet there were twenty men drawing between $300,000 and $1,500,000. Only 730,000 tradesmen paid the business-profits tax, which is levied on all businesses making a net profit of $200 or more a year.

Such centralization of capital, although it makes the mobilization of national income for war easier than in countries with a large middle class, renders Japan's social system peculiarly unstable in a crisis. The bitter hatred of the peasant for the landowner and the usurer—who is in fact the agent of the banks—and of the small trader and industrialist for the plutocrats constitutes a veritable volcano, the eruption of which Japan's ruling classes seek to prevent by wars and chauvinist propaganda.

These social discontents have been canalized into support of aggression since 1931, and revolt has been staved off by false hopes of prosperity for all through easy conquest. But what will happen when conquest is no longer easy, and the strain of a long war becomes intolerable to a people which has been drawing its belt tighter and tighter? Manchuria has provided nothing but additional burdens for the mass of the people. Nor would the annexation of North China, which the Japanese expected to accomplish without a real war, have given any relief to the peasants or the lower middle classes. A poisoned man cannot be cured by stuffing him with food, and Japan's social structure is too diseased for new colonies to cure its ills. Manchuria has plenty of empty land awaiting colonization, but only a few hundred Japanese peasants have gone there. The capital to finance emigration is not forthcoming and will never be available as long as Japan is ruled by plutocrats and a military, landowning class.

Of course China too has its agrarian problem, and there are elements in that country which fear agrarian revolution more than they do a Japanese conquest. The Chinese bankers might be inclined to seize any chance of peace before they lose their wealth, even if this meant surrender of the national interest. The danger is that Britain, concerned only with saving its investments in China before Japan has ruined the country, and nervous about the effect on Japan of a long war, will bring pressure to bear on the Chinese government to surrender although its armies remain undefeated. It is certain, however, that the overwhelming majority of the Chinese people are determined to fight to the bitter end. The Chinese armies are showing extraordinary courage and tenacity at Shanghai, and a boycott of Japanese goods by the United States and Great Britain would almost certainly tip the scales in favor of China. Britain under its present government will never on its own initiative bring economic pressure to bear on Japan. It desires to see the ruling class of Japan survive, and it expects to secure its investments by bargaining with the Japanese and by bringing pressure on China to cede the five northern provinces to Japan. Should the United States decide to boycott Japanese goods, however, while at the same time invoking the Neutrality Act to prevent sales to Japan on credit, the British government would be forced to take action along the same lines. Such action would receive overwhelming support in Britain not only in Liberal and Labor circles but even in certain sections of the Conservative Party.

If the United States is not interested in saving China for moral or ideological reasons, it may be influenced by the fact that one of the main ambitions of Japan in North China is to develop it into a great cotton-growing area and thus become free of the need to import American cotton. Surely the permanent interests of American cotton growers are worth a few weeks' boycott of Japanese silk. American interests in China, moreover, while not comparable to Britain's in the sphere of investments, are not negligible in the sphere of trade.

Japan was far stronger financially in 1922 than it is now, yet the United States and Britain then were easily able to force it to disgorge its conquests in China. There is no more reason now than there was then to fear that political or economic pressure on Japan would involve the United States or Great Britain in a war. The very hint of Anglo-American cooperation to put economic pressure on Japan would stop the war. The United States was able to bring British policy into line with its own in 1922. Can it not do so in 1937?

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British Labor in Retreat

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, September 11

THE Trades Union Congress at Norwich was what is politely termed a "realistic" congress. As such, it has been warmly, and not at all illogically, congratulated by the London *Times*. It has defeated unity within the ranks of labor by an overwhelming majority. It has voted, also overwhelmingly, not to oppose the arms program of the national government. It has declared its faith in the ideal of the League of Nations and called upon that body to help democratic Spain. It has reaffirmed its belief in the forty-hour week, though without any concrete plan of action to obtain it. It has approved the Labor Party's contributory pension scheme (for pensions of one pound weekly for single persons at sixty-five years of age and thirty-five shillings for married couples). It has approved a charter for nurses and decided to appoint an advisory council of scientists to assist it in its work. The trade-union movement, said Mr. Bevin proudly, in his presidential address, has become "an integral part of the state."

There was no mention of socialism in the Congress, except from isolated delegates on the floor. There was no mention of the class war. There was no suggestion that in a boom period of rising prices there ought to be a determined effort by the unions for higher wages and better conditions. There was no answer to a demand for a strong campaign on behalf of Spain. There was stony silence when the vice-president of the South Wales Miners' Federation asked for industrial protest against the means test and for higher benefits for the unemployed. The whole atmosphere of the congress pre-supposed collaboration with capitalism and the government. There were demands, indeed, for social reforms like shorter hours; and Mr. Bevin urged the importance of preparing a public-works program against the day when the inevitable slump follows the end of the armaments boom. It was assumed throughout that nothing was possible on any large scale until the next Labor government comes to power.

The central feature of the congress was of course the decision not to oppose the rearmament program of the government. Labor has now adopted an attitude of which the London *Times* can rightly say that "there is no longer even the appearance of disagreement between the government and the opposition on the need for the rearmament that is in progress." Why is this? Because labor assumes that the present international situation is not the outcome of the inherent contradictions of capitalist imperialism, but of the "secret" policies of Germany, Italy, and Japan in persuading large numbers of their subjects that they are encircled and menaced by hostile combinations of other states. Labor assumes that fascism menaces democracy, which must be armed to meet the menace. It therefore commits itself to supporting the provision of arms. It seems quite unable to realize what is involved in that commitment.

For, clearly, support of the arms program means that there can be no industrial action which will interfere with its completion. That is why the trade-union leaders refuse to take advantage of the present boom. That is why in almost every big union militant members are penalized, unofficial strikes vigorously suppressed, and too zealous strikers, like some in the Transport Workers' Union and the Electrical Trades Union, actually expelled. The leaders, in fact, have assured the government and the employers that they need not expect difficulties from the trade unions in completing the armaments program.

For if, says Sir Walter Citrine, labor were in power, it would need arms against fascism; therefore, keeping in view the day when it will come to power, it must not interfere with their present provision. But labor is at the same time insisting that it is passionately opposed to the foreign policy of the government. It is therefore arming it for the defense of a policy which it has denounced on a thousand platforms as largely responsible for the need to rearm.

Does labor expect that if the present government is driven into war with any or all of the fascist powers it will automatically adopt labor's foreign policy? Or is it gambling on the possibility that war will not come until a Labor government is in power? I confess that I do not know, though I suspect that it is the first view that is in the minds of those leaders who have prevailed. They are ready, that is, to give a support to the government similar to that which they proffered to Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey in 1916. They make, it appears, the similar assumption that a capitalist government which fights fascist capitalism is fighting the battle of labor. Yet in the same breath they are forced to condemn the sympathy of this government for General Franco, and to insist on the necessity of a complete alteration in its non-interventionist policy. I do not wonder that Mr. Attlee and Herbert Morrison are gravely perturbed at the direction the trade unions have given the labor movement. They are leading it straight to a deception as profound as that of 1914.

This explains the overwhelming rejection of unity. For the protagonists of unity have insisted throughout that there is no safe policy for the workers unless it is built upon a recognition of the abyss which separates working-class interests from capitalist interests over the whole field of policy. They say that the only kind of war a capitalist government will wage is one undertaken to defend capitalist interests. Once the labor movement fails to recognize this, its policy must follow an inevitable logic. It will begin, as it has begun, by supporting rearmament. It will continue by sacrificing the claims of the workers to the fulfilment of the arms program. And it will end by joining a re-formed National government to wage the war that will eventually come out of the competition in arms.

The view that trade-union leaders have taken has, in fact, caught the labor movement in a trap. All the talk about using the League, ending non-intervention, and so on produces not the slightest effect on the government. It will do nothing in the League for democratic Spain; Sir Samuel Hoare has already told us that the Spanish struggle is a "faction fight" in which the British people have no interest. The trade unions do not appear to understand that what makes their strength respected by the government is a willingness to use that strength. They were respected in 1920 when by militant action they stopped intervention in Russia. They cannot expect respect in 1937 when they appeal to the British government to use the League in behalf of Spain—the same British government which they charge is primarily responsible for sabotaging the League.

All this is a grim prelude to the Labor Party conference at Bournemouth next month. It will not be less reactionary, or I should say "realistic," than the Trades Union Congress. Unity will not be discussed, for the National Executive has already ruled the forty-three resolutions urging it out of order. Support for the arms program will go through; the trade-union majority will assure that. It is even said that the proposal that the local Labor parties elect their own representatives to the executives will be defeated by the trade unions, since if this proposal should pass, it is more than probable that certain left-wing Socialists would be elected to the executives.

I predict that there will emerge at Bournemouth the most right-wing atmosphere the Labor Party has ever known. Every expression of left opinion will be steam-rollered by the trade-union leaders. For those leaders do not even respect the decisions of their own rank and file. The Amalgamated Engineering Union was instructed by its annual conference to move that the arms program be withdrawn. At Norwich the executive of that union arbitrarily decided to withdraw its resolution. The miners instructed their delegates to reject the General Council's proposals, but the delegates decided to support it even before the debate on armaments was held. It is no wonder that many visitors and rank-and-file delegates were asking at Norwich what labor leaders will be members of the National government when the final crisis comes.

I do not for a moment doubt the sincerity of either Sir Walter Citrine or Mr. Bevin, the two leaders predominantly concerned in making the new orientation of labor. I say only that in making it they have adopted an attitude incompatible with a Socialist diagnosis, and therefore a Socialist policy, in this critical position. They separate fascism abroad from its capitalist roots—and look to British capitalists to save us from its consequences. And in order to help save us they suppress militancy in the unions, deny the reality of the class struggle, sneer at the conquests of the Soviet Union, and assure the government that, in the one field where it is afraid of the trade unions, it need not fear them. All this at a time when the cost of living is rising, when in the metal industries unprecedented profits are being made, when the government, in addition, is lavishing subsidies on the employers.

Mr. Bevin foresees the coming slump, and he asks this government to take action against it. He knows as well as anyone what this government did in the slump of 1931. He knows that in that crisis wages were ruthlessly cut, standards of life ruthlessly lowered. He knows further that capitalism is well accustomed to climbing out of a slump by an attack on the workers. I do not know what reason he has to suppose that it will be different next time. Does he expect that out of gratitude to him for his attitude now the National government will in a crisis embark upon a great program for housing and health and education? Mr. Bevin is not a simple man, and I find it difficult to believe that he can be so easily deceived. Yet his present policy calls essentially for a collaboration with a government which by its nature prevents the workers from fighting for their legitimate share of the profits being made in this boom period. It is a policy, moreover, which assists in penalizing all who refuse to concur in this lamentable and short-sighted conciliation.

I wish I were certain what Mr. Bevin meant by his remarkable claim that the trade-union movement is "an integral part of the state." There is an undeniable fascist flavor about that utterance. Does Mr. Bevin think that state and community are interchangeable terms? Does he believe that the state is a neutral factor in society which, independently of the ownership of the instruments of production, charges itself with the well-being of all classes? It is difficult to interpret his presidential address except upon that assumption. And the implication follows that Mr. Bevin has become a liberal social reformer whose principles are not really distinguishable from those of Lord Baldwin or Mr. Lloyd George. The pace at which he wishes to move is, no doubt, more rapid. But I do not need to explain to Americans who watch the struggle between the President and big business that a liberal social reformer without a militant labor movement behind him has little chance of victory. He cannot, in the long run, as M. Blum has grimly learned, command the confidence of business interests; and without that confidence he cannot make the system work except on their terms.

This is the cul-de-sac into which the trade-union leaders have taken the labor movement. To get out of it will be a long and grim struggle, not likely to be won without bitter fighting. For when labor consents to join forces with a capitalist government, it forfeits its right to define the purpose of its struggle. It loses its independence; and independence is the condition upon which it remains the master of its own destiny.

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The Romans Would Understand

BY I. F. STONE

WHY do the Nazis engage in a conflict with German Protestantism? They could easily avoid it. It is true that they have set up a totalitarian state, but there is no need to be literal about it. Two-thirds of the Germans are Protestants. Many good bourgeois who approve of all else in Hitlerism resent its interference with their faith. It is significant that Niemöller, leader of the rebellious Confessionals, was no liberal or radical disguising opposition to fascism under the cloak of religious controversy but a reactionary who participated in the brutal attacks on the left after the war and in 1923. What do the Nazis have to gain in this fight? How much may they not lose?

The New York *Times* a few Sundays ago told of the so-called catacomb synod held in Germany. Sixty-eight clergymen and lay members of the Protestant churches gathered for a secret conference in Lippstadt. They went there, the *Times* correspondent reported, "not en masse or even in pairs but singly and at different times. They did not dare to stay in the town hotels." The picture recalls to mind persecutions the church has undergone in the past, the resistance faith has always shown to faggot; and one wonders what obtuseness in the German character has led the Hitler regime to attack these Confessional pastors and to label middle-class suburban clergymen "Marxist" and "Communist." But the conflict transcends national defects and leaps national boundaries. On the same Sunday Hearst's New York *American* had an editorial on Christianity versus Communism splashed over most of page two. There, in much the same terms as those used in the Third Reich, the Protestant Episcopal, the Methodist, the Congregational, and other Christian denominations in this country were accused of harboring Marxism. "Marxism," Mr. Hearst said, "whether Socialist or Communist in its dress, is and has been using the evangelical churches of America as a vehicle to disseminate its propaganda." The chief difference between Mr. Hearst's article and one that might have been penned by Herr Goebbels is that Mr. Hearst pays the Catholic church a compliment for opposing radicalism, while Dr. Goebbels lumps the Catholics with the other "Communists."

It is no accident that we find San Simeon and Berchtesgaden thinking in the same channels. The Hearst outburst came in connection with the fifty-second triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to open in Cincinnati on October 6. Bishop William T. Manning of the New York diocese had protested that the programs arranged for the convention by the Church League for Industrial Democracy were "purely propagandist and with more than a tinge of communism." The godly Mr. Hearst had sprung to his aid. The Church League for Industrial Democracy is an Episcopal organization. It has no connection with and in fact antedates the League for Industrial Democracy, a Socialist organization. While the Church L. I. D. is not an official church body, it has a large following among clergy and laity. Six bishops are to preside at the Church L. I. D. meetings during the convention. It happens that, unlike some of the early church fathers, none of the speakers scheduled are Communists. Among them are an alarming number of Reverends—the Reverend Norman Thomas, the Reverend Howard Kester of the Southern Tenant Farmers' League, the Reverend Homer Martin of the United Automobile Workers, and the Reverend A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. A Communist who appeared in so ecclesiastical an environment would be guilty of heresy.

Charles C. Burlingham of the New York bar, though not a member of the Church L. I. D., has come to its defense with characteristic courage. In a letter to the New York *Times* he expressed confidence that the clergy and laity "of a church so conservative as ours will be glad to learn at first hand the views and objectives of the representative speakers selected on such vital questions as the farm, labor, and the Negro." Mr. Burlingham seems to be mistaken. Bishop Manning does not wish them heard any more than do non-Episcopal reactionaries like Mr. Hearst and Herr Hitler. For this granting of a forum and a sympathetic ear to the underprivileged is, in the peculiar terminology adopted by the Nazis and adapted by Hearst, Marxism.

In this sense it must be confessed that Christianity is inevitably Marxist. A religion based upon the Gospels cannot avoid being a vehicle for ideas which neither fascist nor reactionary can tolerate. For every fifty ministers content to soothe well-fed congregations, there will be at least one who is obsessed with the thought of a child who was born in a stable. He will remember one who preferred fishermen and common folk to Pharisees, who was singularly tactless in his references to the rich, and who was never destined to officiate in a cathedral. This is the type of fellow who listens to workers, share-croppers, and Negroes. He makes trouble.

The Hitlers and the Hearsts are restoring to the church its dignity and its integrity as well. We were in danger of forgetting that until the eighteenth century almost all the great revolutionists cited chapter and verse. The Bible, the work not of lawyers or of theologians but of simple men speaking a simple man's language, has proved troublesome in its time to every established institution, even the church itself. It bred a swarm of heresies—Waldensian, Beghard, Albigensian—in the Catholic church; the contrast between great prelate and humble apostle was too glaring; the church did its best to keep the Bible out of the hands of the common people.

From Lollard to Leveler, common men have drawn radical conclusions from their Bibles. The burgher proved from Scripture that he and the barons were equal. The serf proved from Scripture that villeinage was contrary to God's Word. Democracy, humanitarianism, and utopian socialism, all derive from the enthusiasm with which the lower classes, as learning revived and printing spread, turned to Old and New Testament for solace and guidance. The effects were disturbing, and they may be disturbing again. This explains the suspicion of their own faith so often demonstrated by Hearsts and Hitlers, boards of trade and chambers of commerce. Did not the early Christians have all things in common? Did Union Square ever hear stronger denunciation of the rich than that in the fifth chapter of James, beginning, "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl . . ."? The Romans fed Christians to lions long before the "Communist Manifesto." They would have had little difficulty in understanding what Hitler and Hearst mean when they accuse Christian churches of Marxism.

Divided Front in Minnesota

BY HARRY LEVIN

IT IS one year since Floyd Olson died, and the party he led to power in Minnesota is still settling his estate. While the Governor was alive, he was able to reconcile divergent elements within the Farmer-Labor Association by sheer political acumen and personal charm, but he committed them to only the vaguest principles and the loosest organization. It was natural in the confusion after his death that voices from the left should be most articulate. It is quite as natural that there should now be a clamor from the opposite direction. At the present moment, when efforts are being made throughout the West to wean the farmer away from labor, the position of the Minnesota party is crucial. Will it be a nucleus for a third party in 1940 or won't it be able to hold its ground in its own state? The June election in Minneapolis, when Farmer-Laborites fell out and a thinly disguised Republican was returned to the mayor's office, affords a useful laboratory for the examination of these questions.

"Easygoing" is the most charitable term that has been applied to the regime of former Mayor Thomas E. Latimer of Minneapolis. As a labor lawyer he had never commanded the confidence of business, and once in office he proceeded to jeopardize his own support by leading strikebreakers through the picket line in the strike at the Flour City Ornamental Iron Company. His vacillating policy was blamed for the riot in which two people were killed. If there were elements in the community satisfied with his regime, they were not the sort that are publicly acknowledged. But Latimer expected to run again and counted on the indorsement of the city convention of the Farmer-Labor Association when it met in Eagles' Hall in February of this year. He did not count upon an opposition which had been gathering strength and coherence for two years—largely under the influence of the Communist Party and its "united-front" program. After the delegates had been seated, it became obvious that a coalition of C. I. O. representatives, young liberals, and disgruntled old-timers controlled enough votes to upset the two-thirds' majority necessary for indorsing candidates. The meeting adjourned without bringing the mayoralty issue to a test, after having voted to convene again in two weeks.

Three days before the delegates were scheduled to reassemble, the Latimer forces held a caucus and decided to set up a rump convention at the Central Labor Union. They were able to take about half the delegates with them. Group loyalties were crossed in so many ways that it would be hard to divide the rank-and-file representation by a sharp line, but it is easier to distinguish the leadership of the two concurrent conventions. The "rumpers" had a large number of A. F. of L. officials, several Catholics with social-justice leanings, and the vigorous backing of Trotskyite elements in the Socialist Party. They accused the regular leaders of being "Communist stooges." "The people must decide," keynoted Owen Cunningham, chairman of the rump convention, "between communism on the one hand and Americanism on the other." And they unanimously indorsed Latimer.

Shortly after this development the regular convention set out to find a candidate of its own. A dark horse finally emerged in the person of Kenneth C. Haycraft, director of old-age assistance under the State Board of Control. Barely thirty, politically inexperienced, Haycraft had won fame in the football world as all-American end in 1928, and had practiced law upon his graduation from the University of Minnesota. As a protege of Governor Olson, whom he superficially resembled, he had helped to investigate the Northwest Bancorporation, and as a lieutenant in the National Guard he had raided the Citizens' Alliance, Minneapolis employers' organization, during the drivers' strike of 1934.

The Governor and his advisers, with a legislative fight on their hands, had vainly sent committees to patch things up. They were forced to hear the claims of the two candidates, recognize the Haycraft indorsement, and await the outcome. On April 21 both Latimer and Haycraft filed, and the fight was on. Haycraft attacked Latimer's record; Latimer attacked Haycraft's backing. Partisans of Haycraft sued to enjoin Latimer from using the party label; friends

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of Latimer instituted proceedings to oust Haycraft from his state job on grounds of political activity. On May 10, when the primaries came around, the machine split up, ward by ward. Haycraft won the nomination by less than 300 votes—25,486 to Latimer's 25,210. George E. Leach, the other nominee, polled 50,861, slightly more than the combined total of the two Farmer-Laborites. Einar Anderson, candidate of the South Side Business Men's Association, received 9,353 ballots.

Not the least significant item in the tabulation was the 893 votes that went to Ray Dunne in the primary. Dunne was the strategist of the militant Drivers' Local No. 544 and had contributed greatly to the development of trade unionism in Minneapolis. The leadership of 544, composed in equal measure of Trotsky's apostles and henchmen of Boss Tobin of the A. F. of L., was quick and loud in its repudiation of the Eagles' Hall convention that nominated Haycraft. Although Latimer had not always been on good terms with the drivers, it looked as if he would get their vote. At this point the Socialist Party, which had been planning to run Ray Dunne in the primaries, sent Harry Laidler and a committee of inquiry to the scene. The situation was further complicated by internal dissensions among the Socialists, some of whom were willing to indorse candidates of other parties while others remained intransigent. The intransigents won. Ray Dunne ran, and Latimer lost many more votes than he would have needed to carry the nomination.

The outcome of the primaries left the Farmer-Labor electorate in a condition of bewilderment, defeatism, and disgust. The breach had opened so wide that attempts to repair it immediately could only be makeshifts. Latimer did not demand a recount, but he took his time in coming out for Haycraft. Haycraft, in attacking Latimer's administration, had deprived himself of the electioneering advantages that go to an incumbent party. Latimer, in attacking Haycraft, had worked up such a red scare that Leach's supporters did not have to do more than echo it. Haycraft's running mates soft-pedaled him in the hope of catching some of the Leach vote. His campaign did not get under way until ten days before the election; literature was circulated only a week.

It was left for the Communists to open fire on the target. And with exuberance they filled their historic role. Clarence Hathaway came with two Minneapolis editions of the *Sunday Worker*, of which a hundred thousand copies in two colors were distributed in the labor wards. They stressed Leach's service in the militia bureau of the War Department, his remarks on the technique of quelling civil disturbances, the letter which prompted Senator Clark, at the time of the munitions investigation, to brand him a "poison-gas salesman." They enthusiastically indorsed the Farmer-Labor slate, and Haycraft, while acknowledging the aid rendered by Workers' Alliance groups before the primaries, began to suspect that the Communist Party had implanted the kiss of death on his brow.

The election was held on June 15, and when the votes were counted, Leach had 89,764, almost 18,000 more than Haycraft's 71,908. Farmer-Laborites hopefully noted that this was less than a landslide, though Leach had shown surprising strength in their own strongholds. Two of the three Farmer-Labor municipal judges were reelected, and the party kept its majority in the City Council.

So far we have had no formal introduction to Brigadier General Leach, the present Mayor of Minneapolis. This is Leach's fifth administration. Soon after the war the little colonel of the local 151st Artillery made an ideal candidate for the Republicans to run against the Socialist Mayor, Tom Van Lear. He was elected, and his eight years in office coincided with the curve of Republican prosperity. In 1923, with Floyd Olson as county attorney, Leach conducted a drive against the Ku Klux Klan which won him the unremitting gratitude of Catholic voters; in the last election, with Haycraft excommunicated by the red scare, he was still getting dividends on that gratitude. In 1926 Olson started a series of grand-jury investigations which succeeded in discrediting the municipal administration. After 1929 Leach lost his Republican support, and his two tries at reelection wer unsuccessful. Minneapolis thought then that it had his number. Now at sixty-one, he comes back an unknown quantity. He has become chary of party labels, and his posters read "independent, non-partisan, and progressive." But he has confessed himself "a Republican at heart," and the Republican caucus, having put forward no official candidate, voted as individuals for Leach. He publicly welcomed the support of the Citizens' Alliance, which in Minneapolis is almost an anti-labor pledge. On the other hand, he is not unpopular among conservative labor leaders. In two of his early campaigns, before he had broken any strikes, Leach actually secured Farmer-Labor indorsement. His 1936 campaign was managed by a former chairman of the Hennepin County Farmer-Labor Association, W. J. McGaughren, who has been covering himself with glory on the Board of Public Welfare by his efforts to remove telephones from the homes of relief clients.

Leach inaugurated his new regime by announcing that he was bound by no promises, that he was "mayor of all the people." He boasts of having picked up his new ideas from Hugh Johnson and George Berry while he was working on the NRA in Washington. For several weeks after assuming office he expounded the Wagner Act over the radio, broadly hinting to employers that even athletic clubs can be construed as bargaining agencies. In fulfilment of his promise to fight strikes out in his office, he will rely upon his contacts with Chicago union officials. He is disclaiming police responsibility in advance by giving Latimer's chief of police a free hand, but through McGaughren he is tightening his hold on the Welfare Board. Problems of labor, relief, and racketeering are sure to provide many tests of Leach's adroitness before he has a chance to run for governor next year.

But talk of a governor to succeed Elmer Benson is premature. As long as Benson can retain control of his own party he is safe. That is why so much has been made of the split in the Minneapolis election, and why certain groups are so determined to carry the rift over into the state convention next March. Meanwhile the newspapers are slowly crucifying Benson, whose outstanding quality is a kind of dogged honesty that is conceded by his enemies and despaired of by his friends. He is a more conscientious liberal and a more loyal party man than Floyd Olson ever was. The recent campaign was Benson's first. He had come from a country bank to the state Securities Division, been appointed state bank examiner, and finally picked by Olson to keep Tom Schall's seat warm for him in the United States Senate. Minnesota's present governor has so little political tact that he salutes his legislative opponents as "asinine, immoral, and dishonest." A veteran himself, he offended veterans last spring by the outspoken pacifism of his Memorial Day proclamation. Essentially a hard-working, mildly idealistic functionary, a good Lutheran and personally unassailable, he is being built up into a temperamental, wild-eyed radical.

But the Minneapolis split and the guerrilla war against Benson does not exhaust the complications for the Minnesota Farmer-Labor Party. In the state Railroad and Warehouse Commission sulks Hjalmar Petersen, Danish-born editor of a newspaper at Askov (population, 350), an old-timer in the Farmer-Labor movement who was lieutenant governor when Olson died. He has never forgiven the party for not continuing him in the governor's office; every day he makes generous concessions to its critics and gathers about him all its disaffected forces. By utilizing a vein of bumptious cunning which is definitely in the Magnus Johnson tradition, he gets such a good press that outsiders are beginning to speak of him as that contradiction in terms, a "sensible" Farmer-Laborite.

Petersen's mentor is a Minneapolis criminal lawyer, Fred Ossanna, prominent among friends of the new Italy, as well as attorney for Local No. 544. Ray Dunne categorically affirms that the drivers will never support Petersen, but the latter is as capable of bolting as his friend McGaughren, and he is willing to accept the nomination from any group that will bestow it. Right-wing Farmer-Laborites, who believe it is worth while to soothe him, would like to see Senator Shipstead shelved, the governorship given to Petersen, and Benson kicked upstairs into the Senate, where his brief record of saying little, voting with the liberal bloc, and introducing the American Youth Act was generally admired. Left-wing Farmer-Laborites—who remember how much pressure was needed to keep Petersen from turning the militia on the Pillsbury strikers—do not want to see him governor again under any circumstances.

Benson is still the strongest candidate in his party. In Minnesota the Democrats have been comfortably split since 1932, and New Deal forces, friendly to Benson, were responsible for withdrawing the state ticket in the Presidential election last November. But the state Capitol is crowded with "Mexican generals," erstwhile Olson favorites and self-appointed Benson advisers, who are plotting a palace revolution. Their solution of the problem is to supplant the governor's secretary and closest friend, Roger Rutchick, an earnest St. Paul lawyer who gives Benson his ideological coaching. Rutchick is a Jew, and so are two or three other men in strategic positions—Abe Harris, editor of the party organ, the *Minnesota Leader*, and, in another category, Arthur Jacobs, secretary to the speaker of the House, well known among lobbyists. It is therefore not surprising that anti-Semitism should appear and that dark rumors of a party purge should circulate. But it is significant that the anti-Semitism and red-baiting are coming from within the party, from those who are trying to swing Benson to the right.

The Farmer-Labor Association is not well enough organized to talk of party discipline. An outstanding characteristic of the Minneapolis city convention was the race to pack it with non-affiliated delegates—technocrats, single-taxers, and members of veterans' organizations, sports clubs, and language groups, all who were ready to subscribe to third-party principles. Communists, Trotskyites, and others whose theories involve force are never directly represented in Farmer-Labor affairs; when they appear, they do so as elected delegates of unions and affiliates. Neither Ray Dunne nor the state secretary of the Communist Party, Nat Ross, directing tactics from opposite corners of Eagles' Hall, had any official status. Such conflicts of jurisdiction, shifting allegiances, internal clashes of interest among heterogeneous social groups make a precarious foundation for a political movement.

The disciplinary instrument of a democratic party is patronage. The backbone of the Farmer-Labor machine in the Twin Cities is formed by the ward clubs, dominated by state employees. Since 1930, when the party captured the state, there has been an influx of job-seekers, but there were still so many hold-overs in office this spring that the governor's group could not afford to let a civil-service bill pass. This gave Petersen and the press another opportunity for criticism, and lent color to the widespread impression of maladministration. It led to the somewhat paradoxical situation of business interests attacking progressives in the name of good government.

A reform party in power is more vulnerable than other parties to hidden dangers that only come to light when a legislator changes his vote, or when a legislature plays with some high-minded measure for the sole purpose of shaking down the vested interests. Its enemies are more united than its members; they can undermine it with bribes, condemn it with editorials, and trust the inertia of tired progressives to bog it down. Eastern liberals, into whose scheme of things the Farmer-Labor label fits very neatly, must at least be made aware of local complexities. They must recognize that although Minnesota is the sole third-party state, it is by no means the most socialized; that its reforms might even have been accomplished within the Republican Party but for the steel trust in the north and the "politically backward" southern part of the state; that its radicalism is a product of material circumstances rather than of ideology. It is true that the Farmer-Labor platform of 1934 contained a few Marxist terms, but that document is now notorious in party circles as "the platform that had to be interpreted." A veteran of the movement succinctly expressed its purpose as an attempt to "chisel a little bit out of the capitalistic system."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WHATEVER else may be said about the temper of the American people, there can be no doubt that they are today united in their opposition to being drawn into another war. Even if a European conflagration should take place, I should be quite optimistic about our staying out of it. I have not forgotten the effectiveness of the British propaganda in 1914-17, or the results of our business and financial entanglements with the Allies. But I am heartened by signs on every side that the lessons of the World War are not forgotten. The American Legion at its New York meeting, for example, took a strong stand against further experiments in making the world safe for democracy. One may not agree with its recommendations for safeguarding the country, but one must feel grateful that it stood so unequivocally for peace.

Even the Secretary of War, whose Assistant Secretary, Mr. Johnson, constantly demands a greatly increased regular army and rates us as less effective from a military standpoint than Sweden, told the Legion of his satisfaction that it made no "fantastic recommendations for a huge standing army or for an unbalanced expansion of one arm to the detriment of other branches." He also warned the veterans not to take sides in hostilities abroad and urged them to follow Washington leadership in "problems in which the preservation of our own peace and neutrality is of final importance." He wound up by calling upon them "to recognize and scotch any propaganda which might lead to our involvement in a foreign war. Preserve for yourselves and posterity that priceless boon of liberty that can be secured only through a lasting peace." This is in delightful contrast with the spread-eagle speeches which we have had from high officials in the past, and beyond question it is a politician's recognition of the mood of the country today. The Administration certainly knows what the people are thinking on this issue. The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* has been taking a poll on whether the United States should withdraw both its citizens and its troops from China, and the vote has been overwhelmingly in favor of getting out. At one stage of the voting the proportion was as high as thirty-seven to one. Similar polls in California have shown similar results, which is the more remarkable in view of the closeness of the tie between California and the Orient. It is safe to say that the White House mail reflects a like trend.

Another reason for believing that there is little danger of our being drawn into a future war is the strength and vigor of the peace movement. I have already called attention to the fact that the National Peace Conference now represents approximately forty peace organizations, many of them with millions of members. It is the first cooperative front ever formed by the peace movement in this country. That does not mean that it always presents a solid front. The constituent organizations have the right to their own interpretation of events, and if they disagree with the decisions of the conference they take their own stand. Thus, there is a strong division of opinion as to whether the United States should or should not put the Neutrality Act into effect, but there is no division whatsoever in the determination to keep the country out of war. These organizations are not going to be fooled again by foreign propaganda. Indeed, whereas there was colossal public ignorance of European affairs in 1914-17, there is today, notably in the universities, a very large body of persons who are thoroughly conversant with what is going on abroad. In 1914 there were almost no editorial writers outside the cities of the Atlantic seaboard and Chicago who understood foreign conditions. Today there are many all over the country, and the press is maintaining abroad a remarkable corps of well-informed correspondents.

More than that, the peace movement has long since got beyond the stage of deprecating war on purely sentimental grounds. On September 19 the National Peace Conference began a nation-wide campaign for economic disarmament with an international broadcast. The first speaker was the Secretary of State. He was followed by representatives of the leading nations, including Anthony Eden, a spokesman for Premier Chautemps of France, Prime Minister King of Canada, and the President of Colombia. This campaign will continue through the winter. It has the approval of the Administration and is being warmly supported by the League of Nations Association of Canada. It is bound to do much in educating the American people to the necessity of lower tariffs and the advisability of giving the less favored nations free access to raw materials. The National Peace Conference declares that the American people must understand that between 1914 and 1918 their position changed from that of a debtor to that of a creditor power. It will take up the question of the possible liquidation of war debts and will urge the United States to cooperate with the other nations of the world, directly and through the peace machinery, in establishing international economic and social justice. It takes as its motto these words of Secretary Hull: "Many nations are caught today in a stifling net of mutual distrust, of political hostility, of an exhausting and suicidal race for military power, of continuing economic warfare. A demobilization of all these armaments—moral, political, military, and economic—is necessary for durable peace."

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Giovanni the Tranquil

THE TRANQUIL HEART. A PORTRAIT OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. By Catherine Carswell. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IT WAS by one of his contemporaries that Boccaccio was first called "Giovanni della Tranquillità." At first sight that sobriquet may not seem very appropriate to a man whose two crucial experiences appear to have been the agonizing love affair of his youth and that sudden fear of hell fire which seized upon him in old age. But perhaps those experiences were not really typical, and there is no missing the fact that the "Decameron" is a tranquil book. It is serenely objective, and it seems to imply a happy acquiescence in a naturalistic vision of the world more amiable than any to which his contemporaries could attain. Even Boccaccio himself could not hold it long, for none of his other works achieve an inclusive equilibrium. Except for the "Fiammetta" they are grotesquely disrupted by the conflict between the worldliness which was his own and the other-worldliness which was a part of the tradition that he inherited. But the universe of the ten days is a universe in which men could be tranquilly at home. Life is gay, and it is not without meaning for those who can love. Best of all, love is not something which even a Dante can with difficulty conceive. Love is the mother of all things, and men need only love as best they can. No more is asked of each than each can give, and it is better to have loved like a clown than never to have loved at all.

Miss Carswell has evidently felt the charm of Boccaccio's character, and her chief purpose seems to have been to claim for a favorite the admiration due him. One can hardly feel very warmly about Petrarch, and affection for Dante would assuredly be an odd impertinence; but Miss Carswell feels warmly about Boccaccio and for obvious reasons. He was a modest man possessed of a certain sweetness, and he is less impressive than his two great contemporaries partly because he is so much nearer and so much more understandable than they. By his own confession the "Decameron" was written chiefly for "the ladies," and there was something in his attitude toward them which was neither gross nor too high-flown—something which was far more "modern" than the romantic love which Dante is generally credited with having invented but which remains for Dante a branch of theology and, as such, rather cold comfort for those whom he deemed worthy of it.

In view of all this it is odd that Miss Carswell should have devoted so much of her pleasantly written book not to literary interpretation, which obviously interests her most, but to inevitably scrappy history and those formal biographical details which are completely enough set forth in the standard biographies of Edward Hutton and H. Hauvette, as well as in the more recent one by the American, Caldecot Chubb. Perhaps the reason is the same as the reason why the originality of Boccaccio's compact of peace with the universe has been given rather less prominence than it deserves in the history of the human spirit. He is not intellectual, he never formulated in abstract terms the basis of his "tranquillity," and when in his minor works he either reasons or allegorizes he is unmistakably absurd. Boccaccio did not think his way through the moral and philosophical problems of his age. Those ten days of his constitute only a sunny interlude between medieval austerity and the brutality of the later Renaissance. He could not recover them for himself or tell others how they happened to be.

Miss Carswell mentions the "Amorosa Visione," last of his apprentice works, but she lays little stress on the incident which seems to me to reveal more of Boccaccio's mind than any other in any of his works. Urged by an angel to enter the narrow gate which leads to salvation, he chooses instead the broad portal of this world, explaining as he does so that he will return in time to go in at the other. Boccaccio was neither an atheist nor a philosopher. His solution of the difficulty was not witty or cynical; it was merely childlike. As a matter of fact, he did return, and only the persuasion of Petrarch changed his resolution to burn his books. But meanwhile the "Decameron" had been written. Other men could rationalize and make permanent the doctrine of "one world at a time." Boccaccio had been merely a truant.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Dark Brother

YOUNG HENRY OF NAVARRE. By Heinrich Mann. Translated from the German by Eric Sutton. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

HEINRICH MANN has more in him of "Buddenbrooks" than of "The Magic Mountain." He, like his protagonist, Henry of Navarre, is "firm set upon the wonted heavy earth." And on this earth, as Monsieur de Montaigne advises the young king, the lowest level is the safest. Distinctions between the moral attributes are dubious, for must not the good man also work injustice, while truth again may be a lie preached long enough. But when all rush to the side of "honor" and scorn that of "infamy," it may be assumed that honor has a great deal of money, and infamy little. In an uncertain world certain it is that self-preservation is the object of most human contemplation, each man wanting only a special assurance for his own life and goods, and that "all should suffer save himself." And this is a reasonable basis, for if convictions of hatred are sometimes preached by those with neither convictions nor hatred, yet the most sincere belief can accomplish as much harm. "It is no better," thinks young Henry, "to split the kingdom over a matter of faith than to parcel it out for personal profit." Sincere beliefs, however, except one, are few in the pages of Heinrich Mann; an accomplished and urbane delineator of complex emotions, of affection most poignant when interwoven with guilt and malevolence, his turnings turn always back to his central thesis. Every flush of feeling no less than highest principle has its personal source and compensation; love itself is more love when it is self-love. To this dark brother, indeed, the meaning of virtue, not of time, is a subject for wonder; the pursuit of art leads not to beauty but to cunning; speculations as to our earthly ends yield to strategies of gaining them; and no removal from life is more suspect than life itself.

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The Tydings-Miller price-fixing bill passed in the last session of Congress raises prices, makes the high cost of living a more serious problem than it was before. An article and an editorial give the consumer's side of the story and tell what to do about price-fixing.

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Numerous makes of automatic oil and coal heating equipment are compared and rated on the score of efficiency and economy. Nearly a hundred makes of oil burners, coal stokers, boilers, and hand-fired coal furnaces are rated as "Best Buys," "Also Acceptable," and "Not Acceptable."

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One of the 14 models in this report is rated as a "Best Buy." Two are "Not Acceptable." Arvin, Motorola, and Philco models are included in the ratings. In addition to ratings on the basis of price and quality, rankings are given on the basis of performance alone. Advice is also given as which type of auto aerial to use.

Women's Slips

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Twenty-seven rayon and silk slips, ranging in price from 69c to $2.98, are rated on the basis of tests. A few brands were heavily weighted with lead or tin salts, a few were misleadingly labeled.

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The previous translations of Heinrich Mann have not done justice to these powers. "The Royal Woman" was a lighter reflection of them, intended to entertain. "The Hill of Lies," more illuminating in thesis, was limited in its scene. In "Young Henry of Navarre," however, we have a better illustration of Heinrich Mann's ability and philosophy. Could, in truth, the deepest skepticism as to the uses of this world pick a finer object-lesson than the court of the last of the Valois kings—this court in which fantastic pageants vie with studied massacres, and all the devices of pleasure with those of unchecked power; this court which, with its gloves of flower petals, its dwarfs, black pages, and birds "from the Islands," its Latin lore, quaint pastorals, witty languishments, and prodigal promiscuity, embodies so futilely all the forms of human desire? Can one select a more malicious picture of man himself than the ostensible hero of this society, Charles IX, bleeding in body and uncertain of spirit, both mad and pretending madness, gross and weary at twenty-three, pitiable, terrified, and cruel, and ludicrous in his last sufferings?

Such is the scene of the young Henry's rise to greatness, and Heinrich Mann has done it excellently, with irony and a deceptive geniality, with historical imagination, and with a noteworthy gallery of portraits: Guise and his sister Montpensier, Margot and Henry Valois, Coligny, Montaigne himself, and, perhaps the finest study of all, Catherine de' Medici, this Queen Mother of France who preferred her fellows beneath the earth. It is probable that the author concerns himself rather too strictly with these personages at the expense of the social trends and the life of the people themselves. There is again an emphasis on the melodramatic, and on action rather than fresh analysis of character or event. But if Heinrich Mann does not add to our knowledge of the period, he has the sense of its life, he does indeed create it again. "Young Henry of Navarre" is an important and in some respects a frightening historical novel. It is important in itself as a vital and colorful work. It is frightening in its picture of Europe beyond this dying and extravagant Valois court—the lands warring with each other and divided by civil wars; the towns stricken; the starving people no longer hoping for any salvation but wanting only excitement, self-importance, and dance of death. For at times "Young Henry of Navarre," the first novel of Heinrich Mann since his exile from Germany, seems the future rather than the past.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Spying on Labor

THE LABOR SPY RACKET. By Leo Huberman. Modern Age Books. 35 cents.

SPY OVERHEAD. By Clinch Calkins. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

LABOR SPY. By GT-99. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

THE printed proceedings of the La Follette subcommittee of the Senate which has been investigating the business of fighting organized labor now fill fourteen volumes. Several other volumes are in preparation, and the committee has $25,000 more to spend on its good work. Few official records have so fully revealed the depravity of modern American capitalism and the readiness of the individual big business man to play a dirty game. Stool pigeons of high and low station, from the elegant, manicured Allan Pinkerton to the unwashed "hookers," finks ranging from the feeble-minded slugger Michael (Red) Casey to the canny ruffian Chowderhead Cohen, now happily once more in jail, regaled the committee with the stories of their traffic, the details of which are at the moment too well known to need repetition. But popular familiarity with the labor-spying and strike-breaking profession is likely to be short-lived. The biggest culprit, the Railway Audit and Inspection Company, has thus far managed to evade the net of the committee. It and other agencies, we may be certain, will be back at the old stand once the committee has completed its work. Regulation of spying and strike-breaking by law is almost impossible; most of such activity has always been beyond the border line of legality. As well attempt to regulate murder and arson, both of which, incidentally, have been on occasion instruments of the union-smashing profession. The continued operation of the Wagner Act and the unhampered functioning of the National Labor Relations Board will, of course, help, but the business of combating labor will continue as long as the differences between labor and capital continue.

The books of Miss Calkins and Mr. Huberman will serve a good purpose if labor will use them to understand these forces which are arrayed against them, and to draw from the facts the lesson of solidarity. The best safeguard against a labor spy is a well-organized, honestly run, and democratic union. The best answer to organized strike-breaking is solidarity on the picket line. Mr. Huberman's book will be especially helpful in this respect. Its style is more direct, and it seems to be intended primarily for the working-class reader. Miss Calkins goes to some pains to argue the general immorality of the business, an argument that trade-union members will not need. Both volumes suffer from having been built up too faithfully from testimony before the committee; a more effective treatment would have been to reorganize the facts into a consecutive narrative. But every worker should have a copy of "The Labor Spy Racket," and every business man and every member of the middle class who wants to be fair toward labor should read "Spy Overhead."

We come now to a third by-product of the work of the La Follette committee. Its publishers insist that "Labor Spy" is authentic, not ghost-written. That may be, though there is internal evidence to the contrary. But whether or not "Labor Spy" is what it claims to be, it is a vicious book. GT-99, the completely disguised author, would have us believe that for twenty years he plied the profession of labor spy, and that by and large he made a helpful contribution to American labor and industry. From his first meeting with the head of the spy agency, who had a smile that "was worth waiting for because his face lit up all over and it made you glad to know someone who could smile like that," GT-99 lived a life by which he saved employers from saboteurs and lazy and incompetent workmen, helped win promotions for deserving workers, exposed racketeers, helped organize National Guard companies. He served patriotically in France during the World War and returned to his profession to become the virtual boss of a state federation of labor. We learn from GT-99 and his smiling chief the "true" picture of labor espionage—not the shabby lies and vile betrayals which were revealed day after day in sworn testimony before the La Follette committee. We are asked to believe that the profession has stood like a bulwark against the destruction of American business. The effrontery of the book is unbelievable. This real or synthetic labor spy sets himself up as a judge of the motives of other men, as a regulator of industrial morals. A closing chapter offers GT-99's views on the C. I. O., the closed shop, and other issues. We may now expect some publisher to offer us a book on medicine by a convicted quack.

EDWARD LEVINSON

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Europa in Melodrama

EUROPA IN LIMBO. By Robert Briffault. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT'S sequel to "Europa" seems to be constructed on the theory that rape multiplied by murder equals history. In this new volume, which if anything is more fleshy and flamboyant than its predecessor, the World War in the West and social revolution in the East provide Julian Bern, its protagonist, with both a close-up of Europe in breakdown and an extraordinary communist education; and all along, during his grand tour of European science, philosophy, politics, morals, and sex, he is flung into so many explosive situations, cataclysmic events, and torrid experiences—all rehearsing the crash of society—that finally the very opposite of what is intended happens, and lechery, corruption, and catastrophe become as prosaic as breakfast, office, and sleep.

Indulging his oceanic appetite for human beings, Mr. Briffault rolls up his characters in waves that sweep the novel to its innumerable climaxes, each one of which sees capitalism thrashed to within an inch of its life. Yet Julian, who combines the qualities of Christ and Marx, and is both ubiquitous and omniscient, dominates the scene. Being in the confidence of working-class leaders, bourgeois generals, ladies of fashion, lords, ministers, spies, and prostitutes, he turns up at every point in time or space where either dramatic events or ideological debates are in progress. He arrives at the program of the Third International long before that organization had come into existence; on leave from the battlefields of France and the orgies in Paris and London, he runs into Lenin in the mountains of Switzerland, and there, during a brief chat, the latter outlines for him the main principles of his strategy; you will find him in the inner chambers of the British Foreign Office, at the general headquarters of the Allied armies, in Petrograd during the October days, at the front with the White Guards, and in bedrooms where Bolshevik girls are literally torn to pieces by enemy officers. The Russian Princess Zena loves him, but like the state she withers away in the free air of socialism. Though she is a woman of good-will, the author cannot permit her to survive the fall of her class. The Russian parts of the story are, indeed, particularly slovenly and lacking in verisimilitude. The episodes described are exactly the same as those in a hundred other books, and for the sake of local color nearly all the characters are constantly drinking tea, chewing sunflower seeds, and eating cabbage soup. But Julian does not stay long in Russia, and toward the end of the book, as the melodrama of Europe runs its course, he is threatening to expatriate himself and start a magazine in America.

Within this novel, thus crammed with homicidal horrors and uproarious with the groans, sighs, and slaverings produced by carnal excess, no intensity is possible, and the infamies described become as unreal as the men and women who commit them. Mr. Briffault's method is too erudite and statistical to succeed in reproducing the atmosphere of passion and perversion; and in his didactic zeal he empties all relations of their human content and turns them into angry sermons of class morality. As a popular philosopher, however, Mr. Briffault is interesting for his eccentric disposition, which in its composite effect recalls to us such diverse figures as H. L. Mencken, Benjamin De Casseres, Nietzsche, Dean Inge, and William S. Hart with a smoking gun in each hand and tears in his eyes.

PHILIP RAHV

No Sanctuary

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN. By Elliot Paul. Random House. $2.50.

WHEN Elliot Paul returned to the Spanish island town of Santa Eulalia, he was convinced that its satisfying way of life would be preserved indefinitely. The July, 1936, troubles on the mainland had already begun, but he was so far removed from political embroilments that he was not aware of disorders. He returned to take his place as leader of the community orchestra without thought of change; he had found a haven in the little fishing town that for all its inequalities and imperfections had produced less meanness than any other part of the world he knew. Santa Eulalia had a common life in which the cafe, the street, the daily activities of each person were vital to all. The first part of "Life and Death of a Spanish Town" is largely a record of this way of life, almost ancient in its communal blessings. For Elliot Paul the very daylight becomes brighter in memory. The people, his friends, are burnished by the fact that wherever they may be—those that still survive—he will never again see them as they were. In this perspective the town takes on the perfection of a place perceived in a dream world. In the second part of the book, when the purpose unfolds, this vision of the town becomes justified.

Santa Eulalia was not a political hotbed. Not a score of men were interested either in fascism or communism. It had some good staunch republicans who hoped for mild reforms that would take power from the church and redistribute the land. The people were no more concerned with religion than the inhabitants of any other town of Spain; and the masses of the Spanish people are not religious. The fishermen of Santa Eulalia were frankly unbelievers. Church might do for the women; cafes were for the men. Yet the church perched like a hawk on the hill overlooking the town and secretly helped to deliver it over to Italian captivity.

All the elements of high tragedy are compact within the brief history of the few months during which the people struggled to right themselves against the storm. At first the town was overconfident; the new government had been overwhelmingly elected, and the republicans were the talkers now. The royalists plotted behind closed shutters and the priests continued to be mysterious, leading lives that were detached from the common village scene. The majority of the island folk wanted only to fish and eat, to be at peace, and to secure a few more advantages for their children than they had enjoyed themselves. Paul mixed with royalists as well as anarchists and republicans; loving human beings, he saw good qualities wherever they happened to be. It was a total surprise to the republican element when the royalist crowd began talking more openly. Jibes at priests, sure signs of good times for republicans, were smothered. The republicans, taken by surprise, were disarmed; and royalists, fully armed from secret arsenals, sprang up like mushrooms.

The people waited for a sign from the mainland and, miraculously, government forces from Valencia and Barcelona were dispatched and succeeded in landing and in restoring order with little bloodshed. Then occurred one of those horrible circumstances which make up the history of wars: troops needed for the defense of Madrid withdrew, and left the island to local militia. Normal living seemed again within reach when the black Italian bombers began their onslaught. The day before the Italian troops arrived, Paul and those leaders still alive escaped. From this terrible education Paul emerged completely and wholly a part of the common fate. The genial orchestra leader who in the first part of the book merely loved mankind became the passionate defender of those rights that make men human.

The real value of "Life and Death of a Spanish Town" lies not in the portraits, marvelously precise though they are, but in the almost blueprint quality of the presentation of the town's development. The predicament of the human being in society today is all the more convincing here because it is inclosed within the unit of a village. But the threat abroad in the world does not stop at Santa Eulalia.

JOSEPHINE HERBST

The Irish "Trouble"

DEATH IN DUBLIN. By Frank O'Connor. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

FAMINE. By Liam O'Flaherty. Random House. $2.50.

MUSEUM. By James L. Phelan. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

THE best statement of Ireland's last hundred years of civil war is to be found in W. B. Yeats's "Words for Music Perhaps" and in his "Three Songs to the Same Tune." In these he "increased their fantasy, their extravagance, their obscurity, that no party might sing them." That is to say, he names no names. Yet here the familiars of Irish life, which are madness, wit, self-betrayal, sentimentality, famine, and a sense of guilt, convey their reality with greater force than the present books by Mr. O'Connor, Mr. O'Flaherty, and Mr. Phelan. I suspect that the neurotic face of poverty that confronts England across the Irish Sea is a reality too terrifying to be sustained by such lesser works of art as a brisk melodrama disguised as biography, an honestly conceived and written historical novel, and a pathetic memoir of life in an English jail. It is little wonder that we hear so much of "Irish charm" and of "dear, dirty Dublin," that we hear instructions to "cover the face, mine eyes dazzle"—for the real death in Dublin is too terrible to bear.

Mr. O'Connor, who is by no means one of the least able of the younger Irish writers, has written a curiously elliptical life of Michael Collins, who is well known as the hero of the 1916-21 "trouble" in Ireland. He gives us something that would make a far better scenario than the script of "Beloved Enemy," yet the realities of Michael Collins's position as Minister for Finance in the Dail Eireann must be read between the lines of machine-gunfire narrative and Mr. O'Connor's wholly gratuitous opinions. "Beside him [Michael Collins]," Mr. O'Connor writes, "Lenin, with his theories, feuds, and excommunications, seems a child, and not a particularly intelligent one. He ran the whole revolution as though it were a great business concern, ignoring all the rules." From this page onward, which happens to be page 78, sensible disagreement with Mr. O'Connor seems futile; Michael Collins becomes his property, his hero of an exciting legend, and it is not always possible to discern the moment when an extravagant claim for mere heroism shades into fact. Yet Mr. O'Connor's chapter on the signing of the Treaty of 1921 should be read as a warning to men of action in revolutionary tactics. Michael Collins, prematurely aged by three years of continuous, day-by-day, almost sleepless activity, was completely outgeneraled in 1921 by De Valera. At the London conference Collins was forced to compro-

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mise with the members of the right opposition in his own delegation. De Valera, who held a position near the center of the Dail Eireann, saw his chance and took it. In that short moment he stood to the left of Collins and with a cool refusal to swear allegiance to the British Crown, he voiced Collins's death warrant. Collins returned to Dublin a broken man; it was almost an act of mercy to end his life with a bullet shot from ambush.

Even the most casual reader of Irish biography and history knows well that the actual "trouble" in Ireland dates back to the famine of 1845. This is the year that Mr. O'Flaherty has chosen for the date-line of his new book, which is, I believe, remembering all the others, the best historical novel of the past five years. This may seem dubious praise, but Mr. O'Flaherty has proved for the reader of popular fiction that the historical novel need not contain the hackneyed props and properties of swords and roses, graced with obvious, if quite unconscious, reactionary sentiment. It is a carefully detailed reconstruction of life within an Irish village in the year of the potato blight; the book opens with the coming of the terror and closes with the escape of its hero and heroine to America. Every character in the book —peasant, land agent, merchant, priest, and petty tradesman—is treated as though he were in fact a historical personage, each assuming proper dignity and stature. In this sense Mr. O'Flaherty's book makes a legitimate claim to being a genuinely proletarian novel. The economic facts of history are clearly illuminated through the lives of his people; and Mr. O'Flaherty is also clearly placed on the side of humanity fighting against the abuses of economic power controlled by British imperialism. This, of course, is no more than an abstract statement of Mr. O'Flaherty's brilliant narrative; he neither preaches for a lost cause nor applies his rules of economic destiny with a heavy hand: all but his peasant-girl heroine, who at odd moments seems a shade too good to be true—even to the hero—are well-rounded, living creatures. "Famine" is Mr. O'Flaherty's best novel since the publication of "The Informer"; and it would seem that he is one of the few writers of his generation in Ireland who is at last fulfilling the promise of his earlier work.

Mr. Phelan's "Museum" is advertised as another "find" in current Irish fiction, but its story of prison life seems a mere repetition of several other novels of life in "stir." Its only distinction is a note of pathos, untouched by sentimentality or false emotion, which is rare in any book of its kind and yet explains why, when prison officials read it, none was offended. HORACE GREGORY

DRAMA

And Treat of Love

LAST week an obviously play-hungry public greeted two new offerings with rather more cordiality than either can be said to deserve on its own merits. One is "Blow Ye Winds" (Forty-sixth Street Theater), a polite piece which may be a comedy and may be a drama; the other is "George and Margaret" (Morosco Theater), which is certainly comedy if it is substantial enough to deserve a name. Both are well mounted and treat of love.

The author of "Blow Ye Winds," an American named Valentine Davies, writes the more conventional and expected of his scenes with considerable force, but there is a kind of tentativeness about the conception and most of the writing which suggests a playwright who is still learning his trade. The two chief characters are a lady psychologist (rather more of a prig than the author apparently intended) and a young misfit who scorns ambition in order to sail a fishing boat. They fall in love; the question is whether or not they can make a go of it; and the first of the author's several uncertainties seems to be whether the thing is a romantic comedy or a problem play. It is more conventional but surer-footed when being the latter; a bit stumbling when it tries to be the former. In each of the three acts the two characters concerned think for a while that love is enough and for a while that it isn't; so that when they are last seen in an embrace one is not sure there is any good reason why they shouldn't go on to the end of time temporarily making up their minds one way or the other. Nor does one care too much. Neither the lady nor the gentleman interests us very deeply in what one tends—surely a fatal thing for a drama—to dismiss as their private affair. In fact, there is really only one compelling incident—that in which the vocational psychologist who fits others into their niches confesses that he doesn't want to be a psychologist at all. The humor of the incident depends partly upon a bit of writing crisper than most of the rest; even more, perhaps, upon the crisp playing of Edgar Stehli, who earned and got a very pleasant round of applause at the end of his few moments on the stage.

"George and Margaret," which comes to us after a triumphant success in London, might be called an English version of "You Can't Take It with You" because it also deals with the humors of an eccentric family which lets itself go. But while the Americans play the xylophone in the parlor and make fireworks in the cellar, their English counterparts (they have a longer tradition and more to live up to, you know) merely carry reserve and the art of minding their own business to such a point that the pater doesn't notice when his wife isn't at the breakfast table and that one of the sons marries the housemaid without causing his sister or his brother to raise an eyelash. It is all amusing enough in its amiable way, though here too the whole effect was mild enough to leave me free for certain speculations suggested by the young man who holds out for marriage against the girl who is all for promiscuity—in a nice way. That young man is turning up very frequently in contemporary plays and has set me wondering if he is, perhaps, merely the product of dramaturgic necessity.

What I mean is this. Continence, or at least a certain amount of reluctance real or stimulated, may or may not be necessary for the good life. But one thing is certain. Reluctance of some sort is absolutely indispensable in plays which treat of love. Somebody has got to be coy if the play is to last one act, let alone three. And if smartness requires that the women should have no old-fashioned scruples, then obviously the men have got to begin to draw back. Or is it possible that the playwrights are really only holding the mirror up to nature? That the worldly proverb will soon be reversed to read that it's the business of a woman to remain unmarried as long as she can and that of a man to hold out for assurances of honor and permanence? Who knows but that we may have to go through with the whole question of the double standard again and greet the appearance of a "new man" to whom his chosen will have to say, in the words of a once popular song, "You ask no questions, so why should I?"

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

BEETHOVEN'S Piano Sonata Opus 106, the so-called "Hammerklavier," has for several years been available on records only in an orchestral version made by Weingartner. Now two recordings of the work in its original form are to be had: one made by Schnabel and released by subscription in Volume 10 of H. M. V.'s Beethoven Sonata Society; the other made by Kempff for Polydor and repressed by Brunswick (five records $7.50). The Schnabel version takes a sixth record—which means two more breaks; and it costs twice as much. In addition, the performance is—in the ways in which Schnabel's performances are sometimes flawed—one of his worst. The sense for the outline of a phrase, the larger outlines of a movement, is one of the outstanding things in Schnabel's playing; but there are times when such outlines are distorted by excessive emotional intensity or intellectual pretentiousness; also there are times when his technique falls short of what is demanded of it; and both things happen in the "Hammerklavier" performance, in which the slovenliness of execution in some places exceeds anything I can recall. Kempff's performance, on the other hand, is accurate, clear, always under control, and guided by a fine musical taste. But the occasional excesses of Schnabel's performances are excesses of an essential strength—the driving intensity and force that are in the work itself, and that are lacking in Kempff's performance. Also, the defects in Schnabel's performance are only occasional; for the greater part of the time one hears not manifestations of excessive intensity and technical inadequacy but the impress of an extraordinary mind and personality; and in the end the choice is between the flawed performance of a great artist and the unflawed performance of a lesser artist.

Brunswick also has released a fine performance by Kempff of Bach's French Suite No. 5 (one record, $1.50). And Bach's English Suite No. 3 receives an equally fine performance from Alexander Borovsky (three ten-inch records, $3.50). Both of these works have movements which I find more than ordinarily enjoyable; and one movement in the English Suite—the Sarabande—is magnificent. Borovsky is also heard in Mozart's Variations K 500 (one record, $1.50), which are inconsequential. In everything I have discussed so far the recording is good; but Borovsky's performance of Liszt's Etude in F minor is poorly recorded; and that holds for the work which, on the reverse side, is labeled Liszt's "Au bord d'une source" but which is actually Albéniz's "Malaga" ($1.50).

As for the Brunswick-Polydor orchestral releases, Furtwängler's impressive talents as a conductor are revealed in playing of extraordinarily fine quality by the Berlin Philharmonic, excellently recorded, in the Overture to "The Barber of Seville" (one record, $1.50) and the Overture to "Der Freischütz" (two records, $3). For two sides of the "Freischütz" Overture I was amazed by the new simplicity, directness, and poise of his performance; on the third side, in the concluding section of the work, the old concern with effect and lack of control made their appearance again. Not quite so well recorded is a spirited and clear performance of the Overture to "The Bartered Bride" by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Melichar (one record, $1.50).

B. H. HAGGIN

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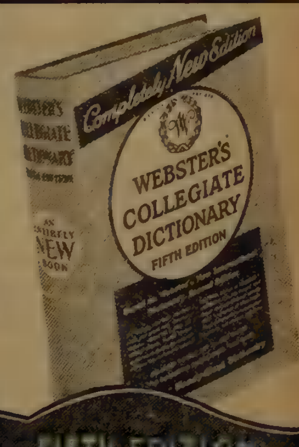

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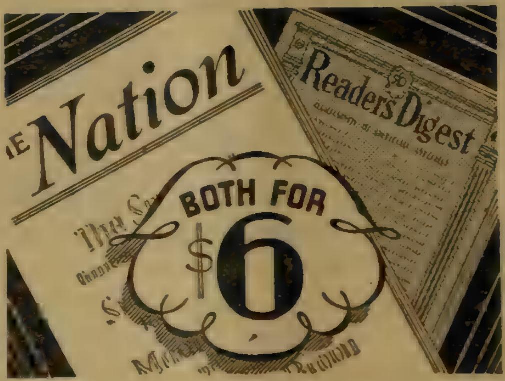

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by Harvey Pinney

A keen analysis of the economic religion of Henry Ford as preached on the Sunday evening Ford Radio Hour by High Priest W. J. Cameron.

France's Would-Be Führer

by Ludwig Lore

An interview with Jacques Doriot in which the one-time Communist reveals his conversion to fascism as well as his ambitions for France.

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Letters to the Editors

The Nation and Mr. Black

Dear Sirs: When I read your face-saving editorial on Justice Black in the issue of September 18, I became aware of a feeling that the once independent *Nation,* which I have read for some years, was weakly squirming in an uncomfortable position. Your insistence that you will continue to defend Black, "unless it can be proved beyond doubt that he has consciously maintained his connection, if it ever existed, with the Klan," causes me to wonder what degree of unconsciousness will excuse one's missteps, and whether one who is to sit upon the Supreme Court bench shouldn't be conscious of a duty to speak up on those occasions when the people have a clear right to know the truth.

After attacking those who dare to raise the issue of Black's fitness as the "hysterical and reactionary opposition," the editorial meekly suggests that Mr. Black must explain his Klan connection "in justice to his friends." Having been taken in by one of its liberal buddies, *The Nation* seems to plead tearfully, like the mother of a wayward son, "Tell me it isn't true."

The Nation would do the American people a greater service by condemning the unseemly haste with which this man's appointment was confirmed, without proper investigation or public hearings, and the haste and secrecy with which he took the oath of office, than by leaning backward in an endeavor to justify its previous stand.

MEYER WEKER

Boston, September 18

Poverty in Italy

Dear Sirs: An aspect of present-day Italy which escapes the notice of most foreign observers traveling in the country is the distressing shortage of certain important food products, particularly milk, butter, and cheese. Bread is rationed at the rate of one kilogram a day per family. A common sight on the outskirts of towns is people with little baskets gathering every conceivable kind of edible herb.

According to figures issued by the local authorities in Milan, the population of that city consumed only thirty-six kilograms of meat per person in 1936. As a matter of fact, the great majority of people had a considerably smaller share, while those better situated, especially the Fascist leaders, consumed much more. And it must be remembered that no other city in Italy has a standard of living approaching that of the great industrial capital of Lombardy. The corresponding figure for Milan in 1933, in the trough of the world economic depression, was thirty-nine kilograms per person.

Foreign journalists and travelers who admire Italy's fine new motor roads, public buildings, and railway coaches seldom go to rural districts like Calabria, where the peasants have only one meal a day—consisting chiefly of bread. Such conditions explain why in certain districts as many as 1,000 out of a population of 6,000 reported for enlistment for the Ethiopian war. In Italy these men were popularly called "volontari della fame," or volunteers of hunger, as are the "volunteers" for the Spanish adventure today.

The recent increases in wage scales have proved a wholly inadequate measure, and it is significant that the Fascist press has suddenly stopped playing them up as a great boon to the workers. A rise of from 10 to 12 per cent in wages is obviously not to be compared with a 40 per cent increase in the cost of living. In many cases employers have succeeded in evading the expense of the wage increases by dismissing their older workers and replacing them with young men at a lower rate of pay. Foreigners seeeking to gain an idea of the true conditions in Italy should take the trouble to visit the soldiers' barracks at meal times, where they will see long queues of half-starved, ragged civilians begging the soldiers for a piece of bread or a cup of soup.

The general poverty and resulting decline in tax returns have placed local authorities in serious financial straits, and every possible source of income is exploited for all it is worth. Heavy fines are imposed for every conceivable offense. A favorite method of raising money is to exact large sums from merchants who refuse to deal in goods the sale price of which has been newly fixed by the authorities at a level that would rob the merchants of any profit.

DALMO CARNEVALI

Berlin, Germany, September 1

West Coast Vigilantism

Dear Sirs: Thirty Filipino agricultural workers who were picking hops in the Mexee district of the Yakima valley, in the state of Washington, asked recently for a raise of twenty-five cents per hundred pounds. Whereupon all thirty were forced to pack their belongings and ordered out of the valley. Yakima officers and state patrolmen followed them to the Kittitas county line and warned them not to return. The hop pickers had been getting $1.75 per hundred pounds, and few picked more than 130 pounds.

Resolutions protesting against this unjustified outrage have been sent by the Yakima local of the Cannery and Agricultural Workers to President Roosevelt, Governor Martin, the La Follette committee, and the National Labor Relations Board. This unlawful action has also been condemned in messages to the governor and the press by the Washington Commonwealth Federation, the Workers' Alliance, the Maritime Federation, and Hugh de Lacy, Seattle councilman. Organized labor and civil-liberty groups cannot afford to permit Yakima's vigilantism to pass unchallenged lest it establish a precedent dangerous to the principles of freedom and democracy.

W. R. ROBINSON

Yakima, Wash., September 20

Art Under the Swastika

Dear Sirs: In Munich I visited the exhibition of "degenerate" art. It is very comprehensive and instructive but cluttered with a lot of filth. The pictures are hung barbarously—against the light and in very narrow rooms. Inscriptions are everywhere, and red signs read, "Paid for by the tax pennies of German workers." Scrawled with chalk on the frames is the place each picture came from. The sculptures are covered with dust and fingerprints. Lehmbruck's Kneeling Woman has been broken in the middle and at the feet and carelessly fastened together.

If you overlook such barbarities, which isn't easy, the exhibition is magnificent. You can see almost everything of importance that has been done in the last thirty years. People crowd through the entrance in an uninterrupted stream. I heard a few laughing and making silly comments, but the majority were serious and impressed, and angered by the conditions.

What is to be seen there? Nolde, Otto Müller, Kirchner, Heckel—each with some fifteen or twenty pictures. Magical Klees, the finest Kokoschkas, late Corinths, each more beautiful than the other. The Blue Horses and some others of Franz Marc's, Campendonck's Sindelsdorf, Schmidt-Rottluff, Rohlfs, Belling, Archipenko, Kandinsky, Baumeister, Schlemmer, George Grosz, Dix, Gies's Christ (barbarously hung in front of a glaring red curtain), wonderful Feiningers—I need not go on. Everybody of importance is there; only Macke, curiously enough, was not represented. One room was closed, and I was told that the Munich artists hung there—Schrimpf, Caspar, and the others. If the arrangements weren't so shameful, if things were properly displayed, the exhibition would be of bewildering beauty.

I should like to go again; there was so much to see. But you struggle in vain against the blinding light, and you can't step back from a picture because the rooms are so narrow. The sculptures are placed too low and the paintings are hung too high. Many of the pictures are those we have long held sacred. The last room especially, which happens to contain almost nothing but first-class things—among them the Lehmbruck—is like a sanctuary.

ELIZABETH BERRY

Paris, August 10

Material Wanted

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* who have any letters, documents, leaflets, or photographs dealing with the Haymarket or the Sacco-Vanzetti case are asked to communicate with the *Labor Defender*, 80 East Eleventh Street, New York, which is preparing a special memorial issue to honor the memory of these martyrs to the cause of American labor.

SASHA SMALL, Editor

New York, September 11

Perilous Times

Dear Sirs: I began reading *The Nation* in September, 1898, but your issue of September 18, 1937, contains matter far more important to the world today and in the future than any issue heretofore, 1914 not excepted. The articles entitled Pirates and British Policy, War—East and West, Neutrality—a Dangerous Myth, and The Aggressive Good Neighbor far exceed in real importance any that I have read in preceding issues.

Frankly we are in perilous times; the whole world is in turmoil; fear walks everywhere on the globe. The nations of Europe appear to be tottering on the edge of the abyss. War now exists there to a most alarming extent, and dark clouds of war hang over the rest of the world. In this critical hour it is a comfort to have such reliable and worldwide information reach us each week as *The Nation* brings.

R. L. GODWIN

Dunn, N. C., September 21

From Candidate O'Brien

Dear Sirs: As a subscriber to *The Nation* for many years, I want to congratulate you and your correspondent, Joel Seidman, upon the very clear and accurate picture you have given of the personnel and issues in the coming Detroit city election (*The Nation* of September 11). I should also like to thank you sincerely for your very kind references to myself, labor's candidate for mayor.

This is the first time in the history of Detroit that labor and the liberal forces have presented a group of candidates for a city election. I believe that our election will be not merely of local but of national significance as a step in consolidating labor and liberal forces for militant action in the political field.

PATRICK H. O'BRIEN

Detroit, September 20

Indignant Readers' Union

Dear Sirs: Publicity is one of labor's most urgent needs. With reaction better organized and more articulate than ever before, labor should make use of every channel open to it for presenting its aims and desires to the public and obtaining the approval of the middle class. If labor has no funds for advertising, it need not lose heart. There is still space in most newspapers for the publication of letters to the editor. Labor—and progressives and liberals as well—should answer adverse editorials, articles, and advertisements if it wishes to preserve its rights.

Single answers, however, would not have the effectiveness of an organized campaign. What I should like to see, therefore, is an organization of liberals who are able to write sensible letters. An organized group of active, intelligent letter-writers could do much more to advance urgent economic, social, and political reforms than many half-hearted, individual, hit-or-miss attempts. Who will take the lead in promoting such a movement?

ARTHUR SCHENKEL

Brooklyn, N. Y., September 16

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN GROTH, formerly art editor of *Esquire*, will contribute to *The Nation*, beginning next week, a regular feature entitled Behind the Enemy Lines.

FREDA UTLEY is the author of "Japan's Feet of Clay."

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JOSEPHINE HERBST, author of "The Executioner Waits," has recently returned from an extended visit in Spain.

HORACE GREGORY has long had a special interest in Irish history. He will publish shortly a study of the traditions behind modern literature entitled "Makers and Ancestors."

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The Shape of Things

*

THE BLACK AFFAIR IS NO LONGER BEING discussed in the light of reason. Partisan anger reinforced by racial and religious feeling fills almost every comment on the Justice's speech. Those who were demanding an open statement of his relations with the Klan now either dismiss his words as disingenuous and deceptive or condemn them as a confession of guilt. Except in a few Democratic newspapers the chorus of attack is unbroken. A dangerous and vindictive determination to keep the issue alive and, if possible, to hound Justice Black from the court is manifest in even such sober journals as the New York *Times,* while the New York *Sun* has gone so far as to publish on its front page a faked photograph of the Supreme Court with a hooded Klansman in Black's seat. The violence of the attack is so obviously out of proportion to its occasion that an explanation must be sought in the darker recesses of American political life. Hatred of Roosevelt and the New Deal reached a climax in the fight against the court plan; but victory in that engagement brought no appeasement. The President's appointment of Black carried an undeniable implication of political reprisal, and the former Klan connections of the new Justice provided a made-to-order weapon of retaliation. It has been wielded without scruple or mercy and without regard to possible social consequences. The Justice contributed to the success of the attack by his mistaken policy of silence, which was easily interpreted as evasion.

*

WHEN AT LAST HE SPOKE, JUSTICE BLACK said what he had to say compactly, simply, and in sufficient detail. He admitted his early Klan membership and flatly denied present or recent connection with the Klan. He cited his record in the Senate as proof of his freedom from and repudiation of bigotry, intolerance, and race prejudice. He has been criticized for failing to explain his motives in joining the Klan and then in leaving it. This, we believe, would have led him down intricate byways of autobiography and history that would have tended to confuse rather than clarify the issue. An elaborate *apologia pro sua vita* would only have added to the materials of controversy. His speech was dramatic in its sobriety and careful abstinence from drama; it was deliberate anti-climax. But it came too late and so has largely failed to serve its intended purpose. No present act can wipe out the error of having failed to speak those same words when they still held the power to disarm opposition and anticipate exposure. A revelation has ten times the political explosive power of a simple admission of the same facts. Former membership in the Ku Klux Klan may prove a lighter load for the Justice to carry than the onus of silence at the wrong time.

*

BUT THE FINAL WORD HAS NOT BEEN spoken. We doubt that the orgy of vituperation in the press accurately reflects the feeling of the mass of ordinary people. We take as indications the reactions of labor leaders and of various Democratic Congressmen and Senators who have risked mild statements of approval since Justice Black's talk; especially we note the support of Senators Wheeler and O'Mahoney. Reports from correspondents on the President's train reflected no adverse reactions in the sections of the country through which Mr. Roosevelt has been traveling. The fact is that the verdict of the people is still to be heard. And it is not unlikely that their verdict may be summed up in some such words as these: "Black may have made some bad mistakes but he has lived them down. He is no Klansman, and he doesn't deserve the things the newspapers are saying about him. He is against the crowd that want to run the country for big business. He is in favor of laws to raise wages and shorten hours. He stands for a decent living for working men and women. So we think he is a good man to have on the Supreme Court. And we don't like the idea of going on bludgeoning a man who can't hit back."

*

THE LOSS OF LIUHANG NORTH OF SHANGHAI and of Tehchow in Shantung province indicates that Chinese resistance is breaking in the face of superior Japanese arms. The situation in North China is particularly critical. City after city has been given up after only a nominal defense, leaving the strongly fortified region around Shihchiachuang as the last line of defense north of the Yellow River. Reports from northern Shansi have been conflicting, but it appears that the advantage gained by a major victory of the Eighth Route Army—composed of Communist troops—was lost when the Shansi provincial troops gave way to the Japanese. At least part of the Communist forces are said to have abandoned mass defense and adopted the mobile guerrilla tactics which they formerly used to good effect against Chiang Kai-shek's crack troops. In the Shanghai area the Japanese have yet to break through the "Maginot" line which has been carefully prepared as a secondary line of defense. But neutral observers are doubtful of the ability of the Chinese to hold out long before Japan's overwhelming superiority in artillery and airplanes. Meanwhile, hopes that China may obtain the supplies necessary for prolonged resistance have been raised by developments on the international front. Without giving any indication of his purpose, the Soviet ambassador at Nanking departed suddenly for Moscow by the new air route through Sinkiang. The British Air Minister has agreed to permit an unspecified number of the latest British fighting machines to be sold to China. And negotiations for additional planes are reported to have been entered into with American manufacturers. Behind these moves is the League's recognition—implied, in its denunciation of the bombing of Chinese cities by the Japanese—of its obligation to see that China is not denied such assistance as it is entitled to under international law.

*

BETHLEHEM STEEL HAD NOTHING TO DO with the Citizens' National Committee—but Sidney D. Evans, plant-management representative in Johnstown, turned over to Francis C. Martin, then chairman of the C. N. C. and cashier of the United States National Bank of Johnstown, some $30,000. Mayor Daniel Shields had nothing to do either with the company or the committee —but the $30,000 which Mr. Evans gave to Mr. Martin somehow found its way into the hands of Mayor Shields. The Mayor's city government was completely neutral and concerned only with maintaining law and order during the Cambria strike. To this end the city purchased 200 special police badges, 234 police helmets, and four boxes of cartridges. The city records, however, show no expenditures for wages for the special policemen that walked under the helmets, flashed the badges, and broke up union picket lines. Perhaps it is only our addiction to jigsaw puzzles that makes us feel sure that we know where Mr. Evans's $30,000 fits into this ingeniously carved picture which the experts of the National Labor Relations Board are piecing together in their Johnstown hearings. A minor but interesting item is the tale told by Michael J. Sewak, burgess of the borough where the Cambria strike "trouble" centered. He testified that on two occasions officials of Bethlehem Steel offered to clear up a bit of financial trouble for him if he would "go along" and swear in the Bethlehem police as special officers. Mr. Sewak refused to go along. The revelations at Johnstown make such enlightening reading that we can quite understand why they are not being played up more vividly in the press.

*

CONSIDERING THE SERVICE WHICH THE NLRB is rendering the American labor movement by such civic achievements as the exposure of the Citizens' National Committee, the continuing attack on it of the A. F. of L. on the ground that it is pro-C. I. O. is both despicable and dangerous. Some sense of responsibility must have flickered up during the drafting of the report of the A. F. of L. executive council, for the section discussing the board was surprisingly mild in contrast with recent violent statements of Green and others. At the same time Robert S. Allen reports from the West Coast that the A. F. of L. leaders there are ready to join with employers in crippling the NLRB if by so doing they can deliver a blow to the C. I. O. And certainly the spirit which dominates the A. F. of L. meeting at Denver is one which would stop at nothing in the war on the Lewis group. Mr. Green's violent opening speech, in which he said the federation would build "the greatest fighting machine that was ever created within the ranks of labor" to wipe out the C. I. O., shows that we may expect no peace at this juncture. The fact that the membership of the A. F. of L. has increased by some 800,000, whatever the reasons for this growth, means that it will resist all the more stubbornly the terms on which alone the C. I. O. will consent to negotiate. There will be active and bitter warfare until the C. I. O., which now approximately equals the A. F. of L. in membership, rolls up another two or three million. Meanwhile we hope that the NLRB will not become a casualty in that war.

* * *

MANY GERMAN JEWS MAY BE RELEASED SOON from Nazi concentration camps, not because the anti-Semitic fever is abating in government circles of the sick Reich but in order to make room for new victims. The Jews who are released—and they will not include those considered politically dangerous—will be free to leave the country, and encouraged to do so, provided they have enough money left to be admitted to another country after the Nazis have extracted their pound of flesh in the form of a large emigration tax. Most of the thousand Jews who are estimated to be still confined have spent from one to four years in Hitler's prisons; but when they come out those who are not able to escape to other countries will merely find themselves in the larger and, it may be, the more brutal prison of the Third Reich itself. The handling of the Jewish question now has been given over to the local leaders of the Nazi Party. This would seem to indicate a return to the early days of Nazi policy; and it sounds ominously like throwing a bone to a pack of snarling dogs. There is evidence that the German people take little interest in the persecution of Jews—for instance, "Aryans" occupy the yellow benches in Berlin plazas and otherwise disregard anti-Semitic signs. But we may be sure that petty officials authorized to persecute a minority group will indulge to the full the sadistic impulse to which Nazism has given such inhuman scope.

* * *

THE PASTORAL LETTER ISSUED LAST MONTH by the Catholic hierarchy of Spain is proving the boomerang that its authors so richly deserve. Its purpose was to offset Catholic discontent with General Franco as a champion of Christian civilization—the savage tactics of that Christian knight, his employment of Moors, and his close association with the neo-pagan, Catholic-baiting followers of Hitler having spread much doubt among the faithful. In their efforts to restore the solidarity of Catholic opinion and obtain unequivocal recognition from the Vatican, the Spanish prelates overreached themselves. Catholics elsewhere in the world have maintained a stony and possibly embarrassed silence. And now a broad and significant sector of Protestant opinion in the United States has published an open letter demanding an end to that silence. The letter, signed by 150 Protestant clergymen, educators, and distinguished laymen, finds "alarming" the hierarchy's "attempt to justify a military rebellion against a legally elected government" and its "open hostility toward popular government." And it asks a number of pertinent questions: "Is the Spanish hierarchy speaking for itself or for the Catholic church as a whole?" "Does it have, as it claims to have, the sympathetic approval of the Vatican?" "Does this pastoral letter . . . reflect the political views of the Catholic church in America?" It demands answers to these questions as it has every right to do. However annoyed American Catholics may be at the Spanish prelates for jockeying them into their present position, the fact remains that they now have to speak out, to split Catholic opinion publicly and unequivocally or openly to accept fascism as the protector of the faith.

* * *

WITH THE FRANC NEAR ITS ALL-TIME LOW mark, the Radical Socialists in the Chautemps Cabinet have forced the Socialists to accept a series of compromises which are almost tantamount to abandonment of the Popular Front program. Under pressure from the financial interests the Cabinet has agreed to limit the application of the forty-hour week and to prevent sitdown strikes such as proved so effective in the summer of 1936. The surrender of the Socialists on the question of the forty-hour week is particularly surprising in view of the general success of the emergency measures adopted last summer. M. Bonnet, the Minister of Finance, recently reported that the 1938 budget will not only be balanced but show a surplus of 1,600,000,000 francs. Recent funding operations have been successful, and it has been announced that the Caisse d'Amortissement will redeem four billion francs of the national debt in the coming year. Thus Blum has not even the excuse of MacDonald in abandoning his reform program under pressure from the right. France is not faced by a national crisis, nor is there any threat of a new deterioration in economic conditions. It is true that opposition to the Radical Socialists' proposals might have imperiled the Popular Front. But if the Popular Front has reached the point where its only function is to obtain the left's support for a reactionary program, it is high time for it to be supplanted by a new and more vigorous grouping of the left parties.

* * *

WHEN THE NEW PICTURE MAGAZINES FIRST appeared, we kept our fingers crossed and waited to discover any social philosophy in them other than an avid desire for circulation. Significantly it is *Look*, reaching the lower-middle-income groups, which is first showing some social insight. For all its sensationalism *Look* is doing a first-rate job in laying bare some of the ills of American society. In the issues of October 12 and 26 it gives two impressive spreads on civil liberties. Lynchings, vigilantism, the victims of Black Legion and Klan, the Harlan terror, and Scottsboro, Mooney, and Sacco-Vanzetti incidents—these are some of the scenes presented. Only rarely are the punches pulled, and the accompanying script is simple and clear. *Look* has a circulation of a million and three-quarters, and that means an enormous potential influence. We congratulate Publisher Cowles and Managing Editor Pope for their achievement. And the best of it is that the advance copy we have just seen of their forthcoming spread on slum housing indicates that this new pictorial liberalism is not just a flash in the pan.

*

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH IN CHICAGO ON THE international crisis was released too late for extended comment in this issue. But its portent is so grave and yet so full of hopeful possibilities that we cannot go to press without a word of approval. That Mr. Roosevelt could, returning from the West, so boldly challenge the isolationist sentiment of the country and so clearly warn of the dangers to our own nation that lurk in an irresponsible, hands-off foreign policy shows courage as well as vision. His attack on the outlaw powers was direct enough to obviate the need of naming names. The speech seems to imply, indeed to promise, action both in Western Europe and in the East.

Hope in Europe

TO A world that has become accustomed to successive retreats on the part of the democratic nations, the recent developments in Europe come as an unexpected relief. The Nyon piracy patrol, though highly important, could be explained on grounds of immediate self-defense. But the action of the League in calling upon Italy to withdraw its armed forces under the threat of abandoning "non-intervention" represents a complete shift in policy. For the first time since the outbreak of the Spanish conflict the democracies of Europe have formed a front against fascist aggression.

In contrast to the non-intervention days it is France rather than Great Britain that is determining policy. It was France's threat to reopen its border to the passage of supplies for the Spanish government, together with the rumor that French troops might be sent to balance the Italian troops, which forced Britain to formulate the demand foı the withdrawal of Mussolini's "volunteers." While it may seem peculiar that a Cabinet headed by a Radical Socialist should take a firmer stand in support of Spain than the Blum Cabinet took, there can be no doubt that public sentiment in both France and England has shifted toward the Loyalists in recent months. The red bogy which was so influential in the early days of the conflict has lost much of its potency since the formation of the moderate Negrin government. The pirate submarine campaign and Italy's boastings of the exploits of its troops have destroyed all illusions about the extent of Italian intervention. It has become clear that an insurgent victory gained under these conditions would practically close the Mediterranean to France and Britain in war time. Moreover, Japan's preoccupation in China has given the anti-fascist powers new confidence that a strong stand will not lead to war.

While any concerted action on the part of the European democracies is ground for optimism, many elements of danger still lurk in the situation. The British government has a disconcerting habit of offsetting every move in defense of democracy with a concession to fascism. In this case Britain is almost certain to offer—besides recognition of the Ethiopian conquest—the extension of belligerent rights to the Spanish insurgents in return for a promise to withdraw Italian "volunteers." There is even danger that Britain may go so far as to promise material aid for the rebels if the Italian troops are withdrawn. On the other hand, if Mussolini refuses to withdraw his troops, as he is almost certain to do, we can by no means be sure that Britain will support immediate action to open the frontier. And the possibility of a strong stand on the part of France is somewhat reduced by the seriousness of its present internal economic crisis. With the Chautemps government under heavy pressure from the right on domestic policy, it will be difficult for it to assert its independence on the question of Spain. It is not impossible, however, that the right parties themselves may demand the end of non-intervention if Mussolini is too obstinate.

Perhaps the most encouraging element in the diplomatic situation is the evidence that neither Germany nor Italy is so closely welded to the Berlin-Rome axis that it could not be detached. Despite the excellent show that Hitler staged for Mussolini on the occasion of his recent visit, it is questionable that the Reich would support Italy in a refusal to withdraw its troops from Spain. On its part the Reich has shown some anxiety lest the three-power conference arranged by England and France presage the restoration of the Stresa front. The plain truth is that Germany and Italy together are not strong enough to fight a war against the combined forces of the Soviet Union and the democratic powers. Consequently either would readily drop the axis if it could obtain an agreement with Great Britain. This fact is helpful in that it allows considerable latitude for maneuvering, but it is also dangerous in that it may easily lead to unjustified concessions. The non-fascist powers have gained an excellent strategic position, but diplomacy is no game for weaklings. The game must be played through to the finish with courage and resolution.

The Boycott Grows

NOT since the days of the British peace ballot has there been such an impressive demonstration of the desire of the common people for collective action against war as the spontaneous rise of a boycott movement against Japanese goods. Two months ago, when Japanese forces staged the Lukouchiao incident, the morale of peace forces everywhere was at its lowest ebb. The League had failed successively in Manchuria, Ethiopia, and Spain. Disillusioned by the apparent weakness of government policy in all the democracies, public opinion had settled into an apathy. Then, suddenly, the Japanese overreached themselves. The inexplicable attack on the British ambassador (for which no clear apology was ever

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issued), the merciless bombing of civilians in open cities, and the attacks on fishing fleets brought home the bloody reality of Japanese aggression. Thoroughly aroused, a number of groups began casting about for a means of putting a stop to these brutal outrages. For the first time the word "boycott" began to appear in the daily press. Almost without warning the movement catapulted itself into the headlines. People began to realize that they had within their hands a weapon powerful enough to bring an end to the campaign of frightfulness which the fascist nations have been waging throughout the world.

Strangely enough, it was in Great Britain rather than in the United States that the boycott idea first caught on. The groups which sponsored the famous peace poll and were responsible for the remarkable protest against the Hoare-Laval plan for the partition of Ethiopia—the League of Nations Association, the churches, the trade unions, and progressive elements in both the Liberal and the Labor Party—began to demand action against Japanese aggression. Nor has the protest been confined to idealists and left-wingers. The head of the largest chain of milk bars in Great Britain canceled an order for 100,000,000 Japanese straws. A group of prominent British industrialists met and decided to appeal to the insurance companies to find means of restoring British trade with China, which was practically suspended as the result of Lloyd's refusal to insure ordinary cargoes in the war zone. Even more significant was the approval by the British Air Minister of the sale of a number of first-class Gloster fighting planes to the Chinese government. And finally a powerful movement has arisen, supported by the Labor Party, for a government embargo on all trade with Japan.

Meanwhile in the United States—the birthplace of the boycott—we see encouraging indications that the movement is growing despite the apathy of many of the peace organizations. Boycott resolutions are to be introduced in the A. F. of L. and C. I. O. conventions, with an excellent chance that they will be adopted by both bodies. A nation-wide consumers'-boycott movement was launched by the American League against War and Fascism at Madison Square Garden in New York City on October 1. An audience attending a national business conference in Wellesley, Massachusetts, voted almost unanimously for a boycott. Picketing of the five-and-ten-cent stores, which sell considerable quantities of Japanese-made goods, started a week ago. And an American of world prominence, whose name cannot be disclosed, has indicated his willingness to lead a nation-wide movement. On the Pacific Coast there is a possibility that members of the Maritime Federation will refuse to handle war shipments to Japan.

The consumers' boycott, backed by appropriate labor-union action, is the safest and most effective of all devices for curbing aggression. The government cannot possibly be accused of unneutral action; not even a dictatorship can compel persons to buy Japanese goods. Nor is any serious injury to American manufacturers and workers involved. The same machines and the same workers that now turn out silk dresses and hosiery can be used for the production of goods made of rayon and lisle. Many American industries would actually profit by the diversion of trade from Japanese to American products. Storekeepers would not be affected one way or the other, for they can readily cancel their Japanese orders if the public refuses to buy Japanese goods. The only persons who would face a real loss are those who supply war materials to Japan. And even here the loss would be much less than is ordinarily thought. The cotton farmer, producer of America's chief export to Japan, is protected against loss by the cotton loans which have already been authorized on the 1937 crop. Because of the domestic shortage of scrap-iron, American steel interests would actually be benefited by the checking of exports to Japan.

A boycott of necessity involves some loss on both sides. But the sacrifice demanded of the boycotter in this case is insignificant in the light of what such a move would accomplish. The Japanese invasion of China can be brought to a halt within three months if the people of Great Britain and the United States—Japan's principal customers—stop buying Japanese goods. And if Japan is stopped, the danger of a new world war will be immeasurably reduced. "Don't Buy Silk" is a slogan which may revive in a disillusioned world the possibility of collective action for peace.

Robert Allen's Article

THE following letter was received by *The Nation* after it had appeared in the morning papers of September 29:

> In your issue of September 25, 1937, you carried a story, Who "Exposed" Black? by Robert S. Allen, in which is charged a conspiracy between Paul Block, the North American Newspaper Alliance, and some others whom you do not definitely identify.
>
> This letter does not in the least concern itself with Mr. Justice Black. It is intended to call your attention only to the absolute falsity of the main statements in the libel, such as "Frank Prince dug up the material on which the Black-Klan articles were based"; and the charge is made that Paul Block and the *Post-Gazette* are in some way involved in a gumshoe job on John L. Lewis.
>
> This whole matter is a figment of the imagination, wholly unwarranted and unjustified so far as the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, Mr. Block, or Mr. Sprigle are concerned. The latter is on the staff of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, was assigned to the task, and exclusively did the work in gathering the material which went into the articles published by the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* relating to the Klan and Justice Black.
>
> Frank Prince is wholly unknown to Mr. Paul Block, who, up to the time when his attention was called to your article, had never heard of him. This may be true with respect to Mr. Sprigle, although I have not had the opportunity of asking him. Frank Prince has never, directly or indirectly, been in the employ or hire in any capacity whatsoever of either the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* or Mr. Paul Block, and was in no wise associated with or connected with Mr. Sprigle in the Black-Klan articles.
>
> This vicious effort to make it appear that they or either

of them had anything to do with any investigation of John L. Lewis is a libel which you could have avoided printing by a single inquiry. The malice with which these false charges were written and published is apparent on the face thereof. That you should have made no effort to verify any of the accusations contained in this article and hinted at in the editorial which preceded it is inconceivable but nevertheless the fact.

Demand is herewith made that you publish at once a complete and absolute withdrawal of each and every of these accusations. I would be pleased to hear from you as to your intention in the matter.

MAX D. STEUER

Mr. Allen, who wrote the article Mr. Steuer complains of, is an experienced Washington correspondent whose writings are published in newspapers throughout the country. That the statements made in the article were neither written nor published in malice should go without saying. If in fact they did an injustice to Mr. Block or the *Post-Gazette* in any particular, we can only express our regret.

But Mr. Allen did *not* say that Mr. Block hired Mr. Prince to dig up the Klan connections of Justice Black. Mr. Allen tooks pains to say, "Who employed him [Prince] for this important work is still a matter of unconfirmed clues and reports," and that it was "certain not definitely identified anti-Administration business interests" which hired Mr. Prince. But even if Mr. Allen had made the statement Mr. Steuer implies, we fail to see why it should give offense. Surely it is not improper for a newspaper or its publisher to use material gathered by an experienced investigator for a story that it is planning to publish. Nor is there any objection to a newspaper or its publisher investigating John L. Lewis or any other public figure. But it was not Mr. Block or his paper, according to Mr. Allen, that was planning such an investigation. The article neither stated nor implied this, and how Mr. Steuer read such implications into it we do not know. If any other reader so interpreted it we wish to make it clear that this was not intended.

The main point of the article, which seems to have been obscured in this discussion, was that Mr. Block and others were engaged in an attempt to "destroy the crusading New Dealer's [Justice Black's] usefulness on the bench and force President Roosevelt to abandon his fight to liberalize the court."

Government of Lawyers

THERE is a now hoary classroom joke about our country being "a government of lawyers and not of men." Our government and our lawyers seem both to have taken it to heart; the Administration is on a furious rampage to prove that the lawyers are Sinister Forces, and the embattled lawyers are determined to show that the Administration is a Malignant Monster. A few weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt had his innings in his Constitution Day address, which was a consummate literary performance, whatever else it may have been. And now the American Bar Association has been meeting in Kansas City, and the cries of rage are audible on both seaboards.

The advantage lies, of course, with the President, for the confusion of tongues at a convention can never match the clear voice of one man. Perhaps to achieve the desired unity, the Bar Association gathering has caught hold of a certain moot issue concerning the Klan and the judiciary, and seems to have turned itself by one accord into a Black Watch. We doubt whether the affair was planned to become so obsessive. The schedule seems to have called for the usual speeches and resolutions against the New Deal, against bureaucracy, against dictatorship, and against et cetera. New elements were speeches against court-packing and the creation of a sort of public-relations committee to "interpret" the legal profession to the public. There was even the usual unexpected thunderbolt, this time in the form of a scorching speech by President Robert M. Hutchins of Chicago University, which stripped the delegates of their self-respect and professional hocus-pocus. But the convention recovered at the name of Black, and by hurling various resolutions at the new justice it struck the President at a vulnerable point in his armor.

We shall not conceal the fact that we regard the American Bar Association with distaste. It is the most reactionary wing of a reactionary profession. It has shown consistent stupidity and, what is worse, has been invariably boring. It typifies to the full the blindness of a ruling class that is marching straight to chaos because it dare not save itself with moderation.

Nevertheless, we shall not conceal the fact that we do not believe Mr. Roosevelt has hurled his bolts at the legal profession wisely or well. He has given the lawyers far too great an importance in our social system. It is true that De Tocqueville once called the lawyers the only aristocracy America had developed. And it is true also that lawyers have done much to mold our history, at least outwardly, through their influence upon our political and constitutional system. But we must remember that with the growth of business enterprise lawyers have become increasingly commercialized and have increasingly been drawn within the orbit of the giant corporations. It is a truism on Wall Street that once lawyers used to have clients, but now corporations have lawyers. And the truth in this truism is that the legal profession is now the obedient servant of big business, and not at all its master or even its guide.

The lawyers like to say that Roosevelt is now against them because he was once a failure as a lawyer. However this may be, our own quarrel with the President is that by his increasing attacks he elevates the lawyers beyond their stature. Actually, the lawyers affect chiefly, through their litigation, the pace of legislative and administrative control of business. In this role they can be more or less obstructive, more or less helpful. But they are not the crucial group. The real targets should be the business interests themselves. And the energy that is expended in attacking the lawyers is necessarily diverted from the real forces that control our society.

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Hugo Black—a Personal History

BY MAX LERNER

I WAS on the revenue cutter off Norfolk, along with about seventy-five reporters and photographers who had converged on the pleasant Virginia seaport to surround a man finally trapped. I marveled at how little rancor the quarry showed when he met the newspapermen. In the cabin, before he went on deck to confront the cameras and notebooks, he told me with amusement how he had been hounded in London by American reporters. That very morning I watched his unperturbed cheerfulness survive even the efforts of a photographer outside his cabin to poke his camera between the slats at the bottom of the door; he wished, I suppose, to preserve for posterity a pictorial record of the legs of those inside. Although in his statement Justice Black hit at the distortions of the press, he somehow made the reporters understand that his quarrel was not with them but with their bosses. And two days later he made his radio audience of some thirty million understand why he was talking directly to them. The idea of using the radio was one which had come to him on his way across the Atlantic. It was a sound democratic instinct. And because he followed this instinct, he turned what might have been, in a sense, a lynching bee into something like a triumphal homecoming.

I shall not easily forget an extended conversation with Justice Black on the evening following his arrival. Journalists learn to be skeptical of the drama of events, and yet there are moments when man and occasion combine to leave an ineradicable mark. This was one. Justice Black's biography, as I have pieced it together from this and other sources, is one of the most moving and contradictory records in our history. Since the sources were sympathetic, the record I am setting down may contain a degree of bias or rationalization. I offer it not as a final critical account but as a personal history, in which I have sought to view the action as the actor might have viewed it.

Hugo Black was born in 1886 on a farm in Clay County, Alabama, the youngest of a large family of a desolately poor farmer. He was of Scotch-Irish and English descent, and his Irish ancestors had been driven out of their country for their religious beliefs. When Hugo was five, his father moved to the county seat at Ashland, bought a small store, and became a tolerably successful merchant. The county was poor; it had neither bank nor hospital, but it did boast a primitive sort of academy called Ashland College, which provided the boy's schooling from six to sixteen. He studied medicine for a year, but he had always had a hankering for law, and so he left medicine to complete a two-year law course at the University of Alabama. In 1907, at the age of twenty-one, he settled down to a career as a Birmingham lawyer.

There followed intense work at law, reading crowded into the night hours, rapid political success. Birmingham was the school that taught him. He made close connections with the trade unions; in 1909 he represented the miners' union in its first Alabama strike; later he was attorney for the carpenters' union in another important suit. He loved the techniques of the law, mastered its procedure, began to build a state-wide fame. This led naturally to politics, and Black was elected police judge in 1910, at twenty-four, and prosecuting attorney in 1914. He had been absorbed with politics ever since he could remember: he recalls staying up all night as a boy of ten to listen to the election returns for probate judge. He was a hard and tireless campaigner: for the 1926 election he campaigned for thirteen months, dropping all his work, covering every county in the state, some of them twenty times. His opponents learned to fear him, because his appeal was that of one who knew his audiences and loved to match wits with them. In fact, as I talked with him I had a notion that when he came to make his radio statement he would feel isolated before the microphones. He would, I think, have preferred to carry his answer to actual audiences all over the country, face to face with the people to whom he responded and who responded to him.

That a man like Black should have come to join the Klan is one of those facts monstrously hard to grasp until you approach it not as a moral problem but simply as a piece of political behavior. Black's career was that of a progressive in politics, and in the South in the decade after the World War such a career inevitably crossed that of the Klan. For the Klan had not inconsiderable roots, although twisted ones, in the mass-mind. Its superpatriotism fitted the anti-radical mood after the war; its law-enforcement plank went strong in the period of Prohibition racketeering; in regions of economic distress its nativism seemed an insurance against the competition of immigrant labor; amid the decay of religious faith its mystical religionism had an appeal; its attitude toward the Negroes was integral to the Southern psychosis of "white supremacy." In such a soil the Klan grew with an intoxicating speed that seemed its own sanction. Many of the younger Southern leaders felt helpless before it. They must either ride the whirlwind of the Klan or surrender, and they had no thought of surrendering.

It is easy to call their point of view contemptible. It was a tragic mistake, and it is clear that Justice Black thinks so now. But it is easy to be wise after the fact. In Alabama at that time not only the farmer and merchant were Klansmen; 90 per cent of organized labor in Birmingham was enrolled. The common people had been captured by the Klan, for it buttressed them against problems they could not understand with principles that seemed eternal. The Klan assumed, moreover, a radical attitude on many specific issues which appealed to the progressives. Like the fascist movement in Germany, it combined a spurious radicalism with terrorism. Those who leaned toward the first were often able to shut their eyes to the second. But as the Klan madness took its swift and terrible course, and as it became the prey of racketeers and hoodlums, its fascist character grew ever clearer. Before that process had gone far, Hugo Black had left the Klan, but he could not escape the shadow of it.

He was from the very beginning a "joiner." Even before he was of age, he had put in his application for the Knights of Pythias and the Masons. He had a youthful fervor for these secret societies. Somewhere around 1920 he was approached to join the Klan. He pleaded lack of time; he was then Grand Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias and an officer of his Masonic lodge. He was skeptical of the Klan's exclusion of Jews (the Masons admitted them), anxious to know the character of its members, suspicious that they might take the law into their own hands. The matter was dropped, but soon a close friend approached Black again, and this time overcame his objections. But it was not until two years later that Black actually attended a meeting and paid dues. He went to very few meetings, and when he spoke it was to warn against lawlessness and religious intolerance. Finally, on the eve of the Senate race, he resigned altogether.

He resigned, but he did not openly repudiate the Klan. To have done so would have taken greater political hardiness than Black possessed. And he accepted in his election the support of the Klan people, because he needed the votes of the workers and farmers who made up its members. In 1926, after the election, he was invited by Esdale, the head of the state lodge, to address a meeting at Birmingham at which Governor-elect Bibb Graves was also to speak. He went to it, as he went to similar meetings of other societies. He was in a jubilant mood after his victory, and he thanked the audience for its support as he had thanked many other audiences. His speech, if the Sprigle version of it is correct, pulsed with a vague religionism and an overaccented brotherly love, but little more. After that, he never attended another Klan meeting, and his relations with the Klan grew steadily worse. In 1928 his support of Al Smith went directly counter to the Klan's policy. In 1930, when Heflin (who had been read out of the party for bolting Smith) ran for the Senate, Black stumped the state against him, further embittering the Klan, which was openly backing Heflin. And it was Black's opposition that defeated Heflin and elected Bankhead, as Heflin himself admitted.

Black's Senate record needs no adornment in these pages. It was such as to wipe out, in his own mind as in the minds of those who valued his liberalism and humanity, all concern with, if not all memory of, the brief Klan years. When the nomination to the Supreme Court came to him, he accepted it as a recognition of his work as Senator. If he did not mention to the President his former Klan membership, it was because by the side of his Senate career it seemed irrelevant. We may regard such a judgment as an error, but it was understandable.

There are some who feel more strongly about his failure to tell the Senate about the Klan connection when the issue was raised. But the same sense of relative unimportance would have operated in Black's mind with respect to the Senate. There would be, in addition, his unwillingness to involve the Administration in a row over an episode which seemed to have lost all meaning, the fact that no Senator questioned him on the subject, and finally a feeling of pride that the least his own colleagues in the Senate could do would be to judge him on the basis of their association with him.

When the Sprigle series broke, Black was in London. He knew that groups similar to those behind these articles had, in both his senatorial campaigns, sent agents and investigators to Alabama who had scoured the state to find something they could use against him. In fact, the Sprigle material itself was not new, except for the stenographic records: the letter of resignation and the "grand passport" had both been made public in Alabama during the last Senate fight. Knowing this, Justice Black was inclined to give the American people more credit for keeping their heads than we turned out to deserve. When he found that the articles were raising a storm, he had to face a bitter choice between making a statement and remaining quiet. We all wondered why he did not answer the charges immediately. But now, after his radio speech, it is clear that to put the charges in their true perspective would have been impossible from across the ocean; the only item to survive transatlantic passage and the mercies of the newspaper moguls would have been the admission that he was once a member of the Klan. And Hugo Black has had as good a training in political tactics as the next man. He knows that when you are unscrupulously attacked, instead of answering at a disadvantage, it is better to wait until it is your show, and then strike dramatically and hard.

That he spoke at all was more out of a concern for the political fortunes of the New Deal and the President than for his own interest. So far as the Klan issue is involved, his place on the court is unassailable; he can neither be impeached nor compelled legally to resign, and it would not take long for his court decisions to quiet the storm the "exposures" have raised.

There are several ironies about the whole episode. The obvious one is that so militant a New Dealer should be accused of being a reactionary. Another is that this man, charged with hostility to Negroes, would have faced defeat in another senatorial contest because he had fought too strenuously for raising the wages of Negro mill hands and lumber workers. But the greatest irony is that the most fervent Senate admirer of John Stuart Mill and the liberal tradition should be charged with being a bigot and an enemy of civil liberties. Mill's "Autobiography" and his essay "On Liberty," Plato's "Dialogues" and Grote's "Plato"—these are the books on which his mind dwells. But there are two authors whom he has read even more

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assiduously: Jefferson, whose set of writings in his library is completely marked up; and John W. Draper, whose highly libertarian "Intellectual Development of Europe" he has read four or five times. The curious may even now turn to the *Congressional Record* for 1929 and read Black's fervid speech against the Treasury bill for censoring books from abroad, in which he quoted Draper's account of the burning of the Alexandria library; and then compare it with Heflin's speech on the subject.

I do not mean to say that Justice Black is all of one texture. In fact, the remarkable thing about him is that he is so full of contradictions. He is not a simple man to understand. His critics have called him slippery, but that was not the best word I found to fit him. I found a man who was confident of his strength. I found a quick and elusive intelligence that defied whatever rules I had built up for putting people in their proper niche in my own mind. Here was a man who had toiled day and night over his law books and had still kept an open mind for ideas; a man of limited education and sectional outlook who had managed to become a statesman as well as a tactician; a progressive who was also a Southerner, and who believed that the problems of progressive democracy in the South had to be approached differently from the same problem in the North; a lawyer and politician who knew more about economics than almost anyone in the Senate, and who had dug beneath the political forms of today to their economic realities.

Such a man could do much to vitalize the court and to broaden himself further in the process. He is on the court now and he means to stay. He knows that he belongs there, and he feels that the majority of the people want him there. The impression has been built up that he is not of good legal caliber, and that his talents are only those of the police judge and the prosecutor. That is not true. It is true that he never had a Harvard Law School training and never was an operative in a New York law factory. But he has come up against the smart lawyers and the corporation lawyers, both in his practice and in the Senate; and the encounters have not left him with a feeling of inferiority. He probably does not know much about admiralty or patent law, but neither, I should venture, does anyone else on the present court; both those subjects should long ago have been segregated in a special court of experts. Justice Black is no backwoods lawyer. For years before he came to the Senate he had the largest and most brilliant law practice in Alabama, which had begun to net him an income of some $40,000 a year. And as for the "certioraris"—those voluminous writs over which the justices exhaust themselves during the summer—time and a quick eye and a nimble intelligence have proved sufficient equipment for other justices.

Technical questions aside, we must recognize that the Supreme Court justice of today must have more than law courses and fat corporation fees to his credit. He is right in the center of the formation of economic and social policy. He must combine technical ability with economic realism and philosophic grasp. Justice Black does not have either the philosophy or the style of Justice Cardozo. But more than anyone else on the court he resembles his close friend, Justice Brandeis, if not in moral fervor, at least in the combination of legal acumen and economic knowledge. He may yet write court history, as he has already written Senate history.

France's Would-Be Fuehrer

BY LUDWIG LORE

WHEN he wishes to get an interview with a European statesman or politician, the American journalist is usually accorded every possible courtesy. The Old World knows by this time that American dollars do not grow on berry bushes, but America is still in the spotlight on the world stage and its journalists shine with a reflected glory. There are exceptions, however. Trying to get an interview with a fascist leader is a man-sized job for anyone, and no less so for an American. Not that these would-be dictators are adverse to publicity, but simply that the Mosleys, the De la Rocques, the Doriots, the Degrelles, and the Musserts are so occupied with the thousand and one things clamoring for their attention that they literally haven't a moment to spare. They are organizers, editors, propagandists, and contact men, all in one; they spend their days at demonstrations, in committees, behind editorial desks, in conference with party intimates and financial backers, and their nights in railroad trains. Nevertheless, after considerable wire-pulling, I succeeded in getting an interview with the latest meteor in the sky of French authoritarianism, Jacques Doriot.

My appointment called me to the offices of the great evening paper *Liberté*, of which Doriot had just become the publisher. The reception room was crowded; many came but few were able to get to the leader himself. I was among the fortunate ones. After several preliminary encounters with various functionaries, I was finally led by Doriot's secretary through a large and quietly elegant outer office into the presence of the chieftain of the Parti Populaire Français.

An impressive figure rose to greet me. The man, I estimated, must be at least six feet two or three and weigh every bit of 250 pounds. Not more than thirty-eight years old, friendly, intelligent, direct, a pleasing personality, he had the fresh face and clear eye of a man who lives simply but well. We shook hands and sat down to talk things over. Now and then, when my questions touched on what were to him unpleasant topics, his voice became loud and he pounded with his mighty fists on the desk top. At other times his demeanor was courteous and business-like. He was willing to let the facts as he saw them speak for themselves.

I have known Doriot by reputation and through his writings for more than fifteen years. He comes to the fascist movement from the extreme left, having made his political debut in the Communist youth organization. He had barely earned his spurs in that movement when he was made a member of the party's Central Committee. There was plenty of room at the top in those early days of the Communist movement, and Jacques Doriot was obviously destined for leadership. He became the most important person in the Communist Party of France. His organization in the Paris suburb of St. Denis was the pride of the movement. Fully a fourth of the French membership was in Doriot's local constituency. His voice carried weight in the deliberations of the Communist International.

In 1933 Jacques Doriot created a major sensation by coming out openly against what he called the senseless course of the Communist International. He argued for an alliance with the Socialists to oppose fascism, but nothing was farther from Moscow's intentions at that time. The U. S. S. R. still hoped to come to an understanding with the Reichswehr and its general staff. The idea that Hitler would last was defeatism and could not be tolerated. When Doriot insisted, he felt the weight of the Comintern's displeasure. He was removed from his post in the party, and Maurice Thorez, a youthful mine worker, was put in his place.

When the combined forces of fascism and monarchism staged their memorable coup d'état on February 6, 1934, Doriot made another attempt to effect unity between the labor parties. The general strike with which the workers of France called a halt to the fascist offensive had demonstrated the crying need of a united anti-fascist front extending far into the ranks of the petty bourgeoisie. Doriot renewed his efforts, and the party went into action in earnest. He was held up to the membership as an incorrigible opportunist and a traitor to communism. Nevertheless, the Comintern invited him to come to Moscow, but he played safe and refused. His expulsion followed as a matter of course.

Doriot was hardly out of the party when the Comintern decided to change its tactics. Why? Barthou had brought about a complete reversal of French foreign policy, and Litvinov had come home in triumph with a pocketful of treaties with the nations of Western Europe. Russian foreign policy underwent a sharp reorientation, and the Comintern went along. The Communist Party of France was instructed to begin negotiations with the Socialist Party forthwith, and in a few short months the united front was an accomplished fact, the cornerstone for the *Front Populaire* which now governs France.

Doriot was not the man to take such treatment lightly. An attempt to make his peace with the Socialist Party failed. That party felt too strongly about the united front to take any chances, knowing, indeed, that this ex-Communist would be a doubtful acquisition on any terms. For a while the French radical press was full of angry recriminations. Doriot's fury against the Comintern and the French party knew no bounds. He shouted its innermost secrets from the housetops and demanded a parliamentary investigation of financial relations between the U. S. S. R. and the C. P. F. He dragged his own past through the mire in an insane desire for vengeance. He sought and found support in a group of the Croix de Feu that had broken with Colonel de la Rocque because the latter lacked "social understanding." That was the beginning. He went farther and farther to the right, supporting Laval's pro-Nazi foreign policy and helping him capture a senate seat from the city of Paris. He was received and fêted by the monarchist clique of the notorious Chiappe, former police chief of Paris. Meanwhile he denounced the anti-German, pro-Russian policy of the People's Front and accused it of driving Europe into war. In October, 1936, he granted an interview to a Hitler organ in Dortmund in which he formulated the three fundamental issues of his new party as follows: (1) destruction of the Communist Party of France; (2) repudiation of the Franco-Russian alliance; (3) conclusion of an alliance between Germany and France.

Doriot's ambitions grew in direct ratio with the distance between himself and his erstwhile comrades. If fascist dictatorship was to be the next step in European political development, then Jacques Doriot would be a dictator. Fascism in France needed an outstanding personality to unite the contending fascist and semi-fascist groups into a powerful organization. Who was better equipped than he to save France from the red menace? Familiar with every trick of political demagogy, speaking the language of the masses, active, ruthless, ambitious, Doriot was the man French fascism was looking for.

Having made his choice, Doriot set to work with all the energy that had made him such an important figure in the Communist movement. The methods he had learned there he turned to good account for his new cause. His little weekly, *Emancipation*, became an impressive periodical almost overnight. A news pictorial showing the would-be dictator in every conceivable attitude was thrown on the market in enormous quantities. His new party, the French People's Party, conducted a whirlwind publicity campaign. These things cost money, and Doriot was not well-to-do. But he was Mayor of St. Denis, and he covered his deficits by ordering payment of fictitious bills for coal and other supplies out of the treasury. He also found wealthy backers. It is said that the insurance interests which sustained heavy losses during the strike wave of 1936 have been liberal supporters of the Doriot campaign, looking to him to rid France of strikes forever.

Persons whose words are not to be taken lightly declare that he is receiving large sums from Goebbels's propaganda bureau. It would be difficult to prove it, but if circumstantial evidence is worth anything, his accusers have a good case. His attitude toward Hitler's Germany and its allies, his praise of General Franco, and his espousal of a French-German-Italian alliance against the Soviet Union certainly lay him open to suspicion.

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I decided to get down to business at once, since neither of us had time for polite conversation.

"What," I asked him, "decided you to break so completely with your Communist past?"

"You probably know something of my history," he replied. "I entered the Communist Party of France twenty years ago, as a fervent fighter for world peace. I was a boy with all the illusions of youth. The Soviet Union had just come into being, and it seemed to me the one great force for world peace. I have found I was wrong. Today Moscow is pursuing a policy that is driving France into war and civil conflict. I was an enthusiastic believer in the idea of a classless state. The Russian experiment has taught me that a classless society is a utopian dream. It destroyed the capitalist bourgeoisie, but what has taken its place? A bureaucracy that hangs like a millstone around the neck of the working class. In France 25 per cent of the population receives 50 per cent of the national income. In Russia a bureaucracy comprising 15 per cent of the total population receives half of what the nation produces. And that is only the beginning."

"That is a daring assertion," I objected. "On what authority do you quote such figures? You have no basis for such a statement."

"You may be sure that I know the facts," he replied. "Have you any idea how much of the Soviet national income goes for salaries of party functionaries, civil service, chiefs of cooperatives, and Red Army officers? Do you know to what extent the small group of high party functionaries dominates the Soviet state?"

"If that is true," I said, "how is it that you were content to stay in the Communist Party for twenty years? Surely such conditions do not develop overnight. You were one of the responsible heads of the Communist International. You must have known what was going on."

He hesitated, then replied lamely: "We are often blind to what is closest to us. It came over me like a sudden illumination. I see things in a new light. They have a new meaning."

"You are no longer a Socialist, then, or a Communist?"

"That depends. If being a Communist means supporting the Communist Party—no! If you ask me whether I have changed my opinion regarding capitalism and the injustice of the capitalist system—no! I am as deeply concerned with the welfare of the proletariat as ever. I came from the masses, and I shall always be with the masses. Nothing can change that. I have ceased to believe, however, that the condition of the working class in any country can be improved by an international conspiracy against the interests of that country. I no longer believe that the interests of the middle class, the peasant, and the worker are mutually contradictory, nor do I believe that the deeper interests of these classes run counter to the best interests of the nation."

"Does that mean that you are opposed to international labor organization?"

"Not only labor. The bitter experience of twenty years has taught me this—that international association for any purpose by groups representing special class interests must always react to the detriment of the nation at large. The Communist International is a classic example. The end and aim of its entire existence has been to safeguard the interests of the Soviet Union, without regard to the interests of the workers in other countries."

"In other words, M. Doriot, you are today a believer in fascism and the authoritarian state?"

"I do not recall having said anything of the sort," he protested. "I have no quarrel with the present system of government in France, provided it can free itself from the clutches of the Soviet Union and the Comintern. Our country's difficulties are financial rather than political. Instead of solving this problem, the united front of Communists, Socialists, and Radical Socialists has added to the burdens of French industry and hampered recovery. We are falling farther and farther behind in the international market. We can no longer compete with other countries, and the French worker suffers in consequence."

"That is just what the Communists want," he continued. "They are deliberately promoting a course that will sooner or later drive the nations of the world into bankruptcy. I was a pioneer in the struggle for a united front, but the Communist parties are exerting a deadly influence on Socialist and liberal groups wherever unity is attempted. I know that the C. P. is the weakest link in the People's Front. I know also that it has no representatives in the government. But it controls the trade unions; it has the most active elements and the best organization; and that makes it dangerous."

I refused to be sidetracked and returned to the question of his fascist beliefs after each evasive answer until he pounded his desk in wrathful indignation. "Are you trying to trap me into making an admission?" he roared. "I have said a hundred times if I have said it once that neither the German nor the Italian form of government would be suitable for France. I am in favor of democratic government—as long as democratic government is possible. The French are individualists. They are not amenable to autocracy. The French people would not tolerate dictatorship, either French or Russian. Moscow is ruling Loyalist Spain. It will never rule France."

"You said 'as long as democratic government is possible.' At what point do you think democracy should be abandoned?"

"It must be abandoned the moment it becomes clear that communism is threatening the existence of the state. To ward off a Communist uprising a dictatorship would be the last resort."

There was nothing to be gained from further insistence on that topic. M. Doriot was becoming distinctly annoyed under my catechism, and there were other questions I wanted to ask.

"I think your meaning is quite clear," I conceded. "I should be interested to know what you think of the European situation as a whole."

"In the first place," he explained, "Russia is not a European nation. It is Asiatic in domestic as well as in foreign policy. Secondly, Russia is not a power for peace. It pursues aggressive aims in the Far East, and it has made France the unwitting partner to its expansionist schemes.

It is the sense of the Franco-Russian pact that the workers of France shall give their blood to help Russia penetrate Asia. The strength of the Red Army has been greatly exaggerated. It is large, yes, but it is not strong. Its great body is rotten to the core with politics, intrigue, and personal jealousies. The internal structure of the U. S. S. R. is in the same condition. Swirling currents of plot and counter-plot are undermining its foundation. The whole nation is in a state of hidden chaos. We accuse Hitler of wanting war to distract the people from intolerable conditions at home. What about Stalin? Is France to pay for a war to consolidate the power of Stalin over the Soviet Union? That we will not do if I can prevent it."

"You think, then, that Hitler and Mussolini want peace?" I asked.

"Without a doubt," was his answer. "What have they to gain from war? Let France and Germany clasp hands, let them bury the last disreputable remnants of the Versailles treaty. France and Germany, with Italy as their friendly ally—that is the only effective guaranty for European peace."

"And Germany's colonies?"

"There you must ask your British friends. France got little enough of Germany's colonial possessions. London would have to take the first step and we would follow. My idea would be an agreement between the United States, France, England, Germany, and Italy for the development of Africa and the equitable distribution of its raw materials. In the Far East Japan would become the teacher and protector of China. It would teach the Chinese to develop their resources, raise the country out of its slothful degradation, and bring it into step with modern times. What is more important, it would protect it against the U. S. S. R. Heal the sore spots in Europe and Asia, and you will have secured peace to the world for decades to come."

"In Spain—" I began. But he interrupted: "There you have a tragic example of Bolshevist destruction. Moscow laid the fires of civil war. It left the Spanish patriot no choice. Without Russia's arms and war material the Spanish Bolshevists would have been defeated long ago. So the war goes on, and France may be dragged down into the horrible abyss."

M. Doriot is sure that the Spanish rebels—he calls them patriots—will win in the end. He will not believe that Hitler or Mussolini is acting from any but unselfish motives or that either of them at any time dreamed of territorial gains in Spain or Morocco in return for his assistance. "This is not a fight for material gain," he declared. "Look at the map. If the Bolshevists win in Iberia, Italy will be in constant danger. As for France, it would become a Russian province, as Valencia is a Russian province today."

I need not continue. The reader knows all the arguments by heart. I listened to them, in Doriot's best eloquence, for the better part of an hour. He denied being a fascist or an anti-Semite, but his denunciation of communism and—just a little less violently—of socialism, his condemnation of "international bankers and alien financiers," would have done credit to our own Father Coughlin, who also emphatically denies fascist or anti-Semitic aims. "Marxism has reached the end of its rope! Internationalism is a snare and a delusion. The People's Front is the shield from behind which Moscow strikes its deadly blows. Let the People's Front win in France and you will have war, for Hitler cannot endure the menace of a Bolshevist state across the border. An awakened nationalism is the answer!" Not fascism? A fascist program could be made out of less.

I left this potential savior of France with conflicting impressions. He had dismissed me with a sardonic greeting to "my old comrades Fostère and Browdère." Had it been worth while to spend a precious eighty minutes listening to this mixture of confused thinking and deliberate insincerity? Today Doriot is a leader without a large following. Just before I came to France he was disowned by his own adherents in St. Denis and the government had unseated him as mayor. At the moment French fascism has spent its force. But the crisis is not past. Who knows what the next few weeks or months will bring? Suppose the franc takes another disastrous drop. That would mean increased living costs which might more than wipe out the benefits of Blum's entire system of social reform. Suppose the second People's Front government under Chautemps backs down before the insistent demands of the employers and merchants of France and extends the "pause" indefinitely. Will the workers and petty bourgeoisie continue to support it?

In Paris they feel that the outcome would be new popular uprisings, with bloody conflicts between the supporters of the *Front Populaire* and fascist-royalist reaction. If they are right, then Doriot has as good a chance as any fascist leader to become France's "man of the hour." The last two years have brought a steady increase in fascist sentiment in all parts of France, but fascism is far from being the mass movement that Hitler's National Socialism was in 1932 and 1933. It recruits its followers in the colleges and universities, among the active and reserve officers of the army, and to a smaller degree among the numerous civil-service officials. Peasants and workers are not represented in large numbers.

If fascism comes to France, it will not be led by Colonel de la Rocque, aristocrat and royalist, scion of a family that bore arms against the people in the French Revolution. His Parti Social Français, which he founded after the Blum government outlawed the Croix de Feu with its well-trained, well-armed regiments, its artillery, its air squadrons, its machine-guns, and its military maneuvers, will not bring about the "national revolution." The workers and peasants of France have no faith in this fascist aristocrat. He has too little in common with their republican traditions and democratic ideals. If ever France decides to lay its fate in the hands of a dictator, that dictator will be a man of the people, a man with a revolutionary background, who speaks the language they understand. Jacques Doriot is such a man. He is a demagogue, but what dictator is not? He promises the millennium, but when has a people ever sold its birthright for less?

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In Memory of Masaryk

BY THOMAS MANN

I WRITE in deep sympathy with the sorrow of the Czech people at the loss which they have sustained in the passing of Masaryk. Here was a man, of nature at once gentle and strong, a man of the intellectual world summoned to the sphere of action and power; and he gave to the Czechs their ardently desired independence as a national state. Since then this good and able people, so worthy of their freedom, have looked up to Thomas Masaryk as to a father, proud to call him theirs; with a love and trust rooted perhaps deepest of all in their sense that he was a sacrifice, in the perception that here a human soul had struggle, greatness, and compulsion to action laid upon it rather than growing out of his own nature, his will or desire. They realized perhaps that this founder of a national state was by nature more inclined to the sphere of pure knowledge and free contemplation; and that his active incursion into the domain of history was a victory over the more subtle constitution of the thinker.

At all events, it is this which makes the figure of the President-Liberator so appealing, so lovable, so venerable to me and others like me; a figure of nobility and refinement, crowned with the laurels of success. "It is not true," he once said to Karel Capek, "that I am by nature a man who loves to fight. I never wanted to stand in the foreground of all the affrays and disputations; usually other people brought me into them . . . perhaps it is a weakness, but I am shy before people. I do not like to speak in public; when I needed to make a speech I have always had stage fright. And yet how many speeches I have made!" In this "and yet" is comprised the whole of his life. He repeated: "I have never liked to stand in the foreground and expose myself to the gaze of men; I never wanted to push myself into public affairs; I have always resisted when others demanded it. But even when I did it unwillingly and felt that I was wasting time, yet there was a certain logicality—something always came of it. It was so with everything." How profoundly touching that is—how modest, even pensive are these words of a man chosen by destiny against his will, and speaking of the guidance which underlay his whole life!

This great patriot, who did more than any other man for his people, abominated all patriotic bombast and all self-satisfaction. A certain shyness always prevented him from taking the word "fatherland" upon his lips. This same fine self-restraint he practiced with regard to the phrase "traitor to his country." But others did not; he himself was so called, by thousands of voices. Yes, the very same people, let us not forget, who later looked up to him as their father and benefactor once flung at him the name of traitor, and told him that he had been suborned by Germany to defame his country's past.

That was at the time of the "battle of the manuscripts"—a controversy of which no Czech needs to be told but which perhaps should be repeated for other readers. It concerned the Königinhofer and Grünberger manuscripts, which purported to be collections of epic and lyric poems from the heroic period of Czech history. They were supposed to have been discovered in 1817; they had been translated into many languages (Goethe actually used them as sources) and had contributed no little to the strengthening of Czech national feeling. It turned out that the documents were forgeries; that they did not afford evidence of the early high level of Slavic culture, having been produced by a talented museum librarian named Hanka, as a sort of picturesque hoax. That was the actual truth. But an embittered controversy arose over whether the truth was to be acknowledged or whether for the sake of the glory of the Czech nation it should be denied and concealed. The difference of opinion took on great moral significance; it became symbolic, a crisis of national morals reminiscent in many ways of the Dreyfus case.

Masaryk was at the time a university professor in Prague and editor of the *Athenaeum*, a literary periodical. Little inclined to disputations, he kept aloof from the controversy—until the moment when a certain philologist, Jan Gebauer, was attacked in the newspapers because he had published in a philological magazine certain objections to the acceptance of the manuscripts. Gebauer brought to Masaryk an article which proved that the documents were nineteenth-century forgeries. Masaryk's hour had struck. Once more he had not sought the struggle; he had rather avoided it. But when the summons came he was ready. Unhesitatingly he accepted the article—probably not dreaming what it would cost him to join battle with the forces of chauvinistic pettiness and embattled stupidity. "The question of the manuscripts," he says, "was to me above all a moral one. If they were really forgeries we must admit it before the world. Our pride, our culture, must not be based upon a lie. And moreover, we could not rightly understand our history so long as we stumbled over an imaginary past."

The article appeared, and from that moment the editor of the *Athenaeum* was involved in the war which national ambition carried on against truth in defense of a profitable lie. Masaryk was on the side of truth, against the side of profit—or what cruder patriots considered profit. As a sociologist and man of discernment he published what historians, philologists, and even chemists had proved—that the manuscripts did not originate in the Middle Ages but had been forged. He reaped only hatred. The newspapers shrieked that he was injuring the fatherland; the mob rose against him; and the hostility of some of his academic colleagues prevented him from receiving his full professorship.

Today it is an accepted fact that the supposed collection is a romantic fiction. The controversy has long since died down. But the moral standing of the Czecho-Slovak Republic might perhaps today be less clear and stable if the battle of the manuscripts had not been fought out. There is something lacking in the social evolution, the moral consciousness of a people which has never—or not for a long time—been purified by a spiritual crisis in which lines must be clearly and decisively drawn. In a state of reprehensible guilelessness it falls easy prey to disastrous confusion. Among the peoples of Europe there is one which is passing today, or so I like to believe, through the edifying challenge of just such a crisis, which will enlarge its knowledge of good and evil.

To the writer questioning him about his life Masaryk replied: "It is not the endowments of our scholars and philosophers that we admire but rather their great aspiration after truth—that is a moral fact. That is why we feel that the misuse of science is a sin, the sin against the Holy Ghost. The morality and the utility of science consist in the fact that science alone is concerned, solely and simply, with knowledge, with truth; and every truth is or will sometime be good for life." He went on: "No lie or untruth is good in the long run, not even the *pia fraus.* Our life, our views and convictions, our social relationships are weighted with a host of lies, and unnecessary lies to boot. Lies are unmanly; they are the weapon of the weak, often of the violent, never of the strong. The truth, the honest truth, actual knowledge, can never do harm." And he concluded: "If the world would be guided more by truth and knowledge there would be fewer wars, in fact there need be none at all. Science would be justly used for defense; to study science only to use it for violence and aggressive warfare is a crime. We must sometime distinguish between right and force, truth and lie, reality and fiction; we must seek the truth likewise in those cases where formerly we took up arms."

It must have been a great good fortune to live under such a head of a state.

The lion-taming kind, with whip and revolver, the mass-hypnotist kind, who today seem to hold the field as leaders of states and peoples, certainly saw in the man now departed a relic of liberal thought, an entirely superseded type. Actually one might rather say he lived a hundred years too soon. May his like again be represented on earth, no matter in what personal or national guise, when a European Confederation of States is looking about for a head!

The Radio Pastor of Dearborn

BY HARVEY PINNEY

THE season of making good-will for industry is officially on, now that the Ford and General Motors Sunday evening hours have returned to the air waves. Each program is a musical sandwich the meat of which is a brief talk—a personal heart-to-heart chat with the great hoped-for consumer public. As a rule General Motors discusses in an informative and confidential fashion the technical problems of automobile construction, of driving and safety, and so on. But Mr. Ford sponsors an extensive dabbling in the problems of life.

Like all too many preachers, W. J. Cameron, Ford spokesman and prophet, and pastor of the radio congregation, finds himself at home in many fields. Politics, economics, mechanics, finance, morals, psychology, history, life and death, right and wrong, taxation, sport, social problems—all are apparently within his competence.

Mr. Cameron preaches a philosophy of industrial rectitude. His is not a sales talk ("there will be no sales talk, no commercial advertising, indulged in these programs"). And on political matters he limits himself to recording "a few plain, unpartisan American impressions." A survey of the weekly six-minute talks from September 20, 1936, to June 13, 1937, reveals for the most part a positive, if somewhat contradictory, picture of the Ford Motor Company's conception of its place in society and of society's duties toward the Ford Motor Company.

In the first place, Mr. Cameron speaks for, and Mr. Ford stands for, individualism. No matter how big Mr. Ford's business has become or may become, it is still, in his thinking, the individual product of his genius and therefore to remain subject to his will. When he could not get along with his other stockholders, he bought them out. By initiative, by industry, by the help of others, and by chance he metamorphosed the early truly individual shop into a modern industrial empire—a social organization subject to a dictator.

Production is the keynote of the Ford philosophy.

> What makes it hard for people to get the things they need? They are too costly. And what makes them costly? They are too scarce. And why are they scarce? Not enough of them are produced. And why are not enough of them produced? That is the question.

The answer is that industry is controlled by politicians and financiers. Domination by these groups must cease.

> Production men are . . . the future's absolute guaranty against political control. They believe in *production*. . . . Production engineers know where the economic shoe pinches—the country is undersupplied; and by insisting that our first job is to supply it, they are doing more than all the theorists to solve the social problem.

Production and more production will solve the problem of distribution of wages and profits. On the subject of "How to Raise Wages" Mr. Cameron finds two opposing schools: the first is the "backward school of business," which seeks to hold wages down or even to depress them; the second is the "backward political school," which would boost wages willy-nilly by force, by legislation, by price-fixing, "or other theoretical and unworkable ways." An employer may raise wages out of his surplus, but if he has such a surplus, it means that he hasn't been paying his workers what is due them. If he is paying them "all he really knows how to pay," he can only raise wages by boosting the price of what he sells or by reducing its quality, both of which procedures will lessen demand and defeat their object.

> There remains, then, the fourth way and the only way: train men to be worth more, and put into their hands the means to earn more, and higher wages . . . will be the natural result of better, more economical, more productive methods. Better management is the only source of better wages.

As for increasing wages through distribution of profits, Cameron asks what would have become of Henry Ford if he had distributed in wages at the end of each week the total earnings of his little plant employing seventy-five men, and then points out that by plowing profits back into the business Ford made possible the present employment of 125,000 men. Mr. Cameron looks upon dividends as something else: "Dividends are the amounts taken out of profits for the owners' uses." If all dividends paid in the past thirty-three years had been added to wages, it would have meant a wage increase for each man of less than six cents a working hour. With more than a touch of the pompous Mr. Cameron concludes: "Loose and deceptive talk of profits and of what the wage-earner would have if he got it all, requires the corrective of facts like these."

Mr. Cameron is continually making slurring remarks about "money-minded business" and those who operate an industry for profit rather than for the public good. Money-minded business, he says, raises prices on the excuse that it has previously raised wages—thus nullifying the wage increase. This mistaken act is the result of the profit motive. "We have had many motivating reasons for work in this country, but the sheer creating of plenty has not been one of them." "Make the motive of work the satisfying of need, and you will create more employment." The thing that business needs now is to get "the *idea*" that the solution of our difficulties is "to create a supply of all things needed for our people at a cost that will permit them to flow to our people."

> The manufacturer needs no mastery of economic theory, he needs no insight into the mystery of finance, he need consult no one but himself to do this; he need only hitch his job to this *idea* to make goods easily available to the entire range of people who need and could use them. This is a business motive superior to the profit motive, more dynamic than the profit motive yet not antagonistic to it, for the man thus motivated will have profits and to spare and all the business he can do. Engineer-managers, put upon this job, could do it.

Thus does Mr. Cameron dispose of economic theorists old and new and totally ignore any idea of social investigation and social management. Cameron and Ford do not deal with men; they deal with things. The production of more things tends to obscure the object of such production—the happiness of the human beings who are eventually to consume the product. And there's the rub. Mr. Cameron's—and Mr. Ford's—philosophy is not so much wrong as it is incomplete. Applying technological advances to create more and better material goods at lower cost is a commendable idea, but Mr. Cameron blinks the concrete fact that industry does produce for profit, and he suggests no logical way in which that little circumstance may be overcome.

Mr. Cameron reserves his sharpest scorn for politicians, who are apparently all alike to him. In general it is Mr. Cameron's faith that industry is good *per se* and politics bad in the same fashion. Commenting on the "breathing spell," he told his radio audience: "With the weight of unwise interference lifted off its chest, industry breathed again and, struggling to its feet, went back to try to reconstruct its job. Industrial improvement began where political hindrance partly ceased." The future success of industry, he found, depends on whether "men overfond of bizarre economic theories, men who never successfully managed a business themselves, are allowed to interfere with industry again." With complete disregard of industrial history he concluded: "Industry and productive business have not been responsible for one iota of harm to this country."

Politicians and the intelligentsia, in Mr. Cameron's view, are of one species. The intelligentsia is afflicted with "the disease of egocentric social insufficiency"; it has "a strained, neurotic attitude of hostility to the so-called '*old* order.' "

> Fostering itself within itself as most ingrowing aberrations do, itself writing books about itself for itself to read, delivering lectures to itself, drawing its bread ration from the system it pretends to despise, and seriously believing its own inflation to be substantial power, it presents a clear-cut pathological condition. Its recoil from masculine competition is effeminate; its fear of the size and power of machinery is infantile; [it has] . . . pernicious anemia of the intellect.

As for Marx, Engels, Lenin, Trotsky and company, Mr. Cameron demolishes them in one sentence:

> We know that the Marxian statement of the social problem has not survived and the Marxian solution has failed, for when its most devoted disciples accepted the statement and attempted the solution on a titanic scale, with a great land and all its people for their laboratory, they had to abandon it in five years.

Thus cavalierly does he dispose of scientific socialism, several hundred years of history, and the greatest social adventure of modern times.

Of labor's interest in sharing in the determination of industrial policy Mr. Cameron says nothing at all. In fact, he does not think very highly of the capabilities of labor. In his attack on the National Labor Relations Board, as reported in the New York *Times*, he said:

> The history of labor and management shows that every improvement of industrial conditions, every advance in industrial justice, originates with management. . . . No labor leader has ever originated or suggested a single improvement in industrial conditions. Nor has any statesman. Management alone has done this.

In spite of the deplorable state of politics and the backwardness of "financial-minded" business men, this world is a good world, and right and truth and sound principle will win out in the end. Optimism about the universal fitness and permanence of Ford industrial principles pervades Mr. Cameron's remarks. For life, God, and destiny are on our side. "Life is continually renewed and thrusts up through every obstacle. . . . Universal forces in the service of individual life remain." And though money-minded business men and long-haired politicians mess up what should be a lovely world, they are doomed to failure: "The errors of human economics are continually canceled by the unfailing balance and supply of the economics of God." Thus is Fordism divinely inspired, and the practices of industrial dictatorship put on a par with the divine right of kings.

And so also is there a national destiny which bids us hope for and expect the best. "Americans have a right to remember that every one of the four great wars embraced in our history involved fundamental human principles; not one was fought for conquest or territorial gain." "In the Spanish-American War the last vestige of dynastic tyranny was swept from the Western Hemisphere." The Civil War created a union proof against every divisive force within or without. "Thus all our history seems linked and illumined by destiny."

I do not hold these sentiments of Mr. Cameron, and of his sponsor Mr. Ford, up to ridicule. While they reveal an abysmal ignorance of history, only the most meager understanding of present-day political economy, and a bias that stands out like a sore thumb, it is important to recognize that the majority of these ideas are popular platitudes. Mr. Cameron is talking to his own. The pious individualism of Mr. Ford, ignorant of historical and social forces, is cleverly sugarcoated with music and dramatically and acceptably presented to millions already conditioned to receive it. The ground is prepared. The C. I. O. will have more than Ford police to meet; it will have to face Fordism—and Fordism is America's industrial fundamentalism.

Dallas Tries Terror

BY GEORGE LAMBERT

THREE men, natives of California, on their way home from a tour in the East, happened to be passing through Dallas, Texas, one day last August. One of the men had his wife and daughter with him. On the front and back windows of their car were signs reading: "Join C. I. O. Unions." They parked in a lot near the grounds of the Pan-American Exposition, and four of them got out to have a look at the show. The fifth, a young man of twenty, curled up in the back seat and went to sleep.

About two hours later the four returned to the parking lot. Just before they reached their car, a coupe whipped into the lot and three men got out."What are those C. I. O. stickers doing on your car?" they demanded. The two men attempted to explain, but their explanations were cut short by their questioners, who set upon them suddenly and beat them unmercifully with their fists.

The man sleeping in the car was awakened by the noise of the fight and sat up. One of the thugs caught sight of him and promptly dragged him out of the car. "We don't allow people with stickers like those on their cars to light in this town," he declared. The three thugs then got back into the coupe and drove off. The Californians were taken to the Emergency Hospital, where they were treated for bruises and cuts about their heads and faces.

It is safe to say that Dallas is the only city of its size and importance in the United States where the scene just recounted could have occurred. The beating of the three men from California was the last of seven instances of violence in as many weeks. Between the last of June and the middle of August fourteen persons in the city of Dallas suspected of being interested in C. I. O. unionism were subjected to attacks ranging from fist maulings to kidnapping and tar and feathers. In trade-union circles Dallas, at least for the past two or three years, has been generally recognized as the worst open-shop center in the United States. It has managed to maintain its anti-union position while the tide of unionism has been sweeping all around it—even in other Texas cities, such as Fort Worth, only thirty-three miles to the west, and Houston, undoubtedly the best organized city in the South—for several reasons: (1) the nature of its industries—it is traditionally a distributing rather than a manufacturing center; (2) the weakness of local A. F. of L. unions; (3) the power of the Dallas Open Shop Association; and (4) the presence of the Ford Motor Company assembly plant. It is mainly to the fourth of these reasons that we can look for explanation of this summer's violence.

On June 23 two workers in Ford's Kansas City plant, members of the United Automobile Workers, while on their vacation stopped in Dallas and decided to visit the Ford plant; they intended to talk to some of the local Ford workers and to gather information on organizational prospects which they could send to the union's headquarters in Detroit. Stopping first at a pharmacy near the entrance to the Ford plant, they guilelessly let it be known who they were. Seemingly from out of nowhere a gang appeared. The two Kansas City men were given a severe beating and warned to get out of town.

Four days later a crowd of some 1,500 persons purporting to be Ford workers staged a "spontaneous" demonstration against the C. I. O. Another demonstration two days later, with a smaller attendance, was keyed to the note of "To hell with John L. Lewis," and featured speeches by men from each department in the plant. These speeches were filled with threats so provocative that had they come from the lips of labor organizers they would have promptly landed the speakers in jail for inciting to riot.

Nor were they idle threats. On July 3 two more "unidentified organizers" were severely beaten when they were going to the home of J. L. Phillips, a Ford employee. Next in line for violent treatment came W. J. Houston, a Dallas attorney who had interested himself in the Automobile Workers' Union and had given out a number of exaggerated statements to the press on the progress of organization in the Ford plant, although no regularly authorized organizational drive had been inaugurated. A gang estimated at around twenty men leaped on Houston as he emerged from a drugstore and broke three of his ribs. To make sure, they also beat up a client who happened to be with him. The Houston incident was shortly followed by assaults on two Ford employees known to be sympathetic to union organization, but the climax was still to be reached.

George Baer, vice-president of the Hatters, Cap, and Millinery Workers' Union, an affiliate of the American Federation of Labor, had been in Dallas for more than a year, working slowly on the job of building a sound organization in the nation's third largest millinery center. On August 9 he was walking along a street in the millinery-manufacturing section of the city, adjoining the main business district, when a car drove up and three men got out. Baer recognized the men and their purpose. He fought furiously and managed to knock two of them to the sidewalk, but the third got behind him and hit him over the head with a blackjack. His assailants then loaded him into their car and drove off. Witnesses reported that Baer was still being beaten over the head with a blackjack as the car passed them two blocks away. He was finally dumped out on a country road south of the city, limp and semi-conscious. He spent a number of weeks in a St. Louis hospital, and it is expected that he will lose the sight of one eye.

On the very evening of the Baer attack Herbert Harris, a Socialist organizer, was kidnapped from a park in the working-class section of Dallas, where he had just finished showing the pro-labor film, "Millions of Us." After questioning him about his work for the C. I. O. his captors took him to the Trinity River bottoms and went to work on him with tar and feathers.. When the fun was over, Harris was hauled back to the car and finally dumped out on a city street near the office of the Dallas *Morning News*. His assailants destroyed more than $700 worth of projection and sound equipment, and bruised and cut the writer of this article about the head and shoulders when he foolishly tried to prevent the destruction of the equipment.

From the first no one in Dallas expected the police to make more than a perfunctory gesture toward apprehending the guilty parties in the recent reign of terror. Except for the Houston case, only two warrants have been sworn out. They were against two of the alleged assailants of George Baer on charges of "aggravated assault." A few days after the warrants were issued the two men walked into the sheriff's office and posted $500 bond, each giving minor officials in the Ford company as his bondsmen.

Immediately after the tarring and feathering incident Chief of Police Jones announced that he was going to put a stop to such violence by closing the parks to meetings which were likely to cause trouble. He rescinded this order only after Dallas Socialists had protested vigorously and the Dallas *Journal* had suggested that, following the same line of reasoning, the chief might prevent automobile accidents in the city by closing all the streets to traffic.

Against this background of thug violence the Dallas Open Shop Association, formed in 1919, is functioning today as one of the most tightly knit employers' organizations in the country. The fact that it makes no bones about its role as an open-shop association, instead of hiding behind a name like Citizens' Alliance, Manufacturers' Association, or even Chamber of Commerce, is indicative of the contempt with which Dallas employers view the local labor movement. At a hearing held recently before the National Labor Relations Board in connection with a garment workers' strike, uncontested evidence was submitted showing that any member of the Open Shop Association who knowingly employed a union member was subject to a $3,000 fine. On the other hand the association guarantees that no member firm will be permitted to go bankrupt as a result of a strike, and it is reported to have between two and three million dollars with which to back its guaranty.

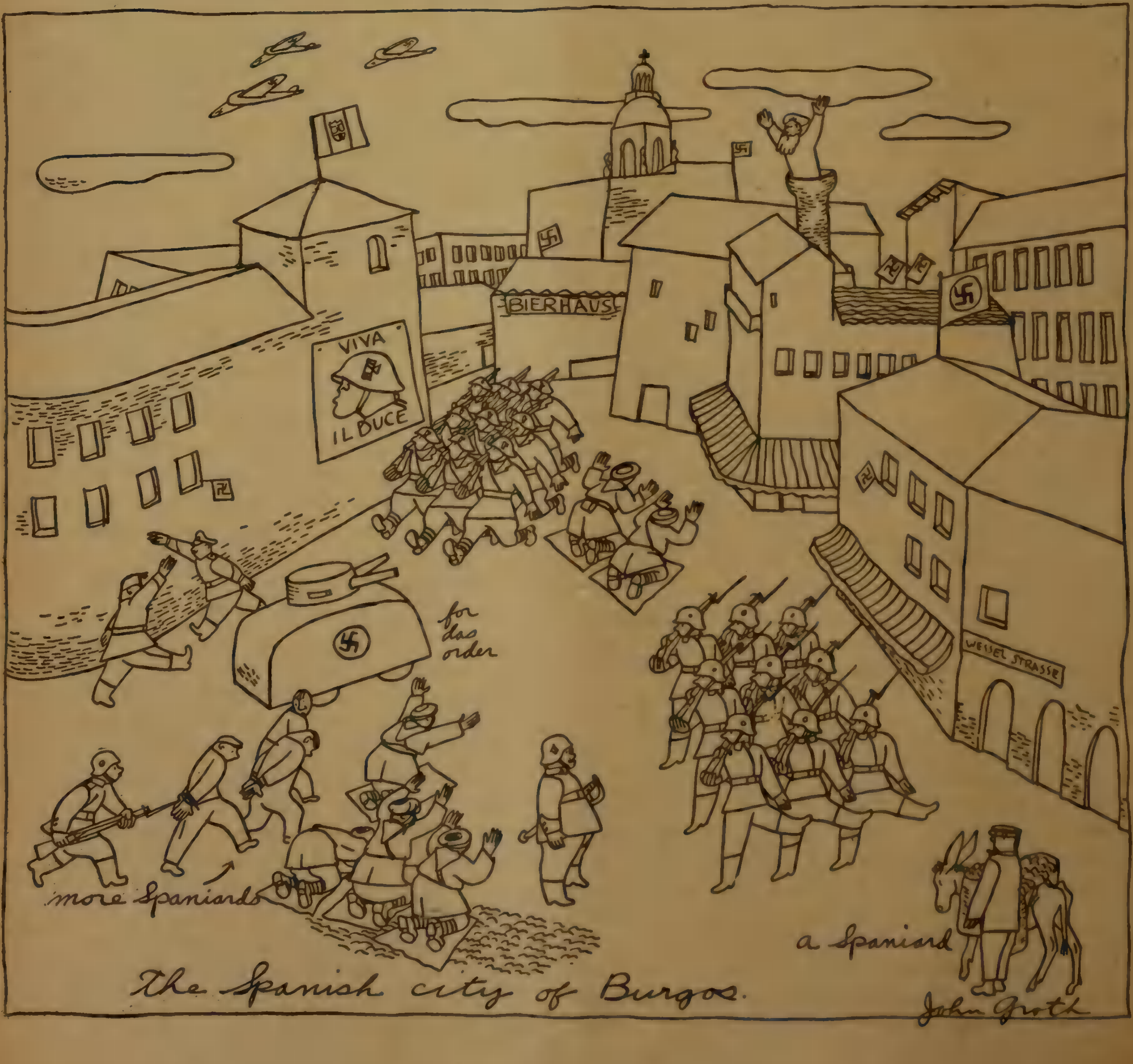
Since the coming to power of the Open Shop Association the Dallas leadership of the A. F. of L. has been hard put to keep local labor organizations in existence. Instead of putting up a strong fight against employer domination, this leadership has adopted a boot-licking attitude; the Dallas Central Labor Council even went to the length of offering the Chamber of Commerce its services in keeping the C. I. O. out of Dallas. The delegation that made this proposal went directly from the headquarters of the Chamber of Commerce to several work-clothes manufacturers and threatened to boycott their products if they signed C. I. O. contracts. It was open-shop Dallas that Willian Green picked for the scene of his Labor Day speeches. He consorted freely with members of the Chamber of Commerce and hurled invectives at the C. I. O. The only mention of the local labor situation that passed his lips was an expression of hope that employers would realize the benefits of signing contracts with striking millinery workers.

Efforts to put a stop to anti-union violence in Dallas have not been extensive. Governor Allred sent a troop of Rangers into the city to keep order, and the Dallas *Journal* ran a series of biting editorials on the failure of the police to apprehend those responsible for the violence. In addition, rewards amounting to $1,600 have been promised for the arrest and conviction of any of the persons responsible for the Baer slugging or the Harris tar-and-feather party, and a mass-meeting sponsored by the Texas Workers' Defense League was addressed by Norman Thomas. But with few exceptions Dallas "liberals" have failed to interest themselves in the local situation. Their attitude as a whole was, I believe, expressed by one of their number who, in answer to an invitation to sit on the platform at the Thomas meeting, suggested that the meeting would probably be more effective "if the entire evening should be entirely freed from seeming partisanship by the infusion of recent local grievances."

Although there has been a lull of more than a month since the last anti-union beating was reported, it is certain that no fundamental solution has been reached. Immediately after the Thomas meeting Ford workers staged another of their mass demonstrations, in which the leaders denounced the Governor for sending Rangers into the city and threatened further violence to C. I. O. organizers.

Dallas's open and violent suppression of the right to organize is not likely to be curbed by anything less than a determined effort to build a strong labor movement in the city. For even if Ford should capitulate to the union in Detroit, it is not likely that he would surrender in Dallas, where the open-shop is so securely intrenched. When the C. I. O. does decide to organize Dallas, as it must in the near future, it will enter on one of the longest, hardest, and probably bloodiest fights it has to face in the entire country.

Behind the Enemy Lines—by John Groth



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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is a word on getting old. Rather a trite subject? Quite so—and often painful. I am moved to it by a recent outburst of Henry L. Mencken, who has had the impudence to say that he has known me "close to one hundred years," when he has only been cognizant of my existence some twenty. Heywood Broun too has had his fling. He called for a stone-carver to put the word "emeritus" upon my headstone, which struck me as odd, for if I am so dead as to merit a tombstone I cannot be emeritus, but must be well beyond the reach of earthly arrows and slings. He averred, too, that someone had told him—nobody did—that I objected to his reference to my gray hairs. Not at all. When one has been a critic by profession all one's life, one knows well, or ought to know, that nothing will be sacred to those who would turn the tables, and that the critic above all others must be able to take a dose of his own medicine with a smile and perfect cheer. There is nothing sacrosanct about my disappearing gray hairs.

I must confess, however, that I am still a little new to having age flung in my face. Every other quality that I can think of has been hurled at me at one time or another. But it is only recently that some people have believed that I can be finished off by the adjective "old," or "senile." If I were a Japanese I suppose I should be flattered; just now I am especially glad that I am *not* a Japanese. It's curious, isn't it, that when one has reached a certain age, that becomes the complete explanation for any dissent. I have no doubt that if I had taken the opposite course from what I have and declared that Mr. Roosevelt's court plan was a great and noble program for American emancipation from judicial tyranny, and if I had said that labor must be permitted to be above the law and meet the law-breaking employers with equal or superior law-breaking, I should now find myself described as that "wise and ever-youthful patriot whose flaming spirit has not been quenched by oncoming years"; or as "an elder statesman who always thinks clearly and knows just where the truth lies." You see it's not really a matter of years, but just whose side you are on. If you are against us, why then your gray hairs are merely another stick with which to beat the treasonable liberal you have proved to be.

Well, I find that age has not quite robbed me of a sense of humor, for I smile when I recall that a good liberal said to me only last week: "Do you think Mencken will ever grow up? To me he talks just like an immature boy." So there youth was the club with which to beat the dog. I won't follow suit. But when I read in this piece of Mencken's in which he resurrected poor antiquated me his accusation that I have at one time or another been carried away with enthusiasm for A. Lawrence Lowell, Theodore Roosevelt, Hiram Johnson, and William E. Borah, as well as Wilson, I could not refrain from exclaiming, "Who is senile now?" For the fact is that I always took Johnson on sufferance, never fell for Lowell, bitterly opposed Theodore Roosevelt, never was a Bull Mooser, and never went beyond an admiration for Borah's mental powers—always coupled with an unanswered wonder how a man with such abilities and such pretense to liberalism could have failed to head and lead the progressive forces in the United States. Sometimes I have even pondered the question whether Borah was not born old and therefore destined to become tired just as soon as any cause in which he was interested went off the first page. So, Mr. Scorer, please note Mr. Mencken's fielding average. Out of five tries he made four errors.

Jousting aside, there *are* compensations when a man is in his sixth decade. Not only the trite, familiar ones but some others, too. There is the youth of today. To see them coming on, one can easily forget one is old and cheerfully prepare to make room for them. Don't talk to me about the decadence of modern youth! I won't have it. I know that our next generation has more sense, more knowledge, more intelligence by far about the problems of the world than we had. They are virile and courageous without state labor camps and compulsory military drill. They are brave without being convinced, like the Patagonian savage of three centuries ago, that to be a really good citizen one must prepare to kill other men. They are incredibly unafraid, although they perceive how complete is the uncertainty of the future and how unlimited the mess their elders have made of the world. They don't go to church or kneel before an altar, except to get married, but they are just as well behaved and as moral and decent —more so I think—as were their parents at their age.

Life does not look wholly black in the sixth decade. It is a boon of age that the grass seems greener, the flowers richer in their hues, the trees grander, the ponds and lakes more challenging and enticing, all nature lovelier, than ever before. One has more time to ruminate. One has moments to feel sorry for that kindly and brilliant Henry Mencken, who out of cynical worldliness never allows himself the joy of a thoroughgoing enthusiasm for anybody. One has time to admire the magnificent passion with which Heywood Broun has thrown himself into the labor movement. I do not care whether his judgment is good or bad. As I look over still waters and distant hills, I give unqualified thanks that a man such as he has found this way to serve his fellow-Americans—that a "lit'ry feller" has taken up the cudgels for labor and made himself by his devotion a foremost leader. May his example commend itself to many!

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

FRIGHTFUL CASE OF THE MARY BONFIELD

BY RICCARDO BACCHELLI

[*The story which appears below* was printed in the* Corriere della Sera *of Milan as the literary feature of the issue of July 26, 1937. Its author, Riccardo Bacchelli, is a well-known Italian novelist and poet, whose political record is such that he has found it possible to remain as a regular contributor to the* Corriere della Sera, *the most widely circulated newspaper in Italy and, of course, rigorously fascist.*

The significance of the allegory of the Mary Bonfield is unmistakable; and this incident is only one sign of the current unrest in the ranks of the Italian intelligentsia. Recently, for instance, there was the case of a play, "The Elephant," written by Sem Benelli, until last year a fervent fascist. His drama contained carefully veiled attacks on the regime. When audiences cheered it with an enthusiasm that seemed out of proportion to its merits, the performances were stopped.

The rat has figured in other tall tales but seldom with such pointed effect. That such a story could escape the watchfulness of the fascist censor is a measure of the confusion and ignorance that permeate dictatorial bureaucracy; its cold recital of what has already occurred, and its prophecy, at the end, of what the rats will do before the ship sinks give a hint of the intellectual despair which prevails in Mussolini's Italy.]

SEVERAL friends had been telling tall tales. A discussion arose as to who had heard the tallest story of all, and they began inventing whoppers. One member of the group, however, had remained silent from the start, smiling evasively as if in polite forbearance. Had no one ever boasted to him of extraordinary adventures?

"They have happened to me!" he answered.

"Then tell us about the most harrowing," we exclaimed.

"It isn't easy to choose. Well, I believe this particular one happened to me in the Pacific. You know that I have traveled a great deal by sea (this was said with that conviction of being believed which checks all objection). Yes, mine were long sea voyages. This time we were becalmed far off all ordinary courses. And what heat! The tar ran off the sides and the sea looked as though it were about to rot. Drinking water had already been rationed when we perceived a schooner in the direction in which we were slowly heading. It was standing stock still. It had no sails and seemed deserted. Here and there from the rigging dangled ragged cloths, hung as though to dry. Was this an abandoned ship, a derelict? Was everyone dead on board?

"We hailed it. Then I saw, as did all who had field glasses or good eyesight, a human being appear on the quarterdeck. It was a man, emaciated, pitiful, repulsive. He had a long stringy beard, and his bearing was that of a slave under some dreadful, stifling threat. His voice reached us through the megaphone, weak and submissive. I am going to tell you not only what he told us but what we were later able to reconstruct.

"The Mary Bonfield had just set sail for Europe with a cargo of dried beef and canned meat (it was during the World War and there was a great demand for these products) when a virulent form of influenza broke out on board and wiped out one-third of the crew in three days. The boat was an old schooner which had been hurriedly reconditioned because of the high freight charges prevalent at that period. It was overrun, or rather absolutely infested, with rats—rats fattened on dried meat. The epidemic which had laid low or killed off most of the wretched crew had given the run of the ship to the vermin, which had swarmed up from below. The Mary Bonfield had been adrift for eight months. The survivors had tried to get rid of these pests, but the rats had got the best of them, thanks to their shrewd tactics. They returned to their holes, but whenever one of the unfortunate convalescents stretched out his hand to reach either food or drink, or if he happened to close his eyes to sleep, tens, hundreds of the foul beasts would rush toward him, fearless, in regular formation, with military discipline, divided into squadrons and battalions. They had captains as well as a supreme commander, a kind of king in the person of an old rat who governed with absolute authority. The men who had not died of hunger and thirst or who had not gone mad with horror and disgust had sought refuge on the masts, to which they lashed themselves in order to sleep. It was their rags that we saw dangling there. The rats quickly got the whip hand. They spared only three of the crew—the man who spoke to us and two others who opened the cans of meat for the rats after they had devoured the dried meat. These men, of course, had ceased to assert their rights. Who has not seen that sailor's face cannot picture it. It was that of a man enslaved, obedient, fearful, yet respecting and worshiping his masters, whom he had learned to understand just as they had learned to understand him. And he resembled them, how he resembled them! He had the eyes of a rat caught in a trap!

"When our captain told him that he was sending help, the man begged him to do nothing of the kind since he would be devoured by the rats before the rescuers could reach him. We shouted back enjoining him to jump overboard and swim to us. He answered that the terrible

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* Translated by Hélène Paquin Cantarella

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animals were holding his two companions in the hold as hostages and that they had so mastered the art of torture that they had nothing to learn from man.

"Spiritually a slave, and like a slave who loses all courage and stands in fear of his own thoughts when under the eye of his master, this man was as cowed as a trained animal in the presence of its tamer. And when he asked us to throw a hawser to tow the Mary Bonfield I felt sure that he was obeying a thought, a plan, transmitted to him by these devilish animals. They wished to invade our ship. All who are acquainted with ships and ports know that hawsers drawn from ship to ship serve as gangplanks for rats.

"I informed the captain, who answered that the whole thing was nothing but a hallucination of that poor madman on the quarterdeck. He ordered that the dinghy be manned. But suddenly the rats from our own hold poured out on to the deck and ran about as though possessed, foolhardy beyond belief, contemptuous—and should I say it?—already acting like masters.

"Our crew seized brooms and made short shrift of them. As a precautionary measure the men in the dinghy armed themselves with brooms and hunting guns loaded with buckshot. Meanwhile, the madman (what else could one call him?) begged us to do nothing because the rats were growing more and more furious."

"And you?" we asked. "What did you do?"

"We sent the Mary Bonfield to the bottom, so that it might not be a menace to other ships. But we did not come in time to prevent the rats from taking their revenge on their slaves."

His gravity made us laugh. He was not annoyed, but asked us if we knew anything about the industry, discipline, intelligence, and strategy of rats, who, were it not for epidemics and their own ferocity, would be the masters of the world.

When we advised him to sell his story to the advertising department of some rat-poison factory, he looked at us with that air of superior forbearance indicative of the true boaster.

BOOKS

French Mural

THE DEPTHS AND THE HEIGHTS. By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS is the sixth English-language instalment of M. Romains's "Men of Good Will," a work in which, thus far, he has devoted more than three thousand pages to taking us chronologically from the autumn of 1908 into the year 1912. The author's invention shows no sign of flagging; his alternance of incident and his skill in keeping the panorama of society in movement are no less deft than in the earlier volumes. Most remarkable of all, his clinical detachment continues to be uninfluenced by the good and evil in the characters of his creation. As if they were not his creatures at all, were creatures of history rather than of fable, he reports with scrupulous objectivity their movement through a world of disquiet and anguish from which he remains, at least in seeming, totally aloof. Proust analyzed a society in which he was a constant participant; Romains, equally impressive though not so moving, participates only about as much as Fabre participated in the realm of entomology.

What mankind was like at the end of an era, in the years 1908-14, is already cruelly plain. Somewhere in every being there is chaos, somewhere in every mind confusion. With one the confusion is moral in the Anglo-American sense, that is, in the domain of sexuality; with another it is moral in the French sense, by which I mean the concern to see self and the world of man as they are. Obscurely, in their hearts, these characters are by and large men of good intent, of good-will; but in their heritage, in their upbringing, in their associations, in their innocent delusion that they can, each of them, fool all the rest—and themselves too—what in the end characterizes them all and makes them brothers is their all-too-human weaknesses.

The two "books" of which this volume is composed are called respectively by Romains "Recours à l'Abîme" (Recourse to the Abyss) and "Les Créateurs" (The Creators). After some heartsearching doubtless, the translator, or perhaps the publisher, has called then "To the Gutter" and "To the Stars." I have no particular quarrel with this dichotomy, though I regret that the active sense of "recourse" was not retained in the first title. More than half of this book is given over to George Allory, the feeble critic and novelist who, mortified and made ill by his failure to be elected to the French Academy, seeks a change of preoccupation, even relief, in a minor form of sexual aberration. A good part of the second book tells the story of Dr. Viaur's intensive labor and concentration on a purely professional phenomenon. Romains has no word of blame for Allory, no hint of praise for Viaur. Whether or not, in subsequent volumes, Allory is to be regenerated and Viaur to succeed is a nice question. The answer, certainly, will not result from an arbitrary decision by the author. If one put the question to M. Romains, he might retort, "What happens to such people in life? That is what will happen to them in my novel." As a weakling, Allory must, I should say, go under—though even so he may still achieve a worldly success, may still get his seat in the Academy. About Viaur I hesitate to guess: three to two he succeeds are my odds, weighted in his favor by the fact that M. Romains himself once wrote a book on extra-retinal perception.

One can feel politics moving ominously into the foreground. Poincaré, here at the head of his ministry, is being groomed for the presidency of the republic. The Russian entente will be strengthened by the movement of more French savings into Czarist bonds. There will be conversations between general staffs. Caillaux is on the way out. M. Romains's Gurau will prove himself (another guess) an opportunist, for all his earlier respect for Jaurès. And then M. Romains will tell us why the Frenchman went to war and what it was like to go into such a war.

Reading this instalment, one wonders what much of it can mean to an American. Allory's passion to get into the Academy, for example, and the intrigue it comports: this seems to me something for all but a few to yawn over. Such references as those to Fallières's anti-clericalism, to ministerial jockeying, to Madame Godorp's resolve to found a salon in which to push Gurau's political fortunes—all this must be pretty esoteric, read in America. On the other hand, it is precisely this sort of detail which makes "Men of Good Will" a book that is truly French, revealing again and again modes of thought, habits of approach to personal concerns, that are specifically different to what would be found in a novel not written by a Frenchman. It would be amusing to separate out, in this massive work, that which is universal from that which is the product of Descartes, the French Revolution, and the system of education imposed by the late Ernest Lavisse (following Napoleon).

As in the earlier volumes there is the usual budget of fragmentary reference to the progress in the relations subsisting between a multitude of men and women, and the usual (very welcome) exposition of the workings of a special sort of mind or craft. The poet Strigelius displays himself a kind of Valéry, and we have four or five chapters on his method of composition. That painter, Ortegal, whom Jallez describes, might by his Spanish-sounding name and other indications have been drawn from the Picasso of 1912. All these bits bring out more clearly Romains's chief difficulty, his chief problem, which is that of time. For myself, I am not yet able to see this novel structurally in three dimensions, as one sees "War and Peace," for example, or "Ulysses." I cannot see "Men of Good Will" except as a mural along which one walks forward through time from October, 1908, to—when? But what a mural!

LEWIS GALANTIERE

"To See Oursel's"

THE SAVAGE HITS BACK. By Julius E. Lips. Yale University Press. $5.

THE idea behind this book is an original and an extremely clever one. Professor Lips has for years been gathering examples of the art of primitive peoples which show how these folk have depicted the Europeans with whom they have been in contact. His position as head of the department of anthropology in the ethnological museum in Cologne afforded him many opportunities to gather material of this sort, and the graphic story told in the preface of how he escaped with his collection of photographs from Germany after he had refused to go along with his fellow-Nordics and embrace Nazi dogma gives us a glimpse of the richness of his collection, of which but a fraction is reproduced here.

It is the author's belief that through art objects of this sort we can gain an insight into the reactions of native peoples to the powerful force that came into their lives with the advent of Europeans. And we are convinced that he is right as we see the aspects of the life of the whites that have attracted the eye of the native artist. Beginning with drawings of European ships, we are shown depictions of the military and early civilian representatives of the white man, of the "strange things" Europeans brought with them for their own use, of the bearers of Christianity—priests, nuns, and Protestant missionaries—together with certain aspects of Christian doctrine, of merchants and traders, and finally of the rulers of the various European nations under whose control the natives had come. Many of these are impressive as art—such as the Maori Madonna and Child, or the Congo drawing of the Crucifixion, or the Kwakiutl carving of a sailor, or the New Ireland masks of bearded Europeans. Others are amusing in the extreme, though whether they were intended as caricature we cannot know. Having looked at these samples of Professor Lips's collection, we can well agree with his expressed hope that it will be possible for him in the future to make generally available the rest of his material.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to be as enthusiastic about the text as one can be about the illustrations. The reader might well omit entirely the two opening chapters. The sketch of the history of European expansion in the first has been better done many times elsewhere without either the unjustifiable sweeping generalizations or the errors of fact that mark this attempt. There is, furthermore, a naive lack of appreciation of the "toughness" of native cultures in the face of European aggression that is surprising in one who has done field-work among native peoples. Even more serious objections are to be raised against much of the second chapter, where the author's theoretical position is stated. It simply cannot be established, for instance, that the "making of masks originated in the worship of the dead"; while the fallacy of the position that would endow primitive man with a special kind of "prelogical" mentality has been demonstrated again and again. Excellent admonitions against confusing primitive art with that of children of our own culture, or of our insane, are larded into these unacceptable passages, but the treatment as a whole is such that the net result is quite confusing. Perhaps this confusion is an example of what occurs when an exponent of the current German-Austrian "cultural-historical school" of ethnological theory attacks a specific problem of this sort. For this school, to which Professor Lips gives his allegiance, is so intent on reconstructing the history of mankind on a world-wide scale that a particular problem such as this can apparently be seen only in terms of a frame of reference that is ready to hand.

The underlying idea of Professor Lips in writing this book is, however, as I said, original and worth while. It is to be hoped that it will be followed by other studies of the same sort, but studies in which the author will be content to hold to his problem, and not attempt to include the entire field of primitive art and the spread of human culture as well.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The Treasure of Dedalus

COLLECTED POEMS. By James Joyce. The Viking Press. $2.

JOYCE'S fifty lyrics now appear in a complete and popular American edition for the first time, and it is possible that to many readers they will come not only as a novelty but as an incongruity. The gap between these muted songs of love and grief and the immense verbal resources of "Ulysses" or the "Work in Progress" requires a leap of sympathy and comprehension which few modern poets exact. But anyone who meets this difficulty will find it overcome if he returns to the proper context of these poems—the "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man." Their slender chime and glancing music haunted the youthful mind of Stephen Dedalus. They originated in that "treasure of phrases" from which, during his troubled explorations of Dublin, he drew the stanzas that first expressed his dedication to the torment and beauty of language.

> Words. Was it their colors? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the greyfringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colors: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and color? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language manycolored and richly

> storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid, supple periodic prose.

Thus Dedalus stood poised between the twin sirens of his early reveries—the subtleties of legend and dialectic and the magic of his sensibility—and throughout the "Portrait" it was "the inner world of individual emotions" that held his ear; the "language manycolored and richly storied" was yet to come. The boy "allowed his mind to summon back to itself the age of Dowland and Byrd and Nashe"; or "passing a grimy marine dealer's shop beyond the Liffey he would repeat the song by Ben Jonson which begins, 'I was not wearier where I lay' "; "his mind when wearied of its search for the essence of beauty amid the spectral words of Aristotle or Aquinas turned often for its pleasure to the dainty songs of the Elizabethans . . . to hear the grave and mocking music of the lutanists or the frank laughter of waistcoateers:"

> A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft long vowels hurtled noiselessly and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal and soft low swooning cry; and he felt that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret quietly and swiftly.

Here Joyce is both his own biographer and his own critic. He names the origins of his verse, its continuous derivations from Elizabethan music and folk-song, Celtic balladry, and the word-magic of the modern impressionists, and he describes exactly the quality of feeling and imagination out of which his lyrics crystallized. He expresses the ordeal of confusion and curiosity out of which they were born, and the flaw that lurks in verse so impressionable, imitative, and spellbound by sound and cadence. For all the unity of this slim volume, it holds a variety of echoes. Irish folk-song is the least of them, for the greater impulse is aristocratic and sensuous. Dowland, Byrd, Nashe, and Jonson figure clearly enough, but a more cavalier elegance lilts elsewhere; Verlaine's tones are almost literally reproduced in Alone and "All day I hear"; a kind of heraldic splendor, perhaps from Hugo or Meredith, flashes in "I saw an army"; and three of the "Pomes Penyeach" reflect the broken lights and dissonances of Joyce's later expressionistic fictions.

To emphasize these leanings is, of course, gratuitous: Joyce himself has been so profoundly aware of the risks and limitations of such verse that he has made the extension and mastery of them his creative problem. It is a verse that must be saved from pastiche by the firmest possible sincerity in style, and it requires a long labor of assimilation and experiment—Stephen's hourly preoccupation—before a personal tone is finally achieved. Consequently, in even so thin a collection gradations of quality and success are sharp. In half the pages the mood of plaintive heartbreak or swooning despair becomes monotonous, and understudy is so obvious that a single misplaced syllable becomes a discord. In "Chamber Music" this is especially so, but in most of the later "Pomes Penyeach" feeling is reduced to so faultless a simplicity, grief to so exquisite an ache, and the sentiment of beauty to such fastidious insight that the poet's doubts become instantly resolved, simplified, and dismissed, and the result is some of the purest strains of lyric utterance to be found in the English of any century. It appears at its finest in Simples, Tutto è Sciolto, Flood, A Flower Given to My Daughter, "Thou leanest to the shell of night," and "Though I thy Mithridates were." A book that contains these and a dozen lyrics of equal purity must be valued not only for what it shows of the initial poetic

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MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Beal: Testimony and Summation

PROLETARIAN JOURNEY. By Fred E. Beal. Hillman, Curl. $2.75.

USING the date line of "nowhere" to confound both the capitalist "justice" that gave him a twenty-one-year prison sentence for leading the 1929 Gastonia textile strike and his erstwhile Communist comrades, Fred Beal addresses this communiqué to the world at large; or more specifically to such persons as may be interested in the "truth." For the liberal apprentices of radical politics it will prove most inconvenient. Those who dare to read it will doubtless sigh, like the hill-billy grandmaw when she first heard the story of the Crucifixion, "Well, it's a turrible story. Let's hope t'want so."

Unfortunately, there is good reason to believe that Beal's story is true in every important particular. His career in the radical labor movement in Lawrence, Dover, New Bedford, and Gastonia is to a large extent a matter of public record. After the patently framed Gastonia conviction he and four of his six codefendants, each out on $5,000 bail pending the appeal of their cases, sailed for Soviet Russia against the wishes of the Central Committee of the American Communist Party. Beal says he never intended to skip bail; that he merely wanted a brief vacation in the workers' fatherland; that even before they reached Russia he and Red Hendricks had repented leaving America and wrote the Communist Party asking for their return fare, saying they were prepared to serve their sentences if the appeal to the Supreme Court went against them, as it did. But the Comintern, without consulting either Beal or his codefendants, reversed the decision of the American Communist Party, told the five Gastonia refugees to remain in Russia, and eventually brought over the remaining two.

Beal never reconciled himself to this decision; he had promised the Gastonia workers that he'd stick until they had a firmly established union; instead he had skipped out—a kind of Lord Jim slip which he never forgave himself. He begged the Comintern to let him go back, he wrote letters to Roger Baldwin, with the result that in September, 1930, a story in the New York *Times* caused a considerable sensation: Beal and Red Hendricks, it appeared, would prefer a North Carolina jail to the Soviet utopia. As guests they were, in fact, both unhappy and troublesome. Beal saw too much of both workers' misery and bureaucrats' cynicism. As a student in the Lenin school he was compelled to parade with his fellow-students past the Palace of Labor on the night Ramzin was tried, shouting, "Death to the wreckers!" The Sacco-Vanzetti case had made Beal a Communist. The Ramzin trial and other similar experiences made him write:

> How I burned with shame at the sight of this organized mob inspired with lust for blood. I, too, had faced death at the hands of biased justice, a system of justice which I had fought to the limit. Was this to be the system of the new society, this drilled and cowed crowd led by packs of bloodhounds, and all in the name of socialism?

In 1931 Beal returned to America with the expectation that he and Hendricks would surrender to the North Carolina authorities. But Hendricks didn't appear; interest in his case had lapsed, and Beal decided to go back to Russia. His job on his return was to supervise the foreign workers at the Kharkov tractor plant. But the G.P.U. representative objected to Beal's "bourgeois" notion of letting these workers have their say about living and working conditions; when they staged a hunger march on the factory Beal was obliged to denounce the disaffected workers as "fascists." Later when the 1933 famine hit the Ukraine, Beal saw the dead villages and the signs on the graves: "I love Stalin. Bury him here as soon as possible!" Both Hendricks and Beal returned finally to America, the former to be betrayed to the police, so Beal says, by a Communist Party member, Beal to publish articles on Soviet Russia in the *Daily Forward* and in the Hearst press. For this he makes no apology, though most independent radicals and opportunists would enter a strong demurrer at this point.

Beal's book is well organized, well written, and on the whole pretty convincing. It is not the whole truth about Soviet Russia or about the Communist Party, but it is some of the truth. And the truth needs to be told, even though one would have preferred a more balanced and more philosophic testimony.

JAMES RORTY

Of Two Minds

A MIND MISLAID. By Henry Collins Brown. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

A MIND RESTORED. By Elsa Krauch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

ONE of the most significant discoveries of Sigmund Freud was that the mentally ill—given a sympathetic audience—want to talk about themselves, want to express something verbally which their symptoms are not quite successful in representing, and that the complete verbalizing of this repressed material is of therapeutic value. Listening hour after hour and day after day to the circumstantial, meandering, often unreasonable and inaccurate narratives of these patients is a part of the technique of psychiatric therapy.

It is in this spirit that we should accept the increasingly numerous books in which the reading public is made the listening physician. Very few of them have achieved great popularity, although the sociological success of Clifford Beers's "A Mind That Found Itself" and the literary success of Seabrook's "Asylum" seem to have raised publishers' hopes in regard to the sales appeal of this class of literature. We must not expect from their authors fairmindedness, detachment, or accuracy. We must be willing to forgive bad taste, bad English, bad judgment, bad information. We must be willing to look around these things to the motive that urged them thus to expose their intimate life and sufferings to the world. And since we, the reading public, are not physicians or psychoanalysts, we must admit that it is not for us to point out the essential narcissism gratified by the display. We must just assume that this gratification is part of the therapeutic process and extract what value we can from the material itself.

Henry Collins Brown is the founder of the Museum of the City of New York and the author of numerous books about New York. He was replaced as director of the museum by a younger man, and he ascribes to this disappointment the onset of an acute mental illness for which he was committed in his late sixties to a private sanitarium near New York. Though this illness lasted three years, he recovered and has since written several other books. According to the publisher's note he is now seventy-five years old. His ostensible object in "A

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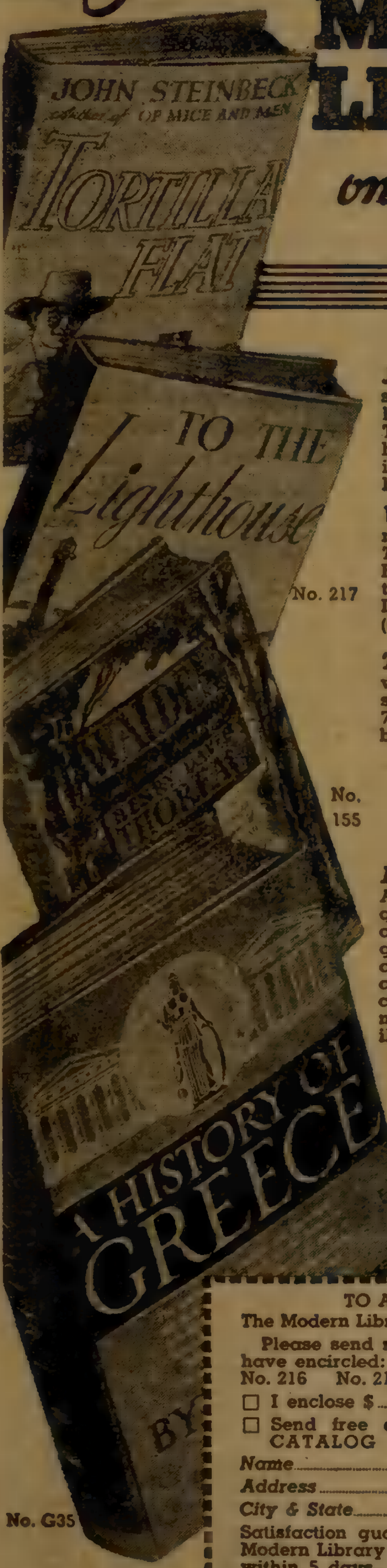

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Mind Mislaid" was to demonstrate that pessimism in regard to mental illness is unjustified and also that the taboo concerning mental illness is a hindrance to its proper treatment.

High-minded as the author's purpose was, the reviewer must point out that it is not news that such seriously ill patients often recover; all intelligent people know that. Perhaps a few people still believe that "once insane, always insane," but from the psychiatrist's standpoint a more serious obstacle to the proper treatment of the mentally ill is the too great optimism which prevails. The average person, having experienced innumerable minor mental ills, is apt to discount their seriousness and the necessity of treatment.

But there are more serious objections to Mr. Brown's book. It is written in the jocular, breezy, raconteur style of the newspaper reporter assigned to a local-color story. It is replete with attempts to be funny which fall flat. One cannot essay to encourage the mentally ill and refer to them by such terms as "cuckoo," "members of the suicide club," "rummies," "goofs." Brown has a curious mixture of sympathy and disdain toward his fellow-patients. Toward the institution itself he assumes a patronizing, humorously critical attitude, as if to say, "To be sure they cured me and I am grateful to them and they do a lot of good, but of course, after all, they are a quaint, stupid, arbitrary crowd, who conduct their strange little village in a strange way."

Moreover, Brown dramatizes the life histories of the other patients in a way which becomes tiresome and excites incredulity; one suspects that he has taken liberties with the facts to make them conform to the conventional ideas about mentally ill patients. My eye falls, for example, upon this, "We had some really distinguished guests—General Pershing, Ramsay MacDonald, John D., Mayor Walker, Henry Ford, Napoleon, Field Marshal Foch, Herbert Hoover, Mussolini, the Queen of Sheba, Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Ethel Barrymore, Katharine Cornell, Lady Astor, Fannie Hurst, and Edna Ferber." Now I have worked with psychiatric patients daily for a good many years, and in spite of popular suppositions and Mr. Brown's report to the contrary, I have never seen a patient who thought he was any one of these persons and very seldom one who thought he was any person except himself. While this representation of a psychiatric hospital as a kind of fancy-dress ball may be amusing, it is not accurate.

It would be amazing to find popular misapprehensions of this kind sprinkled through the account of a man who spent three years in a hospital for mental illness, if one did not know that a man may spend many months in a hospital without accurately observing what goes on around him and emerge with little recollection of the mental turmoil he has undergone. The saving tendency of the personality to forget what it does not choose to remember accounts for the fact that many of the "true-story" accounts of former patients omit most of the essential facts concerning their experiences and dwell instead—as does Brown's book—on more or less inaccurate impressions and philosophical theories gleaned from books, newspapers, and hearsay.

Elsa Krauch's account of the experiences of Jim Curran, like Brown's book, describes the hospital residency of a mentally sick man. It fortunately escapes the error of trying to be funny, although at times it goes to the other extreme of being maudlin and very dull, presupposing a greater interest on the part of the general public in the melancholy ratiocinations of a neurotic mind. Miss Krauch has a very different theme from that of Brown; she seems to wish to show that private sanitariums are a "racket" and that state hospitals are very nice places where a person can fall back on the benevolence of the taxpayers and get well without worrying about what it costs to be sick. She begins with the miserable experiences of Mr. Curran at a cheap private sanitarium and thereby becomes diverted into a false representation of the whole problem. Curran got into a bad hospital, of his own selection, and then into a good hospital; the first one happened to be a private one and the second a public one. For the author to conclude that private sanitariums are bad, mercenary, and cruel and that state hospitals are generous, free, and benevolent is inaccurate and misleading.

It is true that most state hospitals do their job, the custodial care of large masses of patients who cannot afford to go elsewhere, fairly well. It is also true that there are some private psychiatric hospitals which do not do this much. But the point is that one can choose one's sanitarium and one cannot choose one's state hospital. So long as the only criteria applied by those seeking the best psychiatric institution for the treatment of themselves or someone near to them are the cheapness and the proximity, one must expect institutions to exist such as that described by Elsa Krauch.

Except for this bias "A Mind Restored" is a better book than "A Mind Mislaid"; it is a more accurate book, a better-written book, but it also a more tiresome book. It is quite suitable to give to the relatives of patients who, on account of their economic condition, are obliged to accept state hospital care and want to think they are doing the best thing. Brown's book, on the other hand, may entertain a few, but it cannot be wisely given to those whom it was presumably intended to encourage.

KARL A. MENNINGER

[Mr. Krutch's drama column, which is unavoidably omitted from this issue, will appear as usual next week.]

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Letters to the Editors

"Uncritical Support"

Dear Sirs: At the moment the outstanding political phenomenon in America is the tendency of those who have an articulate interest in politics to line up on the simple issue: for or against Roosevelt. The illustration which leaps to the mind is the appointment of Hugo Black to the Supreme Court and the liberal reaction to the exposure of his membership in the Ku Klux Klan. To some of us the tone of apology or justification for Judge Black's appointment on the part of liberal leaders like Senator George Norris, *The Nation,* and the *New Republic* is even more alarming than the President's amazing failure to investigate charges which were matters of common gossip in Washington as well as in Alabama. Let us admit, as *The Nation* has been at such pains to point out, that Hugo Black as Senator had a good legislative record, especially after March 4, 1933; that the outcry against his appointment in important quarters arises more from a desire to discredit Mr. Roosevelt than from a love of civil liberty; and that some of his critics have their own share of the Klan psychology. What else should we expect?

Senator Black's appointment might have been defensible if he had ever publicly repudiated the Klan or expressed regret for his former membership in it. He did nothing of the sort. He deliberately chose to take the risk of this discovery, remaining under the compulsion to accept condemnation either because he believed in the principles of the Klan or because he was politician enough, or sap enough, to give nominal allegiance to it in order to rise to power. It is simply not true that he has atoned by deeds, if not by words. He, the leading liberal of Alabama, never spoke out on the Scottsboro case. He was commonly understood to be unalterably opposed to the federal anti-lynching law. And it is precisely cases involving the rights of Negroes in which the power of the Supreme Court may be most useful and by which its sincere devotion to liberty can best be tested. Yet in the face of these obvious facts that gallant old liberal, George Norris, finds the Senator's appointment "wonderfully good," and the *New Republic* from its Olympian heights can write: "We might remember that in Alabama in 1923 joining the Klan was much like what joining Rotary or Kiwanis or the Lions is in some small Midwestern town."

I have no enthusiasm for these organizations, but when I read those words my mind went back to a singularly unpleasant specimen of humanity to whom I was introduced in Tampa, Florida, after the Shoemaker murder, with the assurance that he was a Klansman but a Klansman of standards; that he always told the boys they should never use chains but only belts to beat up the objects of their wrath. All of which the man in question confirmed and then went on to warn me that, of course, no one who was a member of the Klan could ever admit it openly to outsiders. The situation in Alabama in 1926 was essentially no different than that in Florida in 1935, and I rise to the defense of Rotary against the *New Republic's* comparison. At the very least, whatever Senator Black's later usefulness, his Klan membership, unless he can completely disprove the charges brought against him, disqualifies him for the Supreme Court of the United States. It is too late now for mere disavowal of present belief in the Klan to rehabilitate the Judge's integrity. New Dealers among lawyers are not so few and far between that the President had no alternative to appointing Senator Black.

Indeed, the President's willingness to appoint first Joe Robinson and next Hugo Black to the Supreme Court is a more effective argument against the adequacy of his plan for reforming the court than anything which his enemies have said. From the first appointment he was saved by Divine Providence or the Roosevelt luck. From the second, abundant warnings to him and to the Senate did not suffice to save him. And in effect, with this record plainly set out before them, the liberals say: "Well, anyhow, Roosevelt and Black hate the economic royalists; what else matters?" Human liberty matters, fair play, and a reasonable regard for the means one chooses to achieve one's end.

It would scarcely be worth while to add to the torrent of words concerning the Black appointment were it not that both the appointment and the liberals' attitude toward it so completely illustrate the danger of the uncritical support they tend to give Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal. Their eyes are not fixed on any standards of what is desirable but only upon their fears of what has been, or would be, worse. In its extreme form the argument runs: "The Liberty League hates Roosevelt, therefore we must love him. Think how much better he is than Coolidge." I do not, of course, accuse Senator Norris or *The Nation* or the *New Republic* of going to this extreme of simplicity, but I could wish even from them, and certainly from the groups to which they give intellectual leadership, a more vigorous attention to some of the crying problems of the times for which the New Deal presents no solution.

Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to credit for what he has done to help in the organization of labor, but the positive record of his Administration in the field of civil liberties is not good. As for the problem of war and peace, we drift without a constructive policy. There is almost the same lack of direction in economic affairs. The inevitable approach of a new crisis cannot be met automatically by the increased organization of labor, important as that is, or by repetition of the Roosevelt policies of 1933. Is there no way in which thoughtful liberals and labor leaders, while there is still time, can make more effective an educational campaign for a program which has a positive content and an emotional appeal not derived solely from hatred of economic royalists?

NORMAN THOMAS

New York, September 28

P.S.—There is nothing in Judge Black's address to change this verdict or condone his concealment of the facts. He may wish, however to prove his liberalism by deeds on the court.

N. T.

September 30

Pacifism and Revolution

Dear Sirs: Jessie Wallace Hughan's letter in your issue of July 17 is important in that it proves the total incapacity of "revolutionary non-violent war resistance" to deal effectively with capitalism. Miss Hughan's basic error is revealed in her opening sentence, in which she compares the pacifists' dilemma today with "that which faced their predecessors twenty years ago." Such a comparison is impossible. Revolutionary pacifism faced no test in 1917; a struggle between rival imperialist powers offered no real problem to those who wished to be loyal both to the workers and to the tenets of pacifism. But in 1937 loyalty to the international working class demands an absolute renunciation of pacifism—and it is this conclusion that Miss Hughan seeks to avoid.

She cannot do this by declaring that proletarian accession to power is more efficient and stable if carried through peaceably and with the active approval of "the people as a whole." Agreed, of course. Agreed, too, that "violence . . . usually hinders and often blocks the revolution itself." But violence, as Miss Hughan well knows, is employed by the counter-revolution; to refuse to defend our gains against the reaction will, it is true, negate the violence of our enemies but it will also insure our being enslaved and exploited by capitalist fascism. This is no way out.

Nor will Miss Hughan avoid the inevitable conclusion by berating the Spanish Republic for its early sins. She blames the republic for not having disarmed the old-regime generals—and the republic is paying for this today—but doesn't she recognize that any such proposal would have called forth an immediate rebellion by the deposed military which would have had to be met, even as in 1936, by the armed might of the people?

Miss Hughan protests against the violence directed against clerical reactionaries. How foolish that sounds here! In July, 1936, in this village where I write the priests handled machine-guns in the church tower against their own parishioners.

What is Miss Hughan's solution? She proposes a "negotiated peace." I cannot understand how the author of "What Is Socialism?" can be so naive. Imperialist powers, of course, can meet, negotiate, bargain—they are fighting over spoils, territory, minerals. But in Spain we are fighting for freedom, the freedom of the Spanish people and of the international working class. What would this "negotiated peace" really mean? At worst, it would mean a real victory for Hitler and Mussolini—one that they could never obtain through force of arms. At best, it would mean a repetition of the pre-war days, with the forces of reaction continuing their conspiracies and bringing on another rebellion in a few years.

The only solution is a military victory by the armed forces of the republic, a victory which must inevitably be accompanied by economic changes and realignments that will make pacifism really possible and practical. This victory demands sacrifice, death, bloodshed today, but it is the only guaranty of peace and happiness tomorrow.

SAMUEL ROMER

Albacete, Spain, August 15

Ossietzky

Dear Sirs: May I direct your attention to the fate of Herr von Ossietzky, the German pacifist, winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1936, who for weeks past has been hovering between life and death, having developed grave pulmonary tuberculosis in the concentration camp in which he was imprisoned by the German government from 1933 to 1936?

Ossietzky was transferred to a sanitarium after the award of the prize, but his health has deteriorated since November. The disease has attacked not only the lungs but the larynx and the heart. I have been informed by medical experts that there is no way of arresting the disease outside the Alpine climate of Switzerland. But the German authorities refuse to let him leave the country.

Recent articles in the German press have described Herr von Ossietzky as a free man and as recovering his health. But a comparison of the various articles with one another and with interviews with Ossietzky arranged by the German authorities showed them to be full of contradictions. It is certain that Herr von Ossietzky is neither free nor in health.

It is heartrending to think of this martyr slowly languishing and doomed to a premature death. I cannot see how it can be to the interest of anyone to let Ossietzky die in virtual imprisonment; and I believe it to be to the interest of every genuine friend of peace that his life should be saved.

HENRI LAFONTAINE, President
International Peace Bureau

Brussels, August 30

Relief for China

Dear Sirs: The bombing of refugees and the civilian population of numerous Chinese cities during the past week will greatly aggravate the already stupendous problem of civilian relief in China. It is conservatively estimated that the number of refugees exceeds those cared for at the time of the Great War, and Chinese resources are wholly insufficient to provide relief. No public drive has yet been undertaken to aid noncombatant war victims, but the American Red Cross has agreed to forward such funds as may be contributed to its local chapters to the Chinese Red Cross for relief purposes. In view of the grave immediate need, I strongly urge that individuals and organizations desirous of mitigating this frightful suffering act immediately without waiting for a more formal appeal.

WILLIAM M. CHADBOURNE,
Chairman American Committee for
Peace and Security in the Pacific

New York, September 29

CONTRIBUTORS

LUDWIG LORE contributes comment on European affairs regularly to the New York *Post* in a column headed "Behind the Cables." He has just returned from a visit to Europe.

THOMAS MANN has begun publication in Zurich of a new magazine, *Measure and Value*. In a foreword to the first issue he sets forth his political ideals.

HARVEY PINNEY is an instructor in American history at Washington Square College, New York University.

GEORGE LAMBERT has been working as a labor organizer in the deep South. At present he is the national organizer of the Socialist Party assigned to Texas.

LEWIS GALANTIERE is the editor of "The Goncourt Journal: 1851-1870."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS, professor of anthropology at Northwestern University, is the author of "Life in a Haitian Valley."

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL will publish this fall a collection of modern criticism, "Literary Opinion in America." He is working on a critical history of Victorian poetry.

JAMES RORTY has recorded his story of a journey across the United States in his book "Where Life Is Better."

KARL A. MENNINGER, well-known psychiatrist, will publish this fall "Man Against Himself."

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

ITALY'S REJECTION OF THE ANGLO-FRENCH invitation to a tripartite conference on the removal of "volunteers" from Spain places the democratic powers in a position in which further temporizing will be fatal. Several new Italian brigades are on their way to join the Spanish insurgents for the purpose of forcing a decision before winter, and a new squadron of planes under the leadership of Mussolini's son is reported to be already in action against the Spanish government. Alarmed by the threat to its communications with Africa, France is aroused as at no time since the outbreak of Franco's rebellion. Its government has already advised London of its intention to abandon the non-intervention agreement by opening its frontier for aid to Valencia unless Italy withdraws its forces from Spain. But there is grave danger that the French will be dissuaded by Britain, which is by no means reconciled to its role of supporting Spanish democracy. Germany's position will also influence the final decision. Thus far there has been no clear indication that Hitler intends to support Mussolini to the point where Germany will be brought into direct conflict with England. But neither is it clear that England is prepared to risk a break with the Reich. Under the circumstances the nation most able to bluff has an undoubted advantage. If the non-fascist powers are to hold their own against the steady encroachment of dictatorships, they must be at least astute enough to know when they have the better hand—and play it for all it is worth. The events of the next few days will tell whether the democracies have learned this all-important lesson.

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NO BETTER CASE FOR A BOYCOTT AGAINST Japanese aggression has been presented than that contained in former Secretary Henry L. Stimson's brilliant letter to the New York *Times*. After a skilful plea in behalf of America's traditional policy of friendship for China, Mr. Stimson pointed out that Japanese aggression "would in all probability be promptly checked" if it were not "being actively assisted by men of our own nation." He cited figures to show Japan's great dependence on foreign supplies to carry on its invasion of China, and specifically drew attention to America's purchase of silk as making possible the import of essential war materials. Mr. Stimson, like the editors of *The Nation*, would probably prefer the application of international sanctions to a consumers' boycott on the ground that it would be more effective and orderly. But experience has shown that governments have a tendency to act much too late, if at all, in concerted measures of this type. Meanwhile, the least that all believers in peace can do is to cease "actively assisting" Japanese aggression through commercial relations with the aggressor. In practical terms, this means "Don't Buy Silk."

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MUCH CONFUSION REGARDING THE EFFECT of the boycott on labor has been caused by a statement, attributed to Alfred Hoffman of Philadelphia, that 85,000 hosiery workers would bear the brunt of such action. Actually, as the enthusiastic indorsement of the boycott by the A. F. of L. indicates, labor has nothing to lose by the refusal to buy Japanese goods. The production of rayon or lisle hosiery requires as many men as the production of silk stockings. Moreover, if a substitute of good quality is used in place of silk the same machines and the same operators may be employed. Seamless hosiery, whether rayon or silk, is made on a somewhat different type of machine, but there is no significant difference in the labor force needed. The same is true in the broad-silk industry, according to the Institute of Pacific Relations. Looms and equipment are largely interchangeable, although there are types of cloth for which the cotton loom, which is faster and superior to the silk loom, is more suitable. This general analysis of the situation is confirmed by Carl Holderman, regional director of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee, who has asserted that the industry would be better off in the long run without Japanese silk.

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LABOR CANDIDATES RECEIVED MORE THAN half the 327,000 votes cast in the Detroit nonpartisan municipal primary on October 6. Unfortunately these votes were divided between two candidates, one backed by the C. I. O. and one by the A. F. of L., and as a result a third contestant, Richard W. Reading, a conservative, led the field. Because the C. I. O. candidate, Patrick O'Brien, received the second largest number of votes, leading the A. F. of L. nominee by some 21,000 ballots, he will contest the election with Reading. Obviously if Mr. O'Brien could be assured of the votes given his labor rival, we should have a labor mayor in Detroit. In June the two branches of the labor movement were united politically. Then the A. F. of L. unions withdrew from the Political Action Committee formed to back O'Brien and supported a rival candidate. It is reasonable to suppose that this move was inspired by diehards higher up. Now that it has proved to be self-defeating, perhaps the rank and file of the A. F. of L. in Detroit will join forces once more with their C. I. O. brothers and thus forestall a conservative victory. Or will they continue to follow the political lead of William Green, whose bitterest charge against John Lewis is that he wants political power for himself and for labor?

JEREMIAH MAHONEY IS IN A TIGHT SPOT IN the New York mayoralty race. The LaGuardia record is so good that Mahoney has had to fall back on the traditional cry of "reds." Considering the Mayor's ultra-conservative Republican backers and his own indorsement of that supreme red-baiter, George U. Harvey, the Mahoney strategy has elements of comedy. Its principal effect so far has been to cover the retreat of Joe Ryan's reactionary A. F. of L. union of longshoremen from LaGuardia to Tammany, where it has always belonged. In addition to the mayoralty fight, there are three important features in the coming election. One is the vote for members of the state constitutional convention, the importance of which is being generally overlooked. Another is the fighting campaign being waged by Thomas E. Dewey for the district attorneyship of Manhattan. The issue between Dewey and Tammany has been dramatized by the shooting of two men who were involved, one as witness, in a labor-racketeering case which Dewey is prosecuting. His election is second only in importance to that of LaGuardia, for if Tammany retains the office of district attorney it holds one of the crucial defenses of racketeering and crime. The third feature of the campaign is the three-cornered race for Congress in the "silk-stocking" district. George Backer, the Labor Party nominee, is something new in local politics—a man of wealth who is turning his fine intelligence to the causes of labor and social reform. His Republican opponent, Bruce Barton, of advertising fame, is using every high-pressure advertising technique. The Labor Party is fortunate in having so good a candidate to run against him in its first test of Congressional strength in New York.

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THE DEATH OF EDGAR WATSON HOWE IN HIS eighty-fifth year removes an American whose mark on the fiction and journalism of his time will take long to erase. His novel, "The Story of a Country Town," was remarkable for its realism in 1883, and it is still real; and several of his short stories should appear in anthologies more frequently than they do. As editor of the Atchison *Daily Globe* from 1877 to 1911 Howe became known in the newspaper profession as the best paragrapher alive, having discovered the art of being at the same time obvious and unforgettable. *E. W. Howe's Monthly*, in which for a quarter-century after his retirement from the *Globe* he continued to write paragraphs and nothing but paragraphs, was one of the best things of its kind ever done in any age. Many persons addicted to reading it would have tolerated its sentiments from no one else. It preached the gospel of success, and business success at that, with an almost maddening monotony; but there was no monotony in the sentences with which Howe kept on belaboring the Great Thinkers, the Great Talkers, and the Great Writers of our time (capitals his). Nearly all of them were knaves or fools in the opinion of a man who, like Dean Swift, prided himself on his incapacity for abstraction and who, like any old cross-roads American, preferred the familiar to the strange, the conventional to the hypothetical, the tried to the not

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yet true. And he was often right, just as he was often outrageously wrong; though it took time to tell, as he said it would. The critical chair he leaves vacant will remain vacant to our loss.

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A CONVENTION OF POLICE CHIEFS IS NOT the place where one would ordinarily expect to find liberal thought on social questions. But last week the annual meeting of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, held at Baltimore, was the scene of an unusual incident. On the schedule of speakers at the session dealing with labor troubles and the police was Police Commissioner James P. Allman of Chicago. At the banquet the evening before, five Western Union boys appeared and distributed among the chiefs several hundred copies of the La Follette committee report on the Memorial Day massacre at South Chicago. With each copy was a telegram from Pelham D. Glassford, who was police commissioner of Washington at the time of the bonus-army march. It reminded the convention that it had an "unusual opportunity for public service by exposing thoroughly and without whitewash police brutality and cowardice, with particular emphasis on South Chicago's atrocious Memorial Day savagery." It went on to say: "The existing American conception of the dumb and lawless cop must be dissipated. I recommend that the International Association stand morally and financially behind any chief refusing to employ police in violation of the Bill of Rights or for other unlawful motive." Glassford's courageous action is all to the good. But ultimately the only insurance against police brutality is a city administration elected by labor and responsible to it. That is part of the meaning of the Detroit and New York elections.

Quarantine: Gesture or Policy?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech at Chicago was a shot in the arm to the discouraged forces of democratic world opinion, and Secretary Hull's statement aligning America with the League of Nations in its condemnation of Japan has strengthened its effect. The reaction to the President's speech is amazingly friendly. In this country the new turn in government policy has been greeted with far greater approval than had been hoped for by the most fervent supporters of collective security. Japan, Germany, and Italy, on the other hand, have shown, by their hostile comment, that the shoe which the President described in his speech fits them only too well. The principal objection in the United States has come from the diehard isolationists and from the Hearst press, which used to be rabidly anti-Japanese but now sees that a vigorous American policy toward aggressors will impede the careers of Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini.

Mr. Hull has sought in his statement to show that the new policy is in no sense new but entirely in line with our past utterances. This would be hard to prove in view of our neutrality law and in view of America's passiveness in the Ethiopian and Spanish crises. It would be truer to say that up to his Chicago speech the President had taken a very tentative and experimental course, and had left a path open in either direction—toward isolationist neutrality or toward collective security. Now that he has chosen the latter path, there remains the question of what forces were behind his decision.

The suggestion has been made that the President was principally concerned with getting Justice Black and the Klan issue off the front pages of the newspapers, and for that reason released a new bombshell. To emphasize this is absurd. It would, at the most, have affected the timing of his statement but would not have determined its substance. The fact is that a policy of collective security has been urged upon the President for some time. Secretary Hull and several other Cabinet members have long favored it. Mr. Roosevelt's own inclinations have been in that direction, but he has felt that he must wait until he has the main body of American opinion with him. The fact that he has now come out with so vigorous an indictment of the aggressor nations and a threat of some form of intervention would indicate that his Western trip has reassured him about the attitude of the people. The determination not to go to war is still strong throughout the country. But there is also a passionate hostility toward the mad adventurism of Japan, Italy, and Germany and the methods they have used in their undeclared wars, and a growing recognition that if they are allowed to go on, America cannot in the end escape being drawn into the vortex of war which they are creating. Apparently it is this latter sentiment, rather than isolationist pacifism, that has been growing, and Mr. Roosevelt has seized the strategic moment—when Japan is poised for new bombardments of helpless Chinese civilians, when Italy is sending its crack air fleets to Spain—to place himself at the head of a vigorous democratic counter-movement.

That *The Nation* is heartily in accord with the President's speech must be obvious to those who have been following our position on this issue. We are glad that the President has definitely chosen the path of opposition to treaty breaking and aggression. But we want to point out a danger and ask a question.

The danger is that of playing up war feeling in this country, against Japan or any other nation. We do not like and have never liked the hysterias of directed hate. We should deplore, moreover, any growth of sentiment that would seem to justify additions to our already staggering armament load or that would further swell the size of the biggest navy we have ever had. America is already sufficiently prepared for any emergency except aggressive warfare, and aggressive warfare is the last thing that America wants. For that reason Drew Pearson's dispatch from Washington, elsewhere in this issue, is of great interest. It indicates that the Navy Department, the State Department, and the President have at least considered the possibility of going beyond words, and have discussed with England a joint naval blockade of Japan if the League should decide on the application of sanctions. Such a course represents a real danger. We print the article because the country has the right to learn definitely from the Administration whether any such plan is contemplated. We are certain that the American people would view this course with the greatest suspicion. What they want is not a display of naval force, but the exploration of every possible line of peaceful action.

The question we would ask is whether the President's speech is merely to be taken as a gesture, or whether it inaugurates a definite policy. The President spoke bravely of throwing a quarantine around the aggressor nations to protect this country and the rest of the world from the disease they are spreading. Some of the newspapers insist that this is meant not in the sense of a willingness to take action but merely as "an expression of public sentiment." We believe that this is not true. Mr. Hull's statement indicates that more definite action may follow.

An immediate challenge to action is presented in the conference of the signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty summoned by the League. For reasons of prestige and practicability this conference should be held in Washton rather than Brussels. It is important to remove the deliberations from the war-frightened atmosphere of Europe and to recapture as much as possible of the authority of the original conference.

A gathering of the powers interested in the Pacific will have very little meaning, however, unless one of those powers comes prepared with a clear-cut program for checking aggression. In practice, this can only mean the United States. Great Britain and France are far too involved in the Spanish crisis to assume leadership in the Far East. Mr. Roosevelt's speech has created the impression that he has such a program; if it is not forthcoming, the consequent disillusionment will be a severe blow to democratic influence throughout the world.

A joint embargo on all exports to Japan would undoubtedly, as former Secretary of State Stimson indicates, be the most effective measure for checking Japanese aggression. If proposed by the United States, there is a strong possibility that such a step might be taken despite the fiasco which terminated the sanctions against Italy two years ago. Much more promising at the moment, however, is the possibility of international economic assistance to China. The League has already approved such assistance in principle; but if it is to be made effective there should be an international agreement pooling the responsibility. If Japan replies by declaring an illegal blockade of shipments to China, the powers must be prepared to act as they have in the Mediterranean to prevent interference with neutral shipping.

Isolationists fight shy of such collective measures on the ground that they might lead to war. For such fears there is no reasonable justification. Japan is far too deeply involved in its adventure in China to dream of waging war against a major power, to say nothing of a general war against all the democratic nations. The real danger of war, as Mr. Roosevelt so clearly pointed out, lies in the opposite direction. If lawlessness and aggression are allowed to pass unchallenged, the very basis of morality, national and international, will be destroyed. War will be normal and peace an aberration.

Inventory of Labor

THE Denver convention of the American Federation of Labor and the Atlantic City conference of the Committee for Industrial Organization serve to focus attention on the state of labor as of October, 1937, and suggest an inventory. The violent attacks on the C. I. O. issuing from Denver throw into relief the struggle between the two organizations, an element in the labor picture which occupies a larger place than we had reason to expect a year ago. That struggle is closely related to another important element, the fact that the first great wave of industrial organization has ended. It finds the C. I. O. superior in membership to the A. F. of L., and there is no question that to have rolled up in little more than a year a membership almost as large as that which the A. F. of L. had in its heyday is an impressive record; it grows less impressive when we reflect that industrial unionism by its very nature operates most effectively in terms of thousands and hundreds of thousands whereas craft unionism functions best among hundreds, that the C. I. O. set out to organize 30,000,000 workers and that C. I. O. and A. F. of L. together now account for only 7,000,000 wage-earners. Meanwhile there is the disquieting fact that the A. F. of L. has increased its membership, or claims to have done so, by some 800,000.

What slowed down the C. I. O.? How explain the growth of the A. F. of L.—a development which was certainly not in the cards a year ago? How effective will its war on the C. I. O. turn out to be? What next?

It would be easy to say that the failure of the strike in little steel was mainly responsible for "stopping" the C. I. O., and that the employers, given the "neutrality" of the Administration, could not help winning. Certainly Tom Girdler and his gang did all that illegal terror could achieve; and the fact that the Administration at about the same time took a definite turn away from its labor following and made no move to prosecute the employers for their flagrant violations of federal laws had its effect. But considering that big steel was safely signed up, the defeat in little steel, as a penalty for overconfidence, is not enough to explain the fact that the C. I. O. in the past few months has been relatively quiescent. We must look to developments within the C. I. O. itself to fill out the explanation.

It was to be expected, perhaps, that any new mass organization on the scale of the C. I. O. would develop internal disagreements which would become particularly sharp in the period following the first large expansion of membership. The new unions of the C. I. O. were no exception. One of the largest, the United Automobile Workers, has been torn for months by a factional struggle involving political and other issues. The progressive union forces on the West Coast are badly split on similar issues and are at present in a deadlock from which only the A. F. of L. and the employers are benefiting. We are sure these difficulties will eventually be resolved, but their effect on the morale of workers both within and outside the C. I. O. should not be underestimated. They have had a large part in slowing down the C. I. O. drive and they have undoubtedly played into the hands of the A. F. of L. as well as of the employers.

At least a part of the increase in A. F. of L. membership may well be the direct result of the strife in the ranks of the C. I. O., though two other factors seem more pertinent. One is that the impetus to organization increased membership in all unions; the other is that in many instances the employer, recognizing the A. F. of L. as by far the lesser evil, has actually bestowed upon the craft groups the encouragement formerly lavished on the company union.

We may dismiss the A. F. of L. threats of "wiping out" the C. I. O. as wishful thinking. Industrial unionism must eventually win out. But the immediate damage the A. F. of L. can do depends a good deal on the C. I. O. itself. After the Atlantic City conference we shall know better what its plans are. If it can close its ranks by calling a halt to obstructive political factionalism and move on to another big organizing campaign, it has nothing to fear from the A. F. of L., whose rank and file is not affected by the job-holding, dues-collecting fever that grips the Freys and the Hutchesons. Let the C. I. O. enroll 10,000,000 and the battle is won.

Meanwhile we may be grateful for the undeniable fact that the activities of the C. I. O. have awakened the political consciousness of thousands. Of this the present sad plight of Tammany Hall is very tangible evidence, as is the strong fight being waged for labor candidates in Detroit and other cities.

And So, Vittorio

THE Mussolini boys have been getting around. One has just gone to Spain at the head of a crack Italian air fleet; the other has been in Hollywood on a special mission to convert the silver screen to the uses of fascism. The odyssey of Vittorio Mussolini's travels has been recounted in the press—his arrival with Hal Roach and Ambassador Fulvio Suvich, the peril of anti-fascist demonstrations in New York, from which he was elaborately guarded, his admiration of Garbo and Mickey Mouse, his flight to Hollywood, his hurried retreat to New York. What has not been recounted is the connection between his visit and his father's policy.

Mussolini did not send his son here merely as a contribution to the cinema arts. He has long had dreams of large-scale movie production. He built an imitation Hollywood near Rome, but found that he lacked organizers, producers, directors. Out of forty Italian films produced last year, thirty-eight were failures. Il Duce made an arrangement more than a year ago with Walter Wanger to transfer his energies to Italy, but the plan fell through for one reason or another. Mussolini then transferred his attention from Paramount and Warner Brothers, with whom Wanger had been connected, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. For a time it looked as if a big deal would result, but M-G-M also became worried, and instead of committing itself as an organization, it sent Hal Roach over to Italy as an individual "member-producer," whatever that may mean. It is clear that the organization wanted to play safe, and Mussolini, on his side, was also tentative, sending out bids at the same time to the English directors, Herbert Wilcox and Alexander Korda.

The fruit of the Hal Roach visit to Italy was the return visit of son Vittorio to Hollywood. Mussolini knew that his son would be received coldly in New York, but no one expected the frigid reception he got in Hollywood. The Anti-Nazi League published a notice in the trade papers reminding the film colony that this was the young man who had "asked for and received the privilege of being the first Fascist aviator to bomb helpless Ethiopians." His book, "Wings Over Ambe," began to be talked about—the fictionized autobiography in which he had called war "the most beautiful and complete of all sports," and in which he had confessed that he liked bombing because as a child he had been denied the sight of fire. Hal Roach gave a party for him, but those invited grew panicky when they saw their names on the guest list, which, in the Hollywood mood of the time, quickly became a black list. *Variety* reports that plans were made to publish a full-page advertisement of protest against the visit, to contain the names of a hundred stars, but in a single day the list grew too large to be printed. The Hollywood actors were indignant, and even the moguls of the industry were jittery. They had, says our trusted *Variety*, enough labor troubles "without having to explain that a young Fascist's visit had no more significance than Aldous Huxley's."

But they had other reasons to be jittery. Mussolini had been very erratic in dealing with the products of the Hollywood studios, and had forbidden or withdrawn the showing of such pictures as "Beloved Enemy," "Woman Chases Man," "Modern Times," and "The General Dies at Dawn." He had gone back on an arrangement made with Will Hays for a certain quota of American pictures. But worst of all, he was now trying to fight his way into the lucrative South American market. For South America means a good deal to him. Fascism has made considerable progress in those countries. Commerce has grown, munitions have been sent, military missions have been exchanged. What has been lacking is a good propaganda medium like the movies. It was for the purpose of mastering that medium that Vittorio paid us the honor of a visit. To be sure, he had to content himself with a relatively unimportant mentor like Hal Roach. But he had hopes for something bigger—until President Roosevelt's Chicago address attacking the dictators resulted in an urgent call from Italy for Vittorio's return. Plans for a career as movie producer must now be postponed, and Vittorio may meanwhile have a chance to experience again his sensations as a bomber in his father's army in Spain.

Will We Blockade Japan?

BY DREW PEARSON

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S Chicago speech calling for a "quarantine" against aggressor nations and Secretary Hull's note to the League of Nations labeling Japan an aggressor were anything but accidents. They had been planned weeks in advance, were so perfectly timed in fact that Norman Davis was able to tip off his old friend, Henry L. Stimson, former Secretary of State, to support the Roosevelt-Hull move. The entire speech was drafted in the State Department and air-mailed to the President, who used it almost verbatim. It was deliberately withheld until Roosevelt had had a chance to travel through the country and sound out sentiment, particularly in the West.

Behind the move was a conviction which Roosevelt has held ever since a talk he had with Henry L. Stimson shortly before he was inaugurated in 1933, in which both agreed that if Japan's imperialistic ambitions remained unchecked she would eventually swallow all China. The President's stand is a mixture of Wilsonian idealism, Navy Department theory on how to deal with Japan, and a recently acquired conviction that the United States must either help in laying down the law to the dictators or run the grave risk of seeing the world dominated by them.

This last view has been emphasized in recent conversations between the State Department and the British Foreign Office. Secretary Hull, who agrees thoroughly with the President, has been driving home to the British the idea that the world's democracies have been bowing before Hitler and Mussolini to such an extent that those two gentlemen believe they can get anything they want merely by rattling the saber. A firm stand by Great Britain and the United States against Japan, supported by other powers interested in China, would, he argues, revitalize faith in the democracies.

None of Mr. Hull's conversations with the British, however, are as important as the discussions concerning Japan held by the President, his navy heads, and the State Department—summaries of which were passed along to the British. About the time Congress adjourned and the Shanghai situation was first getting serious, Roosevelt called in his admirals and asked what strategy they could devise to block Japan's imperialistic advance in China. The plan which they brought forward was based on Japan's primary weaknesses—its lack of raw materials and its vulnerable position as a group of islands. The admirals' strategy was a naval blockade, authorized of course by the League of Nations or the signatories to the Nine-Power Treaty in order to prevent Japanese animus from being directed against the United States only. It would be enforced, however, by the British and American fleets; no other naval force, the admirals claimed, would be necessary. The two fleets would have their bases at Singapore and Panama. At these points they could cut off all important shipments of raw materials to Japan, particularly oil. Japan now gets its oil from the Dutch East Indies, dominated by the Royal Dutch Shell, in turn dominated by the British; or from American oil companies. Curtail the flow of oil into Japan, and in a few months Nippon's warships anchored in Shanghai harbor would be unable to get up steam; Japanese airplanes, now bombarding Chinese cities, would be unable to rise from the ground.

The admirals were confident, they told Roosevelt, that such a blockade would force Japan's withdrawal from China within three months. If the blockade had the backing of the League, they believed it could be accomplished without war, since American and British vessels could remain at such a considerable distance from Japan that there would be no chance of incidents of the kind to provoke open hostilities.

At the time of these conversations the President expressed his belief that the American public was not ready for anything so drastic. Secretary Hull, however, was more favorable. Commenting on the unpreparedness of the American public for so strong a program, he told a friend: "You can always count on the Japanese to do the wrong thing." The bombing of helpless Chinese civilians and the sinking of harmless Chinese fishing boats a short time later eloquently bore out his contention.

While waiting for the development of public opinion, the State Department continued its talks with the British, particularly pressing the idea of cooperation between the two fleets. American naval men wanted the British to handle the blockade at Singapore, leaving Panama to the United States, but the British Admiralty demurred. They said that six of their fifteen battleships were in drydock and that their entire fleet was needed in the Baltic and the Mediterranean. Finally, however, they considered sending two heavy cruisers, two destroyer squadrons, and possibly two or three battleships.

But just at this point Italian submarines began playing hob with British shipping in the Mediterranean, and the Admiralty demurred again. Present plans place the burden of any blockade upon American naval forces, reinforced by what ships the British already have in the Pacific. However, the President is not relying primarily on his admirals. He is hoping that the show of strength at Geneva will give pause to the ambitions of Japan's war lords.

A Lesson for the Democracies

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Geneva, September 22

THE significance of Nyon and of the subsequent Mediterranean conference at Geneva transcends the two anti-pirate arrangements signed there. Nyon points the way to the method for stopping fascist aggression. It is a stinging answer to those who imply that since the reactionary dictatorships can only be checked by armed force—which democracies must not employ—it is better to yield to them. Nyon was not war, yet Mussolini yielded to it.

Last January the Germans began to make themselves at home in Spanish Morocco. German mining engineers and aviators engaged in activities which perturbed French imperialists. M. François-Poncet, the French ambassador at Berlin, accordingly called on Hitler and told him in curt terms that this must cease. He was so clearly in earnest that the Nazi Chancellor beat a quick retreat. Words sufficed to halt aggression because Berlin realized that they would be backed by deeds. Nyon consisted of the same kind of words.

A resolute policy inspires in Mussolini and Hitler a solid respect. Ever since October, 1936, the Soviet Union has been sending arms in large quantities to the legal Spanish government, which is entitled by every international law to receive them. Have Germany and Italy made war on the U. S. S. R. for this reason? Yet the fear that war would be provoked by French or British arms shipments to the Spanish government has been put forward by London and Paris as the best justification for non-intervention.

"To prevent war," Yvon Delbos, French Foreign Minister, told the League of Nations Assembly on September 18, "they [the nations wanting peace] must check its impetus by displaying the force that their union constitutes. The sum of our energies, if they converge resolutely toward the same end, is greater than any other force." This principle can guarantee world peace. England and France are stronger than Italy and Germany. Mussolini and Hitler know this, for they cannot be unaware of their own internal weaknesses. They know, moreover, that the Anglo-French bloc will have the support of the U. S. S. R., Czecho-Slovakia, and probably Poland the moment it follows a strong anti-aggression line. Firmness is the most effective antidote to war. Nyon was encouraging because, representing the broadest use yet made of the only procedure which the aggressors understand, it proved immediately effective.

Nyon taught another lesson—that international meetings may be more successful with a limited membership than with an all-inclusive one. On the eve of the conference Moscow sent two sizzling notes to Rome stating that it had evidence that Soviet steamers, among others, had been torpedoed by Italian submarines. The Fascists did not dare challenge the Bolsheviks to present the proof. Indeed, lest it be produced in their presence, Italy and Germany stayed away, pleading their preference for the eternal debating grounds of the Non-Intervention Committee. Thanks to their absence, the anti-pirate agreements were drafted and signed in record time and became operative at once. If Germany and Italy had accepted the invitation we might still be driving out in the rain to the little Nyon playhouse. Staid journals which criticized the "rude tone" of the two Russian notes must now realize that these made possible the Anglo-French naval patrol of the Mediterranean which the same newspapers subsequently lauded so profusely. In this case Moscow's impoliteness served British and French purposes. Nyon worked because the admirals of England and France and all the interests which these gentlemen's names call to mind were thoroughly sick of Mussolini's arbitrary acts in the Mediterranean. The democracies, at last, determined that lawlessness at sea should end.

But the Duce's submarine frightfulness was not an isolated phenomenon; it formed part of Italy's invasion of Spanish land and air. The sinking of ships carrying valuable cargoes for Valencia was merely a sequel to the bombing of Spanish towns by Italian airplanes and the taking of Santander by Italian Blackshirts. One of the fictions of the international situation as it relates to Spain is that intervention has not taken place unless the perpetrator avows it. When Mussolini wrote in the *Popolo d'Italia* of June 26 that in Spain "Fascist Italy has not been neutral but has fought, and victory will be hers," Delbos's attitude altered markedly. And the exchange of telegrams between the Duce and the Italian generals who took Santander ("The order of the Duce has been carried out," wired General Terruzi; and the Duce replied, "Italy is happy to have fought on Spanish soil") produced, as the newspapers are wont to say, "a profound effect in government circles." Delbos was inclined to do something, and that something could only have been to open the frontier to arms in transit to Loyalist Spain. But either as an excuse for continued inaction or in all sincerity, other Frenchmen pointed to France's intimate relations with undecided Britain. Delbos has to reckon with Premier Chautemps, and Chautemps reflects the widespread French fear of war, a fear which blinds the country to dangers that threaten its existence and to the now self-evident truth that war is more likely if aggressors are encouraged by the pusillanimity of other governments. Indirectly, too, Chautemps reflects the bourgeois and fascist dislike of Valencia. He therefore constantly urges Valencia to moderate its action and emphasize the democratic character of the regime.

The British too were stirred by the post-Santander telegrams. The Foreign Office began to worry about Mussolini's intentions. What did he want in Spain? And then came the submarine campaign. This sowed alarm in London. If successful, it would reinforce Italian domination of the Mediterranean. It would enable Franco to win and liberate the Duce's armed forces for another adventure before England's rearmament had proceeded far enough to deter him. At Geneva members of the British delegation let it be known that their government's views on the Spanish civil war had been modified. It did not want to see an early Franco victory. It preferred a prolonged war which would weaken Italy and Germany by its cost and give England time to rearm in peace. But any resulting inconvenience to the fascists, it was intimated, must not be allowed to degenerate into a bitterness which would interfere with Mr. Chamberlain's hope of going to the electorate next year with the boast that he had pacified Europe through the adoption of a four-power pact or some similar understanding between the aggressors and their intended victims. Hence the British readiness to sugarcoat the nasty pill of the Mediterranean anti-piracy patrol by admitting the pirate to a part in it. Hence the uncertainty as to whether Eden will remain as adamant as he feels personally or accept a compromise.

Frivolously the British authorities had rejected as propaganda the factual statements of Italian and Nazi intervention in the Spanish civil war. They had not taken too seriously the official reports of large-caliber German guns mounted within range of Gibraltar or General Franco's sinister hint to a London *Times* correspondent that that great fortress had lost much of its significance. Even Italian-German dictation in Portugal had not seemed to disturb the over-confident British. A "nation of shopkeepers," they had felt certain that their money would restore their influence in a rebel-ruled Spain. Hence their apparent Olympian calm in the face of the most daring modern attack on the British Empire.

But the illusion that a triumphant Franco could be purchased is dying. It is seen that Spain could be a second Ethiopia—a victory for Italy and a defeat for England. And another Roman victory after so short a period would be more than a double disaster for the British Empire. The Nyon arrangements suggest that London is now painfully aware of this possibility. The notion that Spain was a tertiary incident is also outmoded. Spain is another phase of the life-and-death combat between the new Roman Empire and the old British Empire. Mussolini wants a strategic position which will make victory easier in the next war or facilitate further conquests through blackmail or intervention against bolshevism without a major struggle.

The French keenly feel this danger. The gangsterism which Franco agents have been practicing with unequaled audacity on French territory has given the French public an ugly foretaste of what it would mean to have a third fascist neighbor. Not only has Paris, therefore, not rebuffed Valencia's requests for more intimate collaboration but some French statesmen have welcomed such gestures. Even M. Daladier, the not-so-radical Radical Socialist and Minister of War, declared ten days ago that France could not allow non-intervention to "destroy the freedom of our connections with our African empire or establish a menace upon our Pyrenean frontier. In the life of a people resolved to maintain its grandeur there comes a time when it must say no." The French frontier would probably be open now but for British caveats. The French wish at all costs to prevent the arrival of another Italian army, rumored to consist of between 100,000 and 200,000 men, on Spanish soil. These troops may be kept at home if it is indicated to Mussolini that even such reinforcements will not suffice to crush a Valencia which can receive munitions freely. Should the new Italian brigades come, the Duce would have a quarter of a million men in Spain. All of Mr. Eden's persuasiveness and charm could not then restrain France from acting. The sooner France acts the less violent the acts need be.

Meanwhile the diplomats, untaught by previous experience, give a willing ear to the vague indications of Signor Bova-Scoppa, the Duce's representative in Switzerland, that perhaps no more Italian troops will be sent to Spain. This relapse into the language of the Non-Intervention Committee will not of course prevent Mussolini from sending Franco regular reinforcements. Experience has showed that no outside observers can check these movements. Yet a few members of the Chautemps Cabinet, and of the Chamberlain Cabinet, listen willingly because it offers them a warrant for passivity. Frightened by Nyon and the threat to open the French frontier, Rome resorts to deceit which it expects will paralyze democratic initiative.

The regime at the French frontier may hereafter permit the Loyalists to import more small weapons. But they need heavy guns and airplanes. And even the present control will probably remain in force only until some rightist paper makes a loud enough noise to scare the government into closing the door again. Nyon represents a definite advance in the aid that can be given the Loyalists; the lane to the Black Sea is free again. Nevertheless, the Spanish war has assumed such large dimensions and is lasting so long that Russia alone, especially if it must help China also, cannot bear the burden. Some other nation or nations must contribute.

The assumption has been that after the complete opening of the boundary between France and Catalonia, war supplies from the U. S. S. R. could enter French Channel ports and reach Spain overland. But this is now complicated by Far Eastern developments. At Geneva the other day Dr. Kung, the Chinese Finance Minister, saw Prime Minister Negrin and Maxim Litvinov. Nanking is anxious to receive Soviet munitions. Again it is a case of the victim of aggression expecting most aid not from the wavering bourgeois democracies but from the Bolsheviks. The Bolsheviks are expected to save the world from fascism. Moscow, I presume, would like to comply with China's requests. But its resources are not unlimited. If England would save Spain from Franco, Russia would perhaps be ready and able to save China from Japan. For the moment, however, England is still making foreign policy without the powerful reality which is the U. S. S. R.

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The Slump on Wall Street

BY HARLAND H. ALLEN

THE stock markets have had a bigger place in the news and have penetrated more deeply into the emotions of the public in recent months than at any other time since 1929. What does this mean? Does the long decline since March with but a brief interruption in July mean that the five-year recovery is over, that a "bear market" is on—leading to a new depression? Everyone would like to know. The writer does not subscribe to the current fears of a new depression. Yet all of us must take note of the fact that the fastest-selling publications in financial circles today are those that contain baneful prophecies of "an imminent depression, worse than the last one." The current stock-market direction has to be interpreted in good part, like past market tendencies, by what preceded it and what "touched it off."

Last spring's reversal of trend in stocks, and in commodities as well, was undoubtedly precipitated by the simultaneous action of President Roosevelt and the British government in serving notice that commodity prices were getting too high—threatening to undermine consumer buying power in this country and to make rearmament costs intolerable in Britain. The background of this warning in the United States was two solid years of fairly rapid rise in stock-market prices and six months of very rapid rise in a broad list of raw materials—minerals and farm products. While the long rise in common-stock values had been followed and reasonably well supported by expanding earnings, there was another strong lifting factor—fear of inflation. With some people this was based on the expectation of an uncontrollable price inflation; with others on the expectation of "a natural upward readjustment of prices to the preceding 70 per cent devaluation of money in terms of gold." Still others were affected by the threat of inflation as an implement of political warfare.

The later commodity-price advance was influenced by the same factors that had been lifting stocks, intensified by other circumstances—drought shortages in the case of agricultural products, the presumed hoarding of food by nations making ready for war, and simultaneously increasing demand from recovering industry, rearming nations, and commodity speculators, especially in the case of materials used in munitions.

In similar situations in the past the so-called "factors of demand" had frequently, if not usually, been permitted to run to inevitable extremes and collapse. This time governments stepped in, if only with warnings. And government warnings carried more dynamite than they used to, not only because since 1929 the veneration of "free competition" had subsided considerably in political quarters, but because these governments were known to be in deadly earnest—definitely committed to the achievement of certain national "objectives." Moreover, the fact that government policy now called for less price inflation suggested not only that governments might apply certain brakes but that the conspicuous amount of lifting and "priming" with which they had bolstered the stock market in recent years might now be withdrawn. It is probable that the imaginings of how fateful such withdrawals might prove contributed more to the ensuing reversal of trend than did the fear of actual restraints.

The natural question at this point is: Why did the market go to such extremes when the governments spoke, while business itself was so little disturbed? The easy answer would be that the stock and commodity markets are the "nerves" of business—the emotional organs of our economic system. But that would be too simple, inaccurate, and of no help in estimating how much justification there has been for this market decline, or how far such a market could and should go. Neither does it help us to guess the extent of the sinister influences at work, or whether the remedy is more government control or less.

To solve these conundrums we must consider what markets are made of today—the human groups or interests composing them and the rules of the game. The framework of every stock market is a fraternity of stock brokers—individuals who act, or whose firms act, as the go-betweens for buyers and sellers. And of course, in so far as these fraternities, or exchanges, provide a service which is not easily duplicated elsewhere, their members enjoy a certain monopoly position. The current market estimate of the value of such a monopoly participation is reflected in New York by the price of membership in the New York Stock Exchange—at present quoted at about $75,000, but down from a 1929 heyday value exceeding $600,000.

Some of these brokers work directly on the floor of the Exchange, executing customers' orders and usually trading for themselves at the same time. Their partners and other non-floor trading members maintain offices and make contacts with the public. Thus the broker interest in stock-market behavior, from a strictly practical standpoint, is twofold, being based on the direct profits the member can make through his own buying and selling "on the spot" and on the commissions he can get from his clients, the buying and selling public. Obviously when markets are "active," with prices moving in pronounced oscillation, there is better opportunity for sizable direct speculative profits, and at the same time more excitement among the customers, which means more commissions. Other principal interests in the stock market are the big professional speculators, the little speculators, the big and little investors, and, finally, the corporations whose securities are traded in, with their executives, directors, and other insiders. The varying interests of such people are not fixed in any of the preceding groupings but shift constantly from one to another, depending on which motive is foremost—corporation "responsibility" or personal "opportunity." Their activities one day are those of the big speculator (with highly advantageous information) and another day, or hour, those of investors, for family funds or funds of institutions. Again, when they speak or act as sponsors of the securities of their respective corporations, they are solicitous for the public acceptance, the "marketability," of such securities, but when they act as guardians of corporate secrets, they show a pronounced concern for limiting public information (which might thus reach competitors' eyes) to a minimum—frequently a minimum far below what investors need for making an intelligent investment choice.

Among such persons there would obviously be much automatic resistance to and intolerance of the New Deal. Some of them were the original "money changers" who were to be "driven from the temple." There was antagonism from the day of the Roosevelt inauguration. This was in part because the stock market had symbolized the crash of 1929, and its methods and men had no doubt contributed heavily to it. Theirs were the Augean stables first on the calendar of the new Strong Man of 1933—and the "cleaning" started early. But two circumstances combined to keep the stock-market personnel from conspicuous early leadership in the fight on the New Deal. One was the President's master-stroke in appointing Joseph P. Kennedy, an able personal friend who was himself one of the big speculators, first chairman of his Securities and Exchange Commission. The other was the devaluation of the dollar, together with similar quick remedial measures which started sensitive prices upward in a grand sweep of new speculative opportunity. For several years the government's stock-market reforms were either so obviously constructive and necessary or so beautifully engineered by Kennedy that the stock-market interests, though bitter, could not make an effective appeal to public opinion in the war against reform. As early as the 1936 conventions, however, one could canvass the length and breadth of New York and Chicago financial districts and find hardly a man or woman who favored Roosevelt's reelection, or who even thought the President had a chance. But the upward trend of the market continued, carried forward both by the inspiration of New Deal advances toward recovery and by the insinuations of inflation in the event of New Deal failure. Until this spring!

When the government began to apply the brakes on prices, the "fear of inflation," which had so long been useful in riding the market forward, became suddenly and strangely meaningless. Then the long-repressed opposition forces in the stock market stepped forth to lead the fight on Roosevelt. In my judgment the stock market of the last seven months can best be described as warfare of the Old Deal upon the New. Taking the lead against reform, stock-market interests have called to their aid the munitions of propaganda and press.

Since April "thin markets" have been headline news in all the commercial press. Yet markets were just as "thin" through all the long rise as they are now. The cry is a purely selfish one—for larger speculative volume in the markets. Present stock ownership in this country is far more an "investor ownership" than in the old days when literally billions of dollars of brokers' loans and direct bank loans, and the thin permissible margins of speculative ownership, made the gambling element in the market much more dominant than it is today. Investors buy and sell for keeps; so their servicing does not require the old volume of transactions. The real pinch of thin markets today is principally due to a vast overpopulation in La Salle and Wall Street—hangovers from the mad days of the late 1920's, when the socially irresponsible bankers and corporate executives were lending a quarter to a third of the nation's credit for gambling in stocks. It is a population which was built up when Wall Street institutions were issuing new securities in a volume which will probably never be equaled again—securities to finance American industry in an extravaganza of excess capacity and foreign nations in an extravaganza of public spending.

The propaganda about the evils of thin markets was so efficient last summer that the nation seemed at times almost moved to the restoration of wider margins of credit in order to bring back circulation as of old. Some of the recent heavy selling in the markets has undoubtedly been for the purpose of demonstrating thinness. A downward movement of prices has been more useful for this purpose, and operations in that direction have been helped along by new foreign tensions, fears of widespread war, and the prospect that higher wages in industry might slow down the rate of increase of profits. They have been helped, indirectly, by some curtailment in the buying of war equipment and thus, with beautiful logic, by the exact opposite of the war-scare incentive.

The fears of narrower profit margins and of actual profit declines have been paraded persistently in the financial press, and they have become, in crucial market sessions, the most effective arguments of the bears in further depressing prices. Yet in the month of September, when the general behavior of the market was worse than at any other time during the year and the fears for the future of profits were blackest (in stock-market circles), the policy-making boards of directors of no fewer than 1,311 leading corporations voted to pay out the most generous dividends of the year—higher by more than 37 per cent than those for the same month of 1936 and far surpassing such disbursements for any other year prior to 1929. Yet if these Dr. Jekylls sitting as dividend disbursers believed at all what they were saying as Mr. Hydes on the Stock Exchange, they would have shown far more zeal for conserving the liquid assets of these corporations against the hard days ahead.

In the later phases of the recent market decline rash selling has been encouraged by still other recruits to pessimism—namely, the hordes of chart followers and Dow theorists for whom successive lows in prices meant depression and a long shrinkage in values, and scores of more practical-minded men of affairs who had been unimpressed by the early "forecasts" of the market but began to be concerned about the harm to luxury purchasing power and to business morale that would follow the loss of so much paper profit. Contributing to the downward trend was the evidence which came in from many quarters that six months of selling the market short in order to hurt Roosevelt had left his popularity unimpaired; that by the tests of primaries, elections, and questionnaires he was at least as strong with the country as in 1936; and that there appeared no hope of early freedom from his reforms.

Fortunately for the future of values, however, the followers of chart systems and of mathematical formulas for forecasting market trends become sooner or later the victims of their own figures. There are several reasons for this. First, as soon as smart speculative leaders with funds for manipulation become certain that masses of buyers and sellers will respond in a given way to a given market situation, they, the leaders, create that situation and then stand ready to snap up the bargains which the "sheep" have thrown into their laps. Secondly, no system of mathematical projection or forecast has ever yet been devised which can speak with precision around a turn. Thus the chart addicts almost always have their most convincing and accumulative "counsel" for a further decline or rise just when the movement has spent itself with excesses. And, finally, no chart or formula can ever take account of the great accidents of history which make large market movements, nor can they possibly foretell dependably the social controls which may be decided upon by heads of state.

I will name the despair over Roosevelt's continued popularity as the major pessimistic factor in the present market. And the silver lining to the cloud is the fact that this factor has been functioning for some weeks and hence must by now have been largely discounted.

I do not wish to go on record as indorsing the whole of the New Deal program, or all of its adventures and misadventures in finance. But when the choice is between the New Deal and the Old Deal, there can be no hesitation for the man who looks ahead to an increasing conservation of mass welfare. Evidence aplenty can be marshaled to prove that the welfare of conservative investors, big and little, lies on the New Deal side of the road.

Labor Steps Out in Harlem

BY CLAUDE McKAY

THERE are new steps attracting attention in Harlem. Not the gay capriccios of Father Divine and his angels on parade nor those of the Black Elks or pro-African societies strutting along in amazing uniforms, led by prancing drum majors and bands playing stirring music. The new steps are those of labor on the march in Harlem.

Three years ago picketing was as rare as an elephant in Harlem—for Harlem was a hades of unskilled, unorganized labor and of bootleg skilled labor. Skilled Negro workers considered themselves fortunate when hired by either white or colored employers at half the wages paid to organized white workmen. And the unskilled Negro masses, cut off by the depression from their usual occupations downtown, worked desperately for anything they could get. Yet Harlem in its worst hard times, as in its days of brightest prosperity, was never labor conscious. The social aspirations of the masses were channeled into racial and religious movements like the Back-to-Africa mirage and Father Divine's Kingdom of Heaven.

But in 1934 a powerful black Negro appeared on the streets, with a sonorous voice and a crude workingman's accent. He was an arresting figure in high boots, colorful cape, Sam Browne belt, and bright turban. Harlem didn't wonder much at the strange costume. It is accustomed to the marvelous apparel of the black dervishes and Amerindian and East Indian fakirs who walk its streets hotly purveying snake medicine and herbs as cures for deadly diseases. It was the things the big Negro in uniform said which moved the people. He preached labor organization. He said: "Wake up and demand jobs in Harlem from white employers." To the dark army of unemployed, skilled and unskilled, shuffling without aim and without hope along the streets, he said: "Do what white workers are doing elsewhere. Organize and fight for jobs. The New Deal calls for redistribution of income. We Negroes were never in the 'income' class. Let *our* New Deal slogan be, 'Share the jobs!' "

Formerly labor agitation in Harlem was carried on exclusively by colored and white Socialists and Communists. It was mainly theoretical. From the stepladder the comrades preached the unity of black and white labor under the symbol of a black-and-white handclasp. But, unheeding, the Negro masses went by. Even in Harlem, the largest Negro city in the world, the best-paid labor is white, hired by white employers who exploit the colored community. The symbol of the black-and-white handclasp is ideal; the real thing in Negro experience is the strong white hand against the black. Elevator operators, waiters, porters, maids had seen their jobs downtown shrink away during the depression and their places taken by white workers. Yet except on special issues, such as lynching and the sensational trial of the Scottsboro boys, the Negro masses remained indifferent to radical propaganda, even though the Communists, ambitious to build a proletarian mass movement in Harlem, approached and made a united front with Father Divine.

While that neo-African "God" and open-shop advocate staged his spectacular parades of prancing, hollering Negroes through the streets of Harlem, more balanced minds among the masses listened to the black labor preacher. He did not stop at the theory and symbol of black-and-white organization. He shouted: "A symbol is fine but Negroes can't eat symbols. When we organize and get better jobs, white workers will respect us and shake our hands." He was more a preacher than a labor leader. He knew amazingly little of the history of labor in America, less of the modern labor movement and its social and international implications. And so he confused the necessity of organization among Negro workers with ideas of Negro labor and Negro capital cooperating to build up a new economy based on race.

On this foundation he established the Afro-American Federation of Labor, which nevertheless attracted some of the hardest-thinking youths of Harlem. They were high-school and college graduates, trapped jobless in the depression. Young men and women, they mounted step-ladders on Fifth, Lenox, and Seventh avenues and harangued the crowds that collected. The Afro-American Federation of Labor picketed little grocery stores and clothing shops on the avenues of Harlem. It obtained little jobs for Negro clerks. That was a new thing in Harlem. Until then the average Harlem boy and girl with a grade-school education had never had a chance at such jobs, which would be filled by a similar type of youth in any normal community. The Afro-American Federation of Labor had initiated a movement that was destined to alter the economic aspect and perspective of Harlem.

But the respectable colored citizens began to wonder, to doubt whether it was a wise movement. The ministers said that picketing was a dangerous weapon which might develop into a boomerang; employers should be approached in a Christian way. A hoary political leader posed the question, Were Negroes competent enough to become clerks? A brown business man said that good-will between white and black was worth more than jobs; therefore picketing was wrong. Prominent social workers feared that if the blacks boycotted white business in Harlem, the downtown business men might retaliate by discharging their colored workers. From a white source the founder of the Afro-American Federation of Labor was denounced as a Black Hitler. The Negro newspapers pounced upon and widely circulated the slander.

The federation challenged the bigger business men of Harlem by invading 125th Street, its principal thoroughfare, and picketing their stores. A few merchants whose business wasn't good anyway took advantage of the agitation, hired a small number of Negro clerks, and made a special bid for Negro customers. But the majority of the storekeepers, scenting danger, formed a Harlem Merchants' Association to resist the demands of the agitators. The merchants gave an interracial banquet in the heart of Harlem and invited representative Negroes, who made good-will speeches, lauded the merchants, and denounced irresponsible Negro trouble-makers.

The leader of the Harlem movement was tempestuous and careless in his speech. He planted his stepladder on the corner and exhorted the people to support him, while detectives for the merchants wrote down his phrases. He soon got into trouble with the police and was arrested for disorderly conduct. The first case against him was dismissed. But he was continually heckled and harassed by the merchants' henchmen, white and colored. Finally, on the application of a storekeeper, an injunction was granted against him, the court ruling that a labor organization and picketing must not be based on the issue of race.

The would-be leader of the Harlem masses rejected the advice of sympathizers who urged him to make a study of American labor and seek fraternal affiliation, since it was impossible for him to create an independent labor unit. He was soon to find out for himself that it was impossible, and the Afro-American Federation shortly afterward disappeared. When it collapsed, its leader shed his picturesque uniform, shaved off his thick beard, married, and immersed himself in the study of Oriental philosophies. For all his absurdities, he was a significant type—one of the first Negroes to become a labor leader not from studying socialism or communism but simply because he was able to see the practical economic necessity of organizing the depressed masses of Negro workers.

Some of the young agitators of the Afro-American Federation of Labor joined the Communist Party. Others gave themselves to abortive and futile Afro-American and pan-African movements. As there was no organization to support them, the majority of the Negro clerks who had obtained jobs through the federation were dismissed. With the liquidation of the movement, the picketing of stores was terminated and labor agitation discontinued in Harlem. For a few weeks the Negro masses were apparently indifferent and quiescent. Then suddenly they went wild in the historic riot of March 19, 1935. The outburst awoke city officials, politicians of all shades, labor leaders, and the Negro intelligentsia to the intolerable labor situation and miserable living conditions of Harlem. The Mayor appointed a committee to determine the cause of the riot. While its investigation was still in progress, a new labor movement was launched.

This was the Negro Labor Committee, organized in July, 1935, as a result of a conference of 110 Negro and white delegates from various trade unions. The Negro Labor Committee, indorsed by the American Federation of Labor, consists of 25 colored and white members of a number of outstanding trade unions. Its purpose is to give aid and counsel to unions engaged in organization and strike activities among Negro workers, to adjust the grievances of organized Negro workers in the various unions, and to weed out of the ranks of labor racial and other prejudices. It seeks to remedy the acute problem of the Negro worker's relationship to organized labor through the existing unions.

At the same time another union was formed from the débâcle of the Afro-American Federation of Labor—the Harlem Labor Union, Inc. This organization retained the main features of the defunct federation, with one important difference. It was not officially a racial organization although in practice it was. Its leaders were less spectacular. They wore no uniforms. And strangely they

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had no following among Harlem's young élite. Their support came from the most depressed masses.

The president of the Harlem Labor Union, Ira Kemp, is a member of the African Patriotic League, an organization closely related to the Harlem Labor Union, and, apparently, its political whip. He is the Republican nominee for assemblyman on La Guardia's ticket. Like his gaudier predecessor, he knows almost nothing of the history and purpose of the organized movement. He talks well, expressing steadfast opposition to organized white labor, which he says does not give colored labor a fair deal. During the strike at the Negro *Amsterdam News* in 1935 he agitated against the employees, declaring that the walkout was fostered by white men who desired to destroy Negro business.

Ira Kemp is black and long and lean. He plants his stepladder on the crowded corner and harps on white discrimination against colored people. He illustrates his pungent talk with items of discrimination against Negro painters, carpenters, and other skilled workers in the national trade unions. He paints a convincing picture of Harlem as a hotbed of bootleg labor, where skilled Negroes can work at their trade only by undercutting the white scale of wages. Individuals in the crowd shout: "Yeah, man, that's true. The white union gave me a hell of a run-around until I had to get out." Kemp waxes more eloquent with sympathetic responses. He declares that the A. F. of L. is notoriously indifferent to Negro workers, but that the C. I. O. is more dangerous to the Negro because it is out to consolidate the existing labor standards by organizing the whites in the superior and the Negroes in the inferior positions. He declares that the Negro organizers of the national unions are traitors to their race because they are not agitating for more and better jobs for Negroes. They are being used by the white leaders to maintain the status quo. "Share the jobs!" Kemp shouts. "The Harlem Labor Union is fighting for more and better jobs for Negroes. Let the Negro organizers of the national unions demand bigger and better jobs for Negroes. The Negro Labor Committee hands out a white and a black hand clasped on paper. Can black folks eat a white handshake?" "No, never!" roars the crowd. "Then tell 'em to share the jobs," Kemp shouts back.

Naturally the racial Harlem Labor Union finds itself in sharp conflict with the Negro Labor Committee. Further complicating the picture is the C. I. O., the launching of which marked the start of a fairly successful drive to organize clerks of all kinds and other workers as well in Harlem. The Negro Labor Committee has indorsed the C. I. O., but some unions which support the committee remain loyal to the A. F. of L., which has a conservative Negro following. Thus Harlem has become the theater of a three-sided labor battle. It is a battle that is waged with an incessant distribution of handbills—each side accusing the other of racketeering, fooling the workers, selling out to the employers—dual and triple picketing, and stepladder propaganda. Meanwhile the white business man takes advantage of the situation and plays one side against the other, and the little colored business man, up to now immune, stands outside the arena quizzically watching developments. One day the Harlem Labor Union pickets a store; the proprietor recognizes the union and employs colored clerks signed up with it. A few days later the C. I. O., supported by the Negro Labor Committee, signs up some of the clerks and pickets the same store. A huge placard in the window advises the Harlem housewife to buy there because the store has signed a contract with the Harlem Labor Union.

At the headquarters of the Negro Labor Committee I saw Frank Crosswaith, the chairman, busy conferring with Negro organizers from the Painters' Union, the Retail Grocery and Dairy Stores' Union, and the Laundry Workers' Union. They were all earnest, alert men, fully aware of the vast new field the C. I. O. has opened up to labor and of its benefit to Negro workers if they take advantage of it. Crosswaith is a nervous, intellectual type. I have heard him disposed of in conversation as a lover of roses. I observed a lovely rose in his buttonhole, which he keeps fresh by sticking it in a tiny vial neatly attached under the lapel of his coat. He showed me the little outfit and explained that he had always been a natural lover of roses and wore one every day. And he did not mind if some people considered it an affectation in a labor leader. He has been a member of the Socialist Party for more than twenty-four years, has studied at the Rand School of Social Science, has been a lecturer, member of the Trade Union Committee for Organizing Negroes, organizer for the Elevator Operators' Union and the Pullman Porters' Union, and is now organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers.

Crosswaith admitted that labor conditions were still bad among Negroes in Harlem and that the Harlem Labor Union stood on tenable enough ground when it demanded more and better jobs for Negroes in the Negro community. He also agreed that Negroes stood a better chance of obtaining and holding clerical positions in their own communities than in districts where they were strangers. But as a trade unionist and Socialist, believing in the need for the solidarity of labor, he was opposed to the Harlem Labor Union and denounced it as reactionary. He thought, however, that it would soon fizzle out.

Some of the white employers of Harlem sign up with the Harlem Labor Union because it is an independent organization whose terms are easier than those of the national unions. Others imagine that since the independent union thrives on the patriotic sentiment of the community, they may win the good-will of the Negroes by dealing with it. On the whole, however, the leadership of the independent union has not gained the confidence of the serious members of the community, even though they may be dissatisfied with the national unions.

It rests with the Negro organizers to agitate for more and better positions for Negroes within the unions and to look out for their special interests. In other industrial areas besides Chicago and New York the colored communities are taking direct action to secure more and better jobs. White workers, themselves fighting grimly for more wages and fewer hours, cannot be expected to stop or turn aside for the colored workers. The latter will have to make the special fight which their special position demands. That fight does not stop with making Negroes members of national unions. It must be carried on to protect them, once they are in the unions, against the intrigues of reactionary white workers and Machiavellian employers. Only in this way will Negroes in time gain confidence in the labor movement.

Like the I. W. W. in its great days, the C. I. O. is reaching down to the mass of Negro workers which the A. F. of L. always ignored. But there are many potential Harlem Labor Unions in the colored communities with the slogan, "Share the jobs!" They will have to be reckoned with. For the Negro group will not remain contented with the white worker in the superior and the colored worker in the inferior position throughout the ranks of labor. When Negro radicals and labor leaders realize this fact and act upon it, they will have contributed more to the advancement of the cause of labor and interracial relations than they can ever do by the unctuous mouthing of slogans.

Dr. Schacht and Germany's Future

BY JOHN C. DEWILDE

RUMORS are once more rife that Dr. Schacht, Nazi Germany's "economic wizard," has resigned from his office as Minister of Economics and President of the Reichsbank. The skeptic is perhaps not inclined to credit this report. Certainly Schacht has "resigned" or been "ousted" with amazing frequency in the past. Prophecies of his departure have been as numerous and erroneous as predictions of imminent economic and financial collapse in Germany. And yet, while we may discount the latest reports of Schacht's exit, there are fairly definite indications that the economic tide in Germany is running against him. If he stays on, it will be either because the regime wants to keep a "good front" toward the outside world with a man who has managed to build up abroad a rather inflated reputation for "soundness" or because Schacht is clinging to a ship over which he has lost control in the desperate hope that he may some day again gain the helm.

To understand Schacht's present position we must picture the economic and financial setting in which he has been working. During the past year the entire German economy has been mobilized in the interests of the Four-Year Plan which Hitler proclaimed at the Nürnberg Congress of 1936. Everything has been subordinated to the fulfilment of that plan—except rearmament, of course. Just as the creation of a large and powerful army and the military reoccupation of the Rhineland were to free Germany from foreign "political dictation," so the Four-Year Plan is to insure the Reich against economic coercion, particularly in time of war.

The Nazis have gone about this campaign with characteristic thoroughness. Aided by German technical ingenuity and the government's stranglehold over industry, agriculture, and labor, they have undoubtedly achieved greater success than the outside world originally believed possible. Considerable strides have been made in the production of artificial fibers, synthetic fuels, rubber, and other goods. The output of "cell wool," manufactured from wood and used in the place of both cotton and wool, rose from 7,200 tons in 1934 to about 45,000 tons in 1936. This year it will probably reach 76,000 tons, and by 1938 the amount is to be doubled. With other increases in the production of artificial silk, hemp, and flax, it is likely that Germany can now supply nearly 30 per cent of its textile raw-material requirements as against only 10 per cent in 1934. The manufacture of synthetic fuel from coal and lignite, already well started before the inauguration of the Four-Year Plan, has also made substantial progress. Probably about 70 per cent of the light motor fuels required in the Reich are now being supplied at home. The production of synthetic rubber, or buna, is reported to have reached 15,600 tons as against a total rubber consumption of 74,000 tons. Although prices are still considerably higher than those for the natural products, some reduction in cost has already been effected. On September 1 the price of cell wool used for cotton was reduced to 1.45 marks a kilogram as compared with 3.80 marks a few years ago. However, it is still 30 per cent above the cost of raw cotton imported through barter and 80 per cent higher than that bought with foreign exchange.

Despite this progress the acute shortage of raw materials has not been relieved. Under the stimulus of rearmament, the Four-Year Plan, and public works, industry is producing at capacity and steadily demanding more raw materials. Simultaneously with the increase in home production, imports of oil and gas actually rose from 124.4 million marks in 1934 to 169.2 million in 1936. Similarly imports of rubber and gutta percha rose from 42.3 to 66.2 million marks. The additional plant and machinery required for the Four-Year Plan have stimulated the demand for metals, particularly iron. Consumption of iron soared from 3.82 million tons in 1932 to about 16.70 million last year—well above the pre-depression level. The acute shortage of iron, which has resulted in strict rationing, led to the establishment two months ago of a state company named after Hermann Göring, which will mine and smelt at extremely high cost the poor-grade iron ore in unexploited domestic deposits. Yet the setting up of the required plant will undoubtedly aggravate the "iron crisis" for a time.

Shortage of labor is also retarding the Four-Year Plan.

In order to cope with this problem soldiers and members of the Labor Corps are drafted to harvest crops, rationalization is encouraged, and the Nazi ideal of confining women's activities to *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche* is being rapidly discarded. Obviously, when a country starts to produce at home those things it can import more cheaply, an ever-greater amount of labor is required. If carried to its logical conclusion the Four-Year Plan will end by drawing labor from the more efficient export industries to the new high-cost enterprises. More people will work, and work longer hours, but individual productivity and standards of living will decline.

The Nazis are undoubtedly worried that the limited successes of the Four-Year Plan have not been duplicated in the field of agriculture. For the fourth successive time the grain harvest this year will be mediocre. The record harvests of 1932 and 1933 helped to counteract the scarcity, but in the first half of 1936 heavy imports were needed. Not only is the present rye crop 10 per cent lower and the wheat harvest inferior to the poor yield of last year, but the carry-over is much smaller. The most stringent measures have had to be taken to safeguard the bread supply. Farmers must surrender their entire rye and wheat crop without retaining anything for feeding. In a sense this will only shift the burden, for the Reich will have to import large amounts of corn and barley for feed. The potato, that good old German standby, will only cover part of the deficit. Meanwhile the Germans must be reconciled to bread that is far from palatable. Corn flour must be mixed with wheat, and potato starch as well as corn must be milled with rye. And to discourage the consumption still further, bread may be sold only after it is one day old!

Probably Dr. Schacht and his supporters are not unduly concerned over the burden to the consumer involved in all these measures. What does worry them is the tremendous tax load inflicted on industry and the increasing strain placed on Germany's whole financial machinery. Taxes now take 25 per cent of the national income as against 22.6 per cent in 1932, and the proportion is much greater if the many unofficial levies for the export-subsidy fund, for various Nazi organizations, and the like are taken into account. Rearmament and public works have swallowed billions of marks, and now the Four-Year Plan requires heavy government subsidies and the investment of many more millions. Much of this expenditure has been financed by short-term bills, the amount of which has been kept secret but is probably well in excess of 15 billion marks. During the last two years the Reich has floated 6,850,000,000 marks in long- and medium-term loans for the ostensible purpose of consolidating this debt, but it is well known that the "secret" floating debt has continued to rise. The bill holdings of the Reichsbank increased from a monthly average of 3,703 million marks in 1935 to 5,376 million in July, 1936, while the holdings of the five largest commercial banks rose from 1,966 to 2,924 million. Since the amount of true commercial bills is said to have remained stationary or even declined, these figures are significant. The *Deutsche Volkswirt*, generally acknowledged to be Dr. Schacht's mouthpiece, recently ventured some timid warnings about the danger of inflation inherent in this large floating debt. After stressing the fact that the volume of money in circulation during July, 1937, was 10.7 per cent above the 1929 level while the value of production was still below that figure, it pointed out the necessity of "applying every effort toward the liquidation of short-term financing."

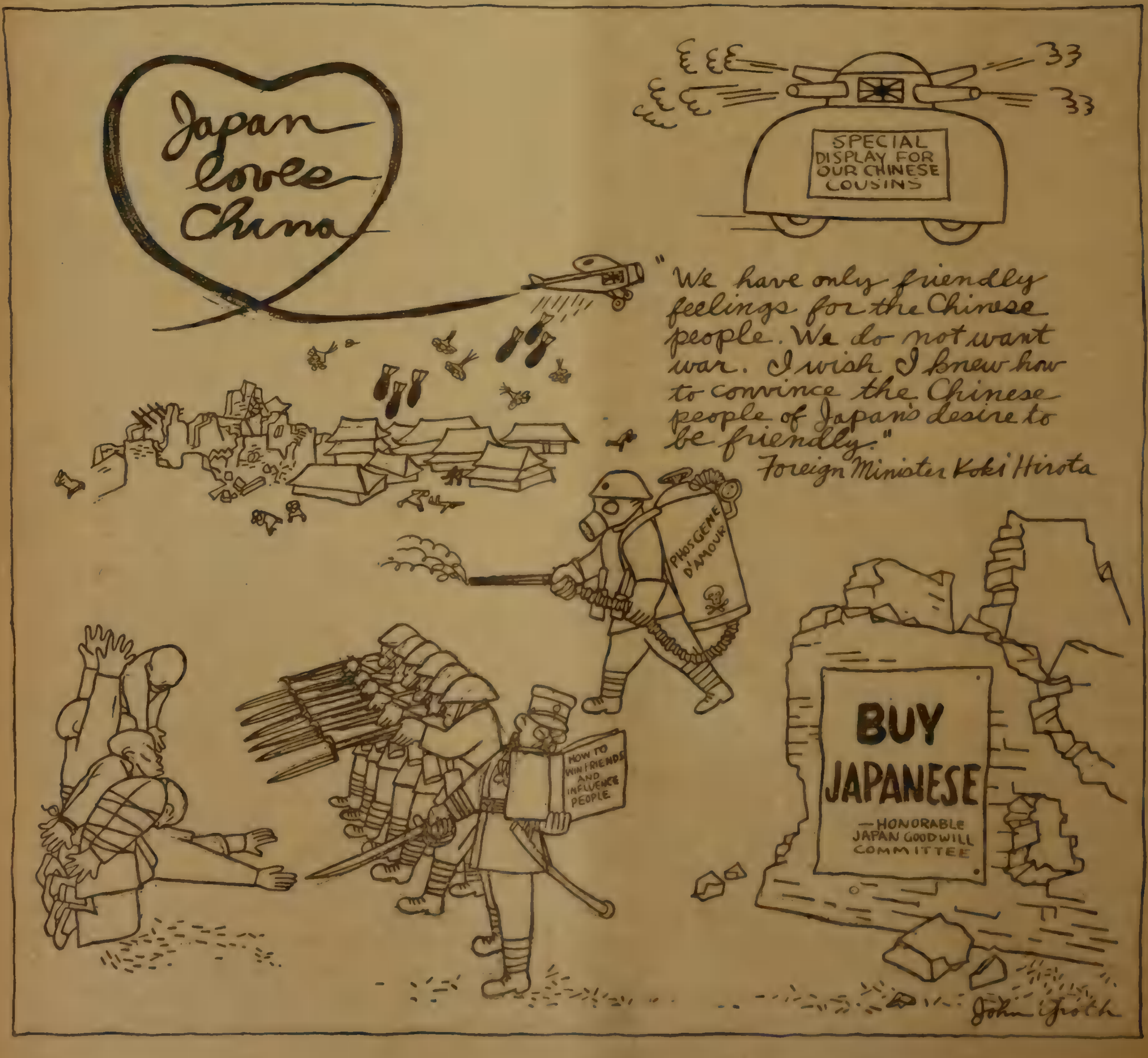
There is another aspect of this situation worth considering. If the government has hitherto been able to issue its short-term bills and long-term securities with relative success, it is largely because it has kept for itself a practical monopoly of the capital market. Only within the last year have private enterprises been permitted to finance part of their needs on the open market, and then almost solely to carry out the Four-Year Plan. In 1936 private long-term bond and stock issues rose to 442 million marks, but this amount was small compared with the 1,633 million issued in 1928, particularly considering that industry was once more producing at pre-depression capacity. Though industries have been partially able to finance replacements out of their own resources, German industrial equipment on the whole seems in danger of deterioration. If worn-out machinery is to be replaced and the urgent need for increased production in a number of industries is to be met, private enterprise must have greater access to the capital market. In view of the limited capital resources of Germany, this demand can probably be satisfied only if the government itself starts economizing and curtails its borrowing, and if some curb is placed on the development of the new industries of the Four-Year Plan.

But Dr. Schacht cherishes an added grievance against the present directors of German economic policy. It is not simply that the whole German economy has been geared to the Four-Year Plan and that the Raw-Materials Administration under Göring has gradually usurped almost all Schacht's functions. It is rather that the Four-Year Plan has accentuated the trend toward government control over German business life which became evident soon after the Nazis took power. The state not only has a practical monopoly of foreign trade; it rations and stipulates the use of raw materials, guides the investment of capital, fixes wages and prices, and prescribes the employment of profits. And just as it has regimented labor, it orders entrepreneurs about more or less as if they were functionaries of the government. Many business men have accepted these controls as a patriotic duty, but a more hard-headed group apparently agrees with Schacht that it is time to call a halt to this steady invasion of the domain of private enterprise. The *Deutsche Volkswirt* of August 6, in an editorial, clearly lamented the whole trend. It ventured to suggest that there was a limit, and that a "minimum of free enterprise" was still a necessary prerequisite to efficient functioning of business.

What is Dr. Schacht's program? As far as one can gather, it includes economy in government, retardation of the Four-Year Plan, and concentration on export trade. Probably the last is the major plank in his platform, for he must realize that only with the full reintegration of German economy with that of the rest of the world can these rigid internal controls over business be relaxed. Whether he is willing to take all the necessary steps toward that end—abandonment of foreign-exchange control, devaluation of the mark with the assistance of foreign credits, and so on—may be doubted. He realizes, however, that the present seems an auspicious time to embark on an intensive trade drive. Under the stimulus of world economic recovery German exports rose from 4,167 million marks in 1934 to 4,768 million in 1936; and for the first eight months of this year they amount to 3,783 million as against only 3,046 in the same period last year—an increase of 21 per cent. After a deficit of 284 million marks in 1934, there was an export surplus of 550 million in 1936, and there promises to be a still larger surplus this year. What would be even more encouraging to Berlin if there were any intention of retaining the Schacht policies is the fact that for the first time in many years the value of German exports has risen more rapidly than the volume, revealing that German goods are receiving better prices and are meeting with less resistance.

But Schacht undoubtedly knows that his program has little chance of prevailing. Foreign trade will be fostered, to be sure, but only as far as that is compatible with the Four-Year Plan. Both Hitler and Göring recently announced their unyielding determination to carry out this plan and shouted defiance at those who would oppose them. They will not shrink from further government regulation or additional expenditure. Will they relentlessly drive the German economy to ruin? That appears unlikely, at least in the immediate future. Despite certain dangerous symptoms, the German economic and financial structure can probably withstand considerable strain, particularly as long as the tentacles of the totalitarian state maintain their unrelaxing grip.

Behind the Enemy Lines—by John Groth


Japan loves China
SPECIAL DISPLAY FOR OUR CHINESE COUSINS
"We have only friendly feelings for the Chinese people. We do not want war. I wish I knew how to convince the Chinese people of Japan's desire to be friendly."
Foreign Minister Koki Hirota
PHOSGENE D'AMOUR
HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE
BUY JAPANESE
—HONORABLE JAPAN GOODWILL COMMITTEE
John Groth

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

I CONSIDER Franklin Roosevelt's speech in Chicago on foreign affairs the most important and perhaps the most pertinent speech that he has made since he became President. At last he has spoken out on the intolerable conditions in the world and called things by their right names. I regret only that he did not use the words Japan and Italy. He might just as well have done so, for everybody knows what he meant. But I am not willing to quarrel with him about that. Some weeks ago I took the liberty of telegraphing to him that he now had the opportunity, by speaking out on foreign affairs and characterizing things properly, to reassume the moral leadership of the world which Woodrow Wilson abandoned when he surrendered to the "peacemakers" at Paris. If the speech that he has now delivered is followed up with prompt and vigorous efforts to get other countries to join with him; if he will cooperate with the League of Nations, a committee of which has just urged that the signatories to the Nine-Power Pact be called together to consider Japan's breach of that treaty, at least to the extent of consulting openly about what can be done to restore law and order in international relations, this Chicago speech may prove to be one of the great turning-points in the history of international relations. Even if he goes no farther, he has rendered a tremendous service to the world. His words will be acclaimed by liberals and peace-lovers wherever they are read, and will arouse corresponding anger among the dictators and war-makers, in the brigand nations which today jeopardize not only the peace of the whole world but the actual stability of civilization.

I have said "if the speech is followed up" it will be of enormous importance. I find many skeptics. They say that F. D. R. never follows through; they recall his speech to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation soon after his inauguration, in which he made the sound suggestion that countries should pledge themselves not to send their troops over their own borders and not to manufacture the implements of aggressive and offensive warfare. He never followed this up, and they ask what reason we have to expect anything different now. My reply is that the situation is entirely changed. The world is in the worst jam in which it has ever been, with, as the President said, the whole structure of international law, comity, and honesty between nations collapsing into chaos. It is simply impossible not to move now.

I am well aware of the dangers; there is the risk that we shall embark upon another holy crusade, this time to save civilization in China, and that we shall play up the atrocity stories and rouse a spirit of hate here in America out of which will grow the desire for war. That must be guarded against as the President has done so far by stressing the fact that the United States does not propose to be drawn into any war. That will have to be reiterated every time we take any action. The greatest risk in my judgment is simply whether President Roosevelt himself will stand fast. He put the case with exact truth and complete clearness in his Chautauqua speech in August, 1936, in which he said that he knew very well that no matter what neutrality acts or other legislation might be passed, in the event of a dangerous situation leading to war everything would depend upon the men who happened to be in the White House and the State Department at the moment. A Cabinet officer told me in Washington not long ago that he was convinced that there had never been a President in Washington as devoted to peace as Franklin Roosevelt. Well, Woodrow Wilson was also devoted to peace and yet yielded to pressure. We can never be sure what men will do under given circumstances. But this I know full well: if something is not done to remedy this situation we shall plunge into chaos as the President has said, and we may plunge into war. Let us take a firm moral stand now against the aggressor nations and let us adopt measures without delay to check Japan—measures which shall stop far short of war.

What would I do if I were in the White House? First I would address a letter to all the leading democratic nations asking them to join the United States in a reiteration of the President's position, stressing not so much the bombing of cities in China and the brutal murder of defenseless men, women, and children as the violation of treaties, because there we have a direct concern, being a signatory with Japan to the Nine-Power Treaty, the Four-Power Pact, and the Kellogg Pact, and historically committed to upholding the integrity of China. After publishing such a document, I should call a conference of those nations signing it to decide upon further measures by which the whole force of an outraged world opinion could be directed against Japan, and to discuss the question of recalling from Japan the ambassadors and ministers of those nations. To the meeting of the signatories of the Nine-Power Treaty, I should send Secretary Hull himself and give him a free hand to lead in formulating opinion in that group against Japan. Pending developments, I should continue to voice the moral indignation of every decent person in the United States against what Japan is doing in China, so that the government of Japan would never for one moment be without a realization of the indignation of the United States. The question of an economic boycott I should leave for the present to individuals. Finally, I should enforce the Neutrality Act.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Onward, Fowler!

SALUTE TO YESTERDAY. By Gene Fowler. Random House. $2.50.

"SALUTE TO YESTERDAY," a tribute to the mettlesome spirit of those who pioneered on the now vanished Rocky Mountain frontier, purports to be a story of Denver. At least the scene is laid there, and the "irrepressible" Gene Fowler knows it well, as he should, having there done much of his youthful cavorting. Not that he has grown sedate with the years. Far from it! He has merely gone West, to Hollywood, to capitalize on his considerable talents.

"Salute to Yesterday" marks Fowler's passionate return after a lapse of six years to his first and presumably only true love, the novel, if the term can be applied to this wild extravaganza. It is called, by its publishers, a "fabulous excursion into the Rocky Mountain past." Fabulous it undeniably it—although the term is almost too pale—and lively throughout. And with that comment one might well let the matter rest except for two reasons.

First, and most curiously, both Fowler and his publishers appear to take his cockeyed story seriously, not indeed as a photographic representation but as an impressionistic portrait of a colorful era that is gone. They offer it as being true at least to "the spirit of the Old West in the locale of the new."

Is it? Not unless everybody who ever lived in Denver or came there was as "loco" as Fowler's choice collection of characters. They are put through their paces amusingly enough, but Fowler presents their didoes as the last flickerings of "the old pioneer spirit." To Fowler, it seems, neither story nor history is a matter of character normally motivated, but of "characters," "cards," all of them under compulsion to cut up prodigiously every minute of the day and night.

So, in this story, Fowler takes a feature or two of certain local celebrities that any old Denverite will recognize, and distorts them to grotesquerie in the composite portraits he presents of the mining king, Colonel Steele, and his two stooges, Canon Mables and Mayor Pratt; of Police Chief Felix McCool; of Editor Bonney and his harebrained mining expert and columnist, the old but still dynamic Captain James Job ("Onward, Trolley!") Trolley, with his long-wooed light o' love, Magda Loré, retired madam of a fashionable bagnio. To these Fowler adds a Greek messiah and an actress, an Arab servant, a modern "problem" child, a morgue-keeper addicted to philosophy, a liquorish star reporter named Kilgallon (who would appear to be at least three quarts Fowler himself), two stage detectives, a shot in the dark to produce a murder mystery, some Indians, a queer professor, and a remarkable cat—producing many a fine and ludicrous mess.

But the net result is disappointing because Fowler never made up his mind what he was doing. Not content to write a mad extravaganza laid in Denver, he must try to read some moral meaning and social significance into his nonsense. He concludes with pathos, which, far from increasing the story's stature, merely results in a note of bathos—particularly unfortunate after so much hilarious horse play and so many excellent scenes; that of the Memorial Day parade in which Captain Trolley comes a cropper while striding the quarterdeck of his horse-drawn float, the Monitor, is classic.

And this leads to a second and final point. When he undertakes simple narration, when he ceases to strive for TNT effects in every line and forgets the stale metaphors and the polysyllabic wisecracks that pass for wit in Hollywood and provincial city rooms, Fowler can write. He has pace, color, a lively and engaging invention, a sense of situation, a flair for original graphic phrasing. So that if Fowler wants to be taken seriously, let him be serious—not at all in the sense that he should become solemn, but only that he attempt with more understanding than in this story to align himself with the great tradition of American humor. Its social roots are broad and deep, a fact which Fowler himself realizes, to judge from the twist he attempts to give "Salute to Yesterday." Let him dig for them—nothing will serve as *Ersatz*—then let him arm himself with a stout blue pencil against his weaker and more facile self.

Onward, Fowler!

G. F. WILLISON

Budgets and Balances

THE NATIONAL DEBT AND GOVERNMENT CREDIT. FACTUAL FINDINGS. By Paul W. Stewart and Rufus S. Tucker. New York: Twentieth Century Fund. $1.75.

PRIOR to the World War the American people were regularly regaled with articles on the staggering public debt of European countries as compared with the exceedingly small indebtedness of the United States—a public debt that for years had remained at only slightly over a billion dollars. During the last few years, however, our most respectable dailies have regularly drawn sharp attention to our tremendously increased national debt and predicted national bankruptcy in the not-distant future. What are the facts regarding our increasing indebtedness? Should our attitude toward these facts be one of utter indifference, or should we, in view of the recent rise in our debt structure, demand immediate balancing of the federal budget and a drastic decrease of our bonded indebtedness?

Competent researchers and a distinguished committee of the Twentieth Century Fund have for the last year or so been giving serious attention to these questions; in this volume they present the results of their study in a clear, unbiased, and scholarly fashion. The outstanding debt of the United States government as of June 30, 1937, they recall to our mind, was 35 billion dollars, an all-time high. Of this amount, 18.8 billion has been accumulated since June 30, 1930, the remainder largely representing the unretired portion of the debt incurred during the World War. When state and local debts are added to the federal debt, the public burden exceeds 50 billion dollars, the largest any nation has ever had. The federal debt in 1936 constituted 11.2 per cent of our national wealth, as compared with 0.6 per cent in 1913. On a per capita basis in terms of current dollars, it was $261 in 1936, as contrasted with $228 in 1920 and about $12 in 1914. The total government debt in 1936 was, however, only 17 per cent of the national

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wealth, as compared with 48 per cent in the United Kingdom and 41 per cent in France.

In addition to its description of our present debt structure this Twentieth Century study analyzes the nature of government credit, describes the credit policies of America, Great Britain, and France, presents a brief history of government debts in the United States, and considers from various angles how great is the menace of our present debt and how we can best tackle the problem of its reduction. Despite the recent increased indebtedness, the authors conclude, the credit of the federal government is still sound. However, the present method of financing the deficit is inflationary in character, and danger lurks ahead.

On the basis of the factual findings of Messrs. Stewart and Tucker, the Twentieth Century Committee on Government Credit declares that "nothing except dire emergency should be allowed to interfere with the actual balancing of the budget (except for statutory debt retirement) in the fiscal year 1938." In 1939 and for ten years thereafter, they maintain, provision should be made for the retirement of one billion dollars of our indebtedness a year. Whether such retirement can be made depends, of course, upon how "prosperous" we become. One of the members of the committee, Miss Joanna Colcord, while agreeing with the main recommendations of the rest, registered her emphatic opinion that the budget should be balanced "not by decreasing any government expenditures necessary to promote the health and welfare of the people, but rather by increasing government revenues through bringing taxation to bear more fully upon those groups whose consumption is lowest in proportion to their total resources, and whose incomes, therefore, permit of large savings." Miss Colcord was particularly emphatic in the belief that relief expenditures should not be decreased except as genuine increase of private employment makes relief unnecessary.

The reviewer agrees most heartily with Miss Colcord's position. Assuredly the budget should be balanced as soon as possible and our debt should be reduced, but men and women must have food, clothing, and shelter, and if private industry does not provide these necessaries, the government cannot leave the population to starve.

While the reader may not agree with many of the conclusions of the authors and of the Government Credit Committee, he cannot but be grateful to the Twentieth Century Fund for this illuminating, concise, and well-balanced contribution to one of the burning problems in America today.

HARRY W. LAIDLER

Pity at Lima

PITY THE TYRANT. By Hans Otto Storm. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.

UNTIL impending events have altered matters, the author of this acrid novel is not likely to be welcome in Peru. But that will only be Peru's mistake, as it will be any reader's who fails to see that the "foreign" country in the present case is really the world. Lima, with its dank sky, foul beach waters, shabby aristocracy, and venerable poor, happens to supply the correct stage lighting and props. The tyrant, who stays offstage and dies there, happens to be a handy symbol for what we no longer wish to have around but are still afraid to kill outright.

By dint of sharp characterization of types which it is utter joy to hate accurately for once and a story which moves entirely under its own power, Mr. Storm dramatizes the failure of his characters to be as dramatic as they wish. Being snobs, their drive is a descending one: they have a craving for inferiors, whom they wish to dominate, pity, or merely regard as "picturesque."

This story carries with it its own reviewer—the hero. He is an engineer sent from the states to instal a semi-automatic power system. Like Stephen Crane's hero who outfaced a franker death, Storm's is known to us only as "he." A kindly, unsentimental fellow, he feels out of caste traveling first-class. He can't "put it on"—and is required to at every turn; "they" take him up, let him down, take him to bed, obstruct his work, and make him mad enough to fight—then politely won't allow it. They seem very lifelike to us but to him they are deadheads, characters in a book full of activity but no action. His "reviewing" comes out not so much by way of comment as through his commitment to work it out, from the time he finds it useless to argue with those who believe in "good family" and the congenital laziness of laborers to the moment when he must accept a weak exit. We continue to think about the situation for a long time afterward, as he probably did, though he ceases to exist as reviewer and remains in our mind as one of the characters. Their fate becomes general and Peru becomes the world.

Mr. Storm writes with scrupulously directed energy. His canny sensitiveness, which many a writer might with excuse employ for exhibition, he uses in a matter-of-fact, expediting way. With his dry wit this makes for a pungent, adult style, odd, but tenaciously entertaining. There is a quiet kind of prophecy about this fiction which identifies scientific honesty with artistic honor.

DAVID GREENHOOD

Anatomy of Religion

PRIMITIVE RELIGION: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN. By Paul Radin. The Viking Press. $3.50.

THERE has been more nonsense written about religion than about any other social institution. Those for it usually fall into meaningless generalities about the "world-all" and "mystical thrills." Those against it are generally so concerned with showing the extent to which rank superstition permeates theological dogma—a fact which needs no demonstration to the intelligent man today—that they miss altogether the sociological import of a major institution. Radin keeps his feet on the ground and wastes no space demonstrating the obvious. His study represents a methodological and a conceptual advance. Proceeding from a sound methodological behaviorism, he uses only reliable first-hand accounts and his own unprejudiced observations. He is well equipped for his task, having digested a tremendous technical literature and having lived long periods with the Winnebagos. And he went to both the literature and the Indians with no Western European preconceptions about the generalized "primitive mind." He realizes that social institutions can only be studied in their interrelationships; that it is foolish to talk about religion separately from economic organization, sex relationships, and cultural levels; and that "religion comes from life and is directed toward life. In itself it is nothing."

His point of departure is from primitive minds rather than the primitive mind. Primitives do not all think exactly alike any more than do civilized people. Among them can be differentiated the priest-thinker type, epileptoid-neurotic and introverted, and the layman type, non-neurotic and extraverted. Religious practices are developed through the agency of the priest-thinker out of the fears and desires of men living in a

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difficult physical and socio-economic environment. Partly from psychological and partly from economic motives the priesthood turns magic into religion and ghosts into gods. It does this by transforming the directly coercive powers of magic into self-assumed supernatural powers. The priesthood, in collaboration with the existing temporal leaders, can thus use the supernatural to hold the layman in check and exploit him economically. At times, however, even in primitive societies, the lay masses force a transformation of religious dogma and check the expansion of priestly power. The growth of religion is a dialectical process always socio-economically conditioned. This is shown by analysis of primitive societies of varying complexity. One wonders why Radin failed to add a pointed last chapter on the implications of his research for modern society. These implications will be quite obvious to the social scientist, but the contemporary priest-thinker will in all likelihood avoid seeing them. And he most of all needs to see them.

The only criticisms which the reviewer, a psychologist, has to offer are technical ones concerned with Radin's anti-psychology bias. He avoids the psychological school of religious theorists, and rightly, but this avoidance unfortunately carries over to psychology in general. This makes his picture incomplete and leaves certain points hanging in mid-air. Thus his treatment of human motivation is literary rather than scientific. The personality types he sets up could be severely criticized from the psycho-dynamic standpoint. Although Radin pays considerable lip-service to the psychoanalysts, he makes frequent misinterpretations of psychoanalytic theory. Had he had psychoanalytic training he would have been able to make more accurate derivations of both form and content of the primitive religious ceremonials.

But such shortcomings are only minor. By and large the book is excellent. To be sure the argument will not be universally accepted by men of the cloth. But their criticism may be discounted in advance by those who are familiar with Radin's researches into the priest-thinker type.

J. F. BROWN

"Luck Is a Fortune"

THEIR EYES WERE WATCHING GOD. By Zora Neale Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Company. $2.

JANIE'S grandmother, remembering how in slavery she was used "for a work-ox and a brood sow," and remembering her daughter's shame, seeks Janie's security above all else. But to Janie, her husband, for all his sixty acres, looks like "some old skull-head in de graveyard," and she goes off down the road with slick-talking Jody Sparks. In Eatonville, an all-colored town, Jody becomes the "big voice," but Janie is first neglected and then browbeaten. When Jody dies, Tea-Cake, with his contagious high spirits, whirls Janie into a marriage, idyllic until Tea-Cake's tragic end. Janie returns home, grief-stricken but fulfilled. Better than her grandmother's security, she had found out about living for herself.

Filling out Janie's story are sketches of Eatonville and farming down "on the muck" in the Everglades. On the porch of the mayor's store "big old lies" and comic-serious debates, with the tallest of metaphors, while away the evenings. The dedication of the town's first lamp and the community burial of an old mule are rich in humor but they are not cartoons. Many incidents are unusual, and there are narrative gaps in need of building up. Miss Hurston's forte is the recording and the creation of folk-speech. Her devotion to these people

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AN ANNOTATED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ROBERT M. LAFOLLETTE

By Ernest W. Stirn

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago

has rewarded her; "Their Eyes Were Watching God" is chock-full of earthy and touching poetry.

> Ah don't want yo' feathers always crumpled by folks throwin' up things in yo' face. And ah can't die easy thinkin' maybe de menfolks white or black is makin' a spit cup outa you: Have some sympathy fuh me. Put me down easy, Janie, Ah'm a cracked plate.

Though inclined to violence and not strictly conventional, her people are not naive primitives. About human needs and frailties they have the unabashed shrewdness of the Blues. It is therefore surprising when, in spite of her clear innocence, all the Negroes turn away from Janie at her murder trial.

But this is not *the* story of Miss Hurston's own people, as the foreword states, for *the* Negro novel is as unachievable as the Great American Novel. Living in an all-colored town, these people escape the worst pressures of class and caste. There is little harshness; there is enough money and work to go around. The author does not dwell upon the "people ugly from ignorance and broken from being poor" who swarm upon the "muck" for short-time jobs. But there is bitterness, sometimes oblique, in the enforced folk manner, and sometimes forthright. The slave, Nanny, for bearing too light a child with gray eyes, is ordered a terrible beating by her mistress, who in her jealousy is perfectly willing to "stand the loss" if the beating is fatal. And after the hurricane there is a great to-do lest white and black victims be buried together. To detect the race of the long-unburied corpses, the conscripted grave-diggers must examine the hair. The whites get pine coffins; the Negroes get quick-lime. "They's mighty particular how dese dead folks goes tuh judgment. Look lak they think God don't know nothin' 'bout de Jim Crow law."

STERLING A. BROWN

Mussolini's Philosopher

THE IDEALISM OF GIOVANNI GENTILE. By Roger W. Holmes. The Macmillan Company. $3.

MR. HOLMES has written a clear and competent account of Gentile's technical philosophy, and those seeking knowledge of the Italian's thought will find this book a useful introduction. The exposition not only gives a sympathetic account of Gentile's thought but shows where, in terms of its own presuppositions, that thought breaks down or does not go far enough. It is a pity, however, that it does not include discussion of Gentile's ethics and political philosophy, and information about Gentile's life, particularly those years during which he served with Mussolini. The passing references which Mr. Holmes makes are not enough. For if one conceives of philosophy as more than an esoteric game played by professionals for their own amusement, these are subjects of supreme importance because they can be made to throw light on the value and even on the meaning of a man's metaphysics. But this may be the very reason why Mr. Holmes eschewed this aspect of his task, for the light which Gentile's political beliefs and activity would throw on his system could hardly be considered flattering.

Mr. Holmes points out that Gentile has carried idealism to its logical limit but does not see that the real value of Gentile's work lies in the fact that in carrying the idealistic tradition so far he has effectively shown it up for the utter nonsense which it is. Idealism claims for all sorts of sophistic and verbal reasons that the only reality is mind. But Gentile goes farther and tells us that the only reality is the act of thinking created by itself—*pensiero pensante,* thinking thought, an activity carried on by thought as agent, manufacturing its own material out of itself by its own immanent power; and if one goes far enough—as Mr. Holmes rightly insists that Gentile should—one cannot assume that the thinking is done by a subject. If this is not nonsense, what is it?

Should anyone wonder why, if idealism is nonsense, it occupies such an important place in the history of philosophy, the answer is not hard to seek. Idealism has always been a highbrow mechanism of escape. By denying a real world independent of mind, idealism can leave the material conditions of existence about which it does not want to think—and which therefore do not exist—to the Hitlers and the Mussolinis. This is no doubt the chief reason why in the history of Western thought since Plato's days idealism has nearly always been found either eagerly serving or giving surreptitious consolation to political reaction. Mr. Holmes tells us that idealism has always found a natural home in Italian minds. Scientifically of course the statement is meaningless, since it assumes a conception of mind which contemporary psychology and anthropology long ago exploded. But the remark is interesting, nevertheless, since it calls attention to the fact that it has been in Italy, where idealism has been reduced to its ultimate absurdity, that militant barbarism has found its richest soil. And while Gentile, who is thinking thought and nothing else, thinks the world into ideal existence in leisure—since Mussolini no longer has any use for him—De Bono and his "volunteers" smash without pity whatever material basis there is today for hope of a new and better world.

ELISEO VIVAS

DRAMA

Take Your Choice

IT WAS rumored that Maxwell Anderson's new comedy would be profound. There was to be something about the past (which is never really past) and something about lost youth (which is never really lost). It was all, so I gathered, to be very original as well as conspicuously thought-provoking, and that, no doubt, is the reason I was ill prepared to enjoy anything quite so amiably conventional as "The Star Wagon" (Empire Theater) turned out to be. I have always held that Mr. Anderson's best is very good indeed. I have also held that there is in him a streak of originality which makes him one of the three or four most interesting playwrights who have written for the American stage during the past twenty years. But on the present occasion I can only say that he put his talents under no strain when he concocted this tale of the downtrodden inventor who devises a sort of super-radio for picking up the past and who goes back to discover that the choices he made in his youth were the best choices after all.

That particular story never seemed to me an especially good one even the first few times I heard it, and I have always thought the "time machine" an unusually clumsy bit of pseudo-scientific apparatus. But Mr. Anderson is not even being clumsy in a new way, and he ought to be sued through the pseudo-patent office for infringing on the pseudo-inventions of others. Nor is his plot any more original than the machine itself. The latter, I suppose, he got from Wells. The theme comes straight out of Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and if the atmosphere might

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Max Lerner discusses the career, personality, and important plans of William O. Douglas, new chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Germany's Disappearing Jews

A visitor to Germany soon after the advent of Hitler, Philip Bernstein, returned four years later to reexamine the plight of the Jews. He vividly describes Germany's Jewish community of 1937, which dwindles away helplessly under the onslaught of a cold pogrom.

Fall Book Number

In addition to the feature articles in the body, next week's issue of *The Nation*, the annual Fall Book Number, offers under "Books and the Arts" an enlarged section of articles and reviews by Katherine Anne Porter, Benjamin Stolberg, Louis Kronenberger, Louise Bogan, Robert Dell, Louis Hacker, W. Y. Elliott, Mark Van Doren, Max Lerner, Ludwig Lore, Abram L. Harris, Eda Lou Walton, Douglas Haskell, and many others.

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have been borrowed from any one of many sources, there is good reason for suggesting that it owes rather more than it should to a popular success of a few seasons ago called "One Sunday Afternoon." If the author of "The Star Wagon" cannot claim to have originated the time machine itself, or the idea of having his characters go back to the point where they can take a different turning, or the effort to extract fun out of the atmosphere of the gay nineties, then it is difficult to see just what, in all the play, he can lay claim to.

The production is very smoothly directed by Guthrie McClintic, and Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish are popular performers even if Mr. Meredith, a professional youth, is here unfortunately compelled to wear a gray wig a good half of the time. Neither is it to be denied that certain of the scenes, notably that of the choir practice, extract real if now rather too familiar fun out of the Age of Innocence. But if Mr. Anderson wants to win the critics' prize for the third consecutive season he will have to put on another play before April. Not improbably he will put on two or three and—judging by past experience—one of them may quite possibly be good.

Even less can be said in favor of "To Quito and Back" (Guild Theater), upon which one of our finest producing organizations is wasting its resources. Ben Hecht, the author, apparently wants to be taken seriously and is obviously quite convinced that he has something to say, but at the end of a long and violent evening I was not prepared to explain what it is. On one occasion the hero refers to himself as "a second-hand Hamlet," but that is gross flattery of a man who emerges dimly from a great many long speeches as less a second-hand Hamlet than a bastard Childe Harold.

We meet him first running away to Ecuador with a beautiful and intense young lady whose tragedy it is to suppose that a man who has gone through as much as our hero can ever really love again. The two of them get mixed up in an abortive revolution, and when Childe Harold discovers just how unhappy the young lady is going to be he goes out to get shot while defending a pass for his friends the rebels. Meanwhile there has been a great deal of talk, not only about love, but about the People as well, and it seems, as nearly as I could make out, that our hero has ideas equally profound, divided, and tiresome on each of the two subjects. I gather that he is for the People without respecting them, but that, for the present, the chief function of the revolution is to provide such world-weary souls as his with the momentary illusion that at last they "belong." Apparently the intention was to write a melodrama tempered with ideas much after the fashion invented by Robert Sherwood in "The Petrified Forest." But that play, like the same author's "Idiot's Delight," rushed along with a vigor which left no spectator breath to question. "To Quito and Back" merely stagnates, and if no one knows what all the shooting is about neither does anyone much care. Seldom indeed have I seen more melodramatic bustle with less excitement.

"French Without Tears" (Henry Miller's Theater) at least does not pretend to be any more than it is—an innocuous and fluffy comedy about a cramming school for French somewhere on the Mediterranean coast. The central character is a professional vamp ("nobody ever likes me so the only way I can have any company at all is to make them fall in love with me"), and of course the quiet daughter of the proprietor gets the most desirable young man at last. It is as simple as that, but the atmosphere is nicely built up and the caricature of French and English types thoroughly amusing without being original or profound. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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FILMS

Without Benefit of Machinery

As a new winter season begins there is little, unfortunately, to record in such a column as this. Many good things are promised, as usual, but at the moment there is only the somewhat disappointing "human document" at the Cameo called "This Is China." The film is of course timely, and nothing in it can be dismissed as irrelevant to our curiosity. Perhaps, in view of China's known vastness and the depth of its present danger, it was inevitable that we should expect too much of a film purporting to be a photograph of it. At any rate the offering is deficient in richness; and certain portions of it look less "authentic" than the program says they are. The representative peasant named Wang whom we see working in his fields, burying his wife, and setting off firecrackers by his front door to ward off evil spirits is not convincing; we know him to be an actor, and a poor one at that, who has been clumsily maneuvered before the camera; and anyway we do not wish in a "documentary" to watch someone under the recommendation that he is representative. We prefer the real thing, even though it be taken at random, and even though—as certainly will be the case—it proves some point very imperfectly. We can prove the point ourselves, and indeed that is what we go to a documentary prepared to do.

Much is naturally made by the invisible narrator of the menace to this people from Japan, a few of whose artillerymen we see all too plainly twice. The suggestion is of course powerful and terrible, but the impression most likely to be remembered from the film is that of a people without machinery. Imagination was shown in the selection of scenes, possibly two dozen in all, dominated by the bent back, the weary hand, the incessantly treading foot. The labor looks unendurably difficult and unimaginably monotonous. Heavy weights are not hoisted but dragged; in place of an irrigation pump there are ragged, skinny men mounted on pedals which they keep revolving with bare feet; the paddlewheel of a river boat is turned by still more men, a galley full of them, lifting their knees and letting them fall in an insane rhythm the method of which can be neither heard nor seen. During this portion of the film China becomes a treadmill and a nightmare; the moral, incidentally, remaining unexpressed. Whether it is that China needs the rest which machinery can give her hundreds of millions or whether it is that she had better stick to her hand and foot work, the blessings of the machine being illusory and no rest abiding in it after all, I must confess I do not know. I merely know that the film at this point becomes a true documentary, suggesting ironies without resolving them in the way that all glimpses into reality do, and achieving such a result by something like a pure use of the camera.

The rest of the season, as I have said, is promise. Many different things may be hoped for, but one thing in particular—to change the subject violently—is still better nonsense pictures than we have been having. Hollywood is on the point of doing something quite fine in the way of farce. William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Arthur, Spencer Tracy on one of his many sides, Robert Montgomery, and half a dozen other actors, not professionally comedians, have exhibited all the necessary talent; and certain directors are converging upon the goal. The type when fixed, as the Automat scene in "Easy

"Quincy Howe's book is one of the most necessary books written in recent years. Its facts are facts, its conclusions are sound and inescapable. Its wit and ease and mellowness are brilliant. I hope it makes the average American appreciate the extensiveness and dangerous feasibility of British propaganda; and the hold which the British so-called upper classes have over our so-called upper classes, whose Anglomania was plain treason to the interests of the American People. Above all, I hope the book will dispel the idiotic notion that British Imperialism is 'democratic.' British Imperialism, like all other imperialism, is international vigilantism in power. Needless to say, I am not a chauvinist: the most immediate victims of British Imperialism are of course the British peoples."
—BENJAMIN STOLBERG

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Living" suggested this summer, will preserve everything worth preserving from the ancient American custard-pie tradition, but it will set off this tradition with dialogue as brilliantly foolish as living wits can make it. Instead of straw clowns falling over each other or popping in and out of hall doors we shall have men and women—even ladies and gentlemen—doing so. The possibilities are delightful without limit. It only remains for them to be realized.

MARK VAN DOREN

RECORDS

OUTSTANDING among several fine recent Victor releases is Beethoven's Sonata for 'Cello and Piano, Opus 102, No. 1, because of the wonderful slow introductions to its two movements and because of the playing of Casals, despite what appeared to be an occasional lack of balance and clarity in the recording of the two instruments (two records, $4; with album $4.50).

Chopin, I am convinced, suffers as much as Tchaikovsky from his performers. It is he who is sentimental in his least good music; it is they who sentimentalize his best, which includes some of the Polonaises recorded by Arthur Rubinstein (Victor: eight records, $16). I don't see how anyone with ears can fail to perceive the strength, the dramatic quality, as well as the loveliness, of these works, their richness and spontaneity and astonishing variety of invention. Rubinstein's playing is superb, and the recording excellent. As for Tchaikovsky, his "Romeo and Juliet" profits by a performance in which Koussevitzky for the most part does not think it necessary to make sure that we appreciate this or that detail; and the tonal splendor of the Boston Symphony is impressively recorded (Victor: three records, $6.50).

Another Victor set (two records, $4.50) offers an excellent performance of Bach's Violin Concerto in A minor by Menuhin and an orchestra under the direction of Enesco. Menuhin's playing is very fine; what it continues to lack is the impress of a commanding musical personality. And still another Victor set (three records, $6.50) offers the superb playing of the Budapest String Quartet in the rather feeble and perfunctory Quartet K 590 of Mozart, which Columbia issued recently in the performance of the Stradivarius group.

You are offered two versions of Beethoven's so-called "Moonlight" Sonata to choose from: one made by Paderewski (Victor: two records, $4.50), and one made by Egon Petri (Columbia: two records, $3); and I should choose neither. Petri's playing in the first movement is surprisingly mannered; but in this respect it is as nothing compared with Paderewski's in the other two movements, in which Petri's is very good.

Columbia has issued a set (three records, $5) of Beethoven's Quartet, Opus 18, No. 5, which I do not find very interesting, in an excellent and well-recorded performance by the Lener String Quartet. And another set (three records, $5) offers a Concerto for Viola and Chamber Orchestra arranged by Henri Casadesus from a work of Händel which is not identified. The music is enjoyable, the slow movement particularly so; the playing of the solo viola, William Primrose, is excellent; and the recording is very fine.

I heard these records in London; and, oh, the pleasure of the English Columbia's residue-free surfaces!

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

Presidential Timber

Dear Sirs: Newspapers point to Governor Earle as Presidential timber in 1940, while Mr. Earle suggests a third term for President Roosevelt. Others look to Governor Murphy, Henry Wallace, or former Governor McNutt, now High Commissioner for the Philippines.

It seems strange to me that *The Nation* does not point to a man it honored with the top award for outstanding public service in 1934 and 1935, namely, Cordell Hull. In its issue of August 28 *The Nation* was reassured by Mr. Hull's attitude on Far Eastern affairs: "Secretary Hull shows no signs of surrendering to the dictates of extreme isolationism." On September 18 it published Geoffrey Stone's Neutrality—A Dangerous Myth, which backed Secretary Hull's program of international cooperation. But *The Nation* has never suggested the desirability of making this consistent Democrat the standard bearer of the party.

Mr. Hull's availability does not go unnoticed by all writers. Jay Franklin in an evaluation of the new Senate majority leader, Senator Barkley, rated him in character somewhere between Warren G. Harding and Cordell Hull. Paul Mallon stated in his column shortly after the last election: "If the national situation in 1940 turns around to the point where a solid, level-headed, serious thinker is needed, Mr. Hull might seem a logical choice." Hubert Herring, in a series of articles in the *Christian Century* evaluating Cabinet members, comes to the same conclusion. The *Minneapolis Star,* by far the most liberal newspaper in the Northwest, has printed four complimentary editorials in recent months on Mr. Hull.

If you cannot indorse Cordell Hull, whom would you suggest?

HJALMER E. FRIVOLD

Minneapolis, Minn., October 2

Wheeler of Montana

Dear Sirs: Kinsey Howard's letter appearing in *The Nation* of September 18 should not go unchallenged. It certainly does not express the sentiments of the average voter in western Montana. Congressman Jerry J. O'Connell introduced a bill in the House to create a Little TVA at Fort Peck four months before Senator Wheeler did anything about it. It was only after Senator Wheeler paid a visit to Montana this spring and found popular sentiment strongly against him that he introduced in the Senate Jerry O'Connell's original measure. Senator Wheeler has no difficulty in getting front-page publicity in the corporation papers of Montana, while Congressman O'Connell has no outlet at all except radio station KGVO in Missoula. That fact alone is enough to make the voters wonder whether Senator Wheeler is serving the corporations or the common people.

Senator Wheeler will go down in the history of Montana as one who gained political power and prestige through the laboring man's vote, who played a sensational hand in the early days of liberalism, who fought side by side with such outstanding liberals as the elder La Follette, but who, unlike La Follette, betrayed the very people who trusted him. The Wheeler of 1924 is not the Wheeler of 1937.

Mr. Wheeler's support today comes from lawyers, bankers, reactionary politicians, and corporations employees. Even the corporations do not support him wholly because they know they cannot trust him. They say he is too red. Against him are lined up the farmers, laborers, New Dealers—the bulk of the voters. Senator Wheeler is dead politically; his final rites will take place in November, 1940.

H. O. EKERN

Thompson Falls, Mont., September 28

"The Conquest of Power"

Dear Sirs: Sidney Hook's review of my book "The Conquest of Power," published in *The Nation* of September 11, is so patently an attack rather than a judgment, that I am compelled to request the use of your columns in reply. Mr. Hook's first charge, that my work is "based largely upon secondary and tertiary sources" apparently tries to go one better the comment made by such reviewers as Harold J. Laski and Charles A. Beard. But these two authorities, far more learned in the fields covered by my book than Mr. Hook, at least made an effort at objectivity. Professor Beard conceded that "there are, to be sure, many references to original sources," and later on declared, "Nowhere else can be found such a copious documentation of the preconceptions [that is, the standpoint of Marxism] adopted by the author." He summed up with the remark that my work has put many old events and personalities in a new light and invites a fresh review of old acceptances. Dr. Laski affirms that my book has considerable value.

As far as original research is concerned, I wonder whether Mr. Hook read that part of my book on the relation of the Constitution of the United States to the secret Society of Cincinnati. Professor Beard has privately given me credit for having been the first to compare the names of the original members of that society with the members of the federal convention that framed the Constitution. The startling facts of this hitherto little-noticed relationship I have described in the part of my book dealing with liberalism.

Mr. Hook charges: "The reader will search in vain for a straightforward presentation in their own terms of the social philosophies to which the book is presumably devoted." But actually in practically every case I give as my authorities not what someone else believes are their views but the works or speeches of the persons discussed; at least sixty-seven such primary sources are cited in the first part of my book, the part on liberalism. Mr. Hook had either not read more than a few chapters of the book he reviewed or he had an ax of his own to grind, or both.

To this reply to Mr. Hook's sneers concerning my authorities I must add a further point that has been obvious to all reviewers—namely, that it is quite impossible for any author to study original historical sources for a work of the scope of "The Conquest of Power," which covers three hundred years and at least ten different countries. Historians who do this type of research are restricted by ordinary human limitations to one or two countries or to a particular period. Furthermore, my book is not primarily a work of history but, as the title implies, a book on politics. For the political scientist it is a treatise on the political movements that arose during the period of capitalism, their interconnections, their development, their achievements and failures. For the worker it is a manual of revolution, analyzing every revolution that has taken place since the English civil wars of the seventeenth century.

Mr. Hook makes much of an accidental error in a quotation from John Dewey's "Liberalism and Social Action." He does not hesitate, moreover, actually to misquote both Dewey and my quotation of Dewey and, what is much worse, abbreviate dishonestly my argument. As to whether I have missed the sense of Mr. Dewey's statements, I simply refer the reader to the appropriate part of "The Conquest of Power."

For one service I am indeed grateful to Mr. Hook, that is, for quoting some of my statements on lynching, on demanding jobs under capitalism, and on turning over to the government the names and addresses of subscribers of radical working-class papers. If Mr. Hook finds himself so speechless with horror that he cannot comment on these items, this in itself is sufficient commentary upon the sort of politics Mr. Hook intrigues for.

ALBERT WEISBORD

New York, October 1

Mr. Hook Not Impressed

Dear Sirs: I am not at all impressed by the use which Mr. Weisbord makes of the argument by authority, particularly in view of the fact that both Professors Beard and Laski are in substantial agreement with me concerning the quality of his book. The fact that Mr. Weisbord refers to some original sources in no way impugns the accuracy of my statement that *in the main* his work is based on second- and third-hand material. This is a serious shortcoming in what purports to be a "standard treatise." Nor are the disparaging epithets which Mr. Weisbord employs in characterizing the thinkers with whom he is in disagreement an aid to understanding them.

The reader who is interested in finding out for himself will discover that I have not misquoted Dewey, or Weisbord on Dewey. Neither have I dishonestly abbreviated Weisbord's argument, for there is—literally speaking—no argument whatsoever in the text. A quotation from Dewey is followed by the remark that Dewey is changing his liberalism in the direction of fascism. The fact that Mr. Weisbord still clings to this position as well as to his line on revolutionary lynching is but added confirmation of my charge that he is irresponsible.

SIDNEY HOOK

New York, October 7

Laymen or Lawyers?

Dear Sirs: President Roosevelt in his Constitution Day address defined the American Constitution as a "laymen's document" made by laymen for laymen. In so doing he asserted that the document was not a "lawyers' contract." On reading the September 25 issue of *The Nation,* I found that your magazine backed up the President in his statement.

However, it is not the historical truth. Anyone acquainted with the history of the American Constitution and especially with the personnel of the Constitutional Convention knows that approximately thirty of the delegates at Philadelphia were lawyers by profession and that several of the others had had long public careers. Randolph, whose plan the delegates adopted, was a brilliant colonial lawyer; Madison, the "father" of the Constitution, had served in the legislature of Virginia. Others of the legal profession at the convention were Paterson and Livingston of New Jersey, Wilson and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, Dickinson of Delaware, Few of Georgia, Yates and Hamilton of New York, Rutledge and the two Pinckneys of South Carolina, Johnson, Sherman, and Ellsworth of Connecticut, Martin of Maryland, and Langdon of New Hampshire. This list leaves out the famous (or infamous) Elbridge Gerry, politician of note from Massachusetts. Some writers put the number of lawyers at thirty-three, some as low as twenty-three, but all are agreed that they formed a substantial part of the personnel. Their participation, however, does not detract one iota from the worth of the Constitution.

ARTHUR MILLER

Salem, Ore., October 6

The Answer Is Yes

Dear Sirs: Is the Westbrook Pegler who attacks the Klan record of Justice Black the same Westbrook Pegler who gained fame a few years ago by a vigorous defense of lynching? W. L. WERNER

State College, Pa., September 27

Richard F. Pettigrew

Dear Sirs: I am engaged in writing a biography of Richard F. Pettigrew, first Senator from the state of South Dakota, leading anti-imperialist and great liberal. I should appreciate hearing from persons who knew Senator Pettigrew or have correspondence or other material concerning him. HARLAN R. CRIPPEN

Aberdeen, S. D., October 3

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DREW PEARSON is coauthor with Robert S. Allen of "Nine Old Men" and of the syndicated newspaper column Washington Merry-Go-Round.

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The Shape of Things

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HAS RETURNED TO his earlier well-tried method of preparing public opinion for the Administration's policies. The result has been to cut the ground from under the opposition that the Republicans had built up against the special session of Congress. But it would be unwise to be optimistic about what the session will accomplish. Like a good bargainer the President has asked for more than he is likely to get. A bitter fight is sure to develop over Mr. Wallace's "ever-normal granary" plan, and the rest of the farm-control scheme has still to clear the hurdle set by the Supreme Court's AAA decision. A similar constitutional snag lies ahead of the regional-planning program, which must wait on the court's coming decision in the new TVA case; and aside from that, there will be opposition both from the utilities and from the vested interests of the army engineers. As for anti-trust legislation, we have yet to hear from Mr. Cummings and Mr. Jackson what it is the Administration proposes; an intention, however good, is not enough. On government reorganization some bill is likely to go through, but it will almost certainly not contain the crucial civil-service provisions. Finally, the fate of the wage-hour bill depends on what sort of peace the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. can patch up; for the average Congressman will not vote for a labor bill on which labor itself is split. Behind the announced program lie even more dangerous obstacles to the Administration's major plans—the anti-lynching bill, for instance, and a probable row over the Neutrality Act as it relates to China and the President's peace move. On any one of these issues the session may go aground despite Mr. Roosevelt's skilful preliminary maneuvers.

* * *

NEW EXPEDIENTS FOR UNSEATING JUSTICE Black are being and will continue to be devised, but they don't stand a chance of success. We say so not because of the formal reasons given by the Chief Justice in rejecting the Levitt petition—that a petitioner had to have a more direct interest in the matter than Levitt had as citizen and lawyer. We refer rather to the reasons behind those reasons. The Supreme Court cannot afford to unseat Justice Black: first, because to do so would be to set a precedent that might be used later by a liberal majority on the court against conservative members as well, and expose the court even further to the changes and chances of the political future; second, because to do so would be to reopen the judiciary struggle, with the court instead of the President as the aggressor and subject to the disadvantages that the aggressor has in public opinion. The tactics on both sides of the court struggle will tend to be Fabian from now on. The first decisions of the court indicate that the policy of New Deal support is still dominant. The court's refusal to hear an appeal by various Florida corporations from the decision supporting the authority of the SEC to subpoena telegrams and an appeal by a company seeking to void a ruling of the NLRB ordering the reinstatement of strikers served as a negative indorsement of two crucial New Deal procedures—both under bitter attack from the right. The President on his side will doubtless wait to see whether the court continues to pursue a liberal or chastened course, withholding further attacks unless another major New Deal measure is invalidated.

*

THE SUCCESSFUL STRATEGY OF THE EIGHTH Route Army in northern Shansi has altered the military situation in North China. According to the most recent reports, 50,000 Japanese advancing on Taiyuan have been cut off from their base by former Red Army units which harassed their lines of communication while Shansi provincial troops counter-attacked and captured strategic Yenmen Pass. Further north Japanese units have occupied Paotow, terminus of the Peiping-Suiyan railway, but these too are in danger of being cut off by the guerrilla tactics of the former Communist troops. Little if any progress has been made by the Japanese in Shantung for the past two weeks, the opposing forces being deadlocked at Yucheng, thirty miles north of Tsinanfu. At Niangtzewan Pass Japanese troops attempting to penetrate into Shansi from the south have been repulsed, although other units advancing south from Shihchiachuang along the Peiping-Hankow railway are said to be within thirty-five miles of the Honan border. Meanwhile the Chinese not only continue to stand firm at Shanghai but are again staging daring air raids. China's unexpected resistance is particularly important in view of the signs of economic strain already appearing in Japan. Although the anti-Japanese boycott can scarcely have had much direct effect as yet, the financial expert of the *Yomiuri Shimbun* has complained that the refusal of American and British banks to extend credit is making it difficult for Japan to obtain supplies abroad.

*

THE MOVEMENT TO BOYCOTT JAPANESE goods registered spectacular progress during the past week both in this country and Great Britain. In London Sir Robert Cecil, president of the League of Nations Union, urged a concerted economic boycott on Japanese goods, and 10,000 persons at a rally staged by the Trade Union Council and Labor Party voted for "economic pressure designed to bring Japanese aggression to an end." Several of the larger British cooperatives have agreed to buy no more goods from Japan, and others are falling into line. On invitation of the British trade unions both the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. adopted resolutions supporting the boycott. The American League Against War and Fascism has launched an independent drive to line up its 3,000,000 members in effective opposition to Japanese aggression. The Women's League of the Washington Commonwealth Federation has voted to wear only lisle and rayon stockings and to refuse to buy any silk for the duration of the Japanese invasion of China. Among American groups which have taken action in support of the boycott are the executive board of the Artists' Congress, the Independent Merchants' Association of Montana, the Maritime Federation Council of San Francisco, and the Seattle Committee Against International Aggression, which represents the Y. W. C. A., the Seattle Council of Churches, and various labor groups. While the A. F. of L. resolution was specifically directed against Japanese aggression, some unfortunate confusion has resulted from the emphasis which the Union Label Trades Department placed on the purchase of American to the exclusion of all foreign goods. The danger of such emphasis should be obvious. International law and order cannot be furthered by nationalistic measures.

*

IS WINTHROP ALDRICH BEING USED AS A front man for the stock market that fears and hates government regulation? This is the question that comes to mind as one reads his elaborate and beautifully publicized 8,000-word speech before the Rochester Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Aldrich has been pro-Roosevelt, as have the Rockefeller interests which he serves as chairman of the Chase National board. He is, in the realm of business thought, a "liberal." He is *persona grata* with the Administration. What better person could be sent as Wall Street's ambassador to the Administration? The interesting thing is that Mr. Aldrich's conclusions, after a great show of political moderation and financial learning, amount in the end to exactly what the less genteel stock-market crowd has been saying to and about the Administration in words of two syllables and less. Namely, that the market is "thin" and that the small volume of stock transactions has maximized the effect of every industrial and political factor; that the SEC has been meddling too much; and that the market would be better off without the strangling effect of government rules. We recommend to Mr. Aldrich and his comrades Harland Allen's article on the market slump which we published last week. Mr. Allen listed very prominently among the factors causing the slump the bitter hostility of Wall Street to the New Deal. Aside from the fact that Mr. Aldrich is himself on record as advocating many of the major policies which competent observers are holding responsible for the present slump, there is an amusing confusion of logic in his speech. "If you don't stop hounding us," he is in effect saying to the government, "we'll all get frightened; and when we're really scared you wait and see what happens to the market."

POLITICS IN NEW YORK MAKES BEDFELLOWS whose relationships are not only strange but scandalous. LaGuardia, labor's candidate for mayor, bunks with red-baiter George U. Harvey; Senator Wagner, champion of the New Deal, joins Ralph M. Easley of the National Civic Federation in support of Tammany's candidate, Mahoney; and to the strains of "Giovanezza," Governor Lehman consorts with Generoso Pope, publisher of the pro-fascist *Progresso*. From the beginning of the campaign the opportunism of Tammany has been almost unparalleled. Starting out with Dr. Copeland, the Wigwam soon concluded that an avowed reactionary Protestant was no kind of opponent in a labor-conscious city for a candidate of Italian extraction with a working-class and Jewish following. Accordingly it turned to Jeremiah T. Mahoney, an Irish Catholic with liberal pretensions and some Jewish support. But it soon became evident that LaGuardia couldn't be beaten on his own grounds. Executing a neat about-face Tammany decided it could get more Catholic votes by attacking LaGuardia as a red and more Italian votes by blowing kisses to Mussolini. To counter LaGuardia's strength among the Jewish voters Mahoney's opposition to holding the recent Olympics in Berlin was trotted out. And finally heavy pressure was brought to bear on the national Democratic machine for support of Tammany's candidate. With such a variety of bait it would have been surprising if Mahoney had not pulled in a strange assortment of fish. But that does not excuse the fish—particularly in the case of Wagner and Lehman. They needed the Democratic machine far less than the machine needed them. They might, like Roosevelt, have maintained a stony silence. Instead they have chosen to support a fake liberal, and by so choosing they have cheapened themselves immeasurably.

*

FRANK R. McNINCH, THE ACTING HEAD OF the Federal Communications Commission, made radio history last week simply by holding a press conference. It was the first time since the government established a special radio commission ten and a half years ago that the gentlemen of the press were invited to walk in and get their information direct from headquarters. McNinch declared that the commission's business would henceforth be conducted in the open and that "there will be no more back-door entrances." The Administration hopes by various reforms to forestall the Congressional investigation of the commission which is said to be slated for this year. The most important of the commission's moves in this direction is the abolition of the three divisions through which it has thus far functioned. But of great significance also are the indications that the government's regulation of the radio industry will be extended, and that the profits derived from broadcasting may be limited by government control of station advertising rates. Strict enforcement of the clause in the Communications Act prohibiting trafficking in broadcasting licenses was promised, and a decision handed down last week, in the case of the proposed sale of WGAR to WJR, the Good-Will Station which gave Father Coughlin his radio start, enunciates the commission's new policy on the sale of station stock to the public. In denying the application, the commission declared that it would approve no transactions merely because of their financial advantage to owners unless the benefits to the public were commensurate. By so limiting the sale of station stock to the public, the commission may prevent the industry from creating a great body of "widow and children" investors who might subsequently be used to prevent any change of the present system.

*

GREAT BRITAIN'S ATTEMPT TO KEEP THE LID on the explosive stew of nationalistic feeling in Palestine grows less subtle and more desperate as the next war comes closer. The partition plan of last July was a last-ditch proposal to keep the Jews and Arabs from each other's throats, but it is far from becoming a reality, and for the present is serving as fuel to the fires, especially of the Arab chiefs and their terrorist followers. The assassination of an important British official, Commissioner Andrews, coming as a climax to a series of disorders, brought retaliation from the British government. The members of the Arab High Committee were arrested, and the Mufti of Jerusalem was deposed from his high office in that committee and the Moslem Supreme Council. The Mufti has since fled from Palestine. Further disorders have brought more brutal retaliations. Meanwhile the itinerary of the Mufti of Jerusalem runs like a lighted fuse into the center of European politics. Having escaped to Syria, he is now said to be on his way to Rome; and simultaneously Mussolini's newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia*, has arraigned the British government's treatment of the Arabs in language fit to stand beside the denunciations of Italian brutality in Ethiopia or of fascist excesses after the March on Rome. Which only goes to show that a fascist dictator may, however shamelessly, speak a word of truth if it serves his own dreams of empire.

*

ALTHOUGH THE "CLOSE-DOWN" STRIKE OF 5,000 of New York City's kosher butchers ended with prices substantially unchanged, the facts that emerged at the "settlement" meeting called by Mayor LaGuardia and Commissioner of Markets Morgan show that intelligent organization of consumer pressure can drive down the high cost of meat. In spite of the packers' alibi of a meat shortage, statistics prove that there is an ample supply of beef. The shortage is only in the three top grades of steer beef; lower grades of steer and all grades of cow beef have not been seriously affected by the drought of 1936. Yet retail prices of the lower grades have gone up far beyond the level justified by either market conditions or farm prices. According to the meat dealers who closed their shops, this has been accomplished through price-fixing by the packers and through misrepresentation of the quality of meat. Investigation of both of these charges has been promised. But the action which the Department of Markets plans to take is of greater significance to the consumer. The dealers admit that they cannot judge quality and have indorsed Mayor LaGuardia's proposal for an ordinance requiring that all meat sold at retail in the city be graded and stamped by the government. An immediate drop in prices may be expected if the lower grades are stamped and sold at a price that represents their true value. The city and the new Consumers' National Federation are now organizing support for the grading ordinance, and if the voice of the consumer can be made audible the law may be enacted before the end of the year. This, however, is only the first necessary step. It should be followed by a federal investigation of the entire packing industry.

*

"THE END OF THE WORLD" AT THE HAYDEN planetarium this month is a startling show. Astronomers, usually content with the contemporary state of the sky, have now projected the star picture forward to the year 15,000 A.D. Thereby they have thrown the whole heavens into a crisis. Giant stars graze the sun. Comets go zooming into the earth. And the moon comes tumbling down and breaks into a thousand pieces. It is not enough that we face the breakdown of international law today. Apparently, we face the collapse of universal law tomorrow. But what is most disheartening is the policy of Associate Curator Barton. If fifteenth-millennium man has any sense, he advises, he will withdraw to a somewhat safer planet, say Venus, and give up the world as a bad job. Mr. Barton, in short, is an isolationist. He is concerned only with human interests, not at all with the commonwealth of planets. Our editorial offspring will, we feel sure, take the broader view. *The Nation* of the fifteen thousands won't go flying off into space seeking planets of refuge. It will stick to 20 Vesey Street—working out formulas and urging nine-planet pacts for the orderly and collective management of the solar system.

For a Labor Armistice

"PEACE, it's wonderful," Father Divine used to say, and his words have been echoed this past week by hundreds of commentators on the latest moves toward a peace between the two warring groups in American labor. We subscribe, along with others, to so irreproachable a sentiment, and we add our fervent wish that peace may be achieved. But hope is a cheap and easy commodity. More important are an analysis of what has brought about the latest peace moves and what will be involved in pursuing them, and an assessment of the chances of peace.

There have been peace scares in the past, and we have never given them much credence. We use the word "scares" advisedly, because they were always prompted by persons who had no basic friendship for the C. I. O. and were mainly for the purpose of ousting Mr. Lewis from his position of leadership and isolating him from the so-called "moderates" in the new labor movement. The present peace gestures are of another sort, and of far greater moment. First, they are open rather than subterranean. Second, they were initiated by the C. I. O. leaders and have the full backing of Mr. Lewis. Finally, they have been subscribed to, at least in words, by responsible conventions of both groups. For the first time a real and not a spurious start has been made toward peace.

What has produced this new turn in American labor history? That it came as a surprise is evident from the fact that the A. F. of L. convention was all set for an even more bitter anti-C. I. O. campaign than it has waged thus far, as Mr. Hertzberg points out in a dispatch elsewhere in this issue. William Green's face is reported to have turned pale when news of the C. I. O. offer reached the convention hall, and the first reactions of Frey, Green, Harrison, and other leaders were so varied as to show that the performance had not been rehearsed. The peace move must be taken as a genuine offer of the C. I. O. leaders, made, however, not without strategic intent. For if it succeeds, the flood of almost 4,000,000 C. I. O. members, joined to the A. F. of L. rank and file that are still progressive, would overwhelm the following of the present A. F. of L. leadership. If it does not succeed, after the C. I. O. has gone more than halfway toward the enemy lines, the inescapable conclusion will be that it is the A. F. of L. and not the C. I. O. that clings to the sectarian spirit.

Undoubtedly the C. I. O. has also been impressed by the relative slowing up of its organizing campaign, which should not, however, be exaggerated. Even more, the Atlantic City conference of C. I. O. leaders was the first that had had a chance fully to consider what a continuation of the labor war would mean to American workers as a whole. The A. F. of L., on its side, for all the brave front of militancy that it presents, knows also that it is waging a losing fight in the long run. One has only to study both conferences to see how different they are in tone—the one at Denver riddled with hatred, spite, and indignation; the one at Atlantic City confidently assessing its gains and charting the future course of organization. If it is recalled that Mr. Green's original impulse to scout the C. I. O. proposal was overruled by his convention, it will be seen that there are forces within the A. F. of L., as well as within the C. I. O., that are working toward peace. One must add to both the anxiety of President Roosevelt to see the two groups brought under the same roof. Neither he nor the leaders of Labor's Non-Partisan League can look forward with equanimity to the prospect of a continuing labor war which may well bring the A. F. of L. into the Republican camp in 1940. There have already been disquieting signs, among them the A. F. of L. opposition to the Labor Relations Board and the new wage-hour bill, which point in this direction.

But one cannot be a friend of labor and gloss over the real difficulties that stand in the way of labor peace. An over-eager optimism can only result, if the proposal should after all fall through, in a bitter disillusionment for the rank and file on both sides—and disillusionment is fertile soil for fascism. The real difficulty does not lie, as is popularly supposed, in the personal clash between Green and Lewis which has been so dramatized and pub-

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licized. A self-denying agreement that would keep both of them out of the leadership of the enlarged federation for several years is not beyond possibility. In such an event Charles P. Howard of the typographical union and George Harrison of the railway clerks might well be candidates for the new honor, since both of them have succeeded after a fashion in inhabiting the difficult no man's land between the more bitter rival camps. Nor do we consider the struggle between the principles of craft unionism and industrial unionism the chief stumbling-block. In principle the two are really no longer in conflict, for the A. F. of L. has been using the industrial-unionism principle in its recent heroic efforts to enrol a new membership.

The real difficulties come when you try to translate a peace plan into actuality. And here the men who will block the road to cooperation are not Green and Lewis but the other members of the general staffs. For the first thing that will come to the mind of the head of a national or international union is, "Where do I get off in this plan?" Where before there was only one vested interest in the leadership of each of the unions, two have now grown. And anyone who has watched the tenacity with which labor jurisdictional disputes have been fought in the past will understand how tenacious they will be in the future. The second major obstacle, and a related one, lies in the certainty that under any peace plan with a ghost of a chance to succeed every union member would have one vote. Clearly this would be a death warrant for the A. F. of L. bureaucracy. And it may be doubted whether any group will sign its own death warrant.

The one insistent and continuing hope for peace lies in the fact that the rank and file of both unions want peace because they want unity. They see, and the middle class sees as well, that without unity labor as a whole has less than a fighting chance of survival in a period when the social tensions point toward national catastrophe. We believe that labor peace—that is, labor unity—will eventually be achieved, but not until the real obstacles in the path of a labor armistice are faced and overcome.

Quick Action Needed

WITH the nine-power conference scheduled to open in Brussels on October 30, the American government is faced with the necessity of formulating a detailed and vigorous Far Eastern policy. If Japanese aggression—indeed, fascist aggression in general—is to be stopped, it will have to be by prompt collective action growing out of this conference. Experience in the Manchurian, Ethiopian, and Spanish crises has shown the fatal results of procrastination. Once the aggressor has completed the occupation of a large portion of the territory of the victim, there arises an overwhelming pressure to write off the incident and take no step which might disturb the status quo. If any action at all is to be taken, it must come in time to help the Chinese repel the invader.

What is apparently most difficult for Americans to realize is the fact that the United States—and the United States alone—must take the lead if anything is to be accomplished at Brussels. The United States has always been long on advice about how the world should conduct its affairs, but when it comes to a crisis such as the present one there has been a tendency to bog down. Many of the difficulties in which we find ourselves today are the result of the failure of the United States to back up Briand in the early days of Japan's adventure in Manchuria. Later, it is true, Sir John Simon failed to come to Stimson's support when the United States wished to take a stronger position. But by that time Britain was probably right in assuming that more than pious words were required, and there is no indication that the United States ever proposed a realistic program for coping with Japanese aggression.

In the present crisis American leadership is particularly essential because England and France have their hands tied by Mediterranean problems. So far the only hint of American policy at Brussels has been the suggestion that the conference might offer to mediate in the Sino-Japanese conflict. Mediation would probably be flatly rejected by Japan, leaving the conference with the necessity of drawing up a plan of action or, what is worse, it might attempt to ward off further aggression by extensive concessions to the invader. Neither course would represent the kind of leadership that is demanded.

Collective action against Japanese aggression may conceivably take any of four forms: moral protest, economic sanctions, military sanctions, economic assistance to China. The first has already been worn threadbare without appreciable results. It is difficult to see how a proclamation denouncing the Japanese for violating the Nine-Power Treaty would achieve anything that has not already been accomplished by the statements of the League and the United States. With economic sanctions definitely in disfavor as a result of the Ethiopian fiasco, there is great danger that the conference will pass over such action to consider the possibility of military sanctions. Drew Pearson's article published in last week's issue of *The Nation* suggested that the United States has been considering the possibility of naval action in support of an embargo. This should not be surprising. Military coercion is the only form of pressure which is clearly understood by the average statesman. If non-violent strategy is to be adopted it will only be because of widespread popular demand. Some extreme pacifists, it is true, maintain that economic sanctions prepare the way for military sanctions, but the Ethiopian experiment in no way supports this contention. Nor is there any reason to believe, particularly in the case of Japan, that the aggressor would choose to resort to military force to break an embargo imposed by the pacific countries of the world. Nothing could be more fantastic than the assumption that Japan is looking for a pretext to declare war on most or even one of the great powers.

For Japan military sanctions would not be very threatening if they were applied. No country except the Soviet Union is in a position to attack the Island Empire, and a collective war against Japan would be fought chiefly with economic weapons. Economic sanctions, on the other hand, would not be greatly aided by military or naval action. The British Empire and the United States are responsible for nearly three-fifths of Japan's foreign trade. With China's trade already lost, the sealing of British and American ports to Japanese goods would eliminate nearly two-thirds of Japan's normal trade. Presumably neither Germany nor Italy would join in sanctions against Japan, on the assumption that they may some day find themselves openly in the role of aggressors. But neither of these countries is in a position to furnish the scrap iron, oil, cotton, or copper on which Japan's military machine is dependent.

The United States dare not propose the imposition of economic sanctions, however, unless it is prepared to cooperate in enforcing them. The collapse of sanctions against Italy was due primarily to the absence of any legislation empowering the American government to impose an embargo on oil. This defect has not been remedied. Special action by Congress would be necessary before the United States could prevent the shipment of war supplies to Japan. It is at least an open question whether Congress in its present temper would pass the necessary legislation, although it may be influenced by the spontaneous boycott movement which is springing up throughout the country.

A method whereby the United States can cooperate with the League in imposing sanctions has been suggested by Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association. If the League powers, on the recommendation of the Brussels conference, should impose a shipping embargo, prohibit the export of war materials to Japan, and draw up a program of concrete economic assistance to China, the United States could bar all exports to Japan that are not carried on Japanese ships by invoking the discretionary cash-and-carry provision of the Neutrality Act. Ordinarily about one-third of Japanese purchases in this country are carried in Japanese bottoms, but with the war-time demand for transports and supply ships, it is probable that few Japanese vessels would be available for trade purposes. By such an arrangement supplies for China from Europe would offset the American embargo, which under the law would have to be directed against China as well as Japan. While we should much prefer to have the United States support a concrete program calling for collective economic assistance to the aggrieved nation and for embargos against the aggressor, a plan such as Mr. Buell suggests is surely better than mere moral indignation. This plan would be even more effective if the Neutrality Act were revised to make embargos mandatory on scrap iron, oil, cotton and other sinews of war. As a means of limiting Japanese purchasing power abroad, a prohibitive, though temporary, duty should be placed on Japanese silk.

These measure, even if adopted, will take time. Meanwhile all persons interested in checking Japanese aggression must impose their personal sanctions by boycotting Japanese goods. Such a boycott, if widely applied, is the best and perhaps the only assurance of subsequent government action.

Europe in Suspense

IN AGREEING to refer the volunteer question back to the Non-Intervention Committee, France and Great Britain appear to have beaten an unnecessary retreat. Yet Mussolini's victory may not be quite as substantial as it looks on the surface. The democracies have made a major concession to save Il Duce's face, but there is no indication that they have changed their policy with respect to the withdrawal of the volunteers. As a result the fascist powers find themselves in an uncomfortable position. Deprived of their one technical bargaining point, they find little to choose between the alternatives offered. Withdrawal of the volunteers would in all probability lead to the collapse of Franco's armies and the final defeat of Germany's and Italy's Spanish adventure. Rejection of the British and French demands would bring about the opening of the French frontier and the probable seizure of Minorca by those two powers.

Under the circumstances fascist strategy is to play for time. Mussolini's impertinent offer to repatriate a fixed number of Italian volunteers if a similar number were withdrawn from the Spanish government armies was certainly conceived as a stall. Since there are at least six Italian soldiers in Spain for every Loyalist volunteer, and since the Italians are distinctly inferior, man for man, in fighting ability, the rebels would gain every advantage from such an arrangement. While it is not likely that either France or Britain has been fooled by this maneuver, the danger is that they will allow themselves to be involved in endless negotiations over technicalities which will permit the reinforced Italians to launch their long-heralded attack on Madrid.

With the situation changing from day to day it would be idle to predict the outcome of the negotiations. Certain developments, however, seem reasonably clear. Despite a year's record of procrastination and evasion on the part of Britain and France, both countries are now obviously fully aroused by Italy's threat in the Mediterranean. While not at all anxious to see Valencia win, they are determined to prevent an Italian victory, particularly if it involves permanent control of the Balearics. The conciliatory attitude adopted by both Italy and Germany, on the other hand, is an admission of worry. Recent reports from Italy indicate that a worsening of economic conditions may have much to do with Mussolini's unprecedented meekness.

That the present situation carries real dangers cannot, however, be denied. Although neither Italy nor Germany is strong enough to seize upon the present crisis as a pretext for war, the threat of war is always inherent in fascist strategy. The longer the powers jockey back and forth over the question of volunteers—one sending troops to Libya, another threatening partial mobilization, a third strengthening its Mediterranean fleet—the greater the danger of a conflict that no one desires. The situation calls for strong and prompt action—the kind of action that will end the long, successful game of bluff and bluster played by the fascist powers.

The Fate of German Jews

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

FOUR years after my first visit to the Germany of Adolf Hitler I returned, in September, 1937, to see for myself the effects of unmitigated anti-Semitism on the Jews of the Third Reich. As any visitor must be, I was at first struck by the comparative lack of overt persecution of Jews and by the number of successful enterprises still apparently in Jewish hands. The name of Wertheim floats on a banner over the largest department store in Berlin. N. Israel's name is flashed in bright electric lights over the entrance of another great establishment. On a Saturday afternoon specialty stores like Greenfeld's and Rosenhain's on the Kurfürstendam are crowded with shoppers. The Kempinski restaurants and cafes still predominate among the gayer eating places of the capital. Banking houses like that of Warburg in Hamburg and Stein in Karlsruhe are still in business. The names of Jewish manufacturers, jobbers, and agents can still be found in the directories of many an office building.

The number of practicing Jewish lawyers and doctors in the larger cities compared with the number of "Aryans" in those professions still exceeds by far the proportion of Jews to the general population, and the offices of some specialists are still crowded with patients. An elderly Jewish insurance agent told me he had sold more policies in the first six months of 1937 than in any similar period in his forty years' experience. Several Jewish merchants said that the Christmas buying in their shops in 1936 surpassed the holiday business in any previous year. I saw Jews walking on the streets unmolested, and I met bearded rabbis going about their work even in remote sections of large cities apparently without fear. People spoke to me with far more freedom than in the summer of 1933. And I did not hear of a single instance of physical violence to Jews that had occurred during the past year.

How can these facts be reconciled with all that is known of Nazi anti-Semitism? In the first place, it is evident that the present regime has not succeeded in destroying everything decent and humane in the character of the German people. If the whole population had accepted the Nazi philosophy and program, there would probably not be a single Jew alive in Germany today. In countries like Poland and Rumania similar anti-Semitic incitement by the government would have led to wholesale pogroms. The fact that Jews survive at all in Germany, that since the attacks in 1933 they have experienced a minimum of violence, that most of those still in business and the professions continue to be patronized chiefly by Gentiles, that some maintain their former friendly relations with their neighbors, that a number of the older teachers in the public schools continue to display even at personal risk a liberal and considerate attitude toward the remaining Jewish pupils, is testimony to the presence of considerable sentiment avowedly friendly to the Jews. Many believe that this feeling is so strong that the elimination of official anti-Semitism in the near future would enable Jews again to live happily in Germany. At the present time, however, such sentiment is not a political factor. Any outspoken or organized opposition to a major policy of the government would be futile and suicidal.

A second reason for the apparent abatement of anti-Semitism is the fact that the Nazis have learned from worldwide protests that there are forms of persecution in which they cannot indulge without arousing indignation in other countries. Strange as it may seem, the Nazi government, which has a genius for alienating others, is pathetically eager for friendship and is therefore restraining its extremists from violence. What is perhaps more important, the Nazis have discovered that it is simpler to force a Jew out of Germany by denying him a license to continue his business than by using physical violence.

But the fundamental explanation of what seems to be an amelioration of the lot of the German Jews is that appearances belie the realities, that there has in fact been no improvement at all. Although the name Wertheim is still attached to the business, the family of Wertheim has been eliminated from it. The Kempinski restaurants have been completely "Aryanized," although the name has been retained in the hope of retaining also the former patrons. The few large Jewish firms that actually continue in business do so either because as exporters and international bankers they are still considered necessary to the German economy or because through conservative management they have avoided indebtedness to banks, all Nazi-controlled, and thus preserve their independence. The same insurance company which continued to employ my elderly friend, probably because of his large personal following, had long since discharged all its Jewish stenographers.

For every Jewish doctor who is still earning a living, at least ten have been expelled from the profession, or have fled the country, or have been prevented by obstacles deliberately placed in their paths from acquiring the barest livelihood. They have been dismissed from all hospitals and health-insurance institutions, and penalties are imposed on Aryans discovered to be their patients. The Nazi Party summarily expels members guilty of such an offense, and a continuous campaign of vituperation against the remaining Jewish doctors is waged in the Nazi press. In the schools children are taught that they recklessly experiment upon or even poison Aryan patients and that they always attempt to take advantage of women in their care. At the present rate, in a few years the Jews will have been completely eliminated from the practice of medicine.

The Nürnberg laws deprived most of the Jewish lawyers of their practice. Some of them have since been earning a little by acting as legal advisers, but the government recently announced that in the future only licensed attorneys would be permitted to give legal advice and that only Aryans would be granted licenses. Within a short time the legal profession also will be *Judenfrei.*

The Nazis have eliminated Jews from every position of public responsibility or influence. All Jews have been dismissed not only from the various agencies of government but from the universities and schools, the press, theater, cinema, and radio. A recent edict even required the discharge of any Aryan professor whose wife had a single Jewish grandparent.

Jews in public audiences have been made to feel so unwelcome by public insults and humiliation that they do not go to the theater anywhere in Germany. After Jewish actors, directors, and producers had been expelled from the German stage, the Jewish community secured permission to organize its own theater. When Gentiles began to attend, uniformed and secret police were stationed at the entrances to keep them out, and it is now necessary to produce credentials proving you are a Jew before you are admitted. The theater is so harassed and restricted by the government, moreover, that it may soon be abandoned. No Jews participate in or attend public concerts, lectures, or exhibits. They may no longer conduct lending libraries lest they influence their patrons to read the wrong books, and under a law that went into effect in August Jewish dealers may sell only Jewish books. Since the market for these is extremely limited, all but a handful of Jews have been compelled to sell their businesses.

But by far the gravest economic consequence of Nazi anti-Semitism has been the exclusion of Jews from jobs. Although exact statistics are not available, it is generally believed that at least 75 per cent of Jews who held positions in 1933 have been dismissed. The rest are employed chiefly by other Jews. I know one merchant who has resisted every attempt to force him from business and who insists he will not yield until all his Jewish employees are provided for. The plight of young Jews is even worse, for only Aryans are permitted to join the Labor Front, which is Nazi Germany's vast company union. Since its members alone are given work in industry and commerce, Jews are automatically and permanently unemployed. They cannot even join the army or go to a labor camp. At the same time they are denied the opportunity to prepare for any other work. They cannot attend technical schools or universities or be trained as apprentices. Even the Jewish vocational schools preparing youths for work in other lands have been so restricted and harassed that their effectiveness has been drastically limited.

Under the circumstances every young Jew wishes to emigrate. And Jewish parents, who love their children at least as dearly as other parents, are willing to send them to the remotest ends of the earth in search of a better life. I said to one man whose sons are now settled in Palestine, South Africa, and Brazil, "You have lost your children." "That is our fate," he replied, weeping as much for joy as in sorrow, because although he would see them no more he was happy that they were free. This result is precisely what the Nazi government desires. For more than fifteen years Hitler has shouted his determination to eliminate the Jews from German life, and he is proud of his success.

It is a success which has been achieved not only through the economic measures I have mentioned but also through a carefully planned program of degradation, humiliation, and hardship calculated to force even those Jews who have an assured income to leave Germany. All Jews have been deprived of their citizenship, regardless of the fact that the families of many of them have been in the country more than a thousand years. A large majority of the Jewish children have been forced out of the public schools—by edict or by constant abuse and vilification. Textbooks as vile and dishonest as the *Stürmer* are in use in every school, and the most modern devices of pedagogy are employed to teach the most ancient lies. The innocent and defenseless victims of this campaign will probably never be entirely free from a sense of insecurity, from a distrust of non-Jews, from fear and bitterness, perhaps even from a strange self-hate. At the same time Nazi leaders create obstacles to the purchase or erection of buildings for Jewish schools. They admit frankly that they want nothing done which would suggest any permanent status for Jews in Germany

In the small towns life has become literally impossible for Jews. Irresistible pressure has prevented even the friendliest Gentiles from trading with them. Still worse in some ways is the refusal to sell to Jews. I have seen an official party communication reminding members that they are under no obligation to sell anything or render any service to non-Aryans. In hundreds of small towns Jews cannot buy milk or bread or meat. Medical aid has been denied them. I was told of many Jews who had died before physicians could be brought from other communities, and the Gestapo recently closed down the only remaining sanitarium in Germany for tubercular Jews. Even death brings no truce, for in the smaller communities undertakers refuse to sell coffins or render burial services for Jews.

The result of such persecution in the rural areas has been the disappearance of innumerable little Jewish communities all over Germany. The old Jewish families who had lived in peace and friendship with their neighbors until the Nazis came to power have departed. The signs "Jews Not Wanted Here," which appear in most of the small towns, have been obeyed with a tragic swiftness unequaled since the expulsion from Spain.

In the larger cities, where most of the dwindling Jewish population now live, the pressure has been less severe only because it was more difficult to apply. The government cannot so easily control the purchases of the four million inhabitants of Berlin. But it does the best it can. Propaganda against dealing with Jews is spread daily in the press, the radio, the cinema, and the schools, and every issue of the *Stürmer* and the *Schwarze Korps* features the names of Gentiles seen entering Jewish shops or physicians' offices.

Even in petty ways the regime annoys and humiliates its Jewish victims. In the public parks of Berlin there are yellow benches and above them yellow signs stating that they are exclusively for Jews. It is testimony to the depravity of the city officials that these signs are placed directly beneath those requiring dogs to be kept on the leash lest they deface the greensward. The fact that no Jew sits on these benches and that they are occupied exclusively by indifferent Aryans hardly mitigates the Jews' humiliation. Rabbis are arrested frequently, Jewish newspapers are suspended, sports organizations are disbanded, meetings are invaded or forbidden for no reason at all. Gestapo spies and informers generally attend Jewish gatherings and make trouble. When I was in Berlin, four Jewish girls in scout uniforms were arrested for walking together in the park. They were told by the police that when more than two march together it constitutes a mass movement for which police permission must be secured. The more absurd the excuse for the arrests, the more evident is the real reason, namely, to make life so miserable for the Jews that they will be compelled to leave the country. Some Jews do not choose that way out. The exact number of suicides is not known because the Gestapo confiscated a pamphlet containing the statistics and destroyed the records on which it was based. But it is common knowledge that the number is appalling.

Thus the Nazi assault upon the German Jews moves on from segregation to pauperization, to emigration, to annihilation. As in the Middle Ages Germany's Jews are cut off from all normal contact with the non-Jewish world. The few places in which they may live constitute the equivalent of the Pale of Settlement for Jews in Russia under the czar. But even under the czar the Jews could earn some kind of living. In Germany that has become impossible for all but a handful, with the result that about 100,000 of the 375,000 Jews still in Germany are dependent for support on Jewish charitable agencies. At least another 100,000 are supported by relatives. It is widely said that all families that still have incomes are maintaining at least three other families that have not. Gradually, however, the impoverishment of many once-wealthy Jews and the emigration of others have decreased the capacity to supply the needed assistance. Innumerable Jewish welfare, religious, and cultural organizations have been compelled to close their doors in the face of the most pressing need.

For its Jewish population Germany is rapidly becoming little more than a home for the aged and infirm. The young flee as quickly as they can find places of refuge. The married couples who remain avoid giving birth to children. There are large Jewish communities in which no child has been born in more than two years. In the meantime the middle-aged get older and the old die. Accordingly there has been a tremendous decline in the Jewish population. Estimated to have been between 550,000 and 600,000 in 1933, it has dwindled to 375,000. Approximately 125,000 have left the country. The tragic excess of deaths over births accounts for the remainder. For the Jews of Germany the choice is between emigration and death.

The A. F. of L. Gets "Militant"

BY SIDNEY HERTZBERG

Denver, October 12

CONVENTIONS of the American Federation of Labor have rarely been notable for displays of militancy. In the past delegates from progressive unions made brave speeches in favor of proposals that were destined to be crushed almost as a matter of course. But this year the progressives were making their proposals elsewhere, and the federation's convention was left almost completely to the "sound" labor leaders so beloved of the "sound" editorial writers. The convention has achieved a militancy of a sort, but it is a militancy directed against its own flesh and blood. It is primarily defensive. It is probably not the kind of militancy that many of the 3,000,000 members of the federation want, and in so far as it means organizing the unorganized it is belated. But there is power behind it, and it should not be treated cavalierly.

Exactly what is the nature of this militancy? The report of the resolutions committee, prepared by Matthew Woll and adopted by a vote of 25,616 to 1,227, listed five recommendations. In the first two the special committee for peaceful negotiations is continued, and the Executive Council is given the power, to be used "with discretion but without hesitation," to revoke the charters of the C. I. O. unions. Thus the way is left open for expulsion of some unions and peace overtures to others in the hope of splitting the C. I. O.

The third recommendation strongly reaffirms the A. F. of L.'s non-partisan political policy and puts under the head of labor's enemies "all who would in any way favor, encourage, or support the C. I. O." Next comes an open appeal to employers as well as politicians for aid in suppressing "a dictatorship" of "greedy leaders of labor who have forsaken their trust." Finally, just to make certain, there is the call to arms "against autocracy, against rebellion, against an alliance of American greed and alien communism." With magnificent irony the report concludes: "We must and we will have one united labor movement."

Why American labor should be faced with just this kind of "unity" is a long story. Certainly the die was cast before this convention opened. Mr. Woll's savagely eloquent report was written at an altitude lower than Denver's. By the time the Executive Council arrived at the convention even the so-called moderates were firm and uncompromising though a bit worried. President Green, whom adversity has made an effective orator, punctuated his attacks on the C. I. O. unions with pitiful pleas for them to "come back home," but there was never any doubt of the outcome. Neither is there any doubt that the A. F. of L. at the moment is struggling desperately to retain its power.

This stripping for war has had important effects on the A. F. of L.—none more interesting than its bearing on trade-union democracy. President Green's battle cry has been "democratic procedure"—from which it would seem that the American labor movement is to become impaled on a point of order. The fact is that in the excitement the democratic banner has taken no little punishment. John P. Frey, colonel-in-chief of the A. F. of L.'s Cheka, has been busy counting the Communists in the C. I. O. and the C. I. O. organizers in the National Labor Relations Board. Mr. Woll had much to say about "the dominating and fulminating Caesar of the C. I. O." Mr. Green himself sees Lewis alternately as a Communist and a fascist. It seems better to talk in these thundering phrases; to particularize would open the question of whether or not the Executive Council carried out the decision of the San Francisco convention and whether the exclusion of the C. I. O. unions from the Tampa convention came under the head of democracy. The efforts of the International Typographical Union to seat its president, Charles P. Howard, eloquently exposed the federation leadership's capacity for petty autocracy. Although the credentials committee started its sessions before the convention opened, there was not even a hearing on Mr. Howard's challenged credentials until the second Monday night of the convention, after the report on the C. I. O. had been discussed and voted upon.

Another by-product of the declaration of war on the C. I. O. which became apparent at the convention is a turn to the right in the general philosophy of the A. F. of L. Red-baiting now knows no limits. The fervor with which it has been carried on at this convention adequately makes up for the absence of the annual address by the national commander of the American Legion. It is not accidental that the two most vigorous speeches in favor of Matthew Woll's report on the C. I. O., aside from Green's, have been delivered by Republicans—one by Colonel Frey, which consisted almost entirely of readings from his dossiers; the other by Chauncey A. Weaver, delegate from the American Federation of Musicians and former prosecuting attorney of Des Moines, Iowa. Weaver's address was a lyrical attack on the Administration. Republicans and anti-Administration Democrats, particularly Mr. Frey, make the most, politically, of the federation's dissatisfaction with the National Labor Relations Act and the wages-and-hours bill.

Nothing better summarizes the conservative trend of the convention than the absence of a single resolution urging the formation of a farmer-labor party. In the past the slowly increasing support such resolutions obtained seemed to symbolize the federation's steady progress toward political maturity. This year the pocket-book workers, who, together with the millinery workers, sleeping-car porters, and teachers, formed a rather forlorn progressive bloc, tried to introduce a farmer-labor-party resolution. It failed to get the unanimous consent required even for introduction.

Unless the C. I. O.'s peace proposal, which arrives as this dispatch is being written, results in changes that cannot be anticipated now, it is clear that the first move of the Executive Council will be the revocation of the charters of the United Mine Workers and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. President Green has hinted as much in some of his remarks, and this course is strongly indicated in Mr. Woll's report on the C. I. O., which appeals to the rank and file of both the U. M. W. and the A. C. W. to disown their officers. But when it comes to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, it appeals to both officers and members to disown the C. I. O. and refers indirectly to the jurisdictional disputes between the International and the Amalgamated and to the personal ill-feeling between David Dubinsky and Sidney Hillman. "We cannot believe," the report reads, "that the officers and members of the Ladies' Garment Workers can or will long tolerate invasion of their jurisdiction, the ignoring and belittling of their officers, the whispered and undercover ridicule of their leaders."

The final item to be anticipated in these fraternal hostilities is violence. It is no secret that clashes between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. adherents have already taken place, nor is there any use for both sides to insist that there will be no raiding of each other's organizations. It has not worked out that way on the spot.

If, in fact, there is to be a labor war, what are the resources of the A. F. of L.? The general tone of the convention was a fighting one. No doubt the delegates were encouraged by the sound of their own voices. But on the whole they were serious rather than hysterical. There was much wailing about Lewis, but there was also a realization that if the A. F. of L. is to come out on top it has to get out and organize workers. This realization is basic, but it is not enough.

The federation's real weakness lies in its state federations, central labor bodies, and federal unions. Officials of federations and central bodies have much to lose by disruptive expulsions—often of their most militant and effective locals. It means a weakening of their power and prestige. The federal unions are generally young and militant and often industrial. They cannot be expected to harbor any particular loyalty to the A. F. of L. Trades that are so well organized that there is little likelihood of invasion of their jurisdictions, such as some of the building trades, theatrical employees, and the printing crafts, are not eager to fight. On the other hand, powerful international unions like the machinists and electrical workers are feeling the pinch.

An important element in the struggle is the fact that the A. F. of L. has an established machinery, which with money from a special per capita tax can grind along for some time. It is obvious from the Woll resolution that the

A. F. of L. expects to get the support of employers, who regard it as the lesser of two evils. Daniel J. Tobin writes in the teamsters' magazine that he consulted with employers before adopting a course of action to counteract doctrines that "are perhaps promulgated in New York or some foreign country."

If war breaks out in earnest, the issue of industrial unionism, already in eclipse, will be completely lost in the fight for power. The A. F. of L. knows it will have no time for jurisdictional disputes. It is organizing industrial unions now. How strong it will be on the armistice day which must come depends perhaps on how firmly it resists the impulse to decimate its industrial unions.

On the West Coast, in Cleveland, and in other localities this internecine strife has already resulted in bloodshed. One delegate boasted on the floor of the convention that his boys would show the C. I. O. "powder puffs with corners on them." The A. F. of L. is in a more ruthless mood toward the C. I. O. than it has ever been toward the employers.

Shopping Guide for Boycotters

BY JEAN LYON

THIS is not an argument for boycotting Japanese goods. It is a statement of how to boycott Japanese goods. The two principal rules for boycotters are: (1) Don't buy anything marked "Made in Japan"; (2) Don't buy silk.

Many of the small novelties which form so large a part of the five-and-ten-cent-store trade in this country are still distinctly marked "Made in Japan." Many articles, too, which the average householder never suspects of being Japanese-made are similarly marked. It is a simple matter for the boycotter to train himself to look for labels.

Even more important is the boycott of silk. The most important single item in the silk consumption of this country is women's silk hosiery. Ninety-seven per cent of all the raw silk consumed in this country in 1935—according to the U. S. Tariff Commission's last report—came from Japan. Sixty-nine per cent of that silk is used in stockings. Therefore *don't buy silk stockings.* Buy instead:

Sheer lisle, sold at about $1 a pair in department stores. They are full-fashioned, are sheer enough to compare favorably in appearance with silk, and can usually be found in several shades. They are probably the best substitute for sheer silk, as far as looks are concerned, now on the market. In New York they are carried by such stores as McCreery, Lord and Taylor, Arnold Constable, Macy; in other cities by comparable stores. Macy has them at 94 cents.

Medium-weight lisle, sold usually at about 85 cents a pair in department stores. Full-fashioned ones will fit neatly. They are quite suitable with sport clothes. McCallum puts out a union-made sport stocking in this weight in a heathery mixture called Lolisle which is sold for $1 at McCreery's in New York. Phoenix also produces a union-made stocking in this weight, full-fashioned, which can be ordered in New York through Gimbels.

Lisle nets, at about $1 if full-fashioned, less if only shaped. (Unless they are full-fashioned, they wrinkle around the ankle.) These are sold in most department stores. Arnold Constable in New York carries them in a novelty design which gives them a dressier appearance. Saks-Thirty-Fourth Street carries a lisle net for about 80 cents.

Less expensive lisles can be purchased for between 50 and 75 cents in stores with a lower price range, such as Hearn's, New York. They are usually not full-fashioned and are made of heavy lisle but look well with heavy-weight wool skirts.

Rayon stockings, not full fashioned, are sold for 50 cents or less in stores which carry lower-priced items. As far as could be learned from rayon companies, no full-fashioned rayon stockings are being made at present. They have been made in the past, however, and a demand for them, it is thought, would bring them back. If boycotters are not satisfied with lisle, it might be well for them to ask for full-fashioned rayon hosiery until they get it.

Don't buy silk underclothes. Buy instead synthetic silks, unless you prefer wool, of which there are many light-weight well-fitted types on the market for winter wear, or some other non-silk material. Rayon is easy to find in underclothes, and if it is laundered as rayon—with as little heat in washing and ironing as possible—it is often as satisfactory as silk. The following brands are suggested:

Barbizon (union made). The Ritemore slip of viscose rayon which sells at $1.65 has been tested and recommended as a "best buy" by Consumers' Union. There are also rayon panties, vests, and nightgowns under the same brand name. They are sold in department and specialty stores and may be obtained through Cooperative Distributors (postpaid), 114 East Sixteenth Street, New York. Some Barbizon things are made of silk. Specify that you want rayon.

Seraceta (union made), sold by the J. C. Penney Stores. The slip of acetate rayon taffeta selling at 98 cents is recommended as a "best buy" by Consumers' Union.

Luxite (union made), sold in department stores and specialty shops. The slip of viscose rayon selling for $1.09 is considered "acceptable" after being tested by Consumers' Union.

Chanda, sold at Macy's, New York, is a knit Bemberg type of underwear. It includes slips, panties, gowns, etc.

Other rayon underwear which is definitely called rayon should be acceptable to the boycotter. Beware, however, of mixtures of rayon and silk. Both Macy and Bloomingdale, in New York, are making a point of identifying fabrics, and will quite willingly tell a customer whether or not an article contains silk.

Don't buy silk dresses. The sheer wools this year are almost as formal, and there are always synthetic silks for those who prefer that type of fabric. Be sure, however, to get a domestic or Canadian synthetic silk, as Japan is exporting some rayon to this country. Some of the trade names of American rayon fabrics are Acele, Celanese, Chacelon, Seraceta, Bemberg, Crown.

Don't buy silk neckties. Wool, cotton, and pure rayon, if it can be identified as such, are all perfectly wearable substitutes and can be obtained in a wide price range.

Silk is not the only product for which the boycotter must be on the lookout. To be sure, it accounts for between three-fifths and four-fifths of Japan's exports to this country, but the other one-fifth to two-fifths must not be allowed to increase as the consumption of silk decreases. The Japanese-made items on the following list (acquired from a first-hand investigation of New York shops and the latest report, No. 105, of the United States Tariff Commission on Recent Developments in the Foreign Trade of Japan) should be shunned by the boycotter as severely as silk:

Canned crabmeat. Much of the canned crabmeat sold here is Japanese. Alaskan and Russian crabmeat can be found. Both are labeled.

Tuna fish. Japanese canned tuna is a whiter meat than the domestic variety. It is usually sold in the more expensive fancy groceries. Look for the label.

Electric-light bulbs. Japanese electric-light bulbs are among the lower-priced types and are usually marked as Japanese. If you are in doubt, however, get Mazda lights. They are definitely not Japanese.

Christmas-tree lights. Most of these are made from Japanese miniature bulbs. Noma Christmas lights, however, sold by Westinghouse, are fitted with Mazda bulbs.

Christmas-tree trimmings. The red and green decorations made of chip roping are almost exclusively from Japan. Christmas wreaths of the same material are also Japanese-made. If you aren't sure what chip roping is, use cranberries and popcorn this year.

Rag rugs of the "hit-and-miss" type. Almost all of these come from Japan. If you must have a rag rug, get it from an institution where you are sure it was made, such as New York's Lighthouse (for the blind).

Pearls. Cultured pearls are out completely. They all come from Japan. Imitation pearls of the cheaper sorts (five-and-ten-cent-store varieties in particular) come largely from Japan. They are seldom marked as Japanese, because they are sent over here to be strung or made into earrings.

Toys. Don't buy any inexpensive mechanical toys, celluloid dolls, or celluloid toys with movable parts. They come almost exclusively from Japan. Don't buy toy tea sets, which come largely from Japan. Don't buy toy musical instruments; almost all are Japanese-made. Beware of all toys in the five-and-ten-cent stores. Unless they are marked as American-made, they are very likely to be from Japan. Insist on seeing the label before you buy any toy this Christmas. There are plenty of domestic toys to choose from.

Tea. Japan supplies 80 per cent of our green tea and 10 per cent of our black tea. Watch your labels and know that you are getting a non-Japanese product.

Chinaware. Both in the cheaper and the more expensive grades considerable china comes from Japan. Much of it is sold in five-and-ten-cent stores and in gift shops. You can avoid it by looking at the mark.

Bamboo articles. Most of these come from Japan. They include bamboo pennant canes, which boycotters should refuse to wave at football games this season, and bamboo porch screens. You can substitute porch screens made of thin basswood. Also gift baskets and pet baskets. Let your pets sleep in egg crates.

Toothbrushes. Low-priced toothbrushes with bamboo handles are almost all made in Japan. Some with celluloid handles are also made there. Watch your labels.

Matches. Many of the matches in the penny packages come from Japan, especially those with colored stems. The boxes are usually labeled, and Japanese makes can be avoided by a little scrutiny.

Celluloid combs. Most five-cent and ten-cent combs are from Japan. The few domestic ones are usually marked "Made in U. S. A."

Sun glasses. Most of the sun glasses which retail for 20 cents or less are Japanese-made.

Mink furs. Japanese mink is distinguishable from American or Canadian mink by its lighter color.

Umbrellas. Insist on umbrellas with other than wooden handles. Most of the wooden handles on American-made umbrellas are imported from Japan.

Brooms. Buy only brooms made of broomcorn. Brooms made of rice straw contain Japanese material. Those of broomcorn are entirely domestic.

Magnifying glasses. The less expensive types, for non-scientific use, come largely from Japan.

Small mirrors. Many of these come from Japan. Look for the label.

Light-weight worsted gloves. Most of the imported ones come from Japan. Insist on a domestic make.

This list though not complete, covers the more important Japanese goods which the consumer can readily distinguish. Japanese materials which go into the manufacture of American products will have to be boycotted by organized pressure on American manufacturers. If boycotters will take this list with them when they shop, if they will remember the two principal rules—no silk and nothing marked "Made in Japan"—they will be using their buying power most effectively to induce Japan to abandon its ruthless aggression in China.

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Wall Street's New Mentor

BY MAX LERNER

LIKE any body of men that makes prowess and luck its *summum bonum,* Wall Street personalizes the forces with which it has to deal. Since 1934, when the SEC was created to watch over the men who manipulate other people's money, its chairmanship has, for the Street at least, ranked in interest beyond most Cabinet portfolios. The first chairman, Joe Kennedy, was definitely "one of ours"—a boy from the Wall Street slums who had somehow grown up in that financial Dead End without succumbing to its gangsterism, but who was nevertheless known and trusted by the big shots on the Street. His successor, Jim Landis, being a Harvard law professor, a former Frankfurter disciple, a drafter of the Securities Act, and seemingly a brash young man, aroused Wall Street fears at first, but soon managed to allay them. Now comes, as the new chairman, William O. Douglas. And Wall Street wants to know, in his own words, "what kind of a bird" he is.

Apparently the Street has some basis for its jitters about Douglas. His record thus far is that of the most uncompromising member who ever sat on the commission, and despite Joe Kennedy's belief in him and support of him, Wall Street fought his selection as chairman with every means it knew how to employ. Now, nervous over the stock-market slump, aware that the first two chairmanships of the SEC were merely preparatory and that this one is likely to be crucial, it wants to know how "safe" its new mentor is.

Whatever he is, whether radical or conservative, Bill Douglas is the West Coast brand. At thirty-nine he has not lost the look of the Western college boy, lanky, sandy-haired, earnest, able, who has come East and made good. The first impression he makes is bucolic—a big fellow, very blond, with light eyebrows and childlike blue eyes—a slow-moving fellow, low-voiced and deliberate in speech—a simple sort of fellow, with slouching ways and carelessly chosen clothes. As you get to know him, however, you discard any notions you may have had of his being either bucolic or simple. He has one of the sharpest and deftest minds in Washington, a capacity for handling people and a calculated skill in winning them over or shocking them, as occasion may require, a sense of strategy, and an air of quiet authority. You begin to see him tentatively as a man of immense native ability, who has fitted the standards of an American university training and the skills acquired in the world of law and finance into the ideals of the Western lower-middle class.

Douglas's boyhood was nomadic in the best frontier tradition. His father, who was a home missionary, moved from one Western small town to another. After the father's death, the family finally settled in 1903, when the boy was five, at Yakima, Washington. Yakima was a small town, with the narrow conservatism only a small town can show. In fact, the whole state had been little affected at the time by the radical agrarianism of its sister-state, Oregon. And yet signs were not wholly lacking of new and native radicalism, based on a dawning consciousness that the natural resources of the state had been rifled by predatory finance.

High school was for Douglas an intellectual awakening, chiefly because of good teachers. They made dents in the armor of his conventionality—so much so that the claim made a short time ago by the Yakima *Republic,* a stalwart Republican daily, that "the Yakima school system should not be held responsible for the career of the infant prodigy who seems destined to become chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission" was by no means warranted. At Whitman College, in Walla Walla, young Douglas majored in economics, but the principal impressions made on him came slantwise from unlikely sources—from an English professor who, apart from his subjects, was a great stirrer-up of young men, and from a professor of geology and physics whom Douglas considers the greatest teacher he has ever met and of whom he still speaks with fervor. As for books, Douglas was too busy working outside class hours to read any. One still gets from him the feeling of a man who has never had leisure and wouldn't know what to do with it. During the harvest season he went into the wheat fields with the casual laborers, mostly I. W. W.'s, and after work he sat around with the "wobblies" on sacks of wheat, while they talked of their experiences and their prowess and the dream of revolution. Curiously, Douglas seems completely untouched by their social doctrine. I have rarely seen a man regarded as a radical, even a Western radical, who had less interest in labor or revolutionary doctrine.

How Douglas made the transition from all this to his present place has become by now a set of minor myths. He wanted to study law in the East, but he had no money. He taught Latin and English for a few years at the Yakima high school and coached the debating team, but most of what he saved he lost through an unlucky insurance venture. Finally in 1922 he set off desperately for New York. How he took charge of a herd of sheep as far as Montana, rode the rods the rest of the way into Chicago, and then spent his last dollar on railway fare to New York has been told several times. What has not been told is how miserable this Western boy felt when he first encountered New York. He found none of the warmth of the West; he found only cold, reserved men, intent on success. He could get no work, failed to pay either his room rent or his tuition, and was put out of his dormitory room. He soon managed, however, to pick up about $600 by taking a correspondence-school textbook on commercial law and fitting each lesson out with an armory of actual cases, and it tided him over his difficulties. But the study of law still seemed to him heavy, dogmatic, and stultifying. He felt he had made a mistake to come East at all, but he stuck the year out. The last two years of law school were, however, transformed for him by the work on the relation between law and business that he did with Underhill Moore, whom he regards as the best teacher in the entire field of law.

For two years after graduating from law school, Douglas went out, like an anthropologist, into Wall Street to study the facts of law and life among the natives. He interviewed the high-powered lawyers in the financial district, right down the line. It was hard not to succumb to the magic of the power that surrounded them, and for a moment at least—so Douglas confesses now—he had a vision of becoming one of them. The firm he entered was Cravath, De Gersdorff, Swaine, and Wood, and what he found in his new work was something he had been entirely unprepared for. It was not so much law as corporation finance, intricate, subtle, compelling. He threw himself into its mysteries and how well he mastered them many a lawyer and broker has since ruefully acknowledged. He was apprenticed to a good craftsman—Robert T. Swaine, one of the crack corporation lawyers in the country. By a curious twist of irony, Douglas years later was to have Swaine on the stand in the course of his protective-committees investigation for the SEC, to hammer away at him for five days in his inquiry into the Frisco and the Paramount-Publix reorganizations, and, as the record shows, he did not come off second best.

A bright future beckoned Douglas if he stayed with the firm. The boom market of the twenties was in full swing, his contacts with the Exchange were numerous and intimate, his friends were all playing the market. But a single plunge, although it netted him a profit, proved enough for him. He never went in again; it was too much like rolling dice. Despite the temptations to stay in Wall Street, Douglas managed to build up a curious detachment about the whole business. Moore, who was a Veblen enthusiast, had introduced him to "Absentee Ownership," which made a deep impresion on him, and evoked that mood of pitiless aloofness that gave Veblen's thought about business its strength and its stringency. He was even more impressed by Brandeis's "Other People's Money," phrases from which still keep cropping up in his speeches. So, in 1927, he left New York and went back to Yakima to hang out his shingle. He had a strong feeling for the Western country and was sure his roots were there. But arrived at Yakima, he found he was one of sixty-five lawyers in a town of 20,000. After ten days he came back to Columbia to teach and he has been teaching law ever since. Even now, as chairman of the SEC, he is on leave of absence from the Yale Law School.

Douglas came to the SEC in October, 1934, as head of its investigation of protective committees, held hearings for fifteen months, established a reputation as an unyielding and infrangible inquisitor, and was on the point of writing his report in January, 1936, when Joe Kennedy resigned from the commission and Douglas was appointed to succeed him. It is one of the anomalies of his personality that, radical as he seems, he always got along with Kennedy. Philosophically the two men have a vast area of common ground—one could even take the now famous Bond Club speech of Douglas's and find its essentials stated in various memoranda that Kennedy has left in the SEC files—but where they differ is that in action Kennedy has usually yielded to Wall Street, whereas Douglas's compromises still lie in the future.

Douglas has worked out a formula about the history of the commission which is tactful yet fairly true. Kennedy's chairmanship he sees as the period of consolidating the legislative victory of the Securities Act, when everything depended on good relations with Wall Street; Landis's chairmanship he sees as the period when the tools were sharpened with which the commission would have to work; but both periods took too long, he adds, and it is high time now that the commission got things done.

Whether he will be able to get anything done depends on a good many factors. He has to reckon with the fiercest potential opposition from the financial community that any government agency in Washington has encountered. He has, secondly, to do his work in the framework of Washington politics, both sacred and profane; that is, he has to deal with Morgenthau of the Treasury and Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board, as well as with Farley and Congress. Finally, he has in his own commission a still unknown quantity.

His colleague Matthews is a hard-headed Wisconsin Republican, with a good knowledge of finance and a background of work in accounting and utilities, who is almost certain to be on the conservative side in most decisions. His colleague Healey is a Vermont Republican but very different from Matthews, hard-headed but aggressive, ready to move forward in the actual application of the powers of the commission, Brandeisian in his moral view of right and wrong in financial practice. But the other two places on the commission are vacant, and a good deal of Douglas's future will depend on the kind of men who will fill them.

Beyond the commission itself, the problem of personnel is almost insuperable. The staff of the SEC, as Kemper Simpson said in his statement a few weeks ago, is recruited largely from money-minded men who come to government work because they will be able to capitalize on it when they go back to Wall Street later on. Even with an ideal commission, the energy for regulating the exchanges and the utilities effectively would have to be transmitted through the whole staff. And it has been the fate of every agency that has set out to regulate big business that its staff has made it in the end an intellectual suburb of Wall Street. Douglas knows this. He is not naive about either economics or administration. When he says, then, that he wants action, what sort of action does he mean, and how does he intend to get it?

Certain things about Douglas's program are clear. Out of his protective committees have come three bills which he intends to push through at the coming session of Congress. They are the Chandler bill to revise the Bankruptcy Act and make it tighter, the Lea bill to revise the Securities Act with respect to the soliciting of proxies in reorganizations, and the Barkley bill regulating the practices by which commercial banks, operating hitherto as trustees for securities under trust indentures, have played hob with those investments. It is also clear that Douglas will tighten up on accounting practices in corporate financing, that he will abbreviate and simplify the prospectuses that are filed with the commission on the issue of new securities, that he will move to regulate the over-the-counter market as well as the exchanges, and that he will prosecute the open and flagrant cases of manipulation in the exchanges more vigorously and more speedily than the commission has ever done.

But more important than any of the items in such a specific program is the economic and social philosophy behind the program as a whole. Douglas believes that, given the passage of the three bills now before Congress, the commission would have ample legal power to achieve its purposes. As for the purposes themselves, he sees them as a pretty complete reconditioning of the financial structure of the country.

That will sound to most Wall Street men, and even to most liberals, sweepingly radical. But when stress is laid upon the word "reconditioning," it becomes clear that if his plans are radical, it is only in an ethical sense. Douglas is both ironically and genuinely honest when he calls himself "a conservative of the old school." What he is driving at is that, given a capitalist structure, there is nothing wrong with the conservative theory of finance. What is wrong is the wild and unscrupulous departure from that theory in actual practice. And he knows as well as anyone in the country what excesses that practice has involved. For years he conducted a bankruptcy clinic at Yale Law School. During his three years with the commission he has spent most of his time studying reorganizations. He has become a specialist in ruins, and as a result there has crept into his thinking the macabre moral note that you will find in most undertaking establishments. In fact, the reason his speeches have been so frightening to those high financiers who live by respectable crookedness is that he takes their professions at face value and demands that they be translated into action. And that involves, of course, not a new framework of ideals but a change in behavior.

The infuriating thing from Wall Street's standpoint is that Douglas has taken an impregnable position. All that the big fellows can do is to rage privately and seek through subterranean channels to sabotage whatever program he may seek to put through. Publicly they can only agree. He is in a beautiful strategic position when he sits back and says that, as Wall Street's mentor, all he wants is honesty on the Stock Exchange—the simple honesty by which customers' men will not try to sell clients the stock in which their own firms have heavy interests, by which commercial banks acting as trustees will not feather their own nests in the process, by which lawyers and bankers will not first wreck a corporation to their own advantage and then reorganize it so as to perpetuate their control. And when, as in his Chicago University speech a year ago, he called the dishonest people on the Street "financial termites," eating away at the structure of sound finance, business might have been appalled at the phrasing, but the sentiment was impeccable.

As for methods, Douglas is a thorough realist. He is keenly aware of the difficulties of his job. "A fellow like me," he says, "starts with 100 per cent, and he'll be lucky if he gets 51 per cent." Since his whole program runs in terms of the enforcement of honesty, this means that the best you can expect from finance is an honest deal about every other time. On the commission itself the new chairman will prove a shrewd bargainer. He has an engaging and deceptive frankness, a knowledge of how to hold a couple of deuces in his hand without betraying the fact, and a quality of will that retains a good deal of steel. He knows how to handle men, how to work with them and get their loyalty; he knows the importance of backing up a subordinate when the heat is put on him; and he has the patience and the stamina to drive a job through to its end.

And yet I am by no means optimistic about his getting even his 51 per cent. Basically, the job he has undertaken can be handled for better or worse, and he is definitely on the better side; but it cannot be handled thoroughly. What the commission confronts is not just a few moral foibles or a few criminal acts in a general structure that is in essence sound. Douglas has been influenced, as I have said, by both Veblen and Brandeis, but I cannot see that he has ever really understood Veblen. For Veblen's theory was not an ethical one, of seeing high finance as socially vicious only when it departed from a sound norm. To Veblen the norm itself was predatory, exploitative, and hollow; finance, as distinguished from industry, was "the art of getting something for nothing." And from this standpoint to ask high finance to be constructive and honest is to ask it to commit hara-kiri and rid itself of its own essence.

We are dealing with an economic and legal set-up in which our whole industrial system is a satrapy of high finance. To attempt to do away with banker control of industry is impossible short of socialism—and Douglas is nothing of a socialist. He knows that the power of finance over industry is a fact. The question for him is where it shall be permitted to concentrate. There are two schools of thought on government regulation—one holding that if the financial power is concentrated in a few hands it is more subject to government control than if it is driven underground, and the other maintaining that it is more easily controlled if it is decentralized. Douglas goes with the latter. That is, of course, the Brandeis school of thought, and the nation may well expect that Douglas will drive in that direction as hard and as skilfully as he can. His vision of the financial structure is one in which the rules of business conduct on the exchanges will be enforced instead of being ignored in a gentlemanly fashion, in which the number of commission-hungry mouths will be reduced so that there will be enough commissions to go around, in which the conflicts of interest which make a broker or banker or dealer or underwriter seek to serve more than one master will be disentangled and resolved. He envisages, in his inmost mind, a neat and tidy financial universe with a perfect division of labor, each group performing a single function and getting for that function the reward that goes to the honest servicing of industry and the assumption of risk—and only that reward.

It is a fine and courageous ideal. But it will be fun to watch what happens to an intelligent and militant public official when he discovers finally that it cannot be realized.

"Communists" at Sea

BY FELIX RIESENBERG

IF YOU don't mind sleeping in a narrow bunk on a dirty mattress crawling with bedbugs and have no objection to crowding into a dark hole deep in the after peak of a ship, over the screw, where fumes from showers and toilets permeate the humid air; and if lack of ventilation or light has no terror for you and you like to take your meals in a smelly messroom just off a hot galley, sitting at a narrow bench covered with soiled oilcloth and facing a blank wall not too clean, with a slovenly mess boy shoving a plate of greasy stew over your shoulder—if these things please you and you are thankful for them and obedient, you are a 100 per cent American seaman, a credit to the flag and to the United States. On the other hand, if you kick about such things, if you take part in "inciting to riot," join sitdown strikes, and in that way interfere with the earnings of a run-down cargo steamer, you are a Communist. Living conditions, in brief, are the cause of much of the discontent and rioting we have had in the last two years along our waterfronts and on board ships of the United States merchant marine.

No one with half an eye, or a nose, or a sense of decency can deny that many craft flying the Stars and Stripes have been and in many instances still are a disgrace to civilization. For years matters drifted along, conditions getting more and more deplorable. A law was passed in 1920 permitting cargo vessels to carry up to sixteen passengers. This law was taken advantage of by many operators, who proceeded to alter their cargo vessels. The captain was left on the bridge deck, but the other officers' quarters were converted into passenger accommodations. The higher officers were shoved back into the engine-room alleyways and other places once occupied by petty officers, who in turn were moved into what had been the crew's quarters. The crew were stowed in any place available.

Then began "tramp cruising," and the worn-out ships grew more and more decrepit. Discomfort made for frequent crew changes. More and more bums drifted on board, did what damage they could, and departed. Drunkenness, helped by prohibition ashore, increased on shipboard. Men were picked up on the beach or wherever they might be found. Able-bodied seamen's "tickets" were easily obtained. Lifeboatmen's certificates were issued to men who could not pull an oar, after they had looked at and toyed with a model lifeboat about three feet long swung over a desk. In one institution men were taught to row by sitting on planks swung from the ceiling of a room.

In the summer of 1934 a strike of longshoremen, teamsters, and seamen began on the Pacific Coast. These men, ably led, were told the facts about the shipping business, which was just then being brought into the limelight by the exposures of the Senate committee headed by Hugo Black. They noted the contrast between their living conditions and the vast sums paid to the operators by the United States government under the mail contracts. After the settlement of this strike hundreds of quickie strikes, job actions, and the like occurred. Then interunion warfare started, in many instances abetted by the owners. In the depths of the depression great numbers of "workaways" were shipped from coast to coast at a few cents per passage, adding to the growing discontent. In some services whole crews were made up of these sea tramps.

Then, in September, 1934, came the Morro Castle fire. Tremendous reforms, originating in and out of Congress, began to agitate the sea. Union delegates on board ship began to talk in louder tones, wages were increased, and overtime money was paid. During this period many American merchant-marine officers were compelled to put in from two to three hours a day, in addition to their eight hours of watch duty, keeping vessels chipped and painted. This extra work was stopped, not by the officers, but by the unionized seamen themselves, who saw their work being taken away from them. The officers then joined forces with the seamen, and discipline went into the discard. For this, too, the Communists got the blame.

Just as business began to pick up, along came the hundred-day West Coast strike of 1936-37, which tied up shipping at a cost of a billion dollars to the public, the owners, and the men. This labor war was finally settled, after interminable wrangling, largely as a result of the exhaustion of the contending parties. At the same time a precarious labor peace on the East Coast was preserved through a practical understanding between operators and the leaders of labor. East Coast wages, however, remained lower than those on the Pacific Coast and no overtime was paid. In order to save some money the East Coast operators chose to sit on a powder keg. Then

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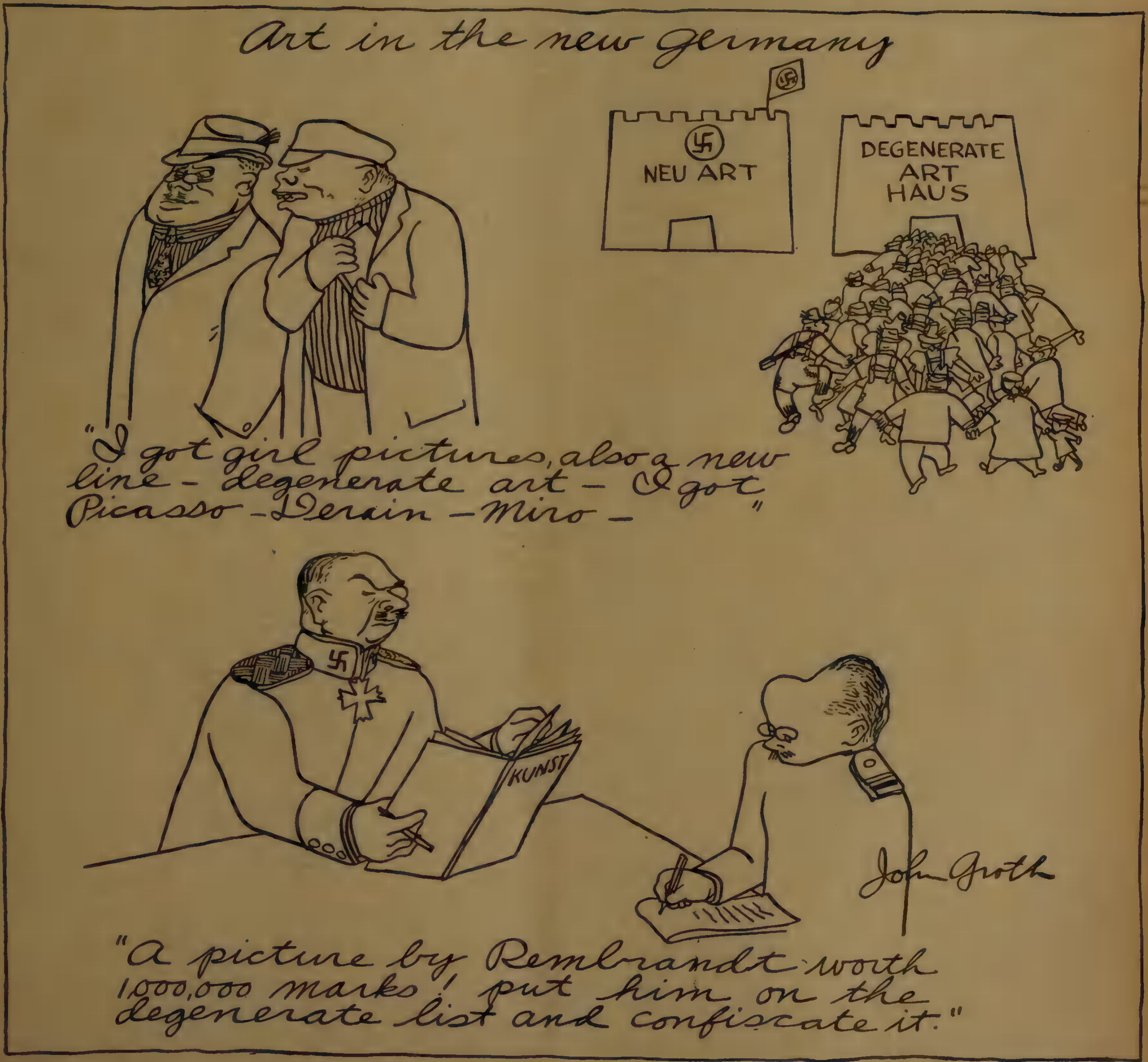
came Mr. Curran and the first great "mutiny" on the California.

The rest is current history. Inter-union disputes continue, though the old International Seamen's Union has been largely overcome by the new National Maritime Union. But some gains have been made. Reconditioning of crew quarters is under way. Four ships owned by the United States government—two of the American Republics Line, two of the America-France Line—have had decent crew quarters put in. Many private lines are now engaged in a late campaign to kill off vermin, paint and ventilate quarters, and otherwise make living conditions aboard ship halfway decent. And wages have gone up for many ranks.

Clearly the advantage at present is with brawn; the lower ranks of seamen and longshoremen are militant and the owners never do anything for the man who does not kick. The chief officers of our most palatial steamers, the Washington and the Manhattan, get $200 a month; while a longshoreman on the Embarcadero at San Francisco makes from $200 to $250 a month, with a six-hour day and pay for overtime. The officer must have many years of experience and much technical knowledge and must hold a certificate as a master mariner; the stevedore has only to be a member of Mr. Bridges's International Longshoremen's Union.

Some of those who think about the situation on board ship—the alleged lack of discipline and so forth—wonder if the cards have not been stacked for the agitators, or Communists if you like, by those responsible for the conditions. I have met no Communists at sea, only victims of the life, which, thank God, is getting better. Some day the sea will again be a respected calling among our people.

Behind the Enemy Lines—by John Groth


Art in the new Germany
NEU ART
DEGENERATE ART HAUS
"I got girl pictures, also a new line - degenerate art - I got Picasso - Derain - Miro - "
KUNST
John Groth
"a picture by Rembrandt worth 1,000,000 marks! put him on the degenerate list and confiscate it."

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AGAIN the political kaleidoscope is making strange bedfellows. The New York *Herald Tribune* and six of our most earnest and sincere peace societies are one in believing that President Roosevelt's Chicago speech has set us directly upon the path to war. As I am an official of one of those societies and differ with its conception of the situation, and as I have received requests for a clarification of my position, I shall restate the situation as it appears to me.

Naturally, if I thought the President's course would put us into war I should oppose it instead of having urged it in advance. And if I felt that moral leadership of the world in protest against the brigand states was incompatible with complete American neutrality in the wars in Spain and China I should be opposed. I am still completely isolationist so far as using any force whatsoever or taking part in joint armed action against Japan or any other nation is concerned. I still desire the immediate enforcement of the Neutrality Act. The President in his Chicago speech stressed the desire of the American people to stay at peace and declared that we had no intention of going to war. To this the reply is made that he frequently changes his mind, that Wilson also repeatedly asserted that the country was not going to enter the war and yet was forced into it, and that when you begin interfering in the affairs of other nations you may easily find yourself at war. The Emergency Peace Campaign feels this so strongly that it has issued a little circular drawing a parallel between what has been done so far and the events of 1916 and 1917 which started us along the road to war.

To this my reply is that we are taking a big chance in trusting to the President—to any President—but that we are obliged to. I again call attention to Mr. Roosevelt's statement at Chautauqua that no matter what neutrality laws we might pass, peace would depend upon the men who, when danger came, were President and Secretary of State. The power of the President to put us into war is beyond question; Wilson exercised that power six times, twice against Mexico and against Nicaragua, Haiti, San Domingo, and Germany. A certain amount of risk is unavoidable; even if we absolutely isolated ourselves, and kept silent about the lack of morals and the inhumanity of the brigand nations, we should still be in danger in a war-mad world. But it has been the historic attitude of the United States to express its opinion against international wrongdoing and to voice its sympathy with the victims of aggression. Our government championed the Jews in Russia at the time of the Kishinev massacres, and President Cleveland defended the cause of Venezuela against Great Britain—not wisely but with good motives. It has been perfectly obvious for a long time past that the world was waiting for someone to say the things that the President is saying. The reception of those words in the democratic countries abroad proves that. It is undeniable that everything depends upon the next step; I said last week that *if* the President's Chicago speech were wisely followed up it might be a turning-point in world affairs. That meant, of course, that if it were not wisely followed up or if it were not followed up at all, we should have to take a different view of the situation.

Is there not a great difference between our situation today and that of 1917? Twenty years ago we were deeply involved in the war then raging; our whole industry had become a part of the Allied military machine; we had made loans of great amounts to the Allies. Men high in the government, like Robert Lansing, as we now know, were urging that we go into the war to continue the war-time prosperity by which we were profiting. For three years we had swallowed propaganda we now know to have been deliberately deceitful. Today the situation is entirely different. We have our business commitments in both China and Japan, but what they are calling for is not war but peace. If war continues, those interests will be irretrievably damaged. We are not supplying vast quantities of military supplies to the two belligerents in Asia. Moreover, the public is disillusioned; it has not forgotten our experience in making the world safe for democracy, and our politicians in Washington are entirely aware of the pacific temper of the people. I submit that we are in a totally different and far safer position now than in 1917.

Would the enforcement of the Neutrality Act interfere with our leadership in a spiritual union and perhaps even a boycott against Japan? I cannot see that it would. What the President has done is to state an attitude and not a program. What this attitude will do for the world in the long run we can only know as the policy gradually unfolds, but at least, thanks to him and fifty-two nations in the League, Japan has not gone unwhipped of justice. It has been branded before all the world as a transgressor, and that is a great deal. The cynics will say it is nothing; they have no faith in spiritual and moral values. They will insist that the President is not saving Japanese and Chinese lives. Not yet, perhaps, but one cannot tell. Personally I hope that there will be further steps to send Japan to Coventry and to prove that the nations can bring to book one of their number without committing the supreme folly and the supreme crime of resorting to useless mass murder.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE ART OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

BY KATHERINE ANNE PORTER

THIS past fourteenth of October would have been Katherine Mansfield's forty-ninth birthday. This year is the fifteenth since her death. During her life she had a fabulous prestige among young writers in England and America. Her readers were not numerous but they were devoted. It must be a round dozen years since I have read any of her stories; reading them again in this recently collected edition,[*] which contains some that are new to me, I am certain she deserved her fame, and I wonder why it was not greater.

Of late I find my interest diverted somewhat from her achievement as artist to the enigma of her personal history. Actually there is little in her work to justify this, since the work itself can stand alone without clues or notes as to its origins in her experience; a paper chase for autobiographical data in these stories may be interesting in itself, but it adds nothing to the value of the stories. They exist in their own right. Yet I find it impossible to make these few notes without a certain preoccupation with her personal life of alternate flight and search; her beginnings in New Zealand, going to London to find the kind of place and the kind of people she wanted, her life there first as musician and then as writer; the many influences upon her mind and emotions of her friends and enemies—who in effect seem to have been interchangeable; her prolonged struggle with illness; her insoluble religious dilemma; her mysterious loss of faith in her own gifts and faculties; the disastrous failure of her forces at thirty-three, and the slowly engulfing despair that brought her finally to die at Fontainebleau.

These things are of first importance in a study which is yet to be done of the causes of Katherine Mansfield's own sense of failure in her work and in her life, but they do little to explain the work itself, which is superb. This misplaced emphasis of my attention I owe perhaps to her literary executor, who has edited and published her letters and journals with a kind of merciless insistence, a professional anxiety for her fame on what seems to be the wrong grounds, and from which in any case his personal relation to her might have excused him for a time. Katherine Mansfield's work is the important fact about her, and she is in danger of the worst fate that an artist can suffer—to be overwhelmed by her own legend, to have her work neglected for an interest in her "personality."

There are eighty-eight stories in this book, fifteen of which, her last, were left unfinished. The matter for regret is in these fifteen stories. Some of her best work is in them. She had been developing steadily, along a straight and fairly narrow path, working faithfully toward depth and concentration. Her handling of her material was firmer, her style had reached the flexibility of high tension and control, she had all her prime virtues and was shedding her faults, but her work had improved strictly in kind and not in difference. It is the same quick, ironic, perceptive mind, the same (very feminine) emotional nature, at work here from beginning to end.

In her the homely humility of the good craftsman toward his medium deepened slowly into a fatal self-distrust, and she set up for herself a standard of impossible perfection. It seems to have been on the grounds of the morality of art and not aesthetics that she began to desire a change in her own nature, who would have had quite literally to be born again to change. But the point is, she believed she could achieve a spiritual and mental rebirth by the practice of certain disciplines and the study of esoteric doctrines. She was innately religious, but she had no point of reference, theologically speaking; she was unable to accept her traditional religion, and she did finally, by what appears to have been an act of the will against all her grain, adopt means to make her fatal experiment in purification. As her health failed, her fears grew, her religious impulse wasted itself in an anxious straining toward some unknown infinite source of strength, of energy-renewing power, from which she might at the cost of single-hearted invocation find some fulfilment of true being beyond her flawed mortal nature. Now for her help and counsel in this weighty matter she had all about her, at different periods, the advice and influence of John Middleton Murry, A. R. Orage, D. H. Lawrence, and, through Orage, Gurdjieff.

Katherine Mansfield has been called a mystic, and perhaps she was, but in the severe hierarchy of mysticism her rank cannot be very high. André Maurois only yesterday wrote of her "pure feminine mysticism." Such as it was, her mysticism was not particularly feminine, or any purer than the mysticism of D. H. Lawrence; and that was very impure matter indeed. The secret of her powers did not lie in this domain of her mind, and that is the puzzle: that such a good artist could so have misjudged herself, her own capacities and directions. In that rather loosely defined and changing "group" of variously gifted persons with whom Katherine Mansfield was associated through nearly all her working years, Lawrence was the prophet, and the idol of John Middleton Murry. They all were nervously irritable, self-conscious, and groping, each bent on painting his own portrait (The Young Man as Genius), and Katherine Mansfield's nerves suffered too from the teaching and the preaching and the quarreling and the strange vocabulary of ecstasy that threw a pall over any true joy of living.

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[*] "The Short Stories of Katherine Mansfield." Alfred A. Knopf, $3.50.

She possessed, for it is in her work, a real gaiety and a natural sense of comedy; there were many sides to her that made her able to perceive and convey in her stories a sense of human beings living on many planes at once, with all the elements justly ordered and in right proportion. This is a great gift, and she was the only one among them who had it, or at least the only one able to express it. Lawrence, whose disciple she was not, was unjust to her as he was to no one else, and that is saying a good deal. He did his part to undermine her.

Mr. Murry's words in praise of her are too characteristic of the time and the special point of view to be ignored. Even today he can write that "her art was of a peculiarly instinctive kind." I confess I cannot understand the use of this word. That she was born with the potentialities of an artist, perhaps? I judge her work to have been to a great degree a matter of intelligent use of her faculties, a conscious practice of a hard-won craftsmanship, a triumph of discipline over the unruly circumstances and confusions of her personal life and over certain destructive elements in her own nature. She was deliberate in her choice of material and in her methods of using it, her technical resources grew continually, she cleared away all easy effects and tricky turns of phrase; and such mastership is not gained by letting the instincts have it all their own way.

Again Mr. Murry, in his preface: "She accepted life . . . she gave herself . . . to life, to love . . . she loved life, with all its beauty and pain . . . she responded to life more completely than any writer I have known except D. H. Lawrence. . . ."

Life, love, beauty, pain, acceptance, response, these are great words and they should mean something, and their meaning depends upon their exact application and reference. Whose life? What kind of love? What sort of beauty? And so on. It was this kind of explicitness that Katherine Mansfield possessed and was able to use, when she was at her best and strongest. She was magnificent in her objective view of things, her real sensitiveness to climate, mental or physical, her genuinely first-rate equipment in the matter of the five senses, and my guess, based on the evidence of her stories, is that she by no means accepted everything, either abstractly or in detail, and that whatever her vague love of something called Life may have been, there was as much to hate as to love in her individual living. Mistakenly she fought in herself those very elements that combined to form her virtue: a certain grim, quiet ruthlessness of judgment, an unsparing and sometimes cruel eye, a natural malicious wit, an intelligent humor; and beyond all she had a burning, indignant heart that was capable of great compassion. Read "The Woman at the Store," or "A Birthday," and "The Child-Who-Was-Tired," one of the most terrible of stories; read "The Fly," and then read "Millie," or "The Life of Ma Parker." With fine objectivity she bares a moment of experience, real experience, in the life of some one human being; she states no belief, gives no motives, airs no theories, but simply presents to the reader a situation, a place, and a character, and there it is; and the emotional content is present as implicitly as the germ is in the grain of wheat.

Katherine Mansfield has a reputation for an almost finicking delicacy. She was delicate as a surgeon's scalpel is delicate. Her choice of words was sure, a matter of good judgment and a good ear. Delicate? Read, in "A Married Man's Story," the passage describing the prostitute who has been beaten, coming into the shop of the evil little chemist for his famous "pick-me-up." Or such a scene as the fat man spitting over the balcony in "Violet"; or the seduction of Miss Moss in "Pictures." "An Indiscreet Journey" is a story of a young pair of lovers, set with the delicacy of sober knowledge against the desolate and brutalized scene of, not war, but a small village where there has been fighting, and the soldiers in the place are young Frenchmen, and the inn is "really a barn, set out with dilapidated tables and chairs." There are a few stories which she fails to bring off, quite, and these because she falls dangerously near to triviality or a sentimental wistfulness, of which she had more than a streak in certain moments. But these are few, and far outweighed by her best stories, which are many. Her celebrated "Prelude" and "At the Bay," "The Doll's House," "The Daughters of the Late Colonel" keep their freshness and curious timelessness. Here is not her view of life but her many views of many kinds of lives, and there is no sign of even a tacit acquiescence in these sufferings, these conflicts, these evils deep-rooted in human nature. Mr. Murry writes of her adjusting herself to life as a flower, etc.; there is an elegiac poesy in this thought, but—and remember I am judging by her pages here under my eye—I see no sign that she ever adjusted herself to anything or anybody, except at an angle where she could get exactly the slant and the light she needed for the spectacle.

She had, then, all her clues; she had won her knowledge honestly, and she turned away from what she knew to pursue some untenable theory of personal salvation under a most dubious teacher. "I fail in my personal life," she wrote in her journal, and this sense of failure infected her life as artist, which is also personal. Her decision to go to Fontainebleau was no whim, no accident. She had long been under the influence of Orage, her first publisher and her devoted friend, and he was the chief disciple of Gurdjieff in England. In her last finished story, "The Canary," a deep parable of her confusion and despair, occurs the hopeless phrase: "Perhaps it does not so much matter what one loves in this world. But love something one must." It seems to me that St. Augustine knew the real truth of the matter: "It doth make a difference whence cometh a man's joy."

"The Canary" was finished in July, 1922. "In the October following she deliberately abandoned writing for a time and went into retirement at Fontainebleau, where she died suddenly and unexpectedly on the night of January 9, 1923." And so joined that ghostly company of unfulfilled, unhappy English artists who died and are buried in strange lands.

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MINORITY JINGO

BY BENJAMIN STOLBERG

"NEGRO Builders and Heroes"* is the latest addition to the long list of narcotic volumes on the American Negro by the Reverend Benjamin Brawley. Essentially each of Mr. Brawley's books is a rewrite of his last: "A Short History of the American Negro," "The Negro in Literature and Art," "A Social History of the American Negro," "Negro Genius," now this title, no doubt more such to come. To review one of them is to review them all. For they are merely successive editions of Who's Who in Colored America—in the smug opinion of Mr. Brawley. These perennial almanacs of colored virtue and success have nothing to do, in spite of their titles, with the history or the literature or the art of the American Negro. Above all, they are totally innocent of the least perception of the Negro's deep and complex and distorted tragedy in the class relations of American society.

Mr. Brawley's style is reminiscent of his innumerable lectures before "ladies' auxiliaries" or the Independent Order of St. Luke. His material can always be reorganized with scissors and paste; so can his second-hand learning. His critical acumen is a sort of spiritual carbon copy of the professional optimism of William Lyon Phelps, for, alas, he lacks Dr. Phelps's sheer excitement as a platitudinarian. And finally, his colored jingoism, like that of all career men in the oppressed minorities, is the usual solution of racial self-pity in racial vainglory.

By this time you must be wondering why all this heavy artillery in blasting a Mr. Brawley. The answer is that sound criticism cannot afford the luxury of ignoring socially significant nobodies. Engels's attack on Dühring is the classic example of the necessity for exposing pretentious ignorance. The intellectual tawdriness of the Brawleys, who are legion in every minority, is by no means a criterion of their social significance. For the fact is that the Brawleys and the Kelly Millers in the colored world, the Rabbi Isaac Landmans and the Maurice Samuelses in the Jewish world, the Bishop Noëls and the Father Francis Talbots in the Catholic world furnish by direct contribution and especially by indirect influence some 80 per cent of the jingo-minority pulp literature. They are forever editing magazines, writing books, pamphlets, special feature articles in the segregated press, and turning out ludicrous "studies." And they are forever appealing to enlightened opinion to protect them in their minority rights, by which they mean primarily freedom from radical criticism. For fundamentally they have only one function to perform, the reactionary function of catering to the lowest-middle-class prejudice of the hurt and confused minority mind. They are forever sabotaging every tendency among these middle classes to align themselves with working-class interests. And in turn they are forever deflecting the natural militancy of the laboring masses in these minorities into a feeling of solidarity with "their own people." On the one hand they bewail the spiritual and social isolation of their minority, and on the other hand they point with pride to its separatist culture. They encourage every trick of "success," that is, of pseudo-assimilation to the class culture of the dominant group, yet simultaneously they encourage the cultural ghetto whose "leaders" they are.

All this does not mean that every minority leader is a faker or publicity hound. Mr. Brawley no doubt believes his own stuff. He is merely himself the victim of the minority dilemma, which he has never thought through. Moreover, there are labor and socialist leaders who have an authentic function within the minority groups. Such colored labor leaders as A. Philip Randolph and Frank Crosswaith, neither of whom is mentioned by Mr. Brawley, are doing a splendid and necessary job of teaching the black workers that their oppression is merely a highly complicated function of class exploitation.

As in all great social issues, so in the field of minority jingoism we find a scale of sophistication. The latter-day chauvinism of Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois—who has forsaken his militant civil libertarianism of almost forty years for an angry propaganda in behalf of colored autarchy (of all things!)—appeals only to the "talented tenth" in the Negro world. His learning and his literary genius are way above the heads of the colored Elks and Lions. In the Jewish world the self-induced racial hysteria of a Ludwig Lewisohn has found its natural audience in a certain stratum of upper-class Jewry, the kind which cannot stand discrimination in country clubs. The Catholic journal *Commonweal*, edited by the pretentious Michael Williams, is not read by the Catholic lower middle classes. The special significance of the Brawleys and Landmans and Talbots lies in the fact that they influence directly the mass output of professional minority literature. Hence the great importance of these more obscure, but far more immediate, corrupters of the minority mind. It is no accident that in the colored world the Brawleys and Millers and Carter Woodsons have for years figured as the popular "scholars" on Negro culture in the Chicago *Defender*, the *Amsterdam News*, and the unspeakable *Afro-American*. In these papers their "research" and views provide a respectable editorial background for a journalistic policy which flourishes on society gossip, sex scandal, and the petty doings of the colored middle class.

Fortunately, in the various white minority groups these professional leaders have it far from their own way. For a member of the white minority, especially the intellectual or the worker, can after all disregard their reactionary influence with impunity and partake in the progressive and radical movements of his time. It is well to remember that some 375,000 Jewish workers, mostly in the needle trades, are now in the C. I. O., which has a profoundly liquidating influence on minority chauvinism everywhere; and that approximately another 80,000 are in the A. F. of L. With their families these workers constitute the actual majority of American Jewry, and their leaders are not the Wises and the Landmans, the editors of the *American Hebrew* or even the "Socialist" *Jewish Frontier*. Their leaders are John Lewis, Frank Gorman, David Dubinsky, Sidney Hillman, William Green, Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, or Earl Browder, depending on their economic or political views. The same holds true of the Irish, Slavic, Italian, and other Catholic workers in the basic industries who are streaming into the C. I. O. and are deeply critical of the A. F. of L., whose Executive Council has been for years under the strong influence of the Catholic church, as David J. Saposs has conclusively shown. In the white minority world the growing labor consciousness of the workers is a powerful exterminator of minority chauvinism.

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* "Negro Builders and Heroes." By Benjamin Brawley. University of North Carolina Press. $2.50.

But in the colored world the professional "race man" is of course a good deal more firmly intrenched. The reasons for it are many, obvious, and tragic. The American Negro community is by far the most submerged stratum of our society. The Negro's very color is his ghetto. Wherever he turns he meets the racial chauvinism of the dominant group—even among white labor. The A. F. of L. has always been and is now a Negrophobe organization. Under these circumstances a chauvinist racialism is almost inevitable. Moreover, in the Negro world there is no big bourgeoisie whose very existence is an education in class consciousness for the white worker. It is significant that in a population of over 13,000,000 American Negroes there is not one millionaire. Owing to this genuine submergence the black workers and the black lower middle classes are huddled together in a common anxiety and in the neurotic class confusions bred of the common ghetto. Hence the black workers, who constitute 95 per cent of the colored world, still share, though to a decreasing extent, the lower-middle-class obsessions of the other 5 per cent. Even the most enlightened colored worker cannot avoid reading the colored press, cannot be left untouched by the social life of the colored church, cannot help feeling a bond between himself and the exploited black business Babbitt. The C. I. O. is an even greater boon to the black worker than to the white because by the very act of taking him in it cuts through his special problems as a pariah-proletarian—which goes to show that there is no short cut for the American Negro except through militant industrial democracy.

For all these reasons, the influence of such lower-middle-class intellectuals as the Brawleys is disproportionately large in the colored world. Besides Brawley there is Kelly Miller, an emeritus professor of sociology at Howard University, whose scientific contribution to the race question for over half a century has been to tell the Negroes that the Republican Party and the "rich white man" are their only friends. Miller is running probably the most widely read syndicated column in the colored press. Then there is Dr. Carter G. Woodson, an elderly Ph.D. of ant-like industry who has lugged hundreds of thousands of bits of undigested facts into some twenty historical volumes on the American Negro, all of them completely uncorrelated, uncreative, and thoroughly vicious in their cumulative reactionary impact upon colored mass literature. There is also the "Negro Year Book," edited by Monroe N. Work of Tuskegee, a sort of sociological bookkeeper who enters everything and understands nothing. There are hundreds of similar works—of a local and cheaper variety—glutting the Negro market and vulgarizing the popular mind.

II

And now let us take a look at Mr. Brawley's "Negro Builders and Heroes."

The American Negro has given us many men of distinction and some men of genius, of whom the three greatest social leaders are Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, and Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. Douglass was a man of Lincolnesque stature who was responsible for almost every effort in behalf of and by the Negro during Reconstruction. Douglass stood for two things in one, for complete laissez faire opportunities for the freedman in the American economy and for his full social and civil equality. Of course he lost, for in the final analysis the Northern conservatives made peace with the "best elements" of the South. And because he lost, Negro leadership after him was divided into two opposing schools. Booker T. Washington accepted the civil disabilities of the Negro and advocated his vocational training to gain the good-will of both the Southern reactionaries and the Northern plutocrats. His great opponent was Dr. Du Bois, who fought for the Negro's complete social and civil equality. Right or wrong, these two men were tremendous personalities and exercised a profound influence on American history. And the struggle between these two schools from the mid-nineties until about 1930 was the paramount issue in the American race question. History proved that these two schools were not engaged in a really fundamental struggle but were merely the right and left wing of the same lower-middle-class opportunism in an almost entirely proletarian group. But in reading Mr. Brawley on Booker T. Washington and Dr. Du Bois, you would never guess what the quarrel was about, or in fact that there was a quarrel. Mr. Brawley does not describe, he does not differentiate, he does not evaluate. The fact is he does not understand. To him Douglass and Washington and Du Bois are all alike. They are all big shots, very famous, and of course he is proud of them, just as the editor of the *American Hebrew* is "proud" of Einstein, Marx, and our leading pants makers.

There is another group of great leaders in our Negro history, the rebels and revolutionaries during slavery, as noble a band as history can show. There was Denmark Vesey, Gabriel, Harriet Tubman, Sojourner Truth, some of lesser fame. Since most of these trouble-makers were lynched long ago and all are now dead, Mr. Brawley is inordinately proud of them, without in the least understanding their revolutionary role and their lasting impact on the psychology of the American Negro. Didn't they all get into the history books? That's enough for Mr.

Brawley. They are all heroes—and so is Crispus Attucks, the famous hero of the Boston Massacre of 1770, whose entire heroism consisted of running out of a saloon into a British bullet. Another of Mr. Brawley's great men is Matthew A. Henson, the "Negro explorer," who served as a sort of Arctic valet to Admiral Perry.

But the bulk of Mr. Brawley's book is devoted to his contemporaries and friends of the last thirty years. Much space is given to Mme Walker, who made a fortune from a hair-unkinking process, which anthropological insult somehow never offends the professional "race man." Dozens of petty business men are treated in the best style of the *American Magazine*. Among Mr. Brawley's "builders" are Joe Louis, Jack Johnson, Jesse Owens (the Olympic runner who thought Hitler was all right in walking out on him), Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, and many such others. Needless to say, we meet in his pages most of the colored bankers and insurance-company founders whose bankruptcy Mr. Brawley fails to mention. But Mr. Brawley is proudest of the many M.A.'s and Ph.D.'s in the Negro world. Here too, however, he lacks all discrimination. In the Brawley Who's Who Dr. Ernest E. Just, one of the world's leading marine biologists, gets less attention than a little M.A. whose paper was mentioned by an obscure pharmaceutical journal. The reason is twofold. For one thing Dr. Just pays mighty little attention to the Brawleys, and the professional jingo never forgives personal neglect; and for another thing it would take considerable hard work and understanding to epitomize even popularly Dr. Just's contributions.

Howard University is at present the most important center of learning for the American Negro. For it so happens that the most significant intellectual leadership in the colored world is now gradually evolving in the social-science divisions of that university. Professor E. Franklin Frazier, head of the Sociology Department, is no doubt the leading American authority on the family, especially on the Negro family. Professor Abram L. Harris, head of the Economics Department, enjoys a national reputation in his field and is the leading American authority on the economic phases of Marxism. He is coauthor with Sterling Spero of "The Black Worker," and author of "The Negro as Capitalist," two studies which have revolutionized our understanding of American Negro history and class relations. Then there are Ralph Bunche and Emmet E. Dorsey of the Political Science Department, who are training their students in the realities of our social politics. Dr. Alain Locke, head of the Philosophy Department—who some time ago wrote me that he bitterly regretted having started the New Negro fad in the mid-twenties—is a man of great culture and influence. These men are now trying to work out an integral approach to a study of the society we live in and the Negro's place in it. Their writings are voluminous and important and increasingly influential. Yet all of them are ignored by Mr. Brawley, who is a professor of English literature at the same university. The reason is very simple. Professor Brawley cannot afford to think of them as highly as he does of successful caterers, prize fighters, and tap dancers. For true enlightenment is flit on the jingo.

Death as Basilisk

BY BEN BELITT

O deth, thou comest whan I had thee leest in mynde!
Everyman

The cold frond fell, looped to the leveler's foot,
And the horned shape labored through the flowery damp;
No tongue was sentry to the strange pursuit
Through the vaporous swamp:

A moment the brake shook in dividing air;
The massed leaf glinted out of violet brine;
Then, with an armory shock, the beast moved clear,
Into wet and shine.

In bone and quartz, though preciously, the beast
Moved out of shadow, moved into light and wet;
The shorn fern fell in phosphor where he ceased,
And rose in jet.

Like stone, on the charnel eye, the locked lid turned.

BOOKS

"When He Thinks—"

TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

HEMINGWAY'S new novel—his first since "A Farewell to Arms"—will strike many people as confused and some people as transitional. For despite a living hero and a handful of superb scenes, it is a book with neither poise nor integration, and with shocking lapses from professional skill. It splits up in the middle, not simply as a narrative, but also as a conception for a narrative: Hemingway, having told the story of a man, suddenly reinterprets it, and finds it necessary to contrast his hero with other men. Having shown us a lone wolf beaten down by the forces of a protected society, he goes on to picture a whole gallery of creatures drawn from that society.

Structurally all this is awkward and incompetent. It is like writing a letter and then adding to it an appalling number of postscripts. But the structural defect proceeds out of something more serious—out of an intellectual naivete which goes so far as to imagine that an explicit contrast between Harry Morgan and society is required. Actually the relationship has been obvious, not only in all the incidents of the story, but also in the very theme. It was implicit so soon as Hemingway ever conceived of Harry Morgan as an incorrigible individualist. Harry Morgan is doomed by the nature of his own conflicts and experiences; is doomed as his type has been doomed since it first arose in fiction; is doomed as the heroes of Balzac and Stendhal, or Dreiser and Conrad, were doomed. To drive the point home, Harry Morgan and society have only to interact, indeed they must interact; whereas Hemingway has thought to solve the problem by presenting them separately. But an even greater blunder on Hemingway's part was to suppose that he was presenting a true contrast. In reality Harry Morgan and the kind of society pitted against him were not divided in aim; they were merely unequal in strength.

Between the lines, however, one can read an *intention* on Hemingway's part which appeared to make the second half of the book a valid contrast with the first half. For by the time he had created Harry Morgan he had changed his conception of Harry Morgan's place in the scheme of things: the lone wolf had turned into the poor slob, the rebel had turned into the victim. The victim, to be sure, was there from the beginning; but not for Hemingway. Hemingway began by exalting Harry Morgan as the good type of hard guy—the fellow who pitied no one, least of all himself; the husband whose wife adored him extravagantly for his guts and his *cojones;* the fighter who knew how to take it on the chin. Then slowly the buccaneer began to dwindle, and someone who was a social problem, who had a social significance, began to take his place. And as Harry Morgan, the man born to stand alone, was about to go down to defeat, he came to realize that in this world the victims of society cannot stand alone.

This shift in values, coming as it does well after the book is under way, results in artistic ambiguity and confusion. But offstage we have advanced from the Hemingway who went to Spain to watch the bullfighters to the Hemingway who went to Spain to join the Loyalists. Death in the Afternoon has taken on a sterner meaning, and in that sense "To Have and Have Not" would seem to mark a transition to the kind of book that Hemingway will write in the future. In that sense it was no bad thing to convert a successful novelette about Harry Morgan into an unsuccessful novel about Harry Morgan and society. But I must go on to say at once that I still find more of the old than of the new Hemingway in this book, and that in many respects he has still to come to grips with important social and ethical problems. The old love of violence—or is it no more than an unconscious exertion toward violence?—is as marked here as ever; the interest in sport is still too ritualistic; the harping on masculinity and potency is still a proof of either not enough perspective or not enough self-confidence; the hysterical exultation of a woman in her potent male is still a form of sentimentality.

Meanwhile, with Hemingway taking on new and more significant interests, one is left wondering how well he will be able to cope with them. He is a very talented writer, but it remains to be proved how intelligent a one. When Clifton Fadiman some years ago drew the parallel between Hemingway and Byron, I am sure that he extended it to include Goethe's celebrated remark about Byron: "When he thinks, he is a child." Nothing could be more inept here, more lacking in true insight, than Hemingway's brand of satire against literary loafers and the complacent rich. It is not only crude and slapdash, misunderstanding its own ends, but some of it is hardly professional. When one encounters such a remark as "A man tapped for Bones is seldom tapped for bed," one is back on the Yale campus hearing one undergraduate wisecrack with another. Similarly, once action in the story is over, and reaction sets in—as with Harry's wife after he is dead—the sentimental note is sounded no more convincingly than the satiric was. Hemingway is writing, not as the woman felt, but as he would like her to feel. For he does not understand the woman.

These may seem like artistic rather than intellectual matters, but their failure as art is based on a defect of intelligence. And upon Hemingway's intellectual growth, it seems to me, his social and ethical growth—and hence his place as a really serious novelist—must hinge. As a writer he can portray scenes with what is little less than genius. As a thinking being he has still a very great deal to learn. His intentions in the matter are fairly clear. His qualifications are more in doubt. His temperament, I think, is in most doubt of all.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Rich at Least

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN AND HIS LETTERS. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

MR. HOWE recommends John Jay Chapman to us as "a rich and significant product of American civilization." It is a pity that Mr. Howe thought he had to talk this way about a man whom he calls in another portion of the same sentence "unique" and to whom in a further sentence he pays the compliment of saying that in any civilization he would have been just what he was in ours. Nobody who reads these letters can doubt that Chapman was a very rich sort of person, but I for one cannot discover what it is of which he was or is significant. His life is typical of no life that I know; his ideas have astonishingly little relation to one another; many of the things he did and said were mad or half-mad; and the final feeling I have as to his personality is that it charged into the world like a wild bull out of chaos, pawing and snorting for several decades in a manner peculiar to itself. Quite a splendid spectacle, but representative of nothing else, either on or off the earth.

He was something of a mystic and he loved Christ, but his behavior during the World War was that of any overheated, upper-class savage. He thought highly of William Lloyd Garrison and the Abolition movement, he participated in the political reforms of the 1890's, and he was so shocked by the news of a lynching at Coatesville, West Virginia, in 1911 that he went down there a year later, hired a hall, and prayed publicly (to an audience of two) for the town's soul; yet he raved against the Jewish and Catholic "menaces," campaigned against Al Smith because of his religion, and published a sonnet called Cape Cod, Rome, and Jerusalem in the *Ku Klux Kourier.* In January, 1887, being in love with Minna Timmins without knowing it, and being unable to account for a reciprocal disturbance in her except on the theory that some other man had caused it, he looked for the man, thought he found him, beat him with a stick, rushed home to his lodgings in Cambridge, and thrust his left hand into a coal flame until the bones were exposed and amputation was necessary. When one of his sons by his first wife was drowned in Austria he said to his second wife as she hurried to him: "I would rather it had been you." When he opened the telegram informing him that his son Victor had been shot down as an aviator at Verdun his only words were: "That's good." The list is almost repulsive. And so would the man be if one felt the obligation to make sense out of him or to establish him as the product of something. The man in fact is most attractive. But that is because he had a genius for writing letters, a very small portion of the high heap he wrote being the excuse for Mr. Howe's present volume. Further volumes will undoubtedly be called for by the reading public.

Chapman once wrote of William James: "It was easy to differ from him; it was easy to go home thinking that James had talked the most arrant rubbish, and that no educated man had a right to be so ignorant of the first principles of thought and of the foundations of human society. Yet it was impossible not to be morally elevated by the smallest contact with William James." He might, except for the word "morally," have been talking about himself; and perhaps even that exception should not be made. He will make most of his readers pity their own paleness, their mildness, their shortness of breath; they will seem to themselves undersized as they read, and will wonder whether they have ever had a good time in the world. He is more than a breeze, he is hurricanes and waterspouts galore. He can and does say anything, and says it with the effortless rush which there is in all good letter-writing. Usually it takes anger to get him going, but when he is not angry he can do with poetic fury, the manifold licenses of which seem to have been understood by his friends, and forgiven, even when there had been an insult in every line; for the last line of all might have honey in it, though of course it might on the other hand strike like the scorpion's tail.

The letters are first of all a key to Chapman's character as a literary critic. Most books to him were merely writing, and he hated writing; it was so largely "gamboge and style," with "its 'howevers' and 'moreovers' and semicolons" and the tendency of its words to be all of one size and weight, as in the case for instance of a new book by President Eliot, all phrases in which, said Chapman, "excite the same emotion—i.e., that of a woodchuck eating a carrot." "A man," he insisted, "who spends his whole time in writing—as I do—knows its futility. Writing is for people who believe that what they say is true and that their analysis is the thing. For people who know that all statements are gross illusions it's almost *fraudulent* to write." Yet he wrote, impatiently and with many dashes, separating often with the finest insight the bogus in any author from his best gold. At bottom extremely serious, he expected much from any book, and he wanted it direct. Seldom, he said, did he find poetry as good as Michael Angelo's—"as good," that is, "as prose." Lowell was "all barnacled with quotations and leisure, too much culture—too many truffled essays and champagne odes and lobster sonnets." Stevenson was "sham." The Carlyle correspondence was "all clotheslines and bedbugs and not enough to eat—hairpins-in-the-soup sort of people." Shelley could induce a mood all right, but "it's a weak, vegetarian, sinking-of-the-stomach mood." His praise of Shakespeare, Rabelais, Balzac, and other writers who somehow had not "written" was correspondingly high. Most of Rabelais bored him, but the best was so good that he could only conclude he had written it himself. As for the New Testament, "You cannot criticize it. It criticizes you."

But the letters are not all literary criticism. There are incomparable portraits of persons—Charles Peirce, George Herbert Palmer, Robert Bridges, and John Cowper Powys. There are epigrams which will have to be remembered, such as this one at the end of a letter to James: "A thing is not truth till it is so strongly believed in that the believer is convinced that its existence does not depend on him. This cuts off the pragmatist from knowing what truth is." And there are half-humorous, half-momentous outbursts like this one (aetat fifty-four):

> My dear Dr. Drury: Do you really think that if I *had* any ideas on the parent-and-child question I'd waste them on you? But just now I am taking a loaf and trying to forget the whole subject. Is the education of the young the whole of life? I hate the young—I'm worn out with them. They absorb you and suck you dry and are vampires and selfish brutes at best. Give me some good old rainsoaked clubmen—who *can't* be improved and make no moral claims—and let me play checkers with them and look out of the club window and think about what I'll have for dinner.

There are, in short, a dozen God's plenties.

MARK VAN DOREN

White Man's Burden

SAVAGE CIVILIZATION. By Tom Harrisson. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

MAN'S first arrival in the New Hebrides was probably as early as his first entry into Europe, but when the Australian-Melanesian land bridges were broken toward the close of the glacial period these islands became isolated. At rare intervals they were reached by canoe-loads of strangers, but these visitors were also in the Stone Age and were too few to impose their culture by force of arms. Their arrival caused no interruption in the smooth flow of native life, since the aborigines were free to accept or reject the new ideas thus brought to them. By the time the first whites arrived, these islanders had built up a life pattern of amazing complexity. Man's physical needs were easily met here, and the surplus of energy and economic resources had gone into the development of a vigorous art, a mass of traditions, and a complicated social system. Every phase of life was covered by strict rules. War, which might have broken the tempo, had been hedged about with restrictions and built into the social system in such a way as to render it innocuous. Men were kept from sloth by their constant striving for higher positions in the social hierarchy, but they reached these by the harmless method of rearing great numbers of boars whose tusks were trained to grow in complete circles. Even the technique of insult between rivals had become formal and oblique. This savage civilization was a delicate and intricate structure all of whose parts were in a state of balance with each other and with the natural environment. It was like one of those highly organized, overspecialized plant or animal species which has reached perfect adaptation to stable surroundings and which passes away as soon as its setting is disturbed. In this case the arrival of Europeans was the disturbing factor, and this book deals with the passing of the native civilization.

The destruction of native life in the New Hebrides was only one of a long series of such tragedies. It is pure chance that its course happens to be well documented and that such a keen observer as Mr. Harrisson has witnessed the last stages. It is a still more fortunate chance that he has not been satisfied to write a simple book of travel or ethnology but has gone back into the records with unusual thoroughness and laid the whole history of white and native contact before us. The result will not make pleasant reading for white men with consciences. Disease and ruthless exploitation have reduced the population from over a million to forty-five thousand and the process is still going on. It has been checked only in two or three localities where missionaries of unusual ability and genuine devotion have been able to salvage a remnant of the natives and give them new ways of life.

It is evident that the author enjoyed himself hugely both in his island experiences and in the writing of them. His style is a curious but highly successful mixture of history, ethnology, statistics, and stream of consciousness, the whole spiced with humor and with as much honest indignation as it is good form for one reared in the British tradition to show. This is a distinctive book.

RALPH LINTON

Landscape with Jeffers

SUCH COUNSELS YOU GAVE TO ME. By Robinson Jeffers. Random House. $2.50.

THE hero of Mr. Jeffers's latest set-piece of human savagery walks off the stage acting in an unusual way for a Jeffers character. He is moved, because of pity, to a moral decision. He chooses to shoulder another's punishment, after considering the advantages of suicide and escape. Previously he has acted in the usual Jeffersian manner: abetted his mother's incestuous passion for himself and stood by at his father's murder. He then turns over in his mind the question of whether anything is anything. Is there any crime, any innocence, any binding "human taboo"? Finally he decides that modern man has certain duties ("life is not rational"), and that retribution is one of them. So he turns away from union with the "clean" California wind and the "sane" California mountains, and chooses to expiate, not his own guilt, but his mother's.

All this is very fine, or would be in a character less queerly constituted than this young man is sure to be. Jeffers decides, at one point in the action, that human taboos can be transcended. God must have gone beyond human taboos. He is rather confused, however, on the stand that both ancient and modern man have taken concerning taboos. And he cannot, try as he will, in this case, force his characters to go beyond them. The mother-son incest theme proves too much for him. Classically and primitively, this breach of taboo brings down automatic punishment on even the unwitting transgressor. The wrath of the gods winds up, as Cocteau has expressed the process, like an infernal machine and fells the culprits. Oedipus actually marries Jocasta, in ignorance. A plague falls upon Thebes. In modern and romantic tragedy the incest-tainted hero, like Hamlet, is usually stricken with inaction. The hero in Jeffers's poem walks open-eyed into the beginning of an incestuous relationship with his mother. But at the last moment he sheers off. He talks as though he were capable of anything. In point of fact he is capable of nothing but a great many obscurely expressed wrong reasons for his traditional stirrings of conscience. And he arouses little sympathy in the reader. For he and his mother—who, like most of Jeffers's women, *is* capable of anything—seem not so much puzzled and depraved as simple-minded. And, perhaps unfortunately, in the humanity Jeffers professes to despise, the moral struggles of idiots somehow do not count.

The romantic poet should not continue, over a long period, to excoriate the humanity of which he is a member. The satirist can manage analysis and defamation of the human race. He stands outside. The romantic is involved in the action. The more he strives to identify himself with clean and mindless nature, the more he must degrade his characters and increase the enormity of their crimes. Meanwhile, his own importance increases by leaps and bounds. He is soon no longer content to be chorus, commentator, or prophet. He tends toward the state of God Himself. Jeffers says:

> I the last living man
> That sees real earth and skies,
> Actual life and real death.
> The others are all prophets and believers
> Delirious with the fevers of faith.

and again:

> To be truth-bound, the neutral
> Detested by all dreaming factions, is my errand here.

Notions of this inflated kind now frequently appear everywhere in Jeffers. His lyrics, the forms he has many times successfully filled with his intense emotion and remarkable descriptions of natural beauty, are now vitiated by pronouncements. It is a pity that his mixed, parochial, and rather Presbyterian disgusts must thus gain headway. A man who has, from the beginning, turned away from the arts, "sports and gallantries, the stage, the antics of dancers," as childish nonsense, must at length grow peevish, even surrounded by noble landscapes. "Bitter earnestness," for the dramatic poet, can be a faculty which cuts both ways.

"In very truth, the man who can see all creatures in himself, himself in all creatures, knows no sorrow." Such a man is also protected against ultimate confusion and obsession. Jeffers's great talents, allowed some humble relation to the race, which, whatever its faults, can at least laugh and change, might have escaped the limits that now increasingly distort them.

LOUISE BOGAN

Theater for the Millions

BREAD AND CIRCUSES: A STORY OF FEDERAL THEATER. By Willson Whitman. Oxford University Press. $1.75.

WHEN, on August 27, 1935, the Works Progress Administration allotted money for a project to be known as the Federal Theater, its paramount interest was relief for the needy. But the problem was no longer one of merely providing employment for approximately 13,000 actors, electricians, and other stage folk. The government had embarked upon a policy of curing the unemployment victim of his inferiority complex, of bolstering his morale and restoring his dignity. Earlier, when a rudimentary project was first launched on January 15, 1934, the notion prevailed that it was necessary only to keep the unemployed worker busy; it did not matter how. One-set plays were produced haphazardly in schools, settlements, hospitals, and similar institutions, on bare platforms, with borrowed or makeshift properties. Nevertheless, the project created its own momentum, the response it evoked exceeded expectations, and in time the relief administration approved proposals to establish a nationwide theater with high standards and low admission prices. Good work rather than "busy" work became the criterion; and it was not very long before the public became aware of one of the greatest cultural experiments in the history of the nation. European governments had long ago set an example in subsidizing the theater. In the United States as early as 1833 William Dunlap had called in vain for "one great theater in each great city of the Union, supported and guided by the state." In1897 Congress rejected a bill for the creation of a national theater. In 1936 the proposal had miraculously become a reality and was justifying itself by establishing community drama throughout the country and giving effective production to important plays like "Murder in the Cathedral," "It Can't Happen Here," "Class of '29," "Triple-A Plowed Under," and the Haitian "Macbeth."

Miss Whitman's book gives the first detailed account of this phenomenon. Even the conservative opposition must concede most of her facts—a weekly audience of over half a million and a total audience of twenty-five million in a country almost wholly given over to the films; drama brought to localities that had never seen a play; an impressive list of revivals and a fairly notable group of new plays; a new form of drama—"the living newspaper"—admirably adapted to the dissemination of instruction. Miss Whitman, who responds gallantly to the need of defending the project against its many enemies, erects a cogently argued case. Earnings have often exceeded production costs. There have been, of course, censorship difficulties, such as the banning of "Ethiopia" because it brought foreign rulers on the stage and of "Valley Forge" because it gave offense to Bostonians. Local politics have affected the nature of the theater's productions. Nevertheless, Miss Whitman supports Mrs. Flanagan's contention that the project "is more free from political censorship than any other subsidized theater." She is likewise undisturbed by the fact that the Federal Theater has received the support of the Communists. Opposition from the commercial stage is negligible; its business is not being threatened by the prevailing low admission price. Only the movies are receiving some competition, and much of the opposition has come from this source.

Even the uncertainty of employment and the relatively low wage scale of $23.80 is to be viewed with moderation. Miss Whitman proves that the uncertainty of employment in the commercial theater is greater and the annual income lower. The Federal Theater player's average of $1,240.72 for 1936 compares favorably with the average of $1,020 in the commercial theater for the same period; in the good season of 1927-28, of the 6,031 members then employed 79 per cent worked less than nine weeks and 40 per cent worked only three and a half weeks.

A more persuasive book on so controversial a subject could hardly have been written. Nevertheless, the role of an apologist is a difficult and ungrateful one. It forces the author to glide over many irritations and difficulties which have been a constant source of resentment and complaint—the semi-militaristic rule by a series of colonels, espionage, dubious dismissals as in the Clugston case, red tape, and inefficiency. Recently under Mrs. Hallie Flanagan's personal supervision there has been a serious effort to eradicate these abuses, but they are part of Federal Theater history. Objective observers must also demur at her estimate of artistic accomplishment. Owing to special conditions—low royalty basis and uncertain artistry—the project has not received the best plays, and productions have often been hampered by uneven acting talent.

As a matter of fact, most of the defects only call attention to the cardinal weakness of the institution, its uncertainty. Dismissals during the first half of 1937 reduced the number of employed by over four thousand; four states discontinued activities entirely. Additional reductions constantly threaten the life of the organization and undermine its morale. To effect economies it has been necessary to discontinue the Experimental Theater and the Poetic Theater, which were doing, or might have done, excellent work. Passive acceptance of the downward course of the Federal Theater is not a helpful attitude. Fortunately its workers, including its supervisors, are less complacent. In fairness to Miss Whitman it is to be noted, however, that she justifies their strike against reduction of the project and favors the establishment of a permanent national theater. Though aware of the dangers of government control, she is willing to chance it, believing that theater workers will know how to cope with a tory-minded Administration. Whether the Federal Theater can be saved and given permanent standing is a question too deeply interwoven with our economic and political future to be answered now. It is certain that the staff and friends of the project will have to fight for every concession they receive—and fight hard. In this struggle Miss Whitman's book will comprise an arsenal of facts, even if it does not carry its full complement of criticism and challenge.

JOHN W. GASSNER

The Rise of Fascism

GOLIATH, THE MARCH OF FASCISM. By G. A. Borgese. The Viking Press. $3.

IT IS not often that contemporary political myths are treated by a master of literary style, but "Goliath" from its opening sentence shows the hand of a master. It is just, balanced, and profound, informed with an insight that makes the somewhat superficial approach of the "social scientists" look trivial. Signor Borgese is said to have written this book directly in English, and it has all the stamp of such immediacy upon it. His study has the subtlety of the best Italian scholarship, yet his prose smacks not at all of translation or of the foreign idiom but is on the contrary astonishingly crisp and beautiful.

Here is a method that I should like to recommend to more of the people who write about "great men," of whatever time. Professor Borgese roots the Italian nature of fascism in Dante and the myths of Rome, Machiavelli, and the peculiar frustration complex of the Italian tradition. He is a lover of Italy, and perhaps for that reason there is no more damning excoriation of fascism anywhere in print. The very moral elevation and detachment with which the book is written, enhanced by the skill of a fine Italian hand, makes its exposé of the littleness of fascism irresistibly convincing. By means of these historical protagonists Professor Borgese underlines an aspect of Italian character which seems essential to an understanding of fascism; Machiavelli's fantastic depreciation of the valor of the Italians apparently took root and grew into a national legend.

> The living Italians were tied with the dead, and their souls breathed dust. Machiavelli too, for all his realism, missed the essential reality; and his nostalgia, lacking Dante's Christian faith and Dante's belief in the lawful and purposive organization of the universe, was far deadlier than Dante's. It is only a momentary illusion to suppose that he would have been able to write a kind of "Don Quixote"; or it should have been a tragic autobiography. His start is anti-Dantean; he honestly feels that he is fighting off mystical, or medieval, or wishful thinking. But at the final test he is much less of a realist than Dante himself. Indeed, if Dante's mythology was bad, his religion was excellent; if he was wrong as a believer in the Roman Empire and its resurrection, he was perfectly right as a believer in the moral forces that rule the world. His tenet, that the meaning and aim of history is the perfectibility of human intellect and will, is a fundamental postulate of human reason; the deductions about freedom, justice, and peace in the social unity of mankind are flawlessly rigorous. Since he knew those truths, he knew a part of reality, and he was for that part a realist. That he composed a Utopia with a shadow of the past and a mirage of the North, on whose shore he dreamed that he might safely land—therein lay his error; a minor one, however, if compared to Machiavelli's. The latter discarded, together with Dante's mythology of the Holy Empire, his human religion, preserving only an adoration of glory and "virtue"; moreover, he clung to a part, and the worst at that, of that Roman mythology, and drifted toward an interpretation of history in which elemental and often brutish forces are paramount. But a Utopia is a Nowhere projected into the future; it finally may prove a Sometime and Anywhere; whereas a reactionary nostalgia, like Machiavelli's, is inescapably a Nowhere and Never.

It is in such a perspective that he treats the history of fascism's rise and development. No one has better understood the tragedy of Wilson and Italy. As far as I can check him, and I think I know the history of fascism fairly well, no one else has given so thorough and so balanced a picture, allotting to persons and to underlying forces their just share.

The one thing that I miss is an account of Don Sturzo's role in the *Popolari* Party. I am very much interested in the fact that in Italy also a Catholic popular party appears to have deserted its leader, if Don Sturzo's words are to be believed, and brought on the inevitable disintegration which made the "march on Rome" possible. The "veto on Giolitti" which Don Sturzo personally disclaims was nevertheless at someone's behest, just as Brüning in Germany was subsequently sacrificed at crucial times: I do not find an adequate treatment of this point, but otherwise the story is complete, and the estimate of fascism which emerges seems to me to have distinct superiority both as a historical appreciation of a great contemporary movement and as a judgment over even such excellent works as those of Ashton and Finer that have previously appeared. When Professor Borgese turns to the repercussions of fascism and its spread elsewhere he is naturally not quite so much at home, but his estimation of the main trends in international affairs as they have been affected by Italy is penetrating and remarkable. They recall that he was after all once the editor for foreign affairs of Italy's most influential paper, the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan.

The smashing impact of the figures by which he justifies his title in the concluding pages has the effect of the last movement of a great symphony. And there is throughout the architectonic and almost antiphonal quality of great music in this book. I am a hard-boiled veteran of reviewing; yet I found myself deeply moved by the sweep and power of Borgese's vision.

An exile, unlike Dante in many ways, he yet savors the bitter bread and has been nourished to a great work. Perhaps it is too great. Those who can feel its greatness are already anti-fascist. Perhaps not; it may be the pebble from David's sling. It is in any case beautifully written and profoundly thought—all that one can ask of a great work.

W. Y. ELLIOTT

Victorian Affair

ROBERT BROWNING AND JULIA WEDGWOOD. Edited by Richard Curle. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.

THESE letters, which first came to light in 1935 after the death of Miss Wedgwood's younger sister, are a delightful study in Victorian morality. Julia was thirty, a bluestocking, a writer of bad novels and better reviews; Browning was fifty-one and a widower of two or three years, when the two first met. Julia, according to her own confession, took the initiative in the correspondence and in urging the personal acquaintance which rapidly developed. Browning, however, was obviously very much charmed by a woman who may have reminded him of his wife. At first the two writers were responsive to each other's moods. But, alas, Miss Wedgwood could not live up to her remark that "a woman who has taken the initiative in a friendship with a man, as I have done with you, has either lost all right feeling or has come to a very definite decision on the issue to herself." She herself, either because of some feeling over the raising of Victorian eyebrows, or because she had learned of some reported remark Browning had made about her (which Browning denies), broke off the friendship, only to resume the correspondence after several years on the level of intellectual criticism.

Reading the letters closely one notes that something like hope must have sprung in Miss Wedgwood's breast. But she could never stop talking untactfully to Browning about the nobility of his wife and of his marriage, and she prodded him into complete fury finally by insisting that he uphold Victorian morality and stop writing of such despicable characters as Guido in "The Ring and the Book." She wanted more "pearls" like Pompilia from him and these characters only. Browning, remarking that his wife would have agreed with her, refuses flatly to take her criticism to heart.

The thirty letters from Browning are, of course, the most interesting. He describes tenderly how Mrs. Browning first showed him the "Sonnets from the Portuguese" long after they were written because he had told her he was against putting one's love into verse. He speaks of his lack of fervor for Tennyson's work, of how he himself would have written "Enoch Arden"—he would have knocked the sentimental appeal from the poem and made it realistic!—and of his admiration for Landor. He mentions Keats's death as having at least been hastened by criticism. He writes of having tea with Queen Victoria and of how "they pretended to converse." He talks of his young son, of his health, of his poems. Altogether it is our loss that Miss Wedgwood for her part could not forget her "youth," which she often emphasizes a bit ridiculously. She had the mind to do so, but she had not the heart, or perhaps she had the heart and feared that Browning sought only her mind.

EDA LOU WALTON

Exterior

THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA. By Louis Adamic. Harper and Brothers. $3.

THE themes of the books of Louis Adamic have been great ones: the story of class struggle in America, the visit to his racial nest of the immigrant to the United States, the duel in the blood of hyphenated Americans, the inner life of a Balkan young man of noble birth who heard the first cracking sounds of the empire of Franz Joseph before the war split it wide. These books have revealed a writer of warm sensitivity and quick feeling, sometimes only innocently upon the side of the angels, but always ready to feel with and understand human beings of the past and present, to pull the beard of injustice, and to speak eloquently, with pity and kindness, for the ignorant-plain and lonely-thoughtful people who can never have too many spokesmen.

I am afraid that we cannot put "The House in Antigua" among the books that are meaningful, first-person-singular Louis Adamic. It is an account of a Guatemalan palazzo whose walls have known murder committed by a judge and nunhood enjoyed by a sister who was poor, chaste, and obedient only with the attentions of a dozen blackamoor servant girls. The house suffered earthquake in 1773, and has now been restored by a young agrarian expert named Wilson Popenoe. Popenoe's wife, an amateur archaeologist as well as a professional agriculturist, died during a happy marriage, which Adamic sees through the journals her husband put at his disposal. The author was Wilson Popenoe's guest in Antigua. He fell in love with the house, and with the aid of some research, not of very precise order because the records were fragmentary, he put together in the ardor of his friendly enthusiasm this book, which belongs somewhere between *House Beautiful* and a good travel magazine.

He could find out little but facts about the early owners, and thus his good reporter's conscience has made him salt down the rising loaf of conjecture with many a "doubtless"

THE EDUCATION OF
H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N
by Leonard Q. Ross

About the funniest book of the season Joseph Wood Krutch wrote in *The Nation:* "Hyman Kaplan has already become an established institution . . . It is hard to imagine a world without him . . . For me all really profound and imaginative misuses of language will henceforth be kaplanisms of a more or less accomplished sort." *3rd big printing,* $2.00

GREATHOUSE
by Edward Eyre Hunt

Here, perhaps for the first time in a fiction work, the life of a single character in a single story expresses the life and color of America. Hugh Greathouse, aging only five years every quarter century, lives through ten hysterical episodes in America's history, from the days of witchcraft to the post-war period. (For every so often the world goes crazy, and the ordinary fellow plays his essential role.) Rich, provocative and completely original in theme and treatment, GREATHOUSE translates "America" into terms of everyday life, makes history warm and believable. *Just out,* $2.50

ACADEMIC PROCESSION
by James Reid Parker

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by Dorothy L. Sayers
THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE

The accomplished detective novelist has written the play presented this year at the annual Festival of Canterbury Cathedral, the occasion for which T. S. Eliot wrote "Murder in the Cathedral" last year. Miss Sayers' drama deals with the rebuilding of the Choir of Canterbury by William Sens, French architect. $1.50

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and "perhaps," but also to make many an adventitious, journalistic attachment-by-date to the American colonies and to analyze the motives of the early Spaniards with plausible but unimportant *Eindichtung*. "Don Luis himself was afraid. Was that why—at least one reason why—he wanted a different, more humane policy toward the Indians? He did not like to be afraid. How much of his idealism was to be ascribed to his fear of being afraid?" It is an honest attempt to corkscrew into the lost lives of the pioneers, but the contortions are not graceful in a writer who speaks so much better from his own heart.

When we come to the modern life of the Popenoes we have something with more lift; Louis Adamic believes in the man alive, and he can always forgive the bourgeois who is his friend, though he be also head agronomist for the United Fruit Company. He dreams sympathetically over the Lindbergh-Morrow flavor of "Pop's" marriage and the loss of the methodical English wife who always wore the same style of Czech peasant dress and wrote in her diary, "Read through three numbers of the New York *Times Book Review*. . . . The articles referring to subjects that interest us I cut out and placed in books of similar interest in the library."

Possibly this book will find Louis Adamic a new house-loving public, but here is merely Adamic the warm-hearted, whom Harper and Brothers should have cooled and told that no effort could blow his kind of breath of life into this half real, half unreal, inorganic material. This bread-and-butter letter of a sensitive and grateful guest was quickly finished, quickly published, and will be quickly read by those for whom it was intended. I think that we others have now a right to insist on hearing from a writer locked up in a room with himself who bears the same name. GEORGE WELLER

Rise and Fall of a Fortune

THE GUGGENHEIMS: THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN DYNASTY. By Harvey O'Connor. Covici-Friede. $3.

OF THE growing company of non-academic economic historians specializing in biography—the pioneer, of course, was Gustavus Myers, and others have been Lewis Corey and John Flynn—Harvey O'Connor continues to be the most prolific. To his earlier "Mellon's Millions" and "Steel—the Dictator," he has now added "The Guggenheims"—a sound and at the same time exciting history of one of America's great enterprising families. Mr. O'Connor's narrative does not conform to the canons of the learned seminaries: he has not weighted it down to the point of distraction with a learned apparatus, and he takes liberties with his subjects that are customarily allowed only to novelists. Yet no important part of the book is thereby invalidated.

Mr. O'Connor's narrative has to do with the activities of old Meyer Guggenheim and the four eldest of his seven sons, who started out in laces and embroideries and ended by erecting, within less than forty years, one of America's mightiest fortunes—in metal mining and smelting, of all things. Meyer, the head of the house, was a young Swiss-Jewish immigrant who toiled for thirty years to make a just more-than-average competence for himself and his large brood. And then, when he was in his fifties and comfortably established as a Philadelphia merchant and importer, and when four of his sons were already independent, he plunged into the, to him, wholly unfamiliar world of silver and lead mining in Colorado. He was quick to realize that the large rewards of the metal business went not to the mine operators but to the smelters and refiners; and another decade saw him and his sons the owners of mines, smelters, and refineries not only in the Far West but also in Mexico and at New York. Within twenty years, by the end of the World War, they lorded it over the porphyry copper industry in the United States, and had interests in every region of the world where lead, copper, tin, silver, and gold were being mined, smelted, refined, and sold.

The last decade or so has witnessed the gradual sinking of their star. The old founder and his elder sons, who had a gargantuan acquisitiveness and rapacity, have been succeeded by a softer third generation more prominent for their appearances at dog shows and in the divorce courts than in the family mines, mills, and counting houses. Also, the Guggenheims plunged heavily in Chilean nitrates, sinking their own personal reserves, when finance capitalism refused to come to their rescue, into what turned out to be a bottomless pit.

Mr. O'Connor's talent is a very generous one. One finds in his book excellent characterizations of the whole numerous tribe and also important and, as a rule, sound excursions into labor and political history. Particular interesting is the understanding with which he has been able to depict a family life—with its distinctive racial loyalties and fears—that is naturally alien to him. After reading the book the present reviewer is prompted to make the following observations, one pointing up the book's limitations and the other drawing its moral much more sharply than the author has attempted to do.

First, it is to be noted that the preoccupation of "The Guggenheims" is largely with the social effects—upon American society, upon the immediate beneficiaries—of the building of great modern fortunes rather than with the actual processes of accomplishment. As a social analysis of this type "The Guggenheims" will not be quickly surpassed. However, it still remains for more pedestrian students—when the archives of the Guggenheim companies have been thrown open to investigators—to make a scientific analysis of the economics of metal mining and smelting and to record the steps by which monopoly controls were achieved and maintained.

Second, the history of this family fortune proves that in modern capitalist society, great industrial, or indeed mercantile, enterprisers as such cannot survive into succeeding generations unless they convert their status into that of finance capitalists. Sooner or later industrial capitalists, if they wish to preserve control over their businesses, are compelled to dip too heavily into their own savings; and when what appeared to be a rich bonanza turns out to be only a salted mine, they are likely to see the greater part of a vast fortune swallowed up almost overnight. Finance capitalists, in order to salvage hurt industrial enterprises, use not their own personal fortunes but the funds of their depositors and particularly those of the great fiduciary trusts whose savings they control. It is one of the great ironies of modern times that while J. P. Morgan the elder never could boast of the personal wealth of Daniel Guggenheim he always had much greater personal power. It is much easier to transmit this kind of power to one's descendants than a private fortune. It is not hard to predict that the name of Morgan will be a fixed star in the capitalist firmament long after the flaming meteors have spent themselves. The name of the Guggenheims at the present time adorns a number of outstanding philanthropies. How long may one expect even these memories of a once great family fortune to survive if the interest rate for invested funds continues—as it must—to decline?

LOUIS M. HACKER

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THE TRIAL. By Franz Kafka. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

FRANZ KAFKA is gaining recognition as one of the most extraordinary writers of our time, yet all the circumstances of his life and work were such as to remove him from the main highways of literary circulation. A native of Prague, he was originally trained for the law, but he soon retired to a life of study and speculation, and not long afterward he began to write his strange allegories of man's fate. He became a recluse of art; it was not, however, to a religion of art, but to an art of religion that he dedicated himself. The aesthetic value of his work he seems to have regarded as incidental; he thought of it primarily as a record of his struggle with the absolute, and in so far as his writing was successful it became for him a mode of salvation through understanding. To this task he brought the discipline which art as well as religion requires, and utterly indifferent to the fashions of taste or doctrine he applied to his work only those criteria which arose from his own moral and intellectual ideals. During his lifetime it was largely through guile or persuasion that Kafka was brought to publish some of his stories, and just before he died in 1924, Kafka instructed Max Brod, his friend and literary executor, to destroy all his manuscripts.

The body of Kafka's writing is not very large—several volumes of short stories, some aphorisms, three novels—and despite the variety of subjects it has the quality of a single self-contained unit, in which particulars are dissolved in a thematic uniformity. In this respect Kafka has turned on its head the tradition of the modern novel, for it was not the psyche of individual man but that of mankind which he set out to explore, and this he did from a fixed system of belief. In essence his belief was a rather simple theology, according to which man is separated from God by a hierarchy of human relations in themselves so bewildering that true knowledge can be attained only through humility and faith—an idea which is obviously neither original nor definitive. But Kafka's truly remarkable achievement was that in attempting to describe this spiritual bureaucracy he did create its secular image, the image, that is, of man as a pathetic victim of social beliefs and practices which have been frozen into a kind of administrative machine.

This is the contradiction on which the two novels, "The Castle" (published in this country in 1930) and "The Trial," are built. In "The Castle" it is the officialdom of a community, which deprives a land surveyor of his job because it cannot determine his formal status; while "The Trial" presents bureaucracy in the guise of justice. The latter novel is the odyssey of Joseph K, a bank clerk, who discovers one fine morning that he is under arrest. He is taken to court and there begins a long series of bouts with the "law," during the course of which K faces judges, hires a lawyer, and even tries to reach the judges through influential connections. But never is he informed of the crime for which he is presumably being tried, nor does anyone connected with the court believe that the nature of the accusation is at all relevant to the conduct of the case. At no time is K imprisoned, and he scurries about in the hope of devising some defense which will win him an acquittal, but soon he too becomes caught on those very pin points of legal procedure which presuppose guilt, and which are, in effect, but the technique of convicting an accused man. Naturally enough, most of the other characters in both "The Trial" and "The Castle" make their peace with authority, but they do so only at the cost of becoming servile functionaries.

Burh.

It is through such grotesque situations, almost jokes, that Kafka develops his metaphysics of doom, yet it is a measure of his genius that his writing rarely strains our credulity. However fantastic the predicament of a Kafkian character may be, his behavior is plausible, for it is [illegible] direct response to the tasks he faces. When K discusses the hierarchy of the court with his lawyer, or when he argues with [illegible] "commercial traveler" the question of how many lawyers could best serve an accused man, the actual substance of the conversations is entirely concrete, in that it follows closely the minutest ramifications of the subject. Curiously enough, however, K's very absorption in detail is a substitute for the actual content of his life; and it is in this paradox that the heart of Kafka's method is to be found. For Kafka has created [illegible] form into which almost any human content can be poured. Thus K is an ensemble of all the possible relations an accused person may have with a court and its representatives, and completely distinct personalities and careers could be built on such ambiguities in K's actions as his will to live, together with his humble acceptance of his fate, or his use of women to further his own ends, together with his susceptibility to their charms.

It seems to me that Kafka's main value to modern literature lies in the unique methods through which he revealed the phenomena of spirituality within the bureaucratic labyrinths of society. And it is a tribute to his powers that already admirers of his work are using his discoveries to identify certain situations and entanglements in their own environment as typically Kafkian. WILLIAM PHILLIPS

War Without Honor

THE ENEMY WITHIN: THE INSIDE STORY OF GERMAN SABOTAGE IN AMERICA. By Captain Henry Landau. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.

IT IS hardly fair of Captain Landau, the author of this intensely interesting document on World War espionage, to lure the reader through 300 pages of exciting narrative without once betraying that the whole thing is to end as a plea for a far-flung net of counter-espionage by the United States government. Captain Landau in reality wants "two spies for one," with American agents in every part of the world. "For an annual expenditure of less than 1 per cent of what we lost from German sabotage during the neutrality period," he urges, "we could maintain a secret service and counter-espionage organization the peer of any in the world." Of course we could, and I suspect we do, but why ignore the fact that with all its "splendid spy service" Germany nevertheless suffered ignominious military defeat, while the United States, practically spyless, was without question the most important contributory factor in the winning of the war.

Captain Landau has written on the subject of international espionage before. In "All's Fair" and "Secrets of the White Lady" he took the reader behind the dark curtains of World War secret service. "The Enemy Within" deals with that phase of this absorbing topic which interests the American reader most, and who is better fitted than Captain Landau to enlighten us? He was assigned by the American government to assist American claimants in connection with the Black Tom and Kingsland catastrophes before the Mixed Claims Commission. Having had free access to the archives of the War Department and to the records, exhibits, briefs, and other material assembled by the American authorities in these cases, he is in an excellent position to offer facts instead of rumors, and figures instead of speculation. He presents official

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documents to prove that Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador in Washington at the beginning of the World War, had a fund of $150,000,000 for "propaganda, commercial ventures, and sabotage," and that this vast sum was "only a fraction of Dr. Albert's huge financial transactions . . . in addition to the German loans he floated and the $500,000,000 worth of German securities he sold." Figures like these give one an approximate idea of the scope of German and German-American activities in this country in the first two years before America joined the Allied cause. When the American authorities estimated that Germany had spent a billion dollars in this country for subversive purposes, there was a chorus of disbelief. Captain Landau shows that the actual sum was even greater.

The informed reader wonders, to be sure, at the author's occasional lapses into unaccountable discretion. Important episodes are barely mentioned. He records, for instance, that Dr. Dernburg came to this country with von Bernstorff and Dr. Albert in August, 1914, and that "his chief duty was the spreading of German propaganda," but he makes no mention of the not unimportant circumstance that Dr. Dernburg was not only propaganda chief but also paymaster in the United States. I happen to know that Dr. Dernburg was visited, a few days after he set foot on American soil, by two gentlemen fresh from British shores. One, a radical Irish patriot, received $10,000 twice within two weeks to buy ammunition for an Irish nationalist uprising. The other, a German who had come here with a special passport from the British government, was present during the whole transaction, then went to the British consul general with the story; and the ammunition shipments were promptly seized and confiscated by the British. There were several "incidents" of this sort during the first months of the war. Later Dr. Dernburg was not nearly so ready to finance such wildcat schemes. Later still he delegated the job of distributing these funds to Dr. Albert, who was to become Finance Minister of the Weimar Republic. In the course of his investigations Captain Landau decoded countless letters and documents which had fallen into the hands of the federal authorities; they showed beyond a doubt that Count Bernstorff was an important cog in the German propaganda and sabotage apparatus, although he consistently denied it.

Of the more important German officials mentioned by Landau only Bernstorff and Count von Papen are still alive. Papen's disastrous career in America and later in Palestine is too well known to require more than passing mention. "It may be an accident," Lansing was quoted as saying at the time, "but I believe a significant one, that Germany during the entire critical period was as badly represented in Washington as she was poorly advised in Berlin."

As editor of a German-language daily in New York City I came more or less into contact with many of these underground workers for the fatherland. Most of these "agents" were less than bright, and it never occurred to them that a German paper could be anything but loyal to the German war machine. Usually they were easy to deal with. I showed them the door and explained in no uncertain terms that they had come to the wrong address. Some were not so easily put off, and I was not surprised to find that they were among those who figured prominently in Captain Landau's revelations.

With one grave exception Captain Landau's presentation of the facts bears out what I know of them, though I fail to see how they bear out his conclusions. But of that later! The exception is the role he ascribes to the Industrial Workers of the World. "On Jahnke's instructions," he writes on page 115,

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"Gleaves enrolled himself as a member of the I. W. W., which at that time was working in close cooperation with the Germans. So ardent a disciple did he show himself that soon he was admitted to the inner councils. When he had thus firmly established himself with the I. W. W. the Germans quickly put him to work." Not even the Department of Justice in its indictment of the I. W. W. for sabotaging the conduct of the war dared to make such charges. The I. W. W. was never pro-German. Its membership consisted largely of native Americans whose sympathies were, if anywhere, with the Allies. It is true it fought against war and preparedness. As a revolutionary, anti-militaristic organization it could not do otherwise. It condemned chauvinistic patriotism and discouraged enlistment. It attacked the A. F. of L. for its placid acceptance of the war and particularly for the promise given by Gompers and his associates to the federal authorities that there would be no strike during the duration of the war. To the superficial observer this might appear as giving aid and comfort to the enemy, but Captain Landau is experienced enough to recognize the difference. That German agents made their way into the organization is probable. But where were they not? One need only read this work to see how the German octopus sank its tentacles into every social and economic stratum of the population.

The second part of the book deals exclusively with the Black Tom explosion and the terrible fire which ravaged the shell-assembling plant of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company in Kingsland, New Jersey. The persons responsible for these acts have never been found, and claims on both sides are still unsettled. It is quite clear that the crime in both cases was committed by persons interested in preventing ammunition shipments to the Allied powers. Unless the German-American Mixed Claims Commission stumbles on the guilty one, its negotiations will drag on endlessly. "The Enemy Within" throws no new light on the question.

Those who look for glamor and romance in their spy stories will have to go elsewhere. The men and women Captain Landau tells of were usually anything but glamorous—sordid, hunted, not too intelligent creatures who risked their life and freedom in the struggle for a lot of assorted misinformation. Surely if ever a book proved the uselessness of international espionage, it is this. How its author can so far fail to grasp its message as to tell the American government to "go and do likewise" transcends comprehension.

As an argument against all war "The Enemy Within" would be hard to beat. Unconsciously, I suspect, the author gives his readers a picture of war at its worst, stripped of honor and courage and bravery and glory. What is left is a horrible mire in which that nation comes out on top which uses murder, arson, treachery, cruelty, and the wilful dissemination of horrible disease to the best advantage.

LUDWIG LORE

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modern science reveal many different meanings of chance. Instead of tracking them down, Professor Spaulding has chosen to present a full-dress metaphysical disquisition in which the position of Platonic realism is restated. He recognizes that the term chance must have some significant alternative, but as opposed to those for whom it involves a distinction within experience, he contrasts it with purely logical notions. On this view everything is a matter of chance which is neither necessary nor impossible.

The argument, therefore, turns upon what we understand by necessary propositions and the criteria for identifying them. "That is necessary which is implied or presupposed by its own negative," says the author. But it is easy to show that this is not a sufficient condition of necessary truth. One can construct a system—like Euclidean geometry—in which the contradictory of a given proposition (theorem) entails the given proposition as a consequence. Yet the proposition in question may be quite arbitrary, even materially false. Some years ago an ingenious philosopher with a sense of humor, in criticizing Royce's theory that the test of a necessary truth was "reaffirmation by denial"—which is substantially Spaulding's view—proved that it was necessary and eternal truth that no one could remit exact payment for a debt of $5.06 by a single money order on Uncle Sam's Post Office after deducting for the cost of the money order. Under the rules this was really impossible, and the proof followed Royce's formula. But one day the rules were changed.

A tendency to make subsistent entities out of what are distinctions in discourse leads Professor Spaulding to the view that everything in the world, as well as the world as a whole, is chance. There is no reason why things should be—or being, be what they are. Who can fail to recognize in this Schelling's old question, "Why is there a world? Why is there not Nothing?" which, with all due respect to a hoary philosophical tradition, has the form of a question but not the sense of one? For a question which can always be asked no matter what the world is like (even if there is no world!) is not a genuine question. The fact that existences are in some sense ultimate is no justification for calling them contingent. If ultimacy is the same as contingency, then the necessity of logic, which is as ultimate a character of logic as color is of the rose, is also contingent, and logic itself becomes contingent. Professor Spaulding does not shrink from the paradox and boldly asserts that "[logical] necessity itself is neither necessary nor impossible but contingent." If the opposite of the contingent is also contingent, I cannot see what meaning the term can have.

There are two other traditional interpretations of chance whose chief claim to validity lies in their simplicity. The first asserts that chance is a measure of our ignorance and that chance events are those whose causes we do not know. This implies that probability is a subjective notion and so makes it impossible to understand how we can predict, on the basis of our ignorance, the relative frequency of happenings for many classes of events. This school postulates universal causality, and forgetting that a postulate, as Peirce put it, is something we hope is true, converts it into a legislative decree for nature. The second view identifies chance with uncaused events. Although more empirical in intent than the subjective theory, it cannot in the nature of the case establish the absence of causation in any situation. It also fails to account for the causal sequences already known, and if widely entertained would paralyze scientific inquiry.

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sense idea of luck or accident. On this theory chance events are those arising from the conjunction or intersection of two independent series of events which are determined throughout. The intersection of the two series cannot be predicted on the basis of any data drawn from one or both. It can be "foretold" only after the event. When scientists use the term chance in a sense other than probability, this is usually what they mean. Its functional significance is to prepare investigators to qualify and supplement generalizations made in the large, and to check them from overlooking the important fact that all determining conditions are limiting rather than compulsive. It presupposes a pluralistic universe in which scientific method is one but in which fundamental organizing categories are many. Connections and interrelations between different realms are not denied, but the degree of their ramifications is an empirical matter. It is only this last view of chance which permits a clear formulation of the problem of the great man and his social milieu, the role of "if" in history, as well as other knotty problems of social causation. This theory escapes the conclusion that "everything in the world is a matter of chance" or that "everything in the world is necessary"—propositions that either have the same meaning or have no meaning at all. Finally it provides a better basis for Professor Spaulding's emergent pluralism, a significant and fruitful doctrine, than does the horrendous subsistence doctrine of this book. SIDNEY HOOK

Shorter Notices

HALL OF MIRRORS. By Lenore G. Marshall. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

To tell how Margaret Clay faced the possibility of going blind on the same autumn Saturday that her husband sacrificed the editorship of a big newspaper which was censoring his labor articles, Mrs. Marshall has built her story of blocks bound together by her conviction that reality has many aspects. Margaret is seen through the eyes of her son and daughter, her colored cook, the disheartened radical on whose magazine she works, her secretary, a poet friend, her mother, her doctor, and the guests for dinner. Each gazes at her through glasses that are colored with his fears and illusions, saying what a nice hat she is wearing and despising her, or envying her luck, or combating her, or loving her; each supplies a a partial fact and a wrong guess. This is a hall of mirrors such as we all walk. The fault here is that the reflecting facets do not compose any clear and living picture of the heroine. Rather these other lives tend to blur hers and block the action, despite the fine polish of the workmanship and the flashes of sensitivity. But when at the end the narrative breaks out into the open in a scene between husband and wife—home at sundown to explain and share their new burdens—suddenly the book comes alive. Mrs. Marshall reports the movements of her contemporaries with honesty and care. A perceptive impressionist with a supple prose style, she captures the background hubbub and jostle of New York living in striking light and shade. But such virtues alone do not animate a novel with pulse and drama, and here the technique overshadows the substance. One regrets that the author became fascinated with embroidering a philosophical commonplace. JAMES BROUGHTON

HE SWUNG AND HE MISSED. By Eugene O'Brien. Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.

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go to the Naval Academy. His mother takes the decision with helpless resignation; and his father, more through a sense of duty than with any expectation of dissuading the boy, administers a good thrashing. Brief as they are, the two or three scenes on the farm, at this point and later when Toby is home on leave, convey the emotional quality of the family life with unusual economy and penetration. At the nearest recruiting station Toby finds everybody polite and encouraging. "I want to go to the Naval Academy, sir." "That's as fine an ambition as a man can have, my boy." Not until he is safely signed up for four years does anything happen to explain the remark of an ex-sailor near the recruiting station, "I wouldn't let a kid of mine join that damned outfit." After months of rough initiation, Toby's education proceeds rapidly at Hampton Roads. He makes a satisfactory enough adjustment to his buddies, to the prostitutes and the drinking in the town, but he isn't prepared for the shock of discovering that the man he admires most is a homosexual. His first impulse is to escape, to go to sea, even though it means giving up his course of study at Hampton Roads. He leaves, but takes with him the reputation of a quitter; and the officer on the Dolphin, to which he is assigned, has it in for quitters, especially polite silent ones. The events that follow form a vivid and convincing narrative. Toby is the victim of an uncorrected official error which brings on a long train of distressing consequences; even after the ship's doctor himself becomes finally convinced an error has been made. From this point on there is no question of the effects of the education Toby had sought. Mr. O'Brien tells the story in a controlled, direct, terse manner that admirably fits the material. This is a first novel that swings and doesn't miss. DOROTHY BREWSTER

DOWN THE PROUD STREAM. By Carl Fallas. Longmans, Green and Company. $2.50.

This book presents a cameo picture of some of the infinite number of ripples on the sky-colored surface of the "proud stream" of life when youth is growing into mandhood. It has no plot and no dénouement. Its only story is that of the inarticulate promptings of developing maturity struggling for awareness and for the illusion of reality prior to fulfilment, but for the telling the author summons charm and meditativeness and humor and a chaste yet vigorous style. A sensitive youth of superior intelligence and book wisdom has come to spend a summer in the English countryside to regain his health. Bees, birds, and beasts and country lasses all take part in creating a tonic atmosphere in which the adolescence and convalescence of Rolf imperceptibly merge. There is also Christina, the farm seamstress, more fully grown and more perturbed, who learns to discern an element of suffering in human attraction. What passes between the two during the balmy summer is nothing more binding than an elemental eagerness to caress and kiss. But to Christina it is the preparation for a more serious and sacred step which she may scarcely hope for. To Rolf it is merely a rehearsal of virility, an education in the art of caressing indulged in by people "who love each other but who are not lovers." Without the slightest social significance or even narrative import Mr. Fallas's latest book is yet a delicate and careful work of art. LOUIS RICH

THE RETURN OF KAI LUNG. By Ernest Bramah. Sheridan House. $2.50.

This little book, set in the never-never land of dynastic China, has for its ostensible subject the loss of a mandarin's pigtail. In the rigidly ceremonial Chinese world which Mr. Bramah predicates, this deprivation is synonymous with the loss of dignity, sexual and bureaucratic; and the quest of the missing pigtail becomes a national problem. The agent of its recovery is a Chinese girl, disguised in boys' clothes, who has an anachronistic acquaintance with English detective stories. The book is a satire on detective-story writers, who are habitually referred to as "the barbarian sages"; it is also a gentle, ironic commentary on the eternal, international venality and mutability of human nature and the absurdity of accepted social forms. It is, of course, a little démodé, both in its kindly, eclectic cynicism and in its comic method. Most of its effects are gained through what H. W. Fowler classifies as polysyllabic or pedantic humor. It assumes that if a Western custom is described in ornate, Oriental verbiage, the reader will find both the incongruity and the custom funny. As a matter of fact, the reader frequently does. Mr. Bramah has an enormous vocabulary and a droll, supple hand. With this equipment, and with considerable effort, he does manage to squeeze a number of laughs out of the old topsy-turvy joke.

MARY MCCARTHY

PRISMATIC GROUND. By Marguerite Young. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

This first book of poetry introduces a lyrical voice that speaks in its own way in a manner somewhere between the early nostalgic poems of Millay and the intellectual wryness of Wylie. In the happy felicity of phrase and the balance of her formalized technique Miss Young resembles yet more closely her English contemporary, Ruth Pitter. Her subject matter is conventional but handled with a special awareness; Wild Orchard and Song Preface are written with the finest perception. With the exception of Advertisement, To the Strangest Lady, and A Girl's Song, this volume has a special light of its own; though never robust, it is delicately penetrating.

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of the most successful of living playwrights and toward a comedy which I should guess to be the first really substantial hit of the season, I can only reply that as far as they go they seem to me just, even if they do not tell the whole story. Miss Crothers does have a way of writing which frequently suggests a dramatization of one of the works of Mrs. Post. But she is also almost the only remaining composer of precisely the sort of thing which used to be called "a well-made play." We have plenty of skilful theatrical craftsmen of a different sort, but no one who can write in dramatic form exactly her kind of neat, careful, measured exposition and make it, while neither profound nor especially subtle, continuously if gently interesting as well as frequently witty.

The Susan at present in question is a spoiled and shallow woman who returns to her neglected husband and daughter, not because she intends to do her duty by them, but because dear Lady somebody or other in England has provided her with a new outlet for her egotism in the forms of a religion whose chief injunction seem to be to confess and to meddle. The character is shrewdly drawn and played amusingly, if perhaps with a bit too much quasi-farcical abandon, by Gertrude Lawrence. But I am not sure that the most amusing portrait is not really that of the awkward-age daughter, bursting with good health and defaced with spectacles and bridge work. At any rate that daughter is the occasion of the wittiest line of the play. She comes into her mother's bedroom proudly arrayed in a green chiffon negligee trimmed with fur, and she is crushed with the remark, "You look like a girl scout gone wrong." That has the sound of the ordinary wisecrack, but it is actually wit of a pretty high order for the simple reason that it expresses in the fewest possible words the essence of the incongruity in a situation which seems to the daughter herself thrilling and impressive.

Intellectually the great weakness of "Susan and God" is a last-act reformation for which nothing in the character of Susan has prepared anyone. In fact, every word she has uttered has tended to indicate that no possible conversion could be anything more than a conversion from one form of self-indulgence to another. Miss Crothers seems to have realized the difficulty and has tried to gloss it over by insisting that all the preparation for this sudden return to virtue and domesticity took place during the ten minutes between the second and third acts while the audience was in the lobby having its cigarette. The result is that while most of the play is a witty and not unpenetrating exposition of the character of a kind of rattle-brain to whom a fashionably exhibitionistic religion would make an irresistible appeal, the conclusion is neither more nor less than sloppy. But perhaps the author did not even expect us to take it seriously.

John Howard Lawson has partly rewritten his once famous "Processional" for the Federal Theater production at the Maxine Elliot. The additions are apparently all in the interest of ideological orthodoxy, and they make it more difficult to be sure why the play seems so much more noisy and confused, so much less original and exciting, than it seemed in 1925. It has lost its rhythm and lost, therefore, the one thing which seemed to give significance to the chaos of burlesque and satire and melodrama. That, no doubt, is in part the result of a rough-and-ready production which allows the action to straggle when it should move to the beat of a syncopated drum. But I am not sure that Mr. Lawson himself has not destroyed the rhythm by eliminating its function. What the old play said was something like this: I see no clear meaning in all this confusion. I do not know just how one part is connected with another. But I feel the beat of a tremendous

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vitality, and I know that all of it is America saying, in the words of the jazz-baby heroine, "I'm gonna raise my kid." Mr. Lawson now thinks he has found the meaning in terms of Communist dogma. He has attempted to give the play the unity of an intellectual conception and has lost the rhythm because he has lost the sense that it is important. Once he put his faith in the vitality of the human spirit; now he puts it in a creed. No wonder the play cannot remain the same.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE ARTS

Architecture

THE Germans are beginning to arrive in force. That is perhaps the leading news of the moment in the field of architecture. On the advent of Hitler, it will be remembered, in Germany modern architecture became *Kulturbolschewismus.* The leading German architects emigrated, chiefly to England. In England they, along with a few Continental architects of other nationalities, were able on a small scale to effect a transformation. Specialists in the "international style," such as Professor Hitchcock, awarded to England the palm of leadership—by virtue chiefly of the German leaders settled there.

The best-known of these German leaders now beginning to explore the possibilities in the United States is Walter Gropius. He has begun a teaching career this fall at the School of Architecture at Harvard. Gropius won his chief fame as director of the great German Bauhaus, a school of architecture and industrial design that stood to the present generation of active architects in all countries as the Beaux-Arts in Paris had stood to their predecessors—the center of diffusion for the guiding ideas of the time. Soon after Gropius had been appointed at Harvard, there appeared the announcement of an American Bauhaus, to be conducted at Chicago by one of the teachers of the former German school, Moholy-Nagy—with Gropius's blessing. (Moholy is probably best known here through his book "The New Vision.") In hastily remodeled quarters this school has now opened. Like its prototype, it seeks support from industry rather than from the state or private endowments, and expects that industry will be the immediate outlet for its services.

Other German expatriates will be sure rapidly to follow these first two. They will bring their developed skill and a coherent point of view, which focuses on the desire to make use of industrial resources, to be converted into humane architecture. The new arrivals will find here an industrial power plant far surpassing in its resources for large-scale production what was available to them at home when they built the first tentative experiments that were mistakenly copied as "finished" products by young American enthusiasts.

The Germans have already produced an important part of the year's architectural books. Three compact small volumes are their contribution. Of the authors, Werner Hegeman, who had worked extensively in the United States, came last year to an untimely death; Walter Curt Behrendt is at Dartmouth; the third is Gropius, already mentioned.

The second volume of Hegeman's "City Planning and Housing," published this year, is somewhat scattered and

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eccentric. Nevertheless it furnishes "required reading" for those who are interested in what can be done to a nation's homes by political maneuvers and policies. The book is as entertaining as any "Mirrors of Washington." It gives us the first behind-the-scenes view, for example, of the housing politics in Germany from the Social Democrats to Hitler. It makes sense, for the first time, out of a turn-about which our own housing writers have been apt to represent as if there had been a mere hiatus in the work of good housing because the bad men had replaced the good. The conflict is shown instead as part of the great struggle between industry and an industrial proletariat on one side, and on the other the Junkers. Part of the story is a joke on the Americans. Our tariff and loan policies made us the suckers who paid for the good German housing out of our own pockets—a situation which the ironic Hegeman relished to the full. No American liberal saw it at the time; the howls all came from the *Saturday Evening Post*. On other points besides this Hegeman's sharp observations cut across the accepted view; they are tonic, though few could agree with his underlying aesthetic point of view, which is basically Renaissance. Valuable is the iconoclasm (sometimes acerbic) of his treatment of our own architectural heroes Richardson, Sullivan, and Root, and of the "advanced thought" that lumps and swallows them together. A sharp and realistic cosmopolite is good medicine for any country.

Behrendt is of a temperament extremely different. His "Modern Building" is perhaps the best and most interesting single book for the layman now obtainable on modern architecture—its recent history and its problems. The book is succinct, scholarly, rounded, rich. The introductory chapter is a splendid performance on the "problem of order" as seen by classic periods and as seen today. One of the book's virtues is its deep appreciation of a recurrent type of American thought now exemplified in architecture by Wright, and dealing with relationships not as abstract but as organic. Indeed, the opposition that Behrendt sets up of "Le Corbusier or Wright" at the core of the modern building problem has nowhere else been stated with the same understanding. Recommended are the chapters dealing with the trend away from personal expression (the Renaissance) and the emergence of a new collective effort. In this respect developments are outstripping the book. One fault: in the section on the Role of America the review of American architects since Richardson follows a pattern too similar in emphasis and evaluation to Mumford's "Sticks and Stones" (1925)—the landmarks are in a different perspective now.

Gropius's "The New Architecture and the Bauhaus" is both a history of the former school and its aims and an elucidation of what we may expect Gropius to strive for. Gropius as a pioneer has always merited high respect; he is decent, thorough, sober.

Our common effort with our new allies will not escape, of course, occasional clashes of temperament and background. In Gropius's little volume there stands, as an example of method, a computation of building height in relation to sunlight. The solution is impeccable on the given premises. But as it marches from physical data to conclusion in orderly phalanxes, one can see the spirit of our own Henry Wright raising new queries all along the way, disturbing the procession with new considerations whose importance is not at first quite apparent. In the end the pat generalizations lose some authority. Prussian directness and vigor have inestimable value; but the arts of accommodation that are learned in a democracy are in their own way profound.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

NOW!

in the

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Letters to the Editors

Scandinavian Labor Parties and the I. W. W.

Dear Sirs: For twenty-five years I have had it tooted in my ears that independent political action of labor is "un-American" and that anything beyond the shop-worn policies of the A. F. of L. is "foreign" to the traditions of America. It remained for Ludwig Lore to reverse the picture and take credit on behalf of the I. W. W. for the work of reform and progress that has been achieved by the laboring masses of Sweden and the other countries of the North. Since Sweden has gone farthest toward a more equal distribution of life's essentials, let us see what basis there is for Mr. Lore's fantastic statement that "some of the most prominent of the sturdy Nordic leaders responsible for this admirable state of affairs in Northern Europe received their first lesson in labor theory in our own United States as rank-and-file members of the Industrial Workers of the World and other radical labor organizations" (*The Nation,* September 25).

While it is true that Ragnar Johansson spent several years in the United States, Mr. Lore is the first person to credit Mr. Johansson with any noteworthy share in Sweden's progress along the "middle way." Furthermore, Mr. Johansson began his education in labor theory in his native land several years before he came to the United States. Gutav Moeller, the Minister of Labor, is a graduate of the Swedish Social Democratic youth movement of a generation ago and has never been a resident of the United States. Osten Unden, "trade-union leader," is not even a member of a trade union but an educator, drawn into the Labor Party through his interest in its work and aims. When did Mr. Unden reside in the United States, Mr. Lore?

While Sweden's workers willingly acknowledge their unity with the workers of other countries, they insist on solving their own problems in their own way. Soviet Russia has whispered honeyed words to the Swedish worker, but he has turned a deaf ear. To assume that a motley crowd of American I. W. W.'s laid the foundation for the profound political and economic changes that have been wrought in Sweden in the last quarter-century is rather absurd.

For more than fifty years the Swedish trade unions and the Social Democratic Labor Party have carried on an intensive campaign of organization and education. This work has borne fruit. In the election of a year ago the Social Democratic Labor Party polled 1,336,554 votes and captured 112 seats out of 230—an increase of 8. The Socialist Party kept its 6 seats, and the Communists increased their representation to 5. The Conservatives found themselves reduced from 58 to 44, and the Farmer Party retained its 36 seats. As Mr. Lore may learn from these figures, the Socialists and the Communists are a very insignificant part of the Swedish labor movement. In fact, their importance is so slight that the Labor government does not turn to them for support but cooperates with the Farmer Party in shaping important policies.

Whether the outstanding leaders of Swedish labor are "protagonists of a new and revolutionary labor philosophy" I leave to the future. One thing is certain: they contemplate no proletarian dictatorship, no purge, and no war of extinction against their opponents. In his calm, well-balanced way Per Albin Hansson, the Premier, stated the aim of his party and of Swedish labor in the following words: "Equal opportunities for a secure life within the fatherland for all who live there and labor." If this has been "lifted" out of an I. W. W. textbook, neither Per Albin nor I have ever seen that book.

FRANK JOHNSON

Toledo, Ohio, October 11

Dear Sirs: Nothing was farther from my thoughts than to credit the American I. W. W. with the splendid work of the Scandinavian labor parties. What I said and what I firmly believe was that their early training in the I. W. W. gave to the later activity of some of the Scandinavian leaders a background of revolutionary realism. Mr. Johnson says Messrs. Moeller and Unden have never been in the United States. Friends in Stockholm assured me that these two leaders had also been in America and had been members of the I. W. W. I had no chance to talk to them personally since they were on vacation outside Stockholm.

The Scandinavian Socialists have differed from those of most other European countries in that they have recognized the importance of economic and cooperative labor organizations somewhat independent of but cooperating with the political party. I was deeply impressed during my stay in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark with the fine understanding of revolutionary values of those Social Democratic leaders; they have made trade unions, cooperatives, and educational organizations of labor an integral part of governmental activity by delegating to them functions which hitherto have been regarded as belonging to the state and its political organs.

I can only assure Mr. Johnson that I came back from Europe feeling sincere admiration for the work of the Scandinavian Social Democracies.

LUDWIG LORE

New York, October 14

Liberalism and Ideals

Dear Sirs: When Norman Thomas, in the correspondence columns of your October 9 issue, points out the danger of uncritical liberal support of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal, he forgets that there is often even more danger for liberalism in an attitude of critical non-support. The heart of Mr. Thomas's argument is that "New Dealers are not so few and far between that the President had no alternative to appointing Senator Black." True enough. But the problem we face is not one of past but of present alternatives. The alternatives now are to accept Justice Black or to join those demanding his resignation.

The days when liberals would jump sadly into the river, with their precious ideals, over a Black-Klan issue are gone. Liberalism is now achieving instead of slaughtering its ideals.

F. A. SILVERMAN, JR.

New York, October 13

A Teacher Has No Privacy

Dear Sirs: Dr. Ellis Freeman, professor of psychology at the University of Louisville and a member of the faculty since 1929, held social views unpalatable to the Board of Trustees and the American Legion. He wrote a book which was approved by critical psychologists and disapproved by theologians and fascists. The court decreed that the private life of any teacher in a public institution was the Legion's business. Dr. Freeman resigned his position "under duress."

To fill in this brief outline of Dr. Freeman's case: In April, 1935, Colonel

Henry J. Stites of the American Legion told a Louisville audience that "a local liberal supported by taxpayers' money [had] received nearly $200 from Russia; he circulated and secured subscriptions to Bolshevik literature." A week later William E. Porter's "Youth Congress" assembled at the Brown Hotel under the sponsorship of the American Legion and with the financial support of Bernarr MacFadden, but hastily closed shop when it was found that the liberals and radicals in its midst outnumbered the conservative "youths." Dr. Freeman had written letters on university stationery attempting to discourage participation in the congress. Its breakdown was attributed largely to the unfriendliness of Dr. Freeman and of Dr. Raymond A. Kent, president of the university.

Immediately the American Legion launched a drive against radicalism in the schools, proposed an economic boycott against aliens, and made rhetorical charges of radicalism against Dr. Freeman and Dr. Kent. The charges against Dr. Kent were retracted. The board of trustees of the university asked the Legion to submit its evidence. Colonel H. J. Stites accused Dr. Freeman of receiving a check from Russia for $172.41. Dr. Freeman demonstrated that this check was interest on Russian bonds, and he was unanimously exonerated by the university trustees of all the charges.

Dr. Freeman then brought suit for $100,000 against Colonel Stites, Harry V. Davis, Jr., a former commander of the Legion post, the Citizens' Union National Bank, and two bank officials, charging libel, conspiracy to libel, and invasion of privacy.

Meanwhile, Dr. Freeman states, despite his exoneration, the trustees and administration of the university subjected him to many petty and serious annoyances. Dr. Freeman requested sabbatical leave from the university with pay. This was denied him, and two increases in rank were not accompanied by raises in salary. In reply to the request for reasons, Dr. Kent wrote: "My refusal to make the recommendation was determined by a serious question in my own mind concerning whether some of your actions did not indicate such a lack of proper judgment as to make your retention on the faculty of questionable desirability."

When Dr. Freeman's suit came to trial, the defendants were represented by seventeen of the best-known lawyers in the city. Dr. Freeman was questioned about his views concerning God, the flag, sex, hell, and marriage. "Do you believe in the profit system?" he was asked. "Not without modifications . . . something that would eliminate scandals like Teapot Dome and Harlan County," the plaintiff said.

The testimony indicated that Harry V. Davis, Jr., had seen Dr. Freeman's Russian check exposed on the desk of the assistant cashier of the Citizens' Union Bank—who was also state finance officer of the Legion—and committed the check to memory. From this source Colonel Stites had obtained his information about the check.

In his decision the judge agreed with the defense attorneys that Dr. Freeman "is a public servant in a public institution supported by public taxes. He has no privacy to violate." "These gentlemen of the American Legion," he said, "did nothing that any citizen doesn't have the right to do; they inquired into the character and record of a teacher and the things he taught our young people. They are to be commended. The peace of the world depends on keeping this country American."

The significant element of the trial lay in the defense's alteration of the entire issue. "All I claimed was that my privacy *as a depositor,* and not my conduct as a teacher, was immune to invasion. This distinction the judge was unable to make," observes Dr. Freeman.

Dr. Freeman states that after the loss of the suit President Kent warned him that his position was more than ever in jeopardy. He asserts that Dr. Kent based his objections on his indiscretion in attacking so powerful an institution as the bank, his failure to get the approval of the board in bringing suit, and his lack of adequate counsel. This situation Dr. Freeman considered to be tantamount to a threat of dismissal, and so he offered to resign on certain conditions. Dr. Kent states that he based his criticisms on the fact that the suit was directed against officers of the bank who denied that they were parties to the revelation of the check. "I criticized him for bringing a suit which would involve the university without his having mentioned this suit to anyone in the university. At no time did I imply that he should have secured approval for the suit." (The filing of suit and the arguing of motions were reported in newspapers more than a year before the trial.) The board gave Dr. Freeman an advance of $3,000 and accepted his resignation.

The last of the controversy has not yet been heard.

JOHN M. DANNENFELSER, JR.

Louisville, Ky., October 2

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PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN, whose observations on the plight of Jews in the Reich with the coming of Hitler appeared in *The Nation* of December 27, 1933, has just returned from a second visit to Germany.

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The Shape of Things

THE STOCK-MARKET CRASH HAS CROWDED most other topics out of discussion, if not out of the news. If it is compared with the 1929 crash, a sharp difference is to be found in the fact that the current market is of far smaller proportions and is a good deal less a speculators' market. While we cannot share the optimism that insists there is no connection between the stock break and actual business conditions, it is true that the effect of the market slump on business and employment will be less marked than in 1929. In general one may consider the present situation as one of a series of business recessions, accompanied by a panic recession in the stock market. All eyes will now be fixed on government moves in the field of money and taxation. The President's budget message, with its increased estimate of the deficit for the coming year, marked the death knell of the RFC and PWA; and Mr. Roosevelt was quick to follow it with a disclaimer of any intention to impose new taxes. There are clear indications that the new tax bill which the Treasury will introduce in January will represent a sort of standstill agreement with the business community, containing no new taxes or increases but offering minor downward revisions of both the capital-gains tax and the tax on undistributed corporate dividends in the interest of easing the burden on some businesses. We believe that the move toward cutting down essential federal expenditures in the social services is clearly a mistake. While we question certain details of Senator La Follette's tax program, his insistence on balancing the budget through increased tax rates—especially the surtaxes on incomes under $50,000—deserves vigorous support.

* * *

THE DANGER OF ANOTHER HOARE-LAVAL settlement growing out of the Brussels conference is greatly enhanced by the apparent inability of either the United States or Great Britain to formulate a definite plan for checking Japanese aggression. While it is natural that no statement of policy should be issued in advance of the conference, there are clear indications that no positive steps are planned by either delegation. All statements from Washington regarding the parley have emphasized mediation as the first task before the conference and have spoken vaguely of "peaceful means to hasten the end of the conflict." In London Mr. Chamberlain has been even more specific in declaring that "it is a mistake going to the conference talking about economic sanctions, economic pressure, and force." That Tokyo would look with favor on an armistice based on the status quo goes without saying. While China has officially declared that it will not talk peace as long as enemy troops remain on its soil, there is more than a possibility that the fascist clique at Nanking might be strong enough to put over a deal if it were aided by pressure from the powers. Fortunately, the recent Chinese victories in Shansi and Shantung have practically eliminated this threat for the moment. But it must be recognized that the only peace that can be achieved on the basis of the present military situation would be a settlement on Japanese terms.

*

THAT THE BOYCOTT AGAINST JAPANESE goods has obtained greater popular support than is generally realized is indicated by the latest poll conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion. In a vote taken some ten days ago, before boycott sentiment had had an opportunity to crystallize, 37 per cent of the persons approached replied yes to the question "Is your sympathy with China great enough to keep you from buying goods made in Japan?" Strong boycott sentiment was found in every section of the country and was equally apparent among Democratic and Republican voters. It was strongest in the Pacific Coast states and with persons possessing better-than-average incomes. As might be expected, there was a large number of persons who indicated a sympathy for China but did not show a willingness to boycott. If we are to accept the results of the poll, three Americans out of five are definitely sympathetic with China, of whom two-thirds favor the boycott. Only 1 per cent of the persons approached indicated sympathy with Japan. Especially striking is the fact that 76 per cent of the persons of better-than-average income favor China, and that the least sympathy is expressed by those who are overwhelmed by troubles of their own—voters on relief.

*

THE C. I. O.-A. F. of L. PEACE CONFERENCE begins its meetings as we go to press. It does not assemble with complete serenity—but then, no peace conference has ever been really peaceful. The principal obstacles have nothing to do with the personal bitterness of Lewis and Green but with the fact that the constituent unions in each organization have by this time made so hard a fight for supremacy in their field that they will cling to their gains with a tenacity that would have been impossible two years ago. The maritime union, the electrical workers' unions, and the telegraphers' unions are cases in point. There is the added fact that neither group fully trusts the other, and that even an agreement on principle would strike all sorts of snags in the working out of practical plans for living up to the principle—and in a state of tension any snag might prove fatal. Nevertheless, a real will for peace is to be found in crucial quarters: in Administration circles, which recognize that neither the National Labor Relations Board nor the state labor boards can survive when caught in the crossfire between the rival organizations, and which fear the political effects of labor division in the coming Congressional elections; among the more moderate leaders on both sides, such as Hillman, Harrison, and Dubinsky; and most of all among the labor rank and file. The central labor bodies of Kenosha and Sheboygan, Wisconsin, for example, have just started a movement to gather a million labor signatures for a petition demanding an end of the labor civil war. Present indications are that William Green, caught napping by the peace proposal, is not making things any too easy for the conference, but Green must reckon with the demand for peace among his own members. To our mind only two basic conditions of peace exist. The first is that neither industrial unionism nor craft unionism be scrapped, but each allowed to develop—autonomously if no other way can be found—within the enlarged federation. The second is that there be no attempt to take the new membership which each group has obtained and partition it among the units of the other group.

*

THE APPOINTMENT OF NATHAN STRAUS AS Federal Housing Administrator marks, we hope, a new era for public housing in the United States. Coming from membership in the New York City Authority, Mr. Straus brings to his task an inside knowledge of the local officials' point of view, neglect of which has seriously hampered the housing movement in the past. He has also himself built and managed an outstanding housing development—the Hillside limited-dividend project in New York. He has shown he can get things done—another quality the lack of which has plagued our public housing. Against the advice of most American experts the Federal Housing Administration has been made part of the Department of the Interior—"under the general supervision of the authority thereof," as the law reads—instead of being given a life of its own. Mr. Straus's first task will be to assert and establish for the administration the greatest independence he can.

*

FORTY-ONE PERSONS HAVE DIED FROM THE effects of a new medicine; and as we go to press the federal Food and Drug Administration is scouring the country to find the last of some 700 pint bottles of Massengill's elixir sulfanilamide that obviously should never have been distributed. Yet the scandalous fact is that the Food and Drug Administration was able to take action in this case only because the medicine was misbranded, not because it contained a dangerous drug. This particular product became liable to seizure because it was erroneously called an elixir; but the administration remains powerless to regulate other brands of sulfanilamide. Mention of the trade name of the medicine has not been made in the newspaper accounts we have seen, although this would seem the best way of stopping the distribution of the drug. The press releases of the Food and Drug Administration also refrain from naming it, but this was done, we are informed, because of actual doubt at the time as to what products were involved. The facts are now available. The fatal "elixir" is manufactured by the S. E. Massengill Company of Bristol, Tennessee. It is interesting to recall that it was the Tennessee medicine makers who did so much to hold up passage of the food-and-drug bill, even in its emasculated form. The medicine in question is no specific for gonorrhea, but has been widely used as such; this means that it is being bought and consumed secretly in unknown amounts. Although the drug is valuable as a treatment for various infections under proper safeguards, the medical journals have warned the public against using any preparation of sulfanilamide without first consulting a physician. Yet Dr. Fishbein has said that he knows of no law restricting its sale over the counter. This is surely one of the most disgraceful as well as one of the most tragic incidents in the history of medicine for profit and the attempt of a modern government to regulate it.

*

GHETTO BENCHES IN THE CLASSROOM ARE among the most refined tortures that fascists can inflict on young Jews. Official sanction was given early in October to an order segregating Jewish students in the University of Warsaw in "yellow-patch benches." The Jewish community in Poland, which has learned from German experience that to accede to such a policy must end fatally, has met this move with a sharp and militant show of strength. With the aid of liberal and labor groups 1,500 Jewish students went on a forty-eight-hour strike at Warsaw, barricading themselves in their student house and picketing the colleges. It is significant that in Lwow and Wilno, Ukrainian and White Russian students joined Jewish students in sympathy strikes. On October 19 several thousand Christian workers joined 3,000,000 Polish Jews in a half-day general strike which resulted in the complete shutdown of all Jewish shops, factories, and offices. The ghetto-bench measures have an importance extending beyond the universities. The nationalist press has just launched a campaign for the extension of the ghetto system to the professions and the markets, and for the exclusion of Jews from the army. Anti-Semitism in Poland is chiefly the product of fascist students and intellectuals, working with government connivance. Whether the forces of Polish democracy, potentially a majority, will have the strength to rouse themselves and unite against the groups that are leading Poland to a Nazi doom is by no means certain. The creation last week of a Labor Party, with the blessings of Paderewski, may be a straw in the wind; but it must be noted that "labor" is a misnomer in this instance and that the party is actually democratic-nationalist, pro-French and anti-German, and mildly anti-Semitic.

*

WE HAVE RECEIVED A COPY OF A LETTER addressed to the Association of University Professors in which Bishop Francis J. McConnell, president of the American Association for Social Security, asks for an investigation of a new, and to our minds a disturbing, form of interference with academic freedom. The facts are these. Abraham Epstein, secretary of the Association for Social Security, recently opened a course on social insurance at New York University. The morning after his first lecture, the university received a call from an employee in the office of Anna Rosenberg, regional director of the Social Security Board, who said that Mr. Epstein's point of view was not the official one and that some person representing the government's position should supplement Mr. Epstein's views. Although this move apparently was not ordered from Washington, the federal chairman of the Social Security Board, A. T. Altmayer, wrote Mr. Epstein that he could not see any objection to Miss Rosenberg's suggestion. "Certainly," he said, "we should all agree that the problems arising under the Social Security Act are complex enough to warrant consideration by persons with different points of view." This obviously begs the question. The issue is not whether only one point of view is to be presented; it is whether the government is justified in forcing presentation of the official position every time a private person teaches a conflicting doctrine. Such pressure is no less dangerous because it is subtle and superficially reasonable. We put this particular episode down to misdirected zeal; but the zeal of the bureaucrat is a near relative of tyranny.

*

FELIX WARBURG WAS THE SORT OF RICH MAN whose chief meaning for the world lay not in the way he made money but the way he spent it. Head of the banking house of Kuhn, Loeb and Company, he had practically retired from the active management of it to devote his energy and his wealth to community-welfare activities and to the far-flung destiny of the Jews in Poland, Germany, Palestine, Rumania, and South America. The gifts he brought to his task were a quiet integrity and an immense tact and prestige. He was in the best sense a patriarch of his people, but one whose interest recognized no national or religious boundaries.

Mussolini Wins a Round

THE struggle over the volunteers in Spain appears to have resulted in another victory for the fascist powers. Talk of opening the French frontier and occupying the island of Minorca has ceased abruptly. Nor does there seem to be the smallest possibility that any Italian and German troops will be withdrawn before the end of the fighting season, if at all. Nominally, Mussolini made an important concession when he agreed to permit a neutral commission to go to Spain to undertake a census of the "volunteers" and make arrangements for their withdrawal. But having gained a breathing-spell by these tactics, he rendered the concession meaningless by refusing to bind himself to accept the commission's findings. Thus negotiations are back where they were a week or even a month ago, and the fascists have succeeded in gaining a vital delay in which to prepare for a new attack on Madrid with fresh Italian troops. Already the delay has borne fruit in the fall of Gijon. If the French frontier had been opened in September as was suggested in the League resolution, Gijon and the Asturias would still be in government hands. As it is, the fall of Gijon has undoubtedly strengthened Franco's bargaining power, stiffened the diplomatic resistance of Italy and Germany, and induced further caution on the part of the democratic powers.

Perhaps the most brilliant aspect of Mussolini's strategy is the way in which he has succeeded in placing responsibility for the failure of the withdrawal program on the Soviet Union. Because the Soviets are unwilling to accept a plan which is obviously unfair to the Spanish government and contrary to the spirit of the League resolution, they are being denounced as obstructionists and threatened with isolation, leaving the two countries which have consistently sabotaged non-intervention apparently free of blame.

Hitler has played his role as skilfully as Mussolini. Without the bluster and threats which usually characterize Nazi diplomacy Germany has managed to support Italy on every point before the Non-Intervention Committee. The Nazis were also quick to take advantage of the powers' preoccupation in Spain to launch a vicious campaign of propaganda against Czecho-Slovakia and to take the final step in "coordinating" Danzig. Under ordinary circumstances either event would have resulted in a protest from the League powers. But the most that has been forthcoming has been a semi-official reminder by France of the existence of the Franco-Czech mutual-assistance pact.

No logical explanation exists for England's and France's newest capitulation at London. The democratic countries had the upper hand as far as bargaining power was concerned. Opening of the French frontier coupled with active economic support for the Spanish government would have so strengthened the Loyalists that Italy and Germany would have had no choice but to withdraw as gracefully as possible. And the continuing threat to Britain and France in the Mediterranean, to say nothing of the threat to Europe as a whole, would have been largely liquidated. Yet when it came to a showdown, the democracies again allowed themselves to be taken off their guard by imaginary fascist concessions. There is nothing in the dispatches which adequately explains the surrender. Speculations are numerous and contradictory. Was there a deal whereby France and Britain were assured that their interests in Spain and the Mediterranean would be safeguarded? Or is there some inherent defect in democracy which prevents its statesmen from holding their own against the apparent recklessness of fascist diplomacy? Even if there were a behind-the-scenes agreement with Mussolini about the Mediterranean and the Balearic Islands, it is difficult to see what assurance Britain could have had that the promises would be kept. Italian soldiers are still in control of Majorca, and contingents have recently been landed in Spanish Morocco. Louis Fischer on another page of this issue reports that Italian troops continue to arrive in Spain. No man can be counted on to be more zealous than Mussolini in obtaining the full measure of advantage from his victory, or to be less scrupulous in observing his word. Throughout the dismal history of non-intervention no pledge has been honored by the fascist powers when it has been to their advantage to repudiate it.

Thus, deal or no deal, it is evident that democratic statesmanship has been far from astute. While it might seem unfair to attribute this weakness to democracy itself, it cannot be denied that the strong pacifist sentiment which exists within all the democracies makes it difficult for statesmen to call the fascists' bluff even though the hope of peace rests in such actions. When we consider also the powerful groups within the democracies which because of economic or class interests are sympathetic with the fascist aspirations, the limitations of democratic statesmanship are the more understandable. But although weakness can be explained it cannot be justified. The very existence of democracy depends on bridging these conflicting interests with a system of law and a concept of justice which will be respected.

The City or the Tiger?

AFTER weeks of campaigning, the issue in the New York City elections remains fundamentally the same: the voters will have to choose between an able and efficient municipal administration and the corruption of Tammany; between the city and the Tiger. LaGuardia has been helped rather than hindered by the curious crossing of party lines, in which he finds himself running on both a Republican and a Labor Party platform, with team-mates and support representing the extremes of economic viewpoint. He has shown how logically consistent this variegated support is with the single issue of good government. He has insisted on making the issue Tammany, while Mahoney, his Democratic opponent, has sought to make it communism. Mahoney's managers have sedulously refrained from using as speakers the more malodorous Tammany people, much to their pain, and have labored at the thankless task of convicting the LaGuardia-Seabury-Dewey triumvirate of bolshevism and godlessness. Mahoney's military objective has been to drive the anti-Communist, religious wedge into the LaGuardia support, and split off the Irish-Catholic labor vote which traditionally has been Tammany's but has now shifted.

It is almost certain that he will not be successful. The LaGuardia ticket has gained much strength by the addition of the racket-buster Thomas E. Dewey. In addition, it has the united support of the newspapers—with the exception of the Hearst press and the Tory *Sun*—and of such mass-circulation mediums as the *Saturday Evening Post* and the March of Time. The straw votes and the heavy betting odds indicate one of the biggest sweeps in New York's history.

This turn in the fortunes of the campaign makes it valid to discuss some of the more important stakes and consequences of the election. Within the good-government issue there are wheels within wheels of state and national politics and policy. The Republicans' support of LaGuardia is not wholly disinterested. By hitching their

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wagon to his star they will for the first time get their candidates into the minor offices; above all, they are aiming to capture a majority in the crucial state constitutional convention. Neither is Jim Farley's support of Mahoney disinterested. Farley wants to build a state machine for himself, and he can do it only through a Farleyized Tammany, the spearpoint of which was the defeat of Copeland by Mahoney in the primaries. But the person whose future is really interesting is LaGuardia himself. He has already been boomed for President in significant quarters—by William Allen White and by General Hugh Johnson. Jay Franklin, in his astute biography of the Mayor, sees him primarily in national terms. His American Western background combined with roots in the new immigration is by no means a political handicap; and the skill he has thus far shown in riding the tides of political life is nothing short of uncanny.

It is when we consider LaGuardia's record as a New Dealer even before Roosevelt became one that we approach the real meaning of the election. It has been an unhappy fact that the national New Deal, under Democratic leadership, has never extended to the big city governments. This is partly because the reform energy has exhausted itself nationally, but principally because the Democrats have needed the city machines in order to win —the Tammany, Nash-Kelley, Pendergast, Curley machines. It is on this basis that Farley has sought to sell Mahoney to the President. New York is now the biggest test of the possibility of a New Deal in municipal government. It is not, as is generally said, a question of whether a reform city administration can succeed itself. It is a question of whether a reformed and socialized capitalism will succeed throughout American life or be isolated and finally starved out in Washington. That is the real issue between the city and the Tiger.

For that reason one of the most important features of the campaign is the fight over the City Council. Valid city government is not only a matter of dramatic personal careers like those of LaGuardia and Dewey: it must be built painfully, brick by brick, from the ground up. Because the revolt against Tammany has hitherto succeeded only around the dramatic figures, the new system of proportional representation adopted in New York for the election of members of the Council may prove of major importance. P. R. not only will enable the people to elect more Republican and Democratic anti-Tammanyites to the Council, but will also mean that Socialists, Communists, and Labor Party candidates, by the cumulative counting of the successive choices, will finally find their place in the city government. It is of the utmost importance for the voters to mark on their ballots an adequate number of candidates for the Council.

The Labor Party has wisely allied itself with LaGuardia and Dewey. It is not only supporting them but running its own candidates for the Council, and a candidate for the borough presidency of the Bronx. When we say "wisely" we do not mean that LaGuardia is the ideal representative of labor. As between Mahoney and LaGuardia, labor can have no choice but the latter; but even LaGuardia's labor record is by no means flawless. His support of George Harvey was, to our mind, such "slick" politics as to amount to a major political blunder. His support of Bruce Barton, Republican candidate for Congress against George Backer, the Labor Party candidate, was equally a blunder in view of Barton's enthusiasm for Mussolini's corporate state. But labor, taking its fledgling steps in politics, cannot afford perfectionism. What LaGuardia will do in the future is a matter of guesswork. Labor's support of him now must be viewed as an incident in its long-run bid for political effectiveness.

The Windsor Build-up

THE Duke of Windsor's new role of self-appointed ambassador and investigator to the Third Reich and the Unted States has aspects that are at once fantastic and sinister. If he was bored and wanted diversion, or if he felt neglected and wanted attention, we should be the last to grudge him the satisfaction of these entirely human desires. Perhaps the Duchess wants to be among her friends in Germany and America rather than clatter about in drafty Austrian castles or be stared at by Balkan peasants; or maybe she wants the Duke to settle down to the serious business of life—and what could be more serious than housing and the condition of the working classes? But if all this is true it still does not explain the fact that they have made the German trip as the personal guests of Hitler; it does not explain the official manner in which the German government has been allowed to manage and interpret the trip; it does not explain the deliberate and unnecessary Nazi salute by the Duke. It does not explain the significant fact that he was received not by his friend Ribbentrop or by Foreign Office officials or by the top men in the government, but by Robert Ley, the Führer of German labor.

The Duke is undoubtedly fuzzy-minded on social issues, but his fuzziness is the sort that can be turned to the uses of the fascist gospel. Here is a king whose heart bled publicly at the condition of the British workers; here is a king who lost his throne not only for love but presumably also for saying that "something must be done" about the labor problem. What could be cleverer than to connect a royal exile of such views with the Nazi method of "solving" the labor problem? This might have several effects. It might impress the Duke with German proletarian happiness as contrasted with the misery of the British workers in the derelict areas. It might show the German workers that British royalty has given the Nazi system its stamp of approval. And it might, above all, be intended to impress the British workers with Windsor's tender concern for them, thus far frustrated by an unfeeling ruling class.

That this is not wholly far-fetched will be clear to anyone who knows that the Duke and Duchess have had more than a fleeting charitable impulse toward Nazism. It is supported by an interesting column written by Dorothy Dunbar Bromley in the New York *World-Telegram*. According to Miss Bromley, the German visit was first planned while the Windsors were visiting Charles Bedaux in his Hungarian castle. Bedaux is an intimate not only of the Duke but also of Hitler; he is the originator of the infamous Bedaux speed-up system and an open supporter of fascism. Miss Bromley knows Bedaux and has talked with him about Windsor. When she says therefore that there is a plan afoot in the Duke's coterie of friends to build him up through publicity until the English people receive him back as a sort of "super-king," the information can only have come from Mr. Bedaux himself.

This fabulous story is borne out by a report in the New York *Daily News* that the French and British diplomatic intelligence services have investigated the Duke's "social-appeasement" movement and disclosed it as an "ingeniously conceived scheme" devised by Mr. Bedaux "for the international development of fascism," to be furthered by the royal junket to Germany and the United States. If any such plot has actually been hatched, it is being executed with unbelievable stupidity. Not only is the German visit further embittering British court circles against Windsor. Far more important, it has already turned British working-class opinion against the Duke, for the British workers are intensely anti-Nazi. And it is not hard to predict that most Americans, who have thus far been the Duke's warmest sympathizers, will as a result of his Nazi visit subject everything he does here to a cold and skeptical scrutiny.

Out of the Everglades

GOVERNOR FREDERICK P. CONE of Florida, comfortably seated in his cheerful suite on the twenty-third floor of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, was all affability when some half-dozen persons representing the press, labor, the church, and the Committee for Civil Rights in Tampa called to question him about the next move in bringing to justice the men responsible for the murder of Joseph Shoemaker, dead almost two years.

The state had done everything it could, the Governor insisted, and one might be sure that it would continue to do everything it could; he would welcome, he said, investigation by outside agencies, though he expressed strong doubts that they could "do anything." He himself, of course, could do nothing; it was up to the courts, and he has no control over the courts. He was for labor, he drawled, for everybody in fact, and so long as people didn't break the law they'd be safe in Florida. After all, he said, there have been many unsolved murders. Now in California . . .

But the picture of Joseph Shoemaker, tarred and feathered and beaten to death not because he broke the law but because he tried to exercise his simple right of political protest, could not be erased so easily. Sharp questions rose from every corner of the room and pierced the smooth political surfaces like a shower of brass tacks. "The C. I. O. is a legal organization," said a representative of that committee, "but it is being openly said in Florida that the Klan will not permit the C. I. O. to function there. Will you, as governor, guarantee us protection in our legitimate activities in organizing the workers of Florida?" "As long as you don't break any laws," said the Governor (his voice was politic, and he was rising to dismiss the group suavely), "you'll be protected." Then suddenly the heavy, insensitive face became agitated above the wing collar, and the eyes blazed. "But if you try to overthrow the government," he shouted, lifting a long arm, "you'll be rode out on a rail." An antediluvian shadow seemed to fill the room, and the delegation was suddenly looking into dark alleys of ignorance and brutality. "Any man that tried to overthrow the government ought to be hung to a tree," continued the governor of the sovereign state of Florida. His arm still in the air, his eyes still blazing, he said, "If you tried to take anybody's property . . ." He grew more excited. "If you came into my house . . ."

A calm twentieth-century voice interrupted. "If someone broke the law, would you invoke the law against him, or do you believe people should take the law into their own hands?" "If you came into my house . . ." "Would you go to the law first?" the voice persisted. "No! I'd go to *you* first!" In the background now soothing voices were pulling him away and the delegation was being ushered out. But the voice of civil liberties, this time a woman's voice, persisted firmly: "Governor Cone, do you consider the Klan a legal organization?" The Governor knew now that he had said too much. He became almost affable again. "I don't know anything about the Klan," he said, in his politic voice, "except what I read in the newspapers." As the group filed out, his voice trailed after them, almost pleading. "I'm for labor. I'm for everybody . . . " The door closed.

Joseph Shoemaker, leader of the Modern Democrats, a party organized to fight corruption in Tampa, was kidnapped on the night of November 30, 1935, with two companions. All were flogged. Shoemaker died of his injuries. After long delays five Tampa policemen were convicted of having taken part in the kidnapping. The Supreme Court of the state reversed the convictions. After further delay, the same defendants and one other were brought to trial for second-degree murder on October 6. But the judge, after ruling out all testimony presented in the kidnapping trial, directed a verdict of acquittal for lack of evidence.

Governor Cone made it clear that the Shoemaker case is ended as far as Florida is concerned. Shoemaker's murderers are known; they must be brought to justice; and they can be, despite the legal devices that have so far protected them, if the groups and individuals to whom civil liberty is the very condition of their continued existence will unite to force a federal investigation. It can best be done by the La Follette Civil Liberties Committee; pressure by letter and telegram will help bring about such an investigation; in particular we hope the C. I O. will use its best efforts to force exposure of the political and social underworld in which Shoemaker met his death. It could do no greater single service to the cause of labor organization in the South.

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Wall Street and White House

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

Washington, October 23

INNER White House opinion is firmly convinced that there was more to the precipitate stock-market nose-dive than adverse economic factors. It is frankly admitted that production and sales are sagging ominously. Some of the Administration leaders go farther and concede that the Roosevelt-Morgenthau budget-balancing putsch, with its drastic curtailment of government spending, is largely responsible for this falling off, but all are insistent that certain "intangible" elements also had a big hand in causing the stock-market crash. These "intangible" elements, they charge, are powerful Wall Street interests engaged in a deliberate campaign to smash the Securities and Exchange Commission and to force either the repeal or the modification of the capital-gains and undivided-profits taxes.

In support of their assertion that "big money" is now actively warring on the Administration, White House lieutenants cite the report of Charles Gay, head of the New York Stock Exchange, and the more recent speech of Winthrop Aldrich, liege lord of the Chase National Bank, excoriating the SEC and blaming it for market and business infirmities. Gay's sudden fusillade, it is said, marked the end of the "era of cooperation" between Wall Street and the SEC. Aldrich's harangue was the open declaration of war. Administration supporters point to the fact that Gay's blast came at the very moment when it became certain that Chairman James M. Landis was leaving the SEC to become dean of the Harvard Law School and when reliable information indicated that it was the President's intention to instal Commissioner William O. Douglas in his place. In lashing out at the SEC, Gay was not aiming at the agency under Landis. He was firing at Douglas. Wall Street has savored his mettle and wanted no part of it. It still goes into a cold sweat when it recalls Douglas's bare-knuckled lecture before the Bond Club last spring. The thought of this man as SEC boss gave Gay and his masters the jitters, whereupon Gay opened the faucets of fulmination and announced to the President, in effect, "You appoint this man SEC chairman and we take to the warpath." Douglas was made chairman of the SEC—at the direct instigation of Roosevelt—and Wall Street accepted the challenge. The White House group charges that the dramatic stock-market tailspin was the Street's answer, and that before long they will prove it.

More important than such proof is the fact that the Administration is firmly convinced that Wall Street wants to "get" the SEC and knock out the two keystones of the tax-reform program. This belief has had and will continue to have a determining influence on Administration policy. It accounts for the stiff-necked resistance to the terrific pressure for a reduction of marginal requirements. The undercover pleas and clamor for such action were tremendous. On "Black Tuesday" influential business men on friendly terms with the Administration used every conceivable argument and effort to prevail on Roosevelt and Douglas to "loosen up." Both refused to be stampeded. How long this calm and sound course will be adhered to is uncertain. If Roosevelt doesn't give ground, Douglas can be depended on to stand like Gibraltar. Intimates assert that the President is fixed in his determination to sit tight as regards any concessions to the "speculators." The economic situation, however, they add, is another matter. Roosevelt is worried about the trend industry and business are taking. What he considers doing about it appears uncertain.

This plan of watchful waiting, however, does not include tax revision. On this subject a program is definitely being evolved. Just what is in the offing no one knows except the President and the few Treasury executives directly involved. A multitude of stories, rumors, and reports about what is being considered are going the rounds, but they are pure conjecture. The tax deliberations are as closely and effectively guarded as the government's $5,000,000,000 gold hoard at Fort Knox, Kentucky. However, information is available regarding a counsel that carries great weight with the President and the Treasury. It can be found in David Cushman Coyle's newly published "Why Pay Taxes?" Coyle is regarded by the President and his advisers, and rightly, as the Administration's most brilliant economic analyst.

About the capital-gains tax Coyle has this to say:

> The arguments for abolishing the capital-gains tax [illegible] not as compelling as you might suppose from reading the financial columns. . . . It seems reasonable to argue . . . that so long as we have no way to cushion the blow for those who lose in other ways, there is no justice in saving those who speculate unsuccessfully in stocks or real estate.

As for the undivided-profits tax, Coyle would amend it in several important respects. Among other changes, he proposes that:

> 1\. A commission, including experts in accounting, should work out a system of accounts for tax purposes that would show real profit and loss in a proper relation to interest and dividends, and that would distinguish working-capital items from fixed capital.
>
> 2\. Losses and gains should be spread over a period of years.
>
> 3\. Upkeep should be distinguished from expansion, and the tax should rest only on profits used for expansion.
>
> 5\. Dividends in stock or other paper of the company should be taxed as not having been actually distributed.
>
> 6\. Net earnings up to, say, $15,000, should be exempt from the undistributed-profits tax.

Notes on "Black Tuesday"

BY MAX LERNER

WALL STREET combines somehow the characteristic features of all the places where men have to chart their chances against fate: it has the atmosphere at once of the sickroom, the gambling-house, the battlefield. And so when the fever chart of Wall Street, usually a matter of only intramural concern, showed a panicky drop last week, the rest of us felt a concern far beyond our own stake in it. It was not only that some twenty-five billions in paper equities were destroyed and thousands of small accounts completely wiped out. What happened on Wall Street was more than a collapse of paper values. It was another of the periodic crises in the history of our capitalism. The dip was so sharp, the charts proved so frightening, that for two days at least Wall Street ran amuck.

I speak of the market break in the past tense, not to propitiate the future, but because—whatever fluctuations may still be in store—the market's record from early August to late October is a significant bit of history. It may be because hard-headed business men are not interested in history that the causes they advance for the market break sound thin and strained. One gets from them an impression of bewilderment seeking refuge in aggressive assertion. I have heard blame laid variously on organized bear raiders, the President, the SEC, the Federal Reserve Board, anti-New Deal feeling, margin requirements, the capital-gains tax, the corporate-surplus tax, John L. Lewis, and the trade unions. I have listened while one man proved that the state of the market was an index of general business conditions, and another argued as cogently that the market was an entity in itself unrelated to the real world of business. One man states that because of government policies the sources of saving and therefore of capital investment have been dried up, and another man complains that because of the same policies there has been a lot of idle money lying about. I have heard the element of fear minimized and maximized. I have heard that a big factor was Japanese selling by order of the Japanese government, and that the same applied to Italy. Many of the people I talked to were so close to the market that they needed perspective; for them the lights of the world went out when stock prices zoomed down. But there was one, a nationally known economist, whose comment had a startlingly Olympian ring. "To us, of course," he said, and he seemed thousands of light-years away, "such things are merely secondary epiphenomena."

On the whole, you can range the explanations in four groups. There are the theories of deliberate conspiracy. There are the theories that run primarily in economic terms. There are the theories that look to government and politics for the real causes. And finally, there are the psychological theories, which stress fear and hysteria. You may be a one-theory man; if so, you may have your pick. I happen not to be, and I find it interesting to look back at this bit of history and construct out of it something of a mosaic.

It is hard to have much faith in the conspiracy theories, whether the sinister figures in them are the manipulators or government functionaries. I cannot believe that Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Douglas, and Mr. Eccles are conspiring to destroy the exchanges; I don't hold bears like Ben Smith or Matt Brush responsible; nor can I believe that Mr. Gay and Mr. Aldrich, the head of the Stock Exchange and the chairman of Chase National, are suicidal wreckers, bent on going to their own doom if thereby they can prove Mr. Roosevelt wrong.

One may salvage from this whole approach a single item, which relates to the perversely different attitude of the business community toward this stock break, as compared with the 1929 break. Take the case of Charles R. Gay. Here is a mediocre man, blundering but well-intentioned, placed at the head of an immense gambling establishment that happens to be integral to American business. His August 17 statement took the form of sharp criticism of government regulation of the market, yet actually it made Wall Street examine itself critically. Evidently the figure in the mirror was not reassuring, for the speech was followed by a stock drop; and though James Landis answered it vigorously in his farewell statement as chairman of the SEC—a statement, incidentally, that cost him the editorial plaudits that he would otherwise have received on retirement—the damage was done. Or take the case of Winthrop W. Aldrich. President of our biggest bank, brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, formerly a New Deal supporter, such a man obviously speaks with deliberation. His speech, too, was an attack on government regulation, and contained, in addition, a demoralizing analysis of the weakness and thinness of the market. Again, on October 14 as on August 4, there was a drop, but this time sharper and more panicky. The interesting thing is that in the Coolidge and Hoover administrations men like Mr. Gay and Mr. Aldrich were talking not defeatism but optimism. These two men were not conspirators, but, given slight market disturbances, they used them consciously or unconsciously to frighten the Administration and extract concessions from Mr. Roosevelt, who was already showing signs of weakening on the budget issue, along the lines of tax alleviation and changes in the SEC.

It is best not to emphasize the personal element. It is only a phase of the larger perspective. And that perspective must be viewed in terms of the basic business conditions. Nothing that the business leaders said and very little that the government did would have much effect if it were not for the framework of business discouragement. It should be seen, I think, in terms of a failure of hopes and not of a definite business recession. There were few signs of actual recession, and even now the combined business indices show a sharp drop after rather than before the stock decline. What was wrong, briefly, was that Wall Street had been experiencing a stock boom in anticipation of an industrial boom that failed to come off. When it became abundantly clear that the industrial boom would not materialize and that the future looked dreary, the stock boom collapsed, and in its collapse —pushed on by anti-Administration sentiment, blundering strategy, and general hysteria—it turned into a panic.

The curious thing is that, however much Wall Street and the Administration differ on other matters, they join forces in insisting that there is not much connection between the stock collapse and industrial conditions. Yet the evidence would indicate, as the English *New Statesman* pointed out last week, that the wheels of capitalism are again slowing down, not only in America but in England and France as well. As far as America is concerned, judged by previous depressions, the process of recovery has been curiously long and slow. The stock crash came in 1929; the low point industrially was reached in March, 1933. There was a sensational spurt of business recovery in the summer of 1933, due largely to the stocking up of inventories in an attempt to beat the NRA, followed by a sharp recession. Another spurt was made in 1935, which in turn slowed down. Economists and business men had been looking for a third spurt this fall. There were ample supplies of cheap money; in fact, one of the remarkable things about this depression has been the continuance of low interest rates into a far later stage of the recovery than usual. There was also a good consumer demand, stimulated by reemployment, by wage increases following a successful labor-organizing campaign, and by government outlays for relief and public works. The stage was set for a boom in the durable (or capital) goods industries, including construction, railways, and the utilities. New housing especially was hoped for, and there were good prospects of a demand from business and industry for replacement of equipment that had been long deferred.

None of these expectations have been realized. The housing boom, for complex reasons, has not come through. New equipment and replacements have not been ordered. The reason is that easy money available at low interest rates is not being taken advantage of. How much this is due, again, to fear and hatred of the Administration, how much of it is due to the hostility of business to the corporate-surplus tax and the capital-gains tax, how much responsibility must be assigned to rising prices and labor costs are questions beyond the scope of this article. A drive will undoubtedly be made to fix the blame on taxes and labor costs. But I find the best economic opinion convinced that these factors are by no means primary. The important fact is that investments in the stock market have been booming, and stock prices rising fantastically to a point where they have been twenty-five or thirty or even forty times the net earnings. That has meant an inflated market, and the wind had somehow to be taken out.

The question of the government's role in the market break is a vexed one. I am convinced it is by no means as clear as either side makes it out to be. The Administrations feels itself blameless, and attributes the whole thing to Wall Street's hostility and its case of jitters. The Street on the other hand accuses the Administration of meddling and persecution. Its indictment may, I think, be put under two heads. One relates to the regulatory agencies. The second relates to general Administration policies.

It may be said quite confidently that the case against the regulatory agencies is almost wholly baseless. The agencies principally involved are the Federal Reserve Board and the SEC. The Reserve Board is attacked from the left for not lowering the reserve requirements when it spotted danger, and thus moving back toward inflation; but the argument seems to ignore the fact that there was no lack of money for investment, but rather a lack of desire to use it. The SEC is attacked from the right for tying the market up with petty regulations, reducing its volume of operations and making it "thin" by unreasonable restrictions, and in general entangling it in a bureaucratic net. As far as bureaucracy is concerned, there can be no doubt that it takes a huge staff operating under detailed rules to regulate a crowd as slippery and intransigent as the stock-market crowd. That drastic regulation was needed is no longer arguable. The interesting thing about the recent stock break is that it was not primarily the result of a speculative frenzy, as was the case in 1929. The market was to a great extent an investors' market, thanks largely to the SEC regulations. It is true that the thinness of the market made it more vulnerable to the impact of bearish factors and forced liquidations. But if it had been a larger and more speculative market, and if the margin requirements had been lower, many feel that the crash would have been even more severe.

What Wall Street will not recognize in all its criticism of the SEC is that the stock market as we know it is a relic left over from a past Golden Age. The Exchange still lives in the memory of its vanished splendor of the 1920's and it maintains in million-share days the proportions it had in the five- and seven-million-share days. There is literally not enough business to go around among the 1,500 members. The brokers, many of them rich men's sons for whom there was no other career, have fallen on lean days. They can't make enough on stock commissions, they are hemmed about in their attempts to speculate on the side, and there seems to be no way by which they can reduce their numbers and shrink the business to profitable proportions. They have become fretful and embittered, and spend their energy making a butt of the nearest object—the SEC.

Far more serious is the indictment that may be made of general Administration policy. I am not referring to the tax policies, which, compared with the English, are anything but excessive. What is more in point is the indecision of the Administration as to where it is going and what methods it will employ in getting there. I sympathized with one banker when he said that he could understand a capitalist regime and he could understand a collectivist regime, but he was baffled by this mixture of the two. He was, of course, regarding it from the right and I from the left, but we both recognized the same fact. Compromises in scope and aim must always be made in a real world, but it seems part of the Roosevelt policy to achieve its compromises through vacillations between groups of advisers whose aims and premises are wholly different and cancel each other out. I refer in this connection to the recent deflationary moves of the President in seeking to balance the budget by cutting down relief and construction funds rather than by seeking new tax sources. Business had, to be sure, been calling for budget balancing and reduction of expenses; yet Roosevelt's moves in this direction came at a time when the anticipated business pick-up was not materializing, when it was becoming clear that stock prices were too high. Thus even for business the result of such moves was disastrous. The President chose exactly the wrong time to return to a more primitive capitalism.

If these are roughly the factors that brought about the stock break, there still remains the question of how it gained enough acceleration on the way down to produce for two days a frenzied panic. Empirical conditions, either in industry or in government policy, will not explain the swiftness and extent of the decline. For that we must turn to the psychological—to fear, and how it has battened on the tensions of the eight years that have elapsed since 1929.

It must be remembered that what we are pleased to call the business community can become under extreme pressure a chaotic and irresponsible mob. A man who witnessed the trading on the morning of "Black Tuesday" told me that it gave him the feeling of a trampling mob in a theater fire. There were stretches of time when blocks of "blue chip" securities, offered at almost nothing, could not get a bid. The truth is that Wall Street men, like other organisms highly specialized for predatory pursuits, have not been able to accommodate themselves to the conditions of change. They have been battered for years by forces they cannot understand, and they are riddled with the most irrational fears. The Wall Street jungle of today is filled with Emperor Joneses. What we have regarded as the toughest and most viable of all capitalisms is at the same time as subject to panic as a frightened savage caught in a jungle at night—a jungle of his own fears, superstitions, and racial memories.

Internal Politics in Spain

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Valencia, October 10

WHILE Spaniards die by thousands, republican Spain lives more fully than ever. Social upheaval and civil war induce quick changes. Remarkable progress has been made in the last three months. The army is more efficient and the government more powerful. The people's faith in victory is firmer and their discipline greater. The Socialists are stronger, the Communists relatively weaker, and the Anarchists have less chance of being admitted into the Cabinet.

Ten days ago I flew over the Pyrenees, now once more powdered with snow, to Valencia and rushed directly from the aerodrome to the Cortes session. Prime Minister Juan Negrin was speaking. "We are going to save the world," he said. "We shall awake from the lethargy in which we have lived for two centuries. I have faith in Spain. I believe in our victory." This is an optimism that springs from achievement.

Then Señor Portela Valladares rose. He was Prime Minister on February 16, 1936, when the Popular Front won the election. Two days later, as Count Romanones, the famous friend of Alfonso XIII, recently told a foreign ambassador, the feudal barons and army chiefs began to plot the rebellion. Portela revealed in his Cortes address that the reactionaries had tried to dissuade him from handing over the government to what he called the "legally elected" Popular Front. "But the people had expressed their choice, and only the people are right." Soon after the insurrection, however, Portela wrote a letter to General Franco offering homage and support. Now he wished "to affirm my adhesion and sympathy for the government. I am confident of the future. Without the republican government, there can be no Spain." Recantation notwithstanding, many people resented his presence in the Cortes, and when Guerra del Rio, a deputy of the corrupt Lerroux party, took the floor, the Communists marched out in a body. Subsequently anonymous leaflets were circulated in Valencia denouncing these and other conservative parliamentarians who dared to reappear in the country they had once betrayed. But the government, conscious of its stability and the restraint of its supporters, invited this opposition at home for the sake of the impression which the converts' confessions and professions would be sure to make in rebel ranks and abroad.

The decision to move the national capital from Valencia to Barcelona is another and much finer proof of the strength and resolution of the Negrin Cabinet. The enemy can easily interpret this move as a "flight" to a point nearer the frontier, and for this reason not all friends are convinced of its wisdom. But where practical necessity dictates, the government pays no heed to the possibility of a first unfavorable reaction. Catalonia, the

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jester says, is the only state which has strictly adhered to the policy of non-intervention. This is not of course literally true, yet there is enough in the statement to make it a good joke. Without Catalonia and without the fullest exploitation of Barcelona's industrial potentialities the war cannot be won. With Catalonian industries fully utilized, republican Spain could in nine months produce all its own army equipment—heavy bombers and artillery excluded. The transfer is not motivated by fear of a military defeat. Dr. Negrin spoke to me about its desirability in Madrid last July during the battle of Brunete. He said that if the offensive was successful, Madrid would be safe from capture and he could then shift the government to Barcelona despite its distance from the besieged former capital.

The removal will also enable the Spanish republic to take full advantage of its improved relations with France and other nations. Some day the Western democracies' deeply dormant instinct of self-preservation will be sufficiently awakened to induce them to help themselves by helping the Loyalists. Meanwhile the republic relies on its own growing force and trusts in its ability to tap known but still untouched resources. The army fought better at Belchite on the Aragon front than at Brunete in the Sierra line. Its organization and its transport system are better, though it is short of good officers, deficient in artillery, and seriously outnumbered in the air. Despite Nyon, the Mediterranean is not yet quite safe, and for many weeks no ships have come through from the Black Sea. But Madrid will hold out. The southern front, where the war may ultimately be won, is temporarily being neglected in order to stiffen further the Aragon line. Most of the Italians have been transferred from the north to the Saragossa region, but they will find the government prepared. Mussolini's heroes enter the peninsula in regular shipments. Nevertheless, the government is convinced that it can resist endlessly in the heart of Spain and perhaps, if weather contributes, retain part of the Asturias. Ministers say the war will last from one to two years more. The population suffers stoically; the nearer the front, the greater the enthusiasm. And even where there is no ecstasy there is conviction of an ultimate triumph. Food scarcity has become a serious problem. The authorities are importing supplies and have now allocated huge sums for still larger purchases in foreign countries. Rationing is not yet as general as the privations which make it necessary. On the whole, an astounding amount of economic laissez faire, personal freedom, and political immunity continues to testify to the vigor of democracy and its disadvantages in war time.

The hardiness of republican optimism must seem miraculous to those who have not been in intimate contact with the violent anti-fascism, the strong distaste for the ugly past, which dominates Loyalist Spain. After the rout of the Italians at Guadalajara the morale in Franco territory dropped sharply. We know this from revealing articles in fascist newspapers. But the republic has lost Toledo, Malaga, Bilbao, and Santander, and still its spirit is buoyant, its nerves steady, its faith high. An army can be defeated, a people never. The rebels have an army but no masses. The masses will forge their own weapons.

This conviction is the strength of the Negrin government. Before the Cortes assembled, rumor had it that Caballero would try to overthrow the Cabinet. But he did not even appear. He was too busy defending his weakened position in the U. G. T. (General Union of Workers). On May 28, shortly after Negrin became Prime Minister, the national committee of the U. G. T. voted twenty-four to fourteen to support the new Cabinet. Caballero, nevertheless, prevented the smaller executive committee from adopting the same policy, and when the individual trade unions insisted on announcing their adherence to the Negrin platform, Caballero proceeded to suspend them from the federation on the ridiculous ground that they had failed to pay their dues. In this manner he expelled first nine unions, including the brave Asturian miners (just then engaged in a heroic struggle against Franco's legions), then others in quick succession, until he himself was left—at the last count—with only nine unions inside the organization, while thirty-two had been thrown out. Only Caballero's known inflexibility and unrivaled political myopia can explain this strange action in the midst of a war. It is the very opposite of democracy. Some of his best friends have deserted him, others are chafing, and he may soon be a general with a small staff but no soldiers. Nevertheless, such is the decency of this civilized country that no tongue moves to offend him personally, and the majority of the U. G. T., led by Gonzales Peña, an Asturian miner, has offered to negotiate with the hopeless rump which retains the headquarters and the federation's international connections but only a remnant of its membership.

The Caballero myth is dissolving and with it the political menace implicit in his opposition. The Negrin-Prieto bloc is in consequence enormously reinforced. Moreover, the Communists have yielded strategic ground. For many months a struggle has gone on for the political control of the republican army. The Communists wanted it and thought they were entitled to it. Almost half the soldiers, most of the political commissars, and many of the outstanding officers are Communists. On the issue of control they gave battle to Caballero and won. But Prieto, the new Minister of War, has withstood them stoutly, and the honors, for the moment at least, are his. Last July he published a decree prohibiting party propaganda in the army. The Communists were irritated but bowed. They threatened active resistance, however, if the Cabinet enforced a second decree, already approved, proscribing party propaganda by army officers among the civil population. The publication of this decree was accordingly postponed, but Prieto issued it on October 7. He would not have been surprised if a political crisis had resulted, but, instead, the Communist Party publicly declared its readiness to obey.

This accords with the new line of the Communists. The party has issued instructions against "sectarianism," that is, against pressing party interests and party claims to the obvious detriment of other anti-fascist groups. It follows that the campaign for Socialist-Communist fusion, which has provoked the rising displeasure of Socialists, will no longer be pushed with the same vehemence. Some of the energy thus saved will be devoted to encouraging agrarian collectivization. The Communist policy of internal peace has already brought a partial truce in the war of editorials and polemics between Communists and Anarchists. A committee, consisting of two Anarchists (the Anarchist Berbegal is chairman), two representatives from the already amalgamated Socialist-Communist youth, two bourgeois republicans, and one syndicalist or Anarchist oppositionist, has been formed to coordinate the activities of all anti-fascist youth organizations. Finally, the Communists want the C. N. T., the Anarcho-Syndicalist trade-union federation, to be represented in the Negrin Cabinet. Caballero's chief strength, paradoxically, lies in his pact with the Anarchists. The Communists wish to deprive him of this support. But the Socialists contend that if the Caballero who had the bulk of the U. G. T. behind him could do no damage even with the Anarchists ready to help him, there is no reason to pervert strategy to defeat him; he has already been defeated by his own blunders.

The main argument against Anarchist Cabinet members is that they cannot control their followers. The Anarchist-Trotskyist putsch in Barcelona in May took place although there were then four Anarchists in the Cabinet; Garcia Oliver, the Anarchist Minister of Justice, went to Barcelona to assist in suppressing the disturbance, and returned to complain that no one would listen to him. In a coalition each minister is expected to bring to the government the backing of his party. The Anarchist leaders have no such power. Moreover, the peasants of Aragon and Catalonia cannot quickly forget the troubles the Anarchists brought on them, and the government would lose popularity if it now admitted the C. N. T. For this and other reasons the Cabinet feels that it can rule even from Barcelona without Anarchist participation. If Negrin feeds Barcelona and nationalizes its industries, he will have the city with him.

The republic's main preoccupation is not internal politics. It is the foreign situation. How slow these democracies are, how difficult to shake them into a realization of the dangers that beset them! One merely asks that the British be pro-British and the French pro-French. If these countries lack the sense to let Loyalist Spain safeguard their interests, they will be forced to do the fighting themselves later on.

Feeble Geneva

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, October 12

THE best that one can say about the recent sessions of the League Council and Assembly is that they might have been worse. Not that the members of the League of Nations rose to the occasion or shouldered their responsibilities under the Covenant. Far from it. But in Geneva we are grateful for small mercies. The condition of the patient is still serious, but there has been a slight increase of strength during the last month. The reason is that the British government has not been able to have things entirely its own way. It would be difficult to exaggerate the services that Litvinov renders to the League. He knows what he wants, he stands firm on points that he considers essential, but he keeps his action within the limit of what is possible and he prefers even a quarter of a loaf to no bread. What is more, he says what he thinks—which is rare in Geneva. He understands that, as he himself said in his speech before the Assembly on September 21, "the time has come for those to whom the interests of peace are really dear to tell the parrots in high places that nonsense repeated day by day does not cease thereby to be nonsense, that a spade should be called a spade and aggression aggression, whatever slogan it decorates itself with." As a diplomatist he was head and shoulders above any delegate at the recent Assembly.

Valuable services were also rendered by Isidro Fabela, Mexico's permanent delegate to the League, who headed the Mexican delegation at the Assembly, and by his colleagues, Augustin Leñero, Mexican Minister in Prague, and Señorita Palma Guillén, Mexican Minister in Copenhagen. The return of Mexico to Geneva has been a great gain for the League. W. J. Jordan, the delegate of New Zealand, has also been very useful. He is not in the least a diplomatist, but he is courageous and obstinate and his bluntness is a welcome change from the conventional platitudes to which we are accustomed. When the resolution condemning the Japanese bombing of Chinese open towns was being drafted by the Far East Advisory Committee, Lord Cranborne on behalf of the British delegation tried to prevent Japan from being mentioned by name. Wellington Koo, Litvinov, and Jordan led the opposition to this British attempt to curry favor with Japan. Jordan said that it would be a scandal if Japan were not mentioned, and that if it were not he would vote against the resolution. He suggested that Lord Cranborne should propose also to omit any mention of China and to condemn the bombing of open towns "somewhere or other by somebody or other." The opposition was successful, and the resolution unanimously adopted by the Assembly stated that the Chinese towns had been bombarded by Japanese aircraft.

The weakness of the British stand on Japan in the Assembly and the concessions to Italy that followed the Nyon conference confirmed Mussolini's impression that the British and French governments are afraid of the aggressive powers, and that he has only to go on kicking them to get what he wants. He has since had further confirmation. On September 24 the British and French governments sent their chargés d'affaires in Rome to Count Ciano, the Italian Foreign Minister, to ask Mussolini to condescend to enter into tripartite conversations. When Delbos announced this fact to the French press in Geneva on the same evening, he used brave words. The Italian Foreign Minister, he said, had been told that the British and French governments were ready to enter into tripartite conversations with Italy, but only on one condition: Mussolini must give them something more than declarations; he must show his good faith by acts. The first and most essential preliminary to any negotiations was the withdrawal of the Italian troops from Spain and the Balearic Islands and a guaranty that no Italian "volunteers" would remain on Spanish soil and that no more would be sent to Spain. Delbos added that a communiqué identical with his statement would be issued in London that evening. The communiqué was issued, but it was far from being identical with the statement of Delbos. It mentioned the visit of the British chargé d'affaires, but not that of the French chargé d'affaires. It said that the British government agreed to Delbos's proposal that there should be tripartite discussions between the British, French, and Italian governments, but did not mention the conditions attached by Delbos to this proposal, because, of course, the British government did not agree with those conditions. This is an example of the contemptuous way in which the British government treats its subordinates in Paris, who entirely deserve it. On October 2 the British and French delegates voted in the Assembly for a resolution which said, among other things:

> [The Assembly] regrets that not merely has the London Non-Intervention Committee failed but that it must today be recognized that there are veritable foreign army corps on Spanish soil, which represents foreign intervention in Spanish affairs; sincerely trusts that the diplomatic action recently initiated by certain powers will be successful in securing the immediate and complete withdrawal of the non-Spanish combatants taking part in the struggle in Spain; . . . and notes that if such a result cannot be obtained in the near future, the members of the League which are parties to the non-intervention agreement will consider ending the policy of non-intervention.

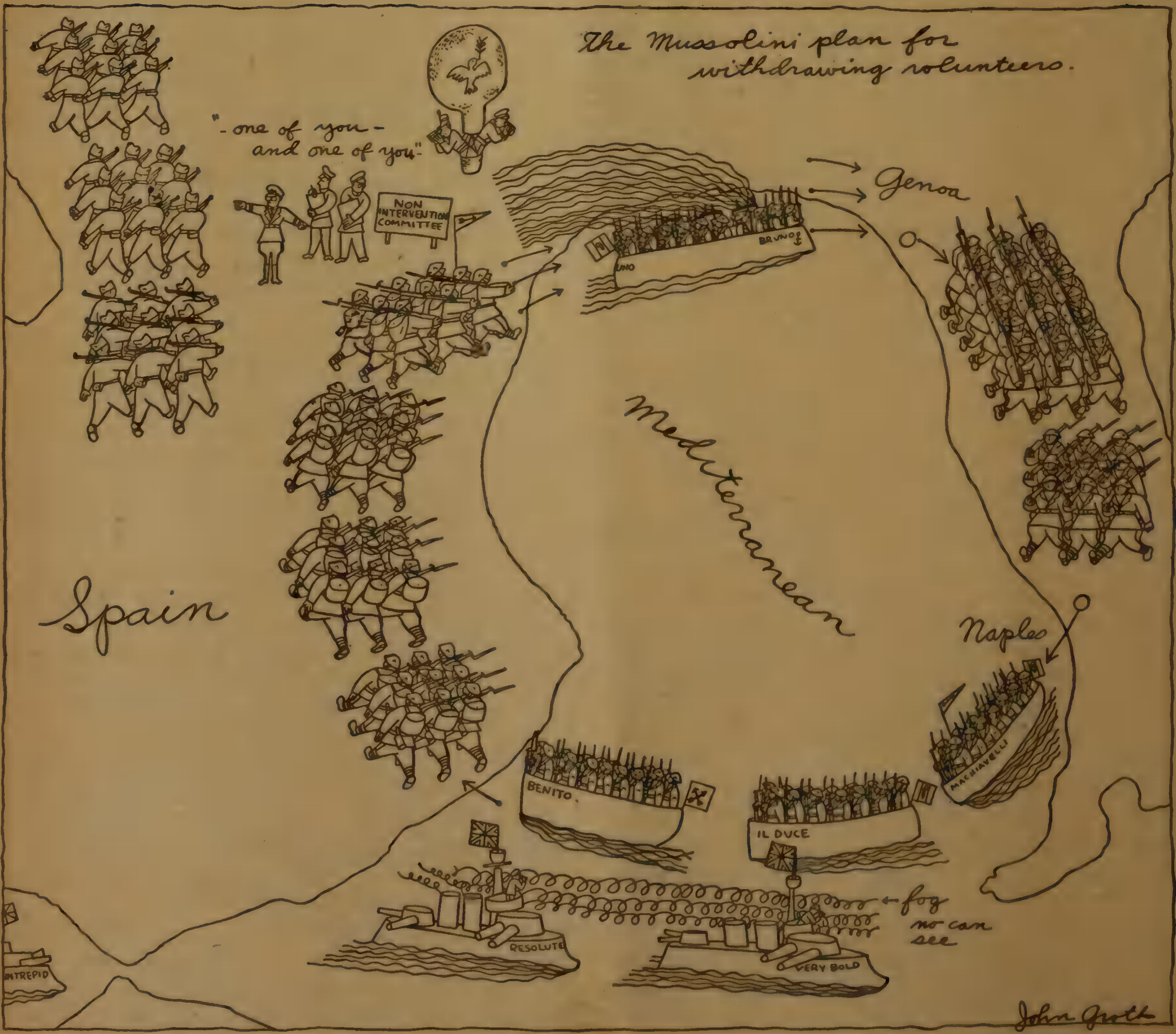
On the same day the British and French governments sent to the Italian government a note of which the tone and the language were very different from those of the resolution just quoted. There was no longer any question of "immediate and complete withdrawal." The British and French governments humbly suggested that the withdrawal of "at least a substantial number" of the foreign combatants would ease the international situation. For the rest, the note was so obsequious in tone and so completely lacking in any firmness that Mussolini naturally thought that the British and French governments were not in earnest and replied to the Anglo-French invitation with a blank negative.

By the time that this article appears in print, you will know whether the worms have at last turned. At the time of writing we have no indication about their attitude, but there are signs that Neville Chamberlain at least wishes to go on negotiating with friend Mussolini. Unless the British and French governments at once raise the embargo on the export of war materials to Spain and open the French frontier, they will be guilty of a breach of faith toward the Spanish government. At the meeting of the committee that drafted the resolution on the Spanish question Alvarez Del Vayo objected to the statement that if the immediate and complete withdrawal of the non-Spanish combatants could not be obtained in "the near future" the members of the League that were parties to the non-intervention agreement would consider ending the policy of non-intervention. Vayo said with reason that the expression "the near future" was too vague and might be given widely different interpretations. Delbos gave him a formal assurance that the French government meant by the phrase not more than ten days, and that if a satisfactory reply were not received from Mussolini within ten days, the French government would act. This assurance was, I believe, confirmed by Lord Cranborne, the British delegate on the committee. It was only in consideration of this assurance that the Spanish delegation consented to accept the resolution. The ten days have now expired, and the French frontier is still closed.

The Spanish delegation, nevertheless, did well to accept the resolution, for, although not satisfactory, it was better than anybody had expected. The best proof of that is the opposition that it excited on the part of all the friends of Franco. When it came before the Assembly, the delegates of Albania and Portugal voted against it and thus prevented it from being formally adopted, as unanimity was necessary. From the practical point of view, however, the action of Albania and Portugal was of little or no importance, and from the political point of view their negative vote was perhaps more to the advantage of the Spanish government than their abstention would have been. Of the European members of the League nineteen voted for the resolution, two voted against it, and five abstained. The five were Austria and Hungary, which are Italian satellites, Bulgaria, which is under German influence, Switzerland, whose Foreign Minister, Motta, is pro-fascist and a great admirer of Mussolini, and the Irish Free State. The reason given by De Valera for the Irish abstention was that the resolution committed Ireland to the abandonment of the policy of non-intervention. This was not the case, as was pointed out to De Valera a dozen times by a half a dozen different people, but he is an obstinate man and when he gets an idea into his head, it is quite impossible for anyone to get it out. The abstention that surprised everybody was that of South Africa, which nobody understands to this day. Eight Latin American states—the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Chile, Cuba, Panama, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela—also abstained, and for the same reason as that for which they voted against the reelection of Spain to the Council, namely, that they had failed to strike a bargain with the Spanish government about the rebel refugees in their embassies and legations in Madrid. They insisted on conditions that the Spanish government was unable to accept. Colombia, Ecuador, Haiti, and Mexico saved the credit of Latin America by voting for the resolution.

The other matter of first-class importance before the Assembly was the Chinese appeal against Japanese aggression. The appeal was made in the first place to the Council, which with the consent of China referred it to the Far East Advisory Committee set up by the Assembly in February, 1933. Wellington Koo agreed to this course subject to the understanding that the Council itself remained seized to the appeal and that the Chinese government reserved the right, if and when circumstances required it, to ask the Council to take action in accordance with the procedure of Article XVII of the Covenant, which deals with disputes in which one of the parties is not a member of the League. The reports and resolution adopted first by the Advisory Committee and then by the Assembly were again much better than had been expected, although they fell far short of the obligations of the Covenant, for they proposed no measures to stop the aggression. Nor did they say explicitly that Japan had been guilty of aggression. They did say, however, that Japan had invaded and attacked China and that the Japanese action was "in contravention of Japan's obligations under the Nine-Power Treaty of February 6, 1922, and under the Pact of Paris of August 27, 1928." In this case, too, the British delegation were obliged to go farther than they had intended. Their desire to shield Japan was shown by Cranborne's grotesque proposal.

The most active enemy of China on the Advisory Committee was the Polish delegate, Komarnicki, who acted throughout as the advocate of Japan and abstained when the reports and resolution were adopted by the Assembly. This is significant. For the last two years it has been believed in Eastern Europe that there was an alliance, or at any rate a close understanding, between Poland and Japan, aimed against Soviet Russia. The relations between the Japanese embassy in Warsaw and the Polish Ukrainians are close and peculiar. The Polish Ukrainians appear to have forgotten their grievances against the Polish government and are concentrating their energies on stirring up trouble in Russian Ukraine. There is little doubt that the Japanese embassy in Warsaw has supplied funds for that purpose. The conduct



of Komarnicki clearly shows than an alliance or close understanding between Poland and Japan exists. It is in fact if not in form a triple alliance of Germany, Poland, and Japan. On the Chinese question the Assembly was unanimous. There was no vote against the reports and resolution of the Advisory Committee, and only Poland and Siam abstained.

The news of President Roosevelt's speech reached Geneva on the last day of the Assembly. It was received by the British delegation with more embarrassment than pleasure. It now remains to be seen whether the Brussels conference will have any effective result.

I cannot conclude this summary of the Assembly's session without mentioning an incident that caused deep pain to Léon Blum's friends and admirers, especially those whose frendship with him is of long date. He spent a few days in Geneva during the Assembly and, although he was not a member of the French delegation, allowed himself to be put up by the delegation to make a speech at the meeting of the drafting committee against any declaration by the League that Italy had been guilty of aggression against Spain. He admitted the fact of aggression but said that if the Assembly formally declared Italy to be an aggressor any negotiations with the Italian government would probably be impossible. This speech, as might be expected, has caused profound resentment in republican Spain, where the press has denounced Blum as a "social traitor."

The Peasants' War

BY RAMON SENDER

WE ARRIVED at Adamuz by a country road which was in good order, but we raised so much dust that the following car had to keep far behind to avoid it. We passed by vineyards and olive groves. As we entered the town, the women hid in the doorways and waited to raise their fists in salute until we had done so. They were very uncertain. The town had been in the power of the fascists, who had murdered and robbed as they pleased. When the peasants took it with sporting guns, loaded with small shot, and a few dynamite cartridges, they had captured the sons of some of the big landowners of the district. That was a fortnight ago.

"Where are you keeping them?" we asked, expecting them to reply that they had shot them, but we were glad to hear that they had only imprisoned them.

"We shot three," replied a peasant, "who had murdered the chiefs of the peasants' syndicate. But these others, although we took them with arms in their hands, aren't so dangerous. Of course," he added stoically, "if a time comes when those of us who are still here have to join the others to fight at a distance from the town, there will be nothing for it"—and he made a grave gesture of sincere resignation—"but to leave the old ones tranquil."

In other words, they would decide to shoot their prisoners only as a last resort. These prisoners were the feudal gentry of the neighborhood, who had been sowing hatred for years and years.

Soon after the victory of the rights in the 1934 elections I heard a man, his eyes shining with hate, tell two large landowners of that province, "I'll lose no time in seeing that these laborers dance on the hills." He meant to say that he would see them reduced to such a state of misery that they would have to go outside his estates and live like goats, nibbling the herbage. He and his kind succeeded to some extent, for the peasants in many cases during the winter of 1935-36 had to boil the roots of wild plants as their only food. And yet these same peasants, from whose culture a high moral standard was not to be expected, respected the lives of the landowners "until an extreme case should come," and would shoot them only to secure peace for the old people of the village before leaving it.

The rebels sowed desolation during the seven days in which the village was in their hands. There was not a single house in which some member of the family was not murdered. The chiefs of the syndicate were marched on foot to the cemetery, where they were forced to dig their own graves. While they were digging, the gentry of the Falange taunted them: "Don't you say the earth is for those who labor in it? Now, you see, you are going to get your share. You can keep that piece of land over you until the Day of Judgment." Others said: "You needn't dig so deep; it is already deep enough for a dog's grave." Or they would advise them to leave a little step where the head could lie, "so that they would be more comfortable."

The peasants went on digging in silence. One of them tried to escape, but they caught him after wounding him in the leg. He was kept three days in prison without attention to the wound, and then they made him be present at the shooting of the others. On the fourth day they made him come out and took him again to the cemetery. The peasants told us that the rebels did not shoot their victims in the usual way with a firing squad, but amused themselves by shooting them with revolvers, as in target practice.

They compelled that unfortunate man to open a grave, telling him that it was for someone else, and when that was done they made him lie down at full length in it, "to see if it would hold a human body." When he had done so, they fired on him, and without troubling to see whether he had been killed ordered the gravedigger to fill in the grave. The gravedigger said, "He seems to be moving still." The Falangists pointed their revolvers at him and warned him to take care because "many a man is hung by his tongue."

The peasants of Adamuz made the comment: "What wickedness! Who would have thought that educated men who have always lived like gentlemen could fall so low?" Then they added, "Whether there is war or not, a man is always a man."

A little old woman came crying, and laid hold of the sleeve of a comrade. "Tell this to the Madrid government, sir," she said. "Tell them this: they killed my Antoñito, but only because they tied his hands first. He went like this, like this, the son of my soul"—the woman joined her two white wrists, as thin as those of a child—"and it was only that way that they could finish him off. My boy could have fought all these bloody gentry with his fists, but they tied him with string, like this, like this!" And again she showed us her crossed wrists.

"And the husband of her"—pointing to another peasant woman in black who was sobbing and biting her white handkerchief, with her head resting against the door—"they killed him in his own bed, from which he couldn't rise. Ill from going to the olive harvest, an old man, and him enduring the winter chills without enough food. And when he kept to his bed because he couldn't stand, the masters themselves came with revolvers and finished him off. He died, poor man, in his bed, like a little bird, without saying a word."

We could not get over our astonishment. Why did they kill these old men? From what lust for blood and cruelty? The old woman, in a rush of words, explained it to us: "What did for this woman's husband is that two winters ago he went with two others to ask for a rise of a penny in the olive-harvest wages. But he didn't even speak. He went as the oldest of the laborers, and it was the others who spoke, the young ones."

Everywhere we came across the track of crime. They told us about the death of the victims, with details of such a nature as to make us think, not of a war, but of a collective moral madness which had come like a burning and putrid wind from the rebel camp.

In the Middle Ages it was said, and it is still said in some villages, that when epidemics came the "atmosphere was corrupted." Then and today that is true of Franco's camp. Assassination has become part of the regular habits of his people. The Falangists and the traditionalists took communion in the morning, and before beginning their political work for the day used to go round to the jail and accompany ten or twelve to the cemetery. For half an hour they had target practice on them, and could then go back to their houses, kiss their children, and talk to them about morality, the family, and the country.

A man who escaped from Cordova told us some monstrous details. They had forced a young assistant professor of the institute to take up arms, but he took the first chance of crossing over to the loyal troops. Their revenge fell on the family, which was gradually exterminated. His wife had a son six months old, still at the breast. The mother and child were imprisoned. They did not allow the mother to have linen to change the child's clothing or water to wash it. The mother lost her milk, and they did not even allow the child to be fed artificially. They left them that way for twenty-five days, after which they wrested the child, half dead with hunger, from its mother's arms, and took her to the priest for confession. Then they took her to the cemetery and killed her.

"Up to now," our informant told us, "they have killed some nine thousand persons, counting men and women."

They showed us a Cordova newspaper which we read eagerly. It was a medley of stupidity, deliberate infamy, and a kind of degenerate sensuous poetry which made childish rhymes and spoke of the Moors who came "from the crescent moon." We mourned over such pitiful wickedness, Spanish blood perverted by pleasure in crime, by pride in its own force, a force which was nothing but an executioner's repression of moral inhibitions. They wished to build a myth of justice on crime, and what they were doing was to widen the channels of the torrent into which they would all fall, drowned in the blood they were spilling.

Meanwhile Quiepo de Llano, a few miles off, was murdering by thousands, having all the workers whose names were on the rolls of the syndicates shot in masses on the pretext that they had tried to strike. Among the victims were women who begged for mercy with tears. Hundreds of these women in Cordova and Seville and Granada were shot after they had seen their husbands die, shot with their hungry and half-naked children clinging madly to their skirts. And Queipo, in his drunkard's voice, kept proclaming on the radio that he represented order, the family, and morality.

We left our woman comrade in Adamuz. She grumbled, although still with her crystal-like resonance. But from there onward the country was unsafe. The cavalry patrols of the enemy were active, and there had been isolated attacks. The very day before, an incident had cost the life of one of the city militia. He was on guard at a crossroads. In an adjoining olive grove an individual appeared, about five-and-forty years old, holding himself well, but looking dazed and feverish. The guard did not recognize him, although he was the parish priest, for he was in civilian dress. He called the militiaman by name and asked him for water.

When the militiaman put down his rifle—when the town was recaptured they had got two dozen rifles from the Fascists—and began to untie his water bottle, the unknown man stuck a knife in his belly, telling him, "You won't recover from that in a dozen years." The guard fell, and the other four who formed the picket came up at his cries. The man tried to escape, but they shot him. A peasant describing the incident to me said: "This misfortune happened because these other peasants wouldn't listen to me when I told them that we ought to seize the priest and jug him. They said that they weren't against religion, if it behaved decently. Now you have it. That's their decency." And he added, "What good do we get from not attacking religion if the priests attack us?"

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Other peasants declared that there were priests in neighboring villages who were "friends of the poor," and as such had not been molested, but the discontented man would have none of that. "Priests," he declared, "are inhuman by nature. They begin by not marrying, which is not decent." In the mouth of that peasant the word "decent" covered everything. With a serious and solemn gaiety in which it was not certain whether he was joking or not, he said, "The priest is the only animal that sings when one of its kind dies."

The others laughed complacently and commented, "The comrade is always talking about that."

We went on towards Villafranca de Cordova, having left our woman comrade in the town hall with two or three members of the local committee. They saw that she was slender with a fragile city beauty and asked us if she was from Madrid. When he told them that was so, they looked at each other in a pleased way, and remarked: "Then all the country, up to the capital, is with us, and all is safe."

That comforted them, as we had foreseen. Soon after leaving the town, we met a group of seven riders on fine black ponies. With their flexible loins, sharp profiles, Cordova hats, the butts of the rifles resting on their thighs, and the reins in one hand, these countrymen had a true campaigning grace. They reined in their restless ponies and, in passing, advised us: "When you see Villafranca, go quickly, because you'll see it about a mile off, and that ground is sometimes raked by the fascist guns."

We bore it in mind. The road was bordered by terraces and little hills, and we could not see far ahead or at the sides. There was more dust than on the previous stretch, which the wagons raised, leaving behind them a thick cloud gilded by the sun. The second car followed us at a distance of about two hundred yards and our dust mingled with theirs. We were not farther apart, because we had agreed to keep close together.

Fifty minutes' traveling brought us opposite Villafranca, down in a valley. The road wound down a large hillock. We must have been completely visible to the enemy camp, as their front line was a little less than a mile beyond the town. We hurried and were in the square in a minute. As we stopped, we saw groups of armed peasants running toward the outside of the town to reinforce their comrades. We could hear rifles and machine-guns. We asked what was happening. Nobody took any notice of us.

Ten minutes later the same groups returned, and two peasants of the local committee came to us from them. We told them who we were, and they received us with a kind of friendly surprise. We left with them all the material we had brought from Adamuz: the library, the pamphlets, the reviews, and the placards. One of the chiefs asked us if we had come from Madrid expressly and shook us by the hand. They exchanged pleased glances when we said we had.

We inquired about the alarm, and at that moment the mayor, who had come back, joined the group and told us that we, the missionaries of Cultura Popular, had won a battle without getting out of our cars. We didn't understand. They explained to us.

"The dust raised by the two cars made the enemy think that a strong reinforcing column had arrived. Our people had been attacking the enemy, who after resisting a few minutes retired to other trenches in disorder, leaving behind more than twenty rifles and a machine-gun." We all congratulated ourselves on our good fortune.

They told us that ours was the first help they had received, and that they were hurt because they had not been sent a rifle or a single militiaman.

"But then," we asked, "with what did you fight?"

"We have a few rifles captured from the enemy. Now we have twenty more. But most of the comrades have to use their shotguns. The women and the old men spend the day and part of the night making ammunition. One of the comrades goes regularly round the poultry and game shops in the towns in the neighborhood to buy empty cartridges. We fill them here with home-made bullets. Come and see."

They took us to a large shed in which about twenty women and old men were at work. There was a lighted furnace in the back. With coal and a blacksmith's bellows they raised the temperature to the melting-point of lead. In a corner of the shed nearly two tons of new gas piping were piled up. "These," said a comrade, pointing to them with his hand, "were to bring water to the town, but when we have won, there will be plenty of pipes in the town, don't you think?" Two old men were cutting the lead with axes into lengths, which they threw into the melting-pot. When the lead was melted, they poured it into little molds like thimbles. From these came out, still hot, spherical or cylindrical bullets of the size to fit their guns. Women at the other end of the shed were filling the cartridges and piling them in neat rows in boxes.

"Here at the side," the peasant told us with pride, "they are making dynamite cartridges." They were also making, they told us, powder for bombs with touch-cords. "For a month," they added, "no one here has tasted sugar. We are saving it all to make explosives." There was no need to raise the spirits of the peasants in this village. What they needed was rifles and machine-guns.

We spoke to the peasants from one of the lorries. We confined ourselves to a minute description of the situation on the other fronts so that they could have a general idea of the war. And we explained to them the work of the Popular Front in the organization of agrarian production and wealth, so that they might associate their struggle with social progress.

The democratic revolution controlled by workers and peasants spread its perspectives before that handful of heroes under the increasing rattle of machine-guns. The meeting ended with loud cheers for the republic and for the Popular Front government.

[*The preceding account is an excerpt from Ramon Sender's forthcoming book "Counter-Attack in Spain," to be published soon by Houghton Mifflin.*]

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

ONCE a Tammany man, always a Tammany man. I suppose there was nothing for Senator Wagner to do but to come out for Jeremiah T. Mahoney in the New York mayoralty campaign. He is still a sachem of Tammany Hall, and Mahoney is the regular nominee of that organization. None the less, it makes me sick that a man of his caliber and reputation should strike such a blow at decent government in New York. No wonder that he announced immediately afterward that his health would not permit him to make any more speeches for Mahoney. But it is not his health surely that is in jeopardy; it is his reputation. The Senator has made a great name for himself of late years in Washington, notably in his championship of labor and of progressive social advances. He and Robert La Follette were the first Senators to see, at the beginning of the depression, that there was no way out of voting very large appropriations for relief and public works—billions of dollars when other people were thinking in millions and the cold-hearted Herbert Hoover was setting his face rigidly against any national relief. Mr. Wagner has made his reputation not by exceptional brilliance, or because he is a great orator, which he is not. He has won widespread praise by his enormous industry and by his sound judgment reinforced by his legal knowledge. Few men in the Senate are today more valuable than he, and now he has to turn around and strike himself this bad blow by coming out for Mahoney.

Loyalty is the explanation, of course. He knows that Mahoney isn't as good a man as LaGuardia and that the welfare of the city demands the Mayor's reelection; yet he must stand by Tammany because not only is he an office-holder in the organization, but he owes to it his political rise. Naturally, also, he is interested in the career of his able young son, who has just received a Tammany nomination for the New York State Assembly. Moreover, he can point to the example of Postmaster General Farley and indirectly to that of the President. Mr. Roosevelt knows what Tammany is. People, I find, have forgotten that Franklin Roosevelt made a great reputation for independence and courage in his first term as Senator from Dutchess County when his vote defeated the Buffalo politician, "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan, for the United States Senate. Sheehan and his crowd were in cahoots with the Tammany machine. That was over a quarter of a century ago, and Mr. Roosevelt has been a resident of New York City most of the time ever since and knows that Tammany Hall is still what it was, held together, as has been said, by the "cohesive power of public plunder." Yet the President, because he "cannot interfere in local politics," has not spoken out, and his silence places him with Postmaster General Farley on the side of Mahoney.

Still another man has dealt himself a grave blow by coming out for Mahoney. Herbert H. Lehman, Governor of New York, is also among those who have indorsed the Tammany candidate. I have never been a great admirer of Mr. Lehman; he has certainly not been one of those enthusiasms of mine which Henry L. Mencken and others say that I am prone to yield to. But Lehman is also a lifelong resident of New York. He made his fortune as a banker in the city, and he cannot be under any illusions whatsoever as to what Tammany Hall is and what it has always stood for. He has always backed such enterprises as Lillian Wald's Henry Street Settlement and many of our leading charitable undertakings. Unless he is a good deal more limited mentally than I believe him to be, he has certainly known that during his and my lifetime and for generations before that a chief function of private charity in New York has been to mop up after the misgovernment of Tammany Hall, which has dealt out the grossest injustice to the poor people of New York while pretending to befriend them. Yet the Governor has no hesitation in assuring the city that it ought to elect Mr. Mahoney and reinstate Tammany Hall in the district attorney's office and the City Hall and everywhere else. That is something that will not be forgiven, and it ought not to be; it will be a stain upon the Governor's reputation as long as he lives.

The eyes of the country are on the election in New York City. Residents of New York rarely realize how the country watches what is happening here and what an effect our local electoral decisions have elsewhere. This year's election is particularly important because the system of proportional representation has never before been tried on so large a scale. The old question whether a reform administration can succeed itself is also to the front; whether, with a World's Fair coming, New York is to continue the extraordinary progress it has made under Mayor LaGuardia, or whether it will slip back into the hands of what is not a party but an organization which has viewed every political issue from the standpoint of what Tammany can get out of it. Again, many persons loyal to our democracy and institutions are well aware that all the Nazi influence is being brought to bear to defeat Mayor LaGuardia because he has said that Hitler ought to be in a museum of horrors and because the Mayor has some Jewish blood in his veins. All these seem to me compelling reasons why every citizen in New York who believes in decency and fair play and a modern system of government should be enthusiastic for the LaGuardia ticket.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WHAT BOAT?

HARRY HANSEN in his column of October 18 gave us the picture of a Tired Book Reviewer who had suddenly begun throwing books, reviews, and reviewers around his narrow office in a fine fit of disgust with all three. Since he was genuinely annoyed he mentioned names, spoke frankly, and brought up issues—which always makes for good reading.

The occasion of Mr. Hansen's outburst was the publication of Ernest Hemingway's new book and the reviews that greeted it. He was obviously annoyed with the furor created by one man's book. That annoyance is justified, and it is even refreshing that after all these years Mr. Hansen is not yet reconciled to the phenomenon of publishers and reviewers looking desperately for great books in an era when the probability that great books will be written is almost exactly in inverse proportion to the degree of social chaos and instability that prevails.

Mr. Hansen's main point was that "although nobody was wholly satisfied with the Hemingway opus, a considerable softening in censure was to be observed among left-wing writers, who viewed with evident approval the dawn of a social conscience in the great man." There again Mr. Hansen had a point. The tendency of left-wing reviewers to speak softly of the literary faults of well-known and little-known, good or bad writers if they happen to pass the current political tests is of long standing. It reached an all-time high a few years ago in the praise that was heaped on "proletarian novels" which were not expected to pass ordinary literary tests because their characters were workers—even though their authors were presumably writers. It reached a new low only the other day when a left-wing columnist decreed that literary standards were to be suspended in critical considerations of the novels of Robert Briffault because Mr. Briffault, although an anthropologist and past fifty-five, had, through an admirable if belated conversion, turned into a radical and a novelist. In fact, the tendency has become so highly developed that the sensitive observer, by reading the reviews, can follow the factional disputes raging in the radical movement (which unlike cellular life decreases by division) even though he may not be able to find out whether or not a given book is worth reading.

Mr. Hansen, then, had a case; but unfortunately annoyance diluted his logic, and he succeeded only in proving that there are exceptions to every rule and that not all the fallacies are on the left. Having stated his thesis on the "softness" of left-wing reviewers, he went on to say that the "superlative review" of the Hemingway novel appeared in *Time* magazine! Now it is quite likely that the book section of *Time* harbors left-wing reviewers—it is notorious that Time, Inc., runs the best-appointed boarding-house for left-wing writers in the country—but it is highly doubtful that *Time* devoted almost four pages to Hemingway because he has acquired a social conscience. This must be set down to commercial-journalistic rather than left-wing ballyhoo—even though the twain sometimes meet to the extent that a right-wing advertiser does not care if a left-wing book becomes a best-seller. *Time's* comment was "contrasted" with that of Sinclair Lewis (is he right-wing?), whom Mr. Hansen described brightly as the husband of Dorothy Thompson, Inc. (as I have indicated, Mr. Hansen was hitting out that day). The irate reviewer was on safer ground when he cited the comments on Hemingway, past and present, of Malcolm Cowley, but he stepped into another puddle when he approvingly quoted the comments of Clifton Fadiman, who criticized the book severely but can hardly be called right-wing.

At this point the argument shifted to the naughty words of Hemingway and the left-right controversy was more or less abandoned, though the implication was pretty clear that left-wingers like obscenity while respectable reviewers do not. I had thought that obscenity had long since ceased to be an issue for adult reviewers, left, right, or center. But Mr. Hansen cited reviewers who "dodged the gutter talk Hemingway enjoys displaying" and reserved his highest praise for Herschel Brickell. "Disdaining feature writing and literary detours, Brickell looked at the Hemingway opus with the concern of a man whose garden has been disturbed by woodchucks. He said calmly that the book disgusted him." Mr. Hansen also cited J. Donald Adams of the *Times*, who called the novel an empty book (and is known to deplore most four-letter words), but he had by this time wandered so far afield from the left-right issue that it seems hardly worth the trouble to point out that Mr. Adams can qualify as one exhibit to prove that though left-wing reviewers lean over backward to praise books by authors who have acquired a social conscience, it is likewise true that right-wing reviewers lean over forward to dismiss them.

The column of October 18 ended with a remark about *The Nation* that was so irrelevant to the discussion and so clearly an invitation to the writer of these lines that it would be almost impolite to ignore it. It happened that *The Nation's* review of the Hemingway novel did not appear on the date of publication (it came out six days later). That should have pleased Mr. Hansen, since one of the sources of his annoyance was that the whole reviewing world erupted at once just because Hemingway had published a book. Instead he wrote as follows: "Apparently the only reviewing medium to miss the boat was *The Nation*, which only a few seasons ago polished off all the journeymen reviewers for not knowing their trade." Mr. Hansen was no doubt referring to the series on Our Critics, Right or Wrong, which appeared in these pages two years ago. I had not intended to revert to the subject, but as one who took part in that polishing off I must testify that our criticism of the journeymen reviewers was *not* that they failed to review the current "great books" on time. It is possible, of course, that Mr. Hansen had other aspects of that series in mind. Meanwhile his irrelevant remark reminds me, irrelevantly perhaps, of a picture which appeared in *Punch* some years ago. It showed an average Britisher, slightly tight in honor of bank holiday, standing in the middle of a street-car track. He was shaking his fist at an oncoming street-car and shouting: "And another thing . . . quit following me around!"

MARGARET MARSHALL

On Race-Thinking

RACE: A STUDY IN MODERN SUPERSTITION. By Jacques Barzun. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

PRIMITIVE INTELLIGENCE AND ENVIRONMENT. By S. D. Porteus. The Macmillan Company. $3.

MR. BARZUN'S volume is one of the most original books about race I have read in many years and must be given a place in the front rank of studies of what he so aptly terms "race-thinking." Entirely fresh in its approach to the subject, it thrusts far beneath the surface of recent developments in the political and social manipulations of prejudice and gives its reader much insight into the background of the sinister current tendency to exploit those differences between human groups, real or fancied, to which the term "race" is usually applied.

His book is remarkable from another point of view. Those of us who are professionally concerned with the study of physical types and the relation of physical form to social behavior are all agreed that our subject presents many pitfalls for those who attempt to work in it without requisite training. But now comes Mr. Barzun, whose approach is entirely that of the historian of culture—that is, whose techniques are in no wise those of the anthropologist—and not only avoids the usual blunders but from the vantage-point of his historical position attains a new and revealing perspective on the development of interest in race and racial differences.

Mr. Barzun modestly states that his reason for publishing this book "was the repeated experience . . . of being in possession of facts that seemed to be overlooked in the arguments both for and against race beliefs and in the history of modern race prejudice." The work is essentially an exposition of the place taken by the concept of race in the development of European thought during the past century. Its critical theme, against which all the historic factors are projected, is the correct assumption that the physical type of a group can be the result of but one kind of force, the personal genetic composition of the individuals who compose that group. This, of course, leads to a corollary—that only in so far as groups of individuals are genetically related are their outward resemblances significant. And this, taken with the point of the great variation found within any group designated by the term "race," cuts under the foundation of all popular and much scientific use of the term. Yet this use persists, and "the race question [has become] . . . a mode of thinking so intertwined with the culture of modern Europe as to constitute an ingrained superstition." The author's task is to show how this superstition, fed by the products of honest but misdirected minds and employed for nationalistic ends and group advantages, has developed into the nightmare it has come to be.

Though the argument is based on the author's special knowledge of the French scene, it is sufficiently documented from British and German sources not to appear one-sided. The book begins with a discussion of the Nordic myth and of the manner in which the young science of anthropology was brought into controversies about the social significance of differences in physical form. The following chapter on Gobineau, under whose influence racialism was given its greatest impetus, is noteworthy for its judicious appraisal of his thought. Concepts of race as applied to the arts and as they have affected the international political scene, their development as a part of "scientific anthropology," and, finally, an exposure of the assumptions underlying racialism of any stripe constitute the body of the book. It is indicative of the grasp Mr. Barzun has of his subject that one of the most significant and yet most neglected contributions to the study of the mechanisms which operate in the formation of human physical types—Boas's research into the family lines that constitute a population—is made the point of emphasis on which the book ends.

The second book listed at the head of this review is a perfect exemplification of the obscurity of thought about race stressed by Mr. Barzun, though Dr. Porteus is concerned with an aspect of the subject not treated in the other book, namely, psychological testing. When one considers the looseness with which this writer employs the term and the utter trustfulness of his "racial thinking" as shown in his acceptance of the proposition that something called race is a determining factor in the behavior of the folk he has gone to the ends of the earth to visit, one cannot but wish that this other tragi-comedy in the history of science, the testing of "racial intelligence," might be studied by Mr. Barzun.

This book by Dr. Porteus is really an anachronism, for the use of psychological tests to determine "general intelligence" has been almost universally repudiated as scientifically unworkable. The twist he gives the customary argument is ingenious but unconvincing. Granted, says he, that intelligence tests do not tell the entire story, then let us go where the natural environment is severe, and experiment with two groups to see which makes the highest score in tests that do not necessitate much use of language. Obviously, it takes intelligence to meet the demands of any natural environment; if the people who live in what one believes to be the more difficult environment make scores as good as or better than the other group, it may be held that the former are the more intelligent. Hence the conclusion that Bushmen are less intelligent than Australian aborigines, who in turn are less intelligent than Kaffirs.

All this neglects the ever-present historical factor of culture, of tradition, which, though it may be said to be but the expression of the intelligence of the people who carry it, nevertheless is coming more and more to be recognized by psychologists as the most significant determinant in behavior. In any event these "races" are merely local groupings which, genetically, are but aggregates of individuals, of family lines. And so we come again to Mr. Barzun's book, which, though it does not have the interest of Dr. Porteus's casual travel notes, is more stimulating than a dozen works which follow a line now almost entirely discredited.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

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A Modern Woman

THE FAITHFUL WIFE. By Sigrid Undset. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THINKING back over Sigrid Undset's various books one realizes anew how completely this novelist has analyzed women. The Norwegian background of her novels has at times been filled in so richly as to obscure the precision and authenticity of her portraits of the feminine mind. Mrs. Undset has progressed from studies of women frustrated and unable to analyze their own destroying passions to studies of women more modern and more intellectually aware of their own motivation. In this book, as in "Ida Elizabeth," is a study of marriage, a very careful and subtle analysis of a modern woman functioning intelligently in an emotional crisis. The story has to do with a childless marriage of sixteen years' standing, apparently happy, but easily broken by a man's confused desire to make some woman totally dependent upon him.

Opening with a richly and humorously drawn picture of marital happiness, the book reaches its climax when Nathalie, the wife, finds her husband is to have a child by a young girl from his own country; it resumes its quieter movement in the last chapters, in which the wife rebuilds her own and her divorced husband's stability. Though the circumstances through which husband and wife meet again as wiser people might in the hands of a lesser artist seem managed, here all has been so motivated that the end is artistically correct. It is psychologically correct also to have the husband turn to a rather childish religious faith and the wife rely on her own strength.

Lovely pictures of the country, skilful mingling of the commonplaces of daily living with sketches of the finer human feelings, the continuous movement of the narrative, and the subtle psychological analysis prove Mrs. Undset again one of the fine novelists. Of course the book carries a message, though in no narrow sense of the word. The curious separation that develops as husband and wife spend their energies on different professions and the difficulties in a business woman's life are taken into account. In the end the wife allows the husband to rearrange the pattern of their lives, but she remains, nevertheless, the stronger character. The emotional dependency of women upon love is strongly stressed.

Mrs. Undset is examining her own times. Nathalie has been educated by parents with the progressive ideas of the late nineteenth century. She herself seems very much of our own century. For the rest, this novel has the charm of all Mrs. Undset's books, peopled, as they are, with lively characters and presenting always a whole life.

EDA LOU WALTON

Economics in Transition

THE WORLD'S WEALTH: ITS USE AND ABUSE. By Broadus Mitchell. Henry Holt and Company. $4.

THE problem of how to start learning economics is becoming more and more difficult. Twenty-five years ago the classical doctrine as revised and extended by such thinkers as Marshall and Böhm-Bawerk, had attained general acceptance in the academic world. Furthermore it had been admirably and painstakingly reduced to textbook form by such eminent teachers as Professor Taussig. The problem of what to learn and how to set about it was easily solved.

Three things have changed all that. The first was the attempt, first undertaken by the members of the Cambridge (England) school, to straighten out certain serious logical flaws in the Marshallian structure which centered about the so-called theory of increasing returns. This path led Mr. Sraffa, of Cambridge, to conclude in 1926 that it was necessary to drop, *as a general assumption*, the hypothesis of pure competition. (Note that an examination of facts had led many observers to this conclusion long before; facts, however, reflect themselves in "pure" economics only in a peculiar backhanded way, as this example shows.) With that, the literature on imperfect competition was born. The infant has grown rapidly ever since.

The second factor has a somewhat more complex history. Monetary theory, which had reached a high degree of development in England during the Napoleonic Wars and in the controversy leading up to the Bank Act of 1844, fell on bad days in the last half of the nineteenth century—so much so that the "discovery" of the quantity theory of money was considered a great advance. Certain Swedish and Austrian economists, however, began around the turn of the century to move toward a new conception of monetary theory as an integral part of general economic theory. This stream of thought found its belated way into the Anglo-Saxon world through J. M. Keynes, whose brilliant mind, profoundly disturbed by the post-war monetary chaos, had already begun to move in somewhat similar channels. Keynes's "Treatise on Money" (1930) marked the beginning of the end of the old monetary theory; his "General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money" (1936) lifts bourgeois economics to a new plane and gives it a new lease on life.

The third factor is the most difficult of all to explain because it is so little realized even by the most progressive economists trained in the academic tradition. That it exists, however, is proved by the remarkable revival of interest in Marx even in bourgeois circles. Marx is no longer regarded altogether as the benighted inventor of a crazy theory of value. His true aim—"to lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society"—is gradually coming to be considered a legitimate and even necessary task of the economist. In the light of this aim, Marx's work takes on a new value. He who would work on a theory of economic development can scarcely avoid being influenced by the greatest theorist in this field.

Thus economics is at present in a period of rapid transition in which received doctrine is likely to be roughly dealt with and new ideas eagerly seized upon and hotly fought over. It is, naturally, no easy task to know how to train the neophyte to take an active part in the fray or even, for that matter, to get a ringside seat from which he can watch the fun. For this reason a new textbook in economics, especially if it is written by such a well-known progressive as Professor Mitchell, raises high hopes. And for the same reason one must report a disappointment more profound than the quality of Professor Mitchell's book would ordinarily warrant. If "The World's Wealth" had been written two or three decades ago, it would have been possible to call it a good text with only a few minor reservations. But it is disturbing today to find in it very little—except, of course, the factual material—which *wasn't* written two or three decades ago. Not all that Professor Mitchell says is in Taussig's "Principles," but of economic theory proper very little is missing. Supply and demand (under competitive conditions), the quantity theory of money, the Ricardian theory of rent, the Austrian theory of interest, and a lot more are all to be found in their proper places. In some respects, however, Professor Mitchell bears a great likeness to some of the pre-war German Social Democrats. No Anglo-Saxon economist of a few years back could have possibly looked with such favor upon the rapid growth of monopoly as Professor Mitchell does; but the Social Democrats could, and on the same grounds. It leads to stability and security, says Professor Mitchell. It would seem incumbent upon anyone holding such views today at least to indicate in a rough way what is the matter with all the literature written during the last few years which purports to prove theoretically that monopolistic rigidities are greatly accentuating the insecurity and instability of the capitalist system as a whole.

Professor Mitchell's book does not help the aspiring student to understand any one of the three new developments mentioned earlier in this review. Consequently anyone interested in these matters, as the present reviewer is and believes many present-day beginners to be, can only put the book aside and wait impatiently for the next attempt to fill the gap in our pedagogical equipment. PAUL M. SWEEZY

Gentle Arapesh

EAST GOES WEST. THE MAKING OF AN ORIENTAL YANKEE. By Younghill Kang. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.75.

"YES, we played at governing Korea in the old way known to our fathers. As to the Japanese, they were not represented in these games of ours." Younghill Kang has previously related his childhood ambitions and their destruction. While "The Grass Roof" gave us a distinguished study of the Korean social pattern from the merchant to the venerated scholar, it was more than the record of a comparatively little-known culture. It was an unusually fresh narrative of human affairs. The daily activities of Korean village life, the serene order of a Confucian education, the struggles of the earnest Christian missionaries to bring civilization to this ancient and subtle society—these things Younghill Kang made vivid to Western eyes in his earlier book.

In 1854 Commodore Perry opened by force the harbors of Japan to Western commerce. In 1910 the Japanese, eager disciples of the new learning, brought to a close forty-two centuries of Korean independence. And seeing his Confucian society crumble, the life of thought falling before that of action, Kang fled from his native land. "East Goes West" continues the story of Kang's education in that Western science and ethics which had destroyed his home. Here is the account of the American apprenticeship of this ambitious, precocious, and engaging Korean youth, this learned wanderer who traveled the three hundred miles to Seoul on thirty cents, who experienced prison and punishment for his participation in the Korean (pacifist) rebellion of 1919, and whose extraordinary knowledge of Confucian classic poetry was for a time his sole asset in the New World.

It is a good story. Kang carries over to this present book his vitality, his capacity for adventure, his talent for describing the surface patterns of people and for discovering their inner meanings. He gives us sharp analyses of our sermons on profitable service, department-store routines, social panaceas, and educational formulas. We share his excitement over his first contacts with our materialistic triumphs. But while "East Goes West" is a valuable addition to our record of emigrant stories, it is after all a less impressive book than "The Grass Roof." Younghill Kang has survived a harsh apprenticeship, he has learned, with some fine comic flourishes, to sell himself to this Western society, but he has not yet learned to give his affections to it. Though he no longer lives in the past like Kim, the Korean ghost of his book, he is still the expatriate, and not merely from another country but from another basic culture. He is still the gentle Arapesh, and now among the barbaric Mundugumor. Because of this his work has gained in ironic power, in intellectual preoccupation, in a sense of farce. But farce may be used to cover frustration. And Younghill Kang has lost, for the moment at least, the distinguishing trait of his earlier period, a friendship at once discerning and indulgent for the land and the life around him.

MAXWELL GEISMAR

Newtonian Cosmology

WAR WITH THE NEWTS. By Karel Capek. Translated by M. and R. Weatherall. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

IT IS hard to see, after this book, how the Nobel Prize Committee can go on ignoring Karel Capek. He is not, perhaps, a very serious writer, but he is a highly serious pacifist. Furthermore, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, he remains a Czecho-Slovakian, the leading man of letters in the fatherland of Huss and Masaryk and Skoda. Add to these claims his contributions to science and technology—not, to be sure, any discoveries or inventions but something more fundamental which obviates the future necessity of anyone's bothering to make discoveries or develop inventions. Capek's first play will be remembered for forcing the word "robot" upon most Indo-European languages, as well as a few Finno-Ugrian. Since then he has conducted investigations in entomology and longevity before large audiences, and has devoted the better part of several novels to shattering atoms and prejudices. But Capek has never been content with mere cosmic exploits and utopian prophecies. He has passed from pseudo-science to satire, through the universe of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells to the world of Anatole France and Aldous Huxley.

The present planet, intimately as we know it from the papers and the movies and the radio, is wide enough to serve as a stage for Capek's latest satire. Out of the chorus of created things he has picked a most unpromising species of amphibian to make good under the spotlight. Of the industry and versatility of the newts we are given ample proof, they work almost too hard for their author and manage to cover every conceivable subject. But their main function is not to act out a beast-fable of their own but to provide humanity with a series of crises, and thus to play their part in the allegory of imperialistic exploitation, mass production, and related issues. The introductory section of the book is the chronicle of an extraordinary voyage from the seacoast of Bohemia, full of unnatural natural history. The final section embodies the apocalypse for which Capek has saved up all his fireworks. But the core of the satire discards fantasy for irony, and the middle section is a record of cultural conflicts between the newts and ourselves. It is surprising how few lies Capek needs to tell, and how plausibly his story proceeds *ex hypothesi*, once we have accepted his initial whoppers.

Satire is, by definition, a mixed mode. The narrative assimilates a variety of genres and points of view; it is now a Reuter dispatch and again a League of Nations communiqûe, occasionally a terse English law report and often a wordy German treatise. It may be inferred, even without a knowledge of Czech, that Capek's style is tricky, inclining to neologism and offering resistance to translators. This translation, obviously aimed at both English and American readers, is written in no language at all; Indian corn is constantly referred to as "maize," but elderly professors are in the habit

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of exclaiming "My gosh!" A revue, however, should be judged by its total effect. If the black-outs are fast enough, they need not be too cogent. If the ensembles are colorful, no one expects them to be anything further.

HARRY LEVIN

Early Days on the Plains

THE SOD-HOUSE FRONTIER, 1854-1890. By Everett Dick. D. Appleton-Century Company. $5.

THIS informative and absorbingly interesting book furnishes a chapter in the history of the nation that everyone should know—a chapter that has not before been treated with such breadth of scope and fullness of detail. It tells the heroic saga of the home-seekers who poured into the plains country after the opening of Kansas and Nebraska—and later the Dakotas—to settlement. Most of them were poorly equipped for the struggle; many died under the strain; and many, utterly discouraged, made their way back to the East. The bravest and most adaptable remained, and with fresh recruits yearly carried on the work until the prairie had been transformed.

These pioneers had first to make sure of their land. Defective land laws permitted every kind of rascality in the seizing and holding of home sites; and though the hastily formed "claim clubs" often protected the bona fide settler, they were not infrequently controlled by rascals who protected only their own interests. Once settled, the newcomers found themselves contending with a nature that seemed determined to thwart all their efforts. They could find no timber except the thin strips along the streams, and so they made their homes in dugouts excavated from hillsides or in cabins constructed of sod. They had little or no fuel except hay; they endured floods, blizzards, heavy snowstorms, prairie fires, long spells of drought, and periods of intense heat. Plagues of grasshoppers spread ruin over immense areas. It would be difficult to exaggerate the great visitation of 1874. The present reviewer, then a schoolboy in Columbus, Kansas, is unlikely to forget the living cloud that descended upon the town, transforming in a few minutes—so it will always seem to him—every garden into a bare patch of soil.

There was a lighter side to the picture. In the midst of hardships the first settlers found time for whatever pleasures were available. Dancing, even though done in bare feet, was a passion, and all took part. There were family visits, spelling bees, house-raising bees, feasts—so, at least, they were called even in times when food was scarce—and later all the games known in the East. The reader will find every phase of this frontier life pictured here.

A regrettable carelessness is shown in a number of matters. The diction is not all that it should be, and the account of the battle of the Arickaree in September, 1868, could have been better told. Major George Alexander Forsyth appears as Forsythe, the scout Simpson Everett ("Jack") Stilwell as Stillwell, and his companion Trudeau as Trudell. The statement that the Indians lost "between seven and eight hundred braves" is an amusing exaggeration. There were probably not that many Indians in the fight. Forsyth, in a dispatch from the field, gave the number killed as about thirty-five, though some years later he wrote that the Indians themselves admitted a loss of seventy-five.

It is no pleasure to point out these slips in so meritorious a work; but the general reader will probably be too engrossed with the narrative to notice them.

W. J. GHENT

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DRAMA

Whodunit

FOR some reason or other the popular theater has never succeeded in devising for itself any real equivalent of the detective story. The best examples of the latter—so at least I am told—carry logical ingenuity to a point where it becomes its own justification and achieve real excellence as puzzles if not as literature. They are said to furnish the favorite recreation of great minds, and they certainly achieve a popularity which proves either that the group of great minds is larger than other available evidence would lead one to suppose or that their appeal is not exclusively to mighty intellects in a state of fatigue. Something of the sort, it would seem, would be equally popular in the theater, but I can think of no play which ever successfully attempted quite that thing. We have had "crook plays" in great number, and we have had, besides, both satires like "The Tavern" or "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and many examples of the half-serious genre which *Variety* some years ago christened the "Whodunit." There have even been plays like last year's "Night Must Fall" and "Love from a Stranger," whose aim was to build up a sense of horror on the basis of abnormal psychology. But in none of these is the solution of a problem by logical deduction the real subject. In most cases, indeed, the explanation is hurried over in a few sentences at the end and is so completely perfunctory as to constitute a confession that it is considered of very little importance.

I wish that George Abbott, certainly our most skilful manipulator of melodrama, would sometime attempt a really logical crime story, but the only relevance of the above remark to his production of "Angel Island" (National Theater) is that he has not done anything of the sort. What he has given us instead is pretty strictly in the accepted tradition of the Whodunit, with no variations that are more than unmistakably minor. There is comic relief, furnished chiefly by a parlor maid bent on bestowing her person upon the most desperately pressed of the characters involved, but the wild and woolly action of the main plot is presented with ostensible seriousness. Two persons are murdered, but there are motives sufficient to account for the slaughter of the entire cast, and villainy of all sorts is rampant on the island estate upon which a very choice collection of swindlers, gigolos, and designing women has been conveniently marooned by a storm cutting off all communication with the mainland. Everybody is plotting against everybody else, and one of the climaxes comes when all of the half-dozen couples, each of which has sneaked down in the dark for its own nefarious purpose and then hidden at the approach of the next, are finally compelled to reveal themselves to one another and to discover that the entire company is engaged in spying upon itself. The chief, and not very exalted, purpose is to win from the audience shrieks of surprise which the audience itself does not take very seriously. In other words, the function of "Angel Island" is to purge the soul through gasp and giggle. The play got a very mixed reception from the press, but my guess is that audiences will like it, and though the intellectual level is well below that of Edgar Wallace I must confess that I liked it too.

The Abbey Players, making one of their frequent and welcome visits, have on their repertory such standard plays as "The Plow and the Stars" and "The Playboy of the Western World." It was, however, my luck to see them in Lennox Robinson's "The Far-off Hills" (Ambassador Theater), which serves for little except to remind us that even a drama rooted in a folk as the modern Irish drama is supposed to be can turn into something pretty conventional and pretty feeble. It is acted with considerable skill, and it may have some surface truth to manners, but it is feeble in conception and worked out by means of a series of clichés about as well worn as any the theater knows. There is a priggish girl who yields when a masterful man comes along, there are two flappers who plan gorgeous romances for themselves, and there is even a comic servant who changes beaux in each act. If "The Far-off Hills" (moral: they always look greenest) is serious folk art, then so is "Abie's Irish Rose."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

RECORDS

VICTOR has issued under its own label Volume III of H. M. V.'s Sibelius Society. Of the seven records ($14) three are devoted to the rarely played Sixth Symphony, which is one of the best in the way that Sibelius's music is good when it is good; there are, here again, the feeling for musical sound, the ability to work it to superb effect; and the sound itself is attractive and enjoyable. In the String Quartet "Voces Intimae," on the remaining four records, the skill in construction is applied for the most part to material which hasn't for me the significance it undoubtedly has for certain others. Performances—by the Finnish National Orchestra under Schneevoigt, and the Budapest String Quartet—are first-rate, and recording is excellent; highly regrettable is Victor's omission of the analytical notes by Ernest Newman that accompanied the original H. M. V. set.

On five records ($7.50) Victor also has issued a number of songs by Stephen Foster, some of them less well known than others, but all of them charming. They are beautifully sung by Richard Crooks, but in some instances his fine voice is coarsened by the recording.

That unmitigated nuisance, the loose residue in Columbia's surfaces, obscures at first the excellence of performance and recording in the new set of Beethoven's Second Symphony made by Beecham with the London Philharmonic (four records, $6). For the same reason Maurice Evans's sibilants disappear and the quality of his voice changes in the first playings of Columbia's records of passages from "Richard II"—later playings disclosing reproduction of Evans's beautiful delivery of the lines (five records, $10). Not surfaces, however, but poor recording is wrong with Columbia's two records ($3) of Mozart's Piano Sonata in B flat (K. 570) played by Gieseking. And not recording but the playing of the Pro Arte String Quartet is wrong with Victor's set of Mozart's String Quintet in D (K. 593) (three records, $6.50). The poignancy and dramatic intensity of the slow movement—so like the slow introduction to the finale of the Quintet in G minor—can be realized in the Adagio pace prescribed by Mozart but not in the Andante con moto adopted by the Pro Arte group; and this is not to consider the technical inadequacies of the playing in other movements.

The Pro Arte Quartet is excellent in modern works like Rieti's Quartet in F (Victor: two records, $3); unfortunately, Rieti's Quartet isn't worth the trouble. I feel the same way about Szymanowski's Notturno and Tarantelle, played by Menuhin ($2), and Bach's French Suite No. 6, played by Landowska ($2). Marian Anderson is not at her best in her record ($2) of Schubert's "Ave Maria" and "Aufenthalt"; Coppola's record ($1.50) of transcriptions of Debussy's "L'Ile Joyeuse" and "La Soirée dans Granade" is bad; and the record ($2) of the Bach-Caillet Prelude and Fugue in F minor made by Ormandy with the Philadelphia Orchestra sounds as though Stokowski had made the transcription and conducted the performance—which means that I do not like it. On the other hand Graener's three songs are pleasant and Gerhard Hüsch's singing of them is a joy ($1); there is wry-sounding humor of the early twenties in William Walton's "Façade," which he conducts with the London Philharmonic (two records, $3); and Gluck's Overture to "Alceste" and Weber's to "Euryanthe" are well performed by the B.B.C. Symphony under Boult ($1.50 each).

B. H. HAGGIN

FILMS

The Poetry of Erosion

FEW citizens of the United States can be ignorant of the fact that their present government is interested in the soil the continent is losing—in the Far West by wind, in the Middle West by rain. Lectures, pamphlets, and newspaper stories, clearly inspired from Washington, have dinned even into metropolitan ears the news that a desert is piling up where grass once grew and that tons of top soil slide daily into the Gulf of Mexico. But the cream of this literature, or rather its poetry, is to be found in two films written and directed by Pare Lorentz for the Farm Security Administration (formerly the Resettlement Administration) of the Department of Agriculture. The first of these films, "The Plow That Broke the Plains," had something of a struggle year before last against the widely circulated notion that it was propaganda, which of course it was. Meanwhile, however, it has managed to get itself shown in fifty-five hundred commercial movie houses and in as many more schools, clubs, and colleges. It was and is an extraordinarily successful work of cinematic art. And its successor, "The River," is even more so. Politics aside, "The River" deserves to sweep the country and I think it will.

Its technique is so similar to that of "The Plow" as to yield its secret now quite simply. The spectator is attacked on three sides simultaneously. He sees pictures, he hears music (by Virgil Thomson), and a certain incantation of words moves on his mind. Any one of these things by itself would be incomplete, perhaps unintelligible; and any two of them without the third would still leave something to be desired. The three of them accomplish an enormous result in thirty minutes: they recite the physical history of the Mississippi Valley, they analyze its economic geography, they expose in full the tragedy of its waste, they announce a program whereby its wealth can be restored, and they do all this in a rhythm which is irresistible, exciting, and—however sophisticated its source—transparent. The camera has gone to the Rocky Mountains and the slopes of the Alleghenies; to the little, the middle-sized, and the big tributaries of The River and then to The River itself; to cotton fields, to deforested areas,

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If you want the bitter and real truth about Stalin's Russia—if you want to quit kidding yourself—this is the book.—MAX EASTMAN

I think that this book deserves to be widely read, widely discussed. Without doubt, it will be one of the most challenging books of the present publishing season. —JAMES T FARRELL

I have read Victor Serge's book with absorbed interest. It should be read by all who wish to understand the development and present conditions of the U. S. S. R. —JOHN DEWEY

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by Selden Rodman

Illustrated by Diego Rivera

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■ Begin with this issue or with October which includes: *The Future of the Democratic Party* by Gov. Frank Murphy; *Neutrality—Yes or No?* by John T. Flynn; as well as an interview with the Secretary of Agriculture and the widely quoted editorial *Should We Defend the Soviet Union?*

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to steel mills, to bridges, to paddle-wheels and packets; to gullied fields and the shanties of share-croppers; to cut-over mountains where a drop of water at the end of a spring icicle grows through years into a flood of water that carries the tillable surface down and away; to desolate patches of clay wherein CCC boys drop pine and walnut seedlings; and last, of course, to the great Tennessee River dams, which suggest that a new start can be made. Mr. Thomson's music meanwhile ranges with variations over the universe of our folk music. And meanwhile, too, the voice of Thomas Chalmers has been saying a poem—it may as well be called that—which Pare Lorentz wrote for the purpose:

> Down the Yellowstone, the Milk, the White and Cheyenne;
> The Cannonball, the Musselshell, the James, and the Sioux;
> Down the Judith, the Grand, the Osage, and the Platte,
> The Skunk, the Salt, the Black, and Minnesota. . . .

So on down dozens of names and through hundreds of ideas, all of them chanting at us while we hear and see two-thirds of America on the move. The vastness of the theme, the speed and brevity with which it is handled, and the apparent lightness—these in their combination achieve an effect as moving as anything I can remember. Politics aside, the United States government is one of our most brilliant producers.

"Stage Door" (RKO-Radio), wittily written by Morrie Ryskind and Anthony Veiller, wittily directed by Gregory La Cava, and wittily played by Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and others, is not only very different from the play of the same name by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber but obviously superior to it. It is one of the pleasantest entertainments now on view. But the accident of its opening roughly at the same time with "Club des Femmes" (Fifty-fifth Street Playhouse), a French film on a similar theme, together with the further accident of my having seen in the same week with both of them a 1932 film called "Virtue" (Columbia), arouses me to make some remarks on the subject of censorship. "Club des Femmes" has suffered at the last moment some cuttings and tinkerings which are perhaps ridiculous rather than vicious since they do not obscure the original quality of the whole. The story, briefly, is of a Parisian home for young working women, a home which "protects" them from men a little more than they wish to be protected; more at any rate than one of them does, since she smuggles her boy friend into her room one night and in good time becomes a mother. Jacques Deval has handled the episode with charming taste; but the New York censors have vulgarized it with mendacious subtitles assuring those who cannot understand French that the boy and girl are married, though how even a deaf mute could believe this I cannot guess. Such damage, in other words, is superficial. A graver kind of damage is being done all American films through the fear of General Hays, Inc., lest his native public grow up. I perceived as much rather vaguely while I watched the Menjou-Rogers scenes in "Stage Door," scenes which were ambiguous because somebody, or rather everybody, had been afraid to make it clear just what was happening to Ginger's character, or whether anything was. But my perceptions were sharpened by "Virtue," which shows how even in five years a glaze of foolish innocence has formed over our screen. "Virtue" was direct and strong as no film can be today, and in its thoroughgoing fashion it was wholesome, whether or not it dealt with the lives of prostitutes. We might sacrifice our present safety for at least one such film a year. It would do us good, and it would keep the art as healthy as a sound apple. Most of it now is odorless, being artificial fruit.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Return to "Normalcy"

Dear Sirs: Underlying the recent stock-market slump is one important factor deserving of attention which was omitted by Harland H. Allen from his article The Slump in Wall Street, in *The Nation* of October 16. As Mr. Allen says, there has unquestionably been a conspiracy on the part of bankers and professional speculators to bring the market down and thus discredit the Securities and Exchange Commission and other New Deal agencies that make impossible huge, lucrative markets. Wall Street has been preparing for the Congressional elections of next year.

But such sabotage alone could not create the great market crisis which developed on October 18 and 19. The controlling factor underlying the decline seems to me to be the government's curtailment of the PWA and WPA programs, which has reduced popular purchasing power and confronts business men with the possibility of a shrinking market. Aside from the government's expressed hostility to high commodity prices this spring, of which Mr. Allen takes note, the only new development in the present economic situation is the curtailment of government "spending" and President Roosevelt's obviously sincere promise to take the government "out of business." Even the President does not realize apparently that the country cannot go back without going back to 1929-33.

When Mr. Allen wrote that he did not "subscribe to the current fears of a new depression," he wrote without the experience of October 18 and 19. It should now be obvious that a major financial and economic crisis once again confronts the nation and that only stern measures by the government will prevent a repetition of 1929-33. But the steps to be taken should have nothing to do with a "liberalization" of the Securities and Exchange Act, as demanded by Winthrop W. Aldrich of the Chase National Bank and other personally interested parties. The Securities and Exchange Commission has only a superficial relation to the present emergency. The measures now obviously required are a return of the unemployed to government work and relief rolls, a tremendous acceleration of government housing, slum clearance, irrigation, land reclamation, reforestation, and general construction programs, and an increase in income, gift, and inheritance tax rates with a view to paying for expenses as they are incurred.

The most disturbing feature of Mr. Allen's article, to my mind, was his implication that the stock market does not provide a reliable guide to the general economic situation. When the market acts as it did on October 18 and 19, on the heels of a prolonged decline, it means more than that bankers and brokers are angry about government regulation. In 1929 we also heard that the stock market was separate and apart from the business situation, which was statistically good until the end of the year and which continued to produce big dividend announcements even as stocks fell.

Whether the authorities are willing to admit it or not, the private-profit system, grown too complex for any private agency to cope with, is demonstrating anew that it must be transformed at the very least into a semi-collectivized economy. Perhaps the most discouraging feature of the recent "recovery" period from the point of view of the general welfare has been the resumption of big dividend payments, which Mr. Allen mentions with approval. The corporation reports of the last four years show that the big players have once again "won all the marbles."

The situation is extremely ironical. As long as President Roosevelt was introducing measures that presaged collectivism achieved by gradual steps, the economic situation improved; but as soon as he began heeding advice to return to "normalcy," the situation became highly critical. Unless the government enlarges its sphere of economic activity once again and makes serious provision for paying its way, the country will be in worse condition than it ever was before.

FERDINAND LUNDBERG

New York, October 20

British Workers' Dilemma

Dear Sirs: In your issue of October 2 Professor Laski strongly disapproves of the support given by British Labor to the arms program because this means "that there can be no industrial action which will interfere with its completion." I wonder what "industrial action" would be possible if Great Britain, by disarming, helped to establish the domination of the world by the Nazis. I am rather surprised that Professor Laski does not realize the grave danger that threatens not only democracy but all human civilization if sane nations hesitate to put the strait-jacket on megalomaniacs who are preparing to set the world aflame. It may be true that capitalist governments wage war only to defend capitalist interests, but in a world where fascism had the upper hand what chance would the workers have to defend their own interests?

It is possible—Professor Laski thinks highly probable—that capitalism in Britain would not refrain from using fascist methods if a Labor majority seriously started to put into effect a Socialist program. Meanwhile, however, Professor Laski appears to underrate the value of the slight difference between capitalist Great Britain of today, where he is allowed to speak and write as he likes, and an undefended Great Britain overrun by Nazis, where he very soon could meditate in a concentration camp over the strange outcome of an uncompromising Socialist policy.

Budapest, October 5 R. VAMBERY

Socialists Not Wanted

Dear Sirs: Out here in the sticks I am forcibly reminded that the intolerance in the world is not all of a religious or racial character. It can also be directed against the man who "writes pieces for the paper." While seeking a job, and desperately in need of one, I recently came to realize that I was receiving the "run-around." A certain job—a sales position with a manufacturing concern—actually existed. Moreover, it was "down my alley." My application had been received with more encouragement than sales managers ordinarily permit themselves to show. I was given every reason to believe that when references had been checked I could take over the job. "Come back in ten days."

Ten days later I returned. The sales manager sent out word from a conference that there had been "no further developments" but that I "might call later." It was a message carrying a familiar ring, but nevertheless at the end of ten days I returned. Again, he was very busy. After two weeks of waiting I called and demanded a private interview. Reminding him that he had gone to the trouble of looking up my references, I asked for a frank statement. He hesitated and then answered, "All right, I'll be frank with you. We find that you are absolutely O.K. except for one thing; you are a Socialist, and in our organization that is one thing we will not stand for." Naturally, I told him that my political faith was my own affair and asked to be informed as to its connection with my ability to sell goods. He admitted that there was no connection and then said that his company was not interested in the political views of its employees "as long as they keep them to themselves." In other words, don't write letters to the editor!

October 6 B. L. C.

Italy's Disgrace

Dear Sirs: Since Japan attacked Manchuria with a minimum of opposition from Great Britain, observance of international law has been continually on the decrease. Now, with the renewed Japanese attack on China, the full horror of the situation thus created is beginning to be appreciated by some of those responsible for it. But the conquest of Abyssinia remains, in many respects, the most flagrant act of piracy ever committed.

More than a year ago Oswald Garrison Villard wrote in his column: "Today and for as long as history is written and man turns its pages, the record will be there of Italy's crime and disgrace." There is, however, a very real danger that, preoccupied with China and Spain, the free peoples of the world may neglect to prevent their governments from recognizing the Italian annexation.

Human beings, cattle, crops, and even the water were sprayed with poison gas in Abyssinia. Hospitals were bombed; refugees were machine-gunned from the air. In the attack Italy broke seven solemn treaties. Whosoever condoned that would bring on himself disgrace as great as Italy's.

The Abyssinia Association, of which Norman Angell is one of the presidents, would welcome as members any readers of *The Nation* who subscribe to its views, not only because the larger its membership, the greater its authority, but also because having no subsidy it is dependent on the generosity of its members. Its address is 144 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

F. BEAUFORT-PALMER,
Honorary Secretary

London, October 12

Terror in Old Cremona

Dear Sirs: Cremona is known to music lovers the world over as the home of the immortal violin-makers Amati and Stradivari. Its industrious, peave-loving inhabitants have a depth of culture reflecting the age-old flowering of the Lombardy countryside. But Cremona is peaceful and contemplative no more. Under the regime of Roberto Farinacci, former secretary general of the Fascist Party and still the most powerful leader of the extreme wing of fascism, Cremona has become a city of fear.

When thousands of copies of the anti-fascist newspaper *Giustizia e Libertà* were secretly distributed and slogans were chalked up on walls at night reading, "Death to Mussolini!" "Death to Farinacci!" "Down with Fascism!" "We want bread for our children or Mussolini's head!" "Long live liberty! Long live Republican Spain!" Farinacci employed all the old ghastly methods of suppression, including, of course, the whipping post and castor oil. Finally, agents of the "Ovra," the Fascist secret police, were brought from Rome. Circular letters bearing the forged signature of a Cremonese political émigré who enjoys a reputation in the town as a former leader in the cause of socialism were addressed to all suspected persons, calling upon them to contribute to a secret fund in behalf of republican Spain. This ruse secured many victims, including a number of supposed Fascists. Some 150 citizens were arrested.

The first fatality in this police terrorism was the eighteen-year-old clerk Giuseppe Bosio, who was beaten so brutally that he died in the hospital the next day. A gang of Fascists swooped down on the shop of a certain Ernesto Carettini, broke the windows, and smashed to bits everything they could lay their hands on. Then they left a notice on the wall saying: "Woe to anyone who buys bread in this shop." On the walls of the slaughterhouse in Cremona inscriptions were discovered, written with a piece of coal, agitating against Mussolini and Farinacci. At once all the butchers and their apprentices were ordered to the police station and there forced to write the incriminating sentences in their own hand. Though none of the samples bore any resemblance to the writing on the wall, the occasion was used for giving floggings to several of the apprentices.

DALMO CARNEVALI

Berlin, October 1

Radio Censorship

Dear Sirs: I am now engaged in revising and bringing up to date a pamphlet I prepared for the American Civil Liberties Union in 1936, with the assistance of Lucien Zacharoff, on the subject of radio censorship. I should welcome any facts concerning actual recent instances of censorship on the air which readers of *The Nation* may have in their possession. Material should be sent me at 1359 Broadway, New York City.

MINNA F. KASSNER

New York, October 15

CONTRIBUTORS

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The Shape of Things

*

LABOR WAS A MAJOR PERFORMER IN THE elections of this week. In the LaGuardia victory (discussed on another page) the American Labor Party demonstrated that it holds the balance of power in New York City. In Pittsburgh Mayor Scully, who had C. I. O. support, was reelected. In Detroit the C. I. O. candidate for mayor failed of election, and even the two candidates for the city council who seemed sure of election were defeated; but the joyful claim of the conservatives that Detroit has "repudiated" the C. I. O. is premature. It would be much more realistic to say that in a city hitherto completely dominated by business and industry, and until a year ago notoriously open shop, a labor candidate for mayor rolled up a vote of 150,000—despite tremendous odds. There was the split in labor ranks growing out of the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. feud; there was the much-stressed neutrality of the Democratic forces, which Detroit labor helped to put into office in the last election; there was finally the fact that business and industry were so frightened at what looked like the genuine possibility of a labor victory that money flowed like water in Detroit. In Akron, where the rubber manufacturers stopped at nothing in their determination to beat G. L. Patterson, the labor candidate, he nevertheless has polled, at this writing, 28,950 votes against his Republican rival's 34,970. In Canton, Ohio, one of the fortresses of "little steel," the labor candidate was defeated two to one; but in the steel town of Clairton, Pennsylvania, John Mullen, who was labor's choice, is leading his opponent. Considering that labor took its first political steps alone only a year ago, it has no reason to be disheartened by its showing.

*

ARE WE IN FOR AN "ERA OF GOOD FEELING" again? There was a time last week when the signs pointed in that direction; when Arthur Krock was congratulating the President on the fact that his Hyde Park visiting list no longer bristled with horrid radicals and labor leaders and crank economists but was being anointed with a good sprinkling of names in the upper tax brackets. There were reports, and they are still current, that the capital-gains tax would be repealed. The President's statement that the primary concern of the nation is still with the people who do not have enough income to pay a capital-gains tax was a thoroughly sensible comment, and has done much to dispel the "good-feeling" talk, which was more or less deliberately directed toward ending any further progres-

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sive advance in government policy and timed for the opening of the special session of Congress. There is every indication that the special session, once it opens, will become an immediate battleground. There will be bitter feeling over the specific form of the wage-hour, farm, anti-lynching, and government-reorganization bills—feeling that is likely to increase in acrimony until it equals that of the closing weeks of the last session. But underlying the specific tensions there is the fact that events are shaping up for a big showdown on general economic and social philosophy between the Administration and its opponents both within and without the Democratic ranks. In a period of mounting recovery the President has been able to concentrate chiefly on political reforms. The slowing up of recovery and the danger of a new depression make inevitable a new emphasis on a basic economic program, which, we suspect, will also be related to an economic mobilization for the possibility of war. Thus far the President has not revealed just what the philosophy of this program will be. As soon as it is clear, we may expect Congressional fireworks.

*

PROSPECTS FOR THE NINE-POWER MEETING, which were never very encouraging, have been further dimmed by the publication of the "minimum conditions" on which Japan is willing to negotiate peace. The terms are even more severe than was anticipated. Japan insists on the "temporary occupation" of China's five northern provinces, only three of which have thus far been conquered. It also asks for the creation of a neutral zone around Shanghai which would be patrolled by an international (Japanese-dominated) police force. Complete prohibition of Chinese military aircraft is also listed in many reports as one of the essential Japanese conditions. Granted that these demands may have been considerably inflated for bargaining purposes, they nevertheless demonstrate that a just and equitable peace cannot be obtained without at least the threat of pressure against Japan. In the absence of a clear-cut plan for exercising such pressure, there is danger that the conference may make the fatal mistake of seeking to negotiate a compromise on the basis of Japan's published terms. Such a plan would not only involve a severe injustice to China, but, by legalizing the gains of Japan's war, would constitute an open invitation to potential aggressors the world over. Wars cannot be quarantined by repealing the health laws.

*

ONE RESULT OF THE MARKET BREAK WAS THE reduction by the Federal Reserve Board of the margin requirement on stock transactions from 55 to 40 per cent and the setting of a margin requirement on short sales of 50 per cent. The brokerage houses and the financial papers are rejoicing, and the Administration's left wing feels that it has suffered a defeat. Beneath the surface, however, the move is not clearly either a victory or defeat. For while the lowering of the margin requirement does operate to make the market less "thin" by bringing the small speculative investor back into the trading, and does therefore create more business for the commission-hungry brokers, the second part of the order will operate to reduce the short-selling, speculative activity. The move seems to indicate a compromise between Mr. Morgenthau and Mr. Eccles on one side and Mr. Douglas on the other, while the President has undoubtedly responded to Wall Street pressure brought to bear through Mr. Kennedy. We do not like it any more than we like the other indecisive moves of the Administration at present. But its real meaning lies in the precedent established for government action in market fluctuations. Recent SEC policy has been to create a "quality" market, basically one of investors rather than speculators, without regard to the resulting thinness of operations; and it has been also to keep government policy clear of responsiveness to market ups and downs. The Administration now finds itself committed to the task of stabilizing the market every time it takes a turn in one direction or another, a task which in the long run will involve the government in continual trouble. As part of the new emphasis the SEC will probably soon have something to say about short sales. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that the Exchange has asked the Twentieth Century Fund to make an independent investigation of the same subject.

*

HJALMAR SCHACHT HAS BEEN OUT OF THE German government for many months, but in the best Nazi circles it has not been good form to say so. Dr. Schacht himself a few days ago broke through the pretense by flatly announcing his resignation, and although Hitler has so far taken no notice of this impolite gesture, the world now knows that Schacht is no longer Minister of Economic Affairs and that he will soon stop pretending to be president of the Reichsbank. Since both functions have in effect been performed by General Göring ever since the launching of the Four-Year Plan, the importance of Schacht's formal withdrawal lies not in the effect it may have on German finances but in the state of affairs it reveals. It means plainly that anti-Schacht policies have already been carried to such lengths that the financial wizard finds himself unable to function even as a front whose "soundness" may serve as a come-on for foreign capital. In view of the wizard's record, that is eloquent testimony to the chaotic state of the Reich's economy, for he has not only performed startling feats of financial legerdemain but has proved himself politically the most adaptable of men. By rebelliously washing his hands of the "hidden inflation" and "secret debt" that characterize present-day German finance, Dr. Schacht serves notice that the Third Reich has definitely put international cooperation behind it in favor of autarchy, with all that such a policy means in the way of rigid state control of business, fever-pitch nationalism, and the craving for territorial expansion.

*

PRESS REPORTS ON THE MOROCCAN CRISIS have been unaccountably vague regarding the connection between France's colonial difficulties and Mussolini's known aspirations in the Mediterranean. That the recent Arab riots in Palestine, the nationalist movement in Mo-

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rocco, and the strikes in Syria are not unrelated may be realized only after the most careful scrutiny of dispatches. Documents seized by the French police at Fez linked the Moroccan nationalists with the Arab uprising in Palestine and indicated that the leaders of the conspiracy were operating in Egypt and Syria. While it is doubtful that the Italians are skilful or influential enough to engineer a vast pan-Arab movement of this character, their sympathy and financial connection with Arab activities in Palestine are well known. The chances are that the pan-Arab movement is entirely indigenous, but there is every indication that the strength of the movement at this particular moment is a direct result of funds supplied, as the French officials subtly express it, by a "European totalitarian power."

*

THE PEACE NEGOTIATIONS OF THE A. F. OF L. and C. I. O. seem to have produced so far nothing more enduring than fireworks. At this writing the conferences have been recessed until November 4; but last week an authorized spokesman for John L. Lewis, in an interview with Paul Y. Anderson in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, cut through the wishful thinking which has surrounded the meetings. He made it pretty clear that he expected nothing in the way of constructive results. He maintained that the A. F. of L. offer to negotiate was meaningless from the start. And certainly everything that has happened so far has made it apparent that the standpatters in the Executive Council have no intention of making concessions which would allow for industrial organization, not because they object to industrial organization as such but because they object to anything that will endanger their jobs. Instead they are demanding that the C. I. O., which has fired the imagination of millions and enrolled in unions hundreds of thousands whom the A. F. of L. never made any attempt to organize, should now turn thousands of these new unionists over to the jurisdiction of labor leaders who were long ago discredited. Unity in a labor movement 7,500,000 strong is from every point of view much to be desired. Labor will have hard enough battles to fight in the next few years, especially if the present "recession" is long drawn out, without having to spend its energies on internal disputes. But peace at the price the A. F. of L. would exact would make labor even weaker than it is in its present divided state. We can think of no occurrence that would have a more demoralizing effect on labor as a whole than the dissolution of the C. I. O. Yet the A. F. of L. goes on demanding it—which is merely another indication that its desire for peace has nothing to do with the interests of labor.

*

FASCISM FEEDS ON POMP AND CELEBRATION, since it has little that is more material to offer its devotees. On October 28 Mussolini, aided by 300,000 obedient Italians, put on one of his most spectacular shows before official delegations from Nazi Germany and the Franco rump government in Spain. He was celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the March on Rome. The story that it was the March on Rome that brought him to power is one of the myths he is most anxious to propagate; it makes a heroic figure out of him and a glorious adventure out of fascism. Actually Mussolini's role was far from heroic, just as the "adventure" of fascism is best symbolized by poor unemployed Italian conscripts dying ingloriously in Abyssinia and Spain for causes that do not concern them. It is now well attested by historians that the March on Rome was for Mussolini not a march at all. His Black Shirts converged on the city after tortuous negotiations with army officers, King, and Cabinet. Mussolini himself, in the midst of preliminary rioting, remained in Milan, ready to cross the border at the least real danger. When everything was safe, he caught up with his men on a *wagon-lit* and entered Rome at their head. The whole thing was farcical, smacking more of a musical comedy in a Balkan setting than of the blight that was to settle over Europe in its wake. The commentators of the time refused to take Mussolini seriously, as they later refused to take Hitler seriously—as even now they are refusing to take seriously the threats to international peace implicit in the desperate energies of state systems whose essence lies in war and expansion.

Mayor LaGuardia and the Future

THE LaGuardia victory by almost half-a-million plurality not only marks the second successive defeat of Tammany by the combined forces of good government; it also shows dramatically the power that labor can muster in politics. Each of these results carries implications that must be soberly weighed. The morning after the day before is a good time to cast up accounts and strike a trial balance of results.

The old Tammany has undoubtedly been struck a death blow. It will never flourish again in anything like the classic grandeur of the days of Croker and Murphy. The clubhouse boys face four more long, lean years in which they will have to pay dues without getting the perquisites that go with the virtue of regularity. Nevertheless, there is a phoenix quality in Tammany that should make us wary of premature rejoicing. The old Tammany has been consumed, but a new one is bound to rise from its ashes. Now that Farley has taken the Manhattan stronghold over, we may expect that efforts will be made to consolidate the machines of the five boroughs. And it is well to remember that the "new Tammany" will have the state and federal patronage that had been denied to the old Tammany.

The state and national Democratic parties have come out of the melee rather badly. Governor Lehman and Senator Wagner have suffered a serious loss of prestige through their unnecessary foray in behalf of Mahoney. The Administration has also suffered. Despite his silence, Mr. Roosevelt's name has been used without a challenge in support of Mahoney. The defeat of Mahoney will be widely interpreted, therefore, as a defeat for the New Deal. It is so only in a narrow party sense, for anyone giving a second thought to the campaign will recognize that all the genuine New Deal forces, including labor and the progressive middle-class elements, were on the side of LaGuardia because he and not Mahoney stood for the New Deal as applied to municipal policy. Nevertheless, there will be many who will not be able to summon up the needed second thought, and the Republicans will undoubtedly make political capital out of that fact.

As for labor, it will have to be reckoned with now in every important election, either as a major contender or as holding the balance of power. But in the process of moving toward political maturity, labor in New York has had to ally itself with reactionary Republican elements; it has, both wittingly and unwittingly, in wresting power from Tammany, helped to rebuild a city and state Republican machine that will prove an obstacle to all progressive action in the future. And because of its alliance with the conservative elements of the community, the American Labor Party has had to make protestations of freedom from radicalism that add up to a kind of red-baiting. Now that labor is emerging as a national political force, it will have to weigh carefully how far it is willing to be deflected from its affirmative objectives by the distortions of its enemies.

But it is not only labor that emerges now on the national scene. It is also Fiorello LaGuardia. His victory last Tuesday marks the high point of his tumultuous political career. He now joins President Roosevelt and Senator La Follette as one of the three major national figures, looking toward 1940. He has been spoken of as a possible nominee on a third-party labor ticket, but political logic points much more directly to the Republican nomination. It is true that he is anathema to the conservative Republicans, and that it took astute Kenneth Simpson's best strategy to get him accepted by the Republican clubhouse boys. But it is not they who decide the Republican national slate; it is the groups that are powerful in industry and finance. And the outstanding organ of these groups—the New York *Herald Tribune*—has been fervent in its support of him. It is true that he is of mixed Italian and Jewish blood. Ordinarily this would eliminate him from the picture at once. But these are not ordinary times, and 1940 may well present a picture of party confusion which would make even a LaGuardia eligible.

There can be no doubt that LaGuardia will not remain a local figure, hemmed in by the confines of the five New York boroughs. His whole past career has looked toward Washington, and so good a vote-getter among all groups from the extreme radicals to the extreme reactionaries is not likely to go long unexploited. His acts and views will get national attention, and every Republican possibility will have to be measured against him in vote-getting powers. What the Republicans have long needed is a man of first-rate abilities with demagogic leanings. They have one in LaGuardia.

It is becoming clearer every day that the campaign against the New Deal itself is not bringing fruitful results among either the urban or the grassroots voters. The impending reorganization of the Republicans will have to take account of that fact. There are not enough standpat conservatives in the country today to elect a Republican President. But if, as is very likely, the A. F. of L.–C. I. O. split widens in the next few years, the Republicans may stand a good chance of winning over the larger part of the A. F. of L. vote by running a candidate closely associated, as LaGuardia is, with labor. And much as the Republican leaders may distrust LaGuardia, their hunger for the fleshpots of power may be decisive.

We do not present this analysis as anything more than one of several possibilities for the political future. But it is one worth watching. An almost equally good political logic could be built up pointing toward the Democratic-Labor nomination in 1940, except for the fact that the accidents of the Mayor's present position have pitted him against the entire Democratic machine in New York State. It is possible that the Presidency is out of the question for LaGuardia, and that the governorship or a Senate seat is more likely. We hope so. Because the path by which alone the Mayor can make himself acceptable on a national scale to the Republican powers is a path we do not want to see him follow. His social views are thus far so clearly progressive that to balance them adequately he would have to translate the political opportunism he showed in his support of George Harvey into a similar opportunism on questions of social policy. And that would be a major political tragedy.

Case for the Boycott

WE HAVE been pleasantly surprised and encouraged by the widespread interest which has been aroused by *The Nation's* campaign for a boycott of Japanese goods. Little opposition of any type has been encountered. Some questions have been raised regarding phases of the boycott, however, which we feel deserve careful examination. The following list, which is not intended to be exhaustive, covers the doubts which are most frequently expressed.

Q. Will not the boycott arouse anti-Japanese sentiment and thus injure the cause of international friendship?

A. This is a somewhat tricky question in that it ignores the obligations of friendship for the Chinese people. We agree that it would be most unfortunate if America's natural sympathy for China should arouse hatred for the Japanese people, who are in no sense responsible for the war. But, properly guided, the boycott is probably the best safeguard against such a development. Inaction, or the tendency to "leave such matters to the government," is an open invitation to the jingoistic, pro-war elements to capitalize on the existing mistrust of Japan. In order to avoid this, it is necessary to show that there is a non-violent method of opposition to aggression. That this can be done successfully is indicated by the anti-Nazi boycott which, so far as we can discover, has never aroused hostility against the German people.

Q. Will the boycott not cause serious unemployment among American workers, particularly among operatives in the hosiery and textile mills?

A. This can be answered categorically in the negative. Investigation has revealed that the same workers, and to a large extent the same machines, as are now employed in fabricating silk can be utilized in manufacturing articles made from silk substitutes.

Q. But what about the dealers who have Japanese goods on hand; will they not suffer unjustly in a general boycott?

A. The various boycott organizations have made it quite clear that they are willing to allow merchants to dispose of their existing stocks if they will enter into an agreement not to purchase anything further from Japan until all Japanese troops have been withdrawn from China. Meanwhile, non-boycotters can be counted on to absorb existing stocks, which, fortunately, are small.

Q. What of the share-croppers and tenant farmers of the South? Will the boycott not injure them by reducing the amount of cotton which Japan obtains in this country?

A. Temporarily, possibly; in the long run, no. The whole purpose of the boycott is, of course, to curtail Japanese purchases of war material in this country, among which cotton is an important item. But the cotton interests of the South must not forget that one of Japan's chief ambitions in taking over North China is to develop cotton growing in the Yellow River valley to the point where Japan will no longer need to buy American cotton. As far as the boycott is concerned, the individual farmer is protected from loss by the AAA bounties and fixed government loans on the cotton crop.

Q. How can we expect American women to refuse to buy silk stockings when the substitutes are so markedly inferior?

A. While it would seem that the discomfort which American women suffer from wearing lisle or rayon hose is insignificant when weighed against the invasion of China, the practical considerations raised by this question are undoubtedly serious. The possibility of checking aggression rests very largely on the style consciousness of American women. In lieu of suggesting perfectly satisfactory substitutes, we can only say that if enough women endure the temporary discomfort of lisle and rayon, the hosiery manufacturers will be forced to market the better substitutes which are known to exist.

Q. Is it not likely that the boycott will so sting Japan's pride that it will redouble its warlike activities?

A. Psychologically this might be the effect; but, as Freda Utley pointed out in a recent issue of *The Nation*, Japan *cannot* wage war without active help from the United States and Great Britain. As the boycott is already strong in Britain, the fate of China rests very largely in America's hands.

Q. Is there not danger that the boycott will cause starvation in Japan?

A. Fortunately not. It happens that Japan, with its colonies, is self-sufficient in foodstuffs. While Japanese workers will undoubtedly be affected by unemployment and the general economic disorganization caused by the boycott, the losses suffered will be unimportant as compared with the economic burden imposed by the war itself. A number of anti-war Japanese in this country have come out openly for the boycott on the ground that a sudden breakdown in the Japanese economy is preferable to the gradual attrition resulting from continued war.

Q. Is there not danger that the boycott will so arouse Japan's hostility that it will declare war against the United States?

A. That the Japanese militarists will be angered by the boycott goes without saying, but it is fantastic to imagine that a country which is encountering the greatest difficulty in its invasion of China would declare war on the most powerful country in the world, merely out of resentment. An effective boycott would itself preclude that possibility.

Q. Is there not danger that the boycott will be the first step on the road leading the United States to ultimate military action and war?

A. This was partially answered in the reply to the question on the danger of arousing anti-Japanese sentiment. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the boycott is a means of passive resistance, an *alternative* to military action, not a step in that direction. It is not even coercive in the sense that government sanctions may be said to be. It merely reflects the determination of the American people not to support the mass murder of thousands of defenseless Chinese men, women, and children. It is not nationalistic or jingoistic. On the contrary, it is a clear recognition of our responsibilities of citizenship in the world. Every person has the right to choose how he will spend his money. It is only his duty to see that the money is not used to further war and aggression.

Ripe for Taxation

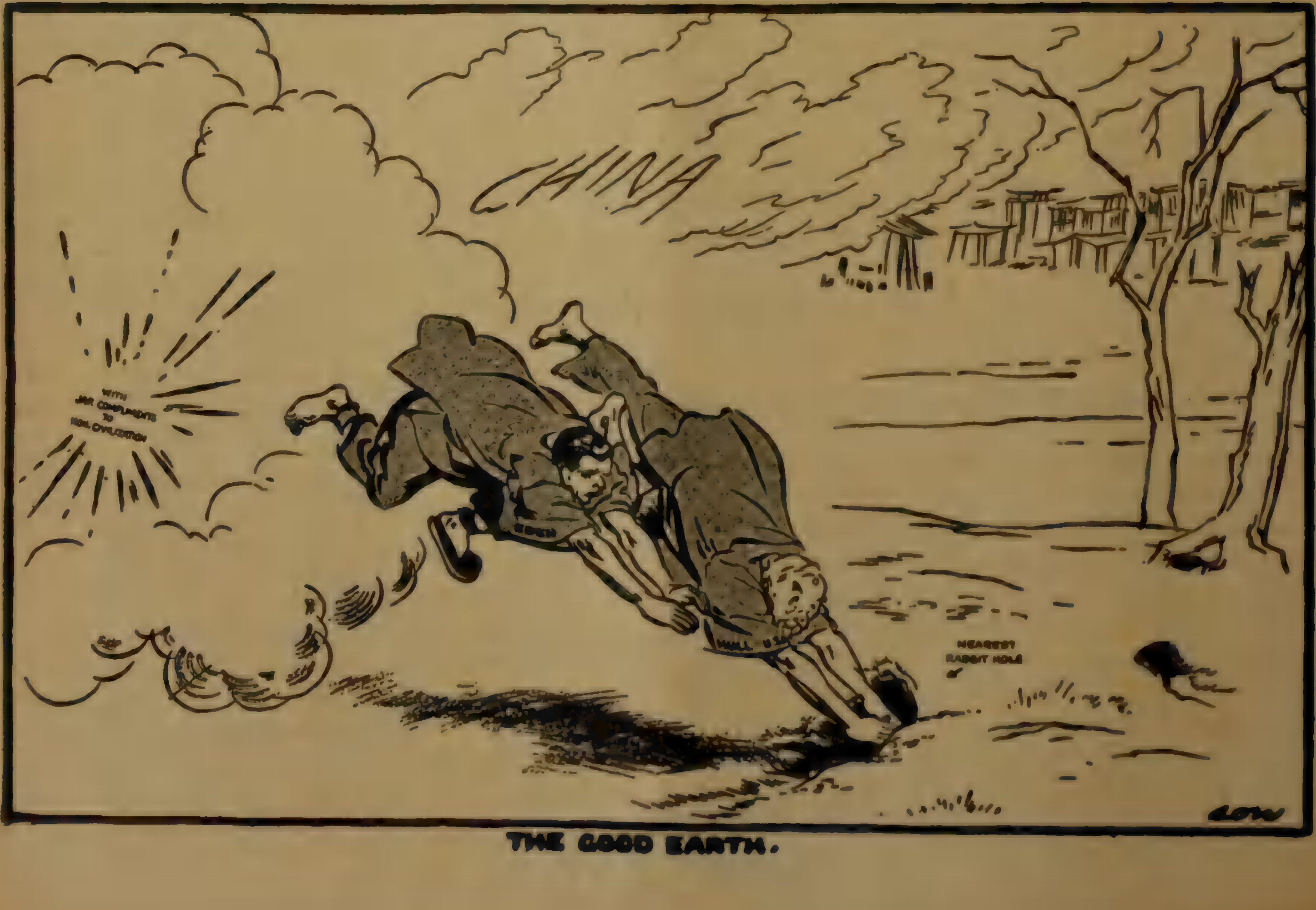
ALTHOUGH the opening of Congress is still nearly a fortnight away, the annual Wall Street campaign for a reduction in the taxes of the "haves" is already under way. As in the halcyon days of "Coolidge prosperity" we are being told that a lowering of such taxes would so stimulate business activity that all would benefit. The much-fought-over levy on undistributed profits and the capital-gains tax have been singled out for particular attack.

It is easy to say that Wall Street is opposed to these taxes primarily because they really pinch the well-to-do. Before the tax on undistributed profits was passed, it was customary for wealthy stockholders to evade graduated taxation by bringing pressure on their companies to withhold dividends and thus pyramid their investments. This is still done to a certain extent, but the government at least recovers a substantial share of corporate earnings in the undistributed-profits tax. Similarly, the persons most interested in a repeal of the capital-gains tax are to be found among the speculators and those who have profited most by the inflationary rise in prices in the last few years.

But to dismiss the attack on the ground that it is motivated by self-interest is to dodge the real issue. Wall Street argues, in effect, that any tax which diminishes speculative ardor or reduces the possibility of amassing fortunes is bad for business and thereby affects adversely the economic well-being of all of us. Where a tax is levied directly on business, or operates to reduce consumer buying power, the legitimacy of this argument is obvious. We live in a capitalistic society; anything which diminishes the prospect of profit automatically discourages that expansion of business which is a prerequisite of prosperity. But it is important to note that neither the capital-gains tax nor the levy on undistributed profits in any way affects business earnings. Both taxes bear not directly upon business itself but upon the financial gains of individual stockholders and investors who would otherwise avoid taxation wholly or in part. Such individuals are not going to be less zealous in their pursuit of the dollar merely because an increased portion of their income is taken by the government. Actually, it is the alternative forms of taxation—the sales tax, the proposed lowering of the exemption from the income tax, the manufactures-excise tax, and the levy on pay rolls—which really restrict business by curtailing purchasing power.

The movement for a reduction in taxes could scarcely be more unfortunately timed in view of the immediate need for new funds to meet the cost of the Administration's farm program, to cover the expense of adequate relief, and to balance the budget. In a country as well off as the United States there can be no excuse for the government to run up a deficit in times of relative prosperity. And there can be even less justification for restricting relief and abandoning the farmer merely because certain sections of the population have improved their economic status in the last few years. It is true, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, that the Administration has already balanced the budget if the social-security taxation is taken into account. But it has been balanced at the expense of those least able to pay by one of the most indefensible of all taxes—the levy on pay rolls.

As we have indicated in these columns on a number of occasions, the chief technical defect in our present economic system is to be found in the tendency of savings to accumulate more rapidly than the opportunities for legitimate investment. No system of taxation can be sound unless it helps to correct this fundamental maladjustment. If additional taxation is necessary, it should fall to as large an extent as possible on the groups which not only are capable of bearing the burden but would not spend the money if they were exempt from taxation. In practical terms this means the groups with incomes of between $5,000 and $100,000 annually. In 1929 this income class, constituting less than 10 per cent of the whole population, obtained 32 per cent of the total income and accumulated fully half of the total savings of the country. As a result of recent boosts in the income tax, the very rich—those with incomes of over $100,000—pay a reasonably fair share of the total taxes, but the moderately well-to-do get off more lightly than in any other country. One of the first tasks of the special session of Congress should be to remedy this weakness. No step that the government could take would do more to stabilize our faltering capitalism and head off the next depression.



THE GOOD EARTH.

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1937 Is Not 1914

BY I. F. STONE

THE opposition to American participation in efforts for collective security is sustained emotionally by the parallel between 1914 and 1937. "These same men and women who took a militant pacifist position until within the last year or two," Alfred Bingham wrote in his pamphlet "Beware of Europe's Wars," ". . . are putting their very considerable brains and influence to work to spread the idea over America that we must soon fight 'for democracy' again and once more against the same enemy, though he is labeled 'Nazism' instead of 'Prussian militarism' and his mustache is one inch long instead of four." The assumption that to be anti-fascist is to be for war against the fascist powers is unwarranted; the assumption that to be for collective security is to be for a new world war begs the question. But are three inches of mustache the chief difference between 1914 and 1937? The case against isolation does not rest upon this difference. It is nevertheless worth examination; it may not determine national policies, but it explains and justifies the attitude of most workers, liberals, and radicals to events abroad.

Fascism is not the same as Kaiserism. The Germany of 1914 was a constitutional monarchy with the most advanced social and labor legislation on the Continent and the largest Socialist Party in Europe. Its workers occupied perhaps not a privileged but at least a protected position in the state. The gains they had achieved were so considerable as to make German Social Democracy, though still learnedly revolutionary in its phraseology, reformist in its tactics and—as the outbreak of the war proved—nationalist in its outlook. The press was free, and the workers' press was powerful. It is hardly necessary to contrast these conditions with those existing in Germany today.

In the world of 1914 England and Germany strove for colonial expansion; Germany and France waited for another chance to settle their interminable and bloody accounts; the Austrian Empire watched the covert extension of Russian influence into the Balkans; England and Russia eyed each other over the borders of Persia and India; Japan and Russia felt that they would some day fight again in the Far East; Germany dreamed of Berlin to Bagdad; and all the great powers were anxious about the Bosphorus. There had just been a scramble in Africa and a crisis in Morocco. There were pan-Germans, pan-Slavs, pan-Moslems, and there was the British Empire. There was also dollar diplomacy. The time had come for the great imperialist war, although the peace movement was active and confident and, as the foundation of the Hague tribunal and the speeches of Theodore Roosevelt after Portsmouth and Algeciras showed, many saw clearly that in a world in which trade was international, law would have to be international too.

Much of 1914 is still with us in 1937; the similarities must be a warning and a guide to us in groping for the international order the world needs more than ever today. But the differences as well as the similarities must play a part in our diagnosis. In 1914 the status quo was menaced by imperialism—a world Samson, groping blindly to obtain wider fields for productive forces choked by national boundaries. The disturbing force in the world of 1937 is fascism, capitalism's misbegotten offspring, crushing individual freedom, gagging the press, extending the methods of a Pennsylvania coal-company town to whole nations, treating whites in European nations as imperialists have been accustomed to treat black, brown, red, and yellow men in "backward countries," destroying the labor unions, bringing labor and capital both under the sway of a war machine run by demagogic adventurers who plunder the capitalism they protect as a gangster plunders the merchants he forces into a "protective" association. The effect on foreign policy hardly requires repetition. A movement that uses the slogans of autarchy, self-containment, isolation so reduces domestic purchasing power as to make foreign markets all the more necessary. The war machine consumes more and more steel; the people eat less and less bread. Tightened belts at home raise the pressure for war, the classic last resort of hard-pressed dictatorships.

Imperialism bred war in 1914; fascism breeds war in 1937. But fascism makes war at home as well as abroad, on its own people as well as on the foreigner. The Germany of 1914 sought, as does the Germany of 1937, to weld Germans abroad closer to the mother country; the Germany of 1914 dreamed, as does the Germany of 1937, of a greater Germany. But the Germany of 1937 and the Italy of 1937 have new weapons. There is first the virus of anti-Semitism, a powerful national disintegrant. Injected into the democratic powers, it sets Frenchman against Frenchman, Englishman against Englishman, American against American, weakens a nation by fomenting a miniature civil war. There is, second, the bogy of communism. Fascism frightens dominant classes in the democracies with the hobgoblin, then offers them protection—at a price. Germans abroad in 1914 were a potential nucleus of spies and saboteurs, though patriotism forbade citizens of foreign countries to help them, limited their usefulness. But Germans or Italians in other countries in 1937 form a nucleus of explosive possibilities. Such nuclei can train and direct native fascist parties, as they are doing today in many Latin American countries and beginning to do in this country. They have something to sell big business: a way to destroy labor unions, the hope of ending the annoyances of democracy, a method for diverting attention from real problems to imaginary ones. That the business man thus exchanges the necessity of dealing with his employees as human beings for the yoke of a magnified gangsterism should be apparent to all; fascist propaganda, nevertheless, often succeeds in glossing it over, especially in times of social crisis.

It is the top and not the bottom of democratic society which now begins to show lack of patriotism. When the German government permitted Lenin and Trotsky to go in a sealed train across Germany into Russia, it hoped to use workers and peasants tired of patriotism, czarist style, to end the war on the eastern front. But the German government of 1937 is using the "unpatriotic" potentialities not of the working class but of sections of big banking and big business against the national and imperial interests of their own countries. The cash register never did march to the front trenches, and fascism cultivates for all it is worth the innate imperviousness of money to sentiment. Is it thinkable that the Britain of 1914 would have permitted the Germany and the Italy of 1914 to do what they are doing today in Spain, or what they will do tomorrow in Czechoslovakia? A Tory government, representing Britain's ruling class of bankers, merchants, and industrialists, is betraying imperialist interests. The fear of Rio Tinto mine owners that a Spanish republic may force them to pay higher wages while a fascist-dominated Spain will conveniently rid them of labor unions proves stronger than the fear that German and Italian rather than British capital may dominate the peninsula, that imperial lines of communication in the Mediterranean may be rendered unsafe, that Great Britain's hold on the Near, Middle, and Far East may be weakened.

The menace of fascism does not represent a mere change in label or in length of mustache. The progress of technology is its ally. John Dos Passos in his introduction to Mr. Bingham's pamphlet comforts himself with the thought that the Atlantic is a "good wide ocean," but the Italian squadron that set out recently to bomb Valencia was the same squadron that flew to Chicago; what geography put asunder the Wright brothers have joined together.

The rise of fascism marks 1937 off from 1914; so does the rise of the Soviet Union. The Russia of 1914 was a decayed, semi-feudal, absolutist monarchy with faded constitutional trimmings, corrupt to its core. From this gangrenous organism exuded the characteristic odor of all dying Western civilizations—anti-Semitism. The Russia of 1937, though still in many respects absolutist, as all Russian government has been for centuries, is nevertheless the scene of the greatest social experiment of our time. Under the most difficult circumstances—lack of capital, lack of literacy, lack of international security—its ruling party is seeking to transform the most backward of the great European nations into the most advanced. The working and peasant classes of the U. S. S. R. are still poverty-stricken as compared with American, but not with czarist or Balkan, workers. There is only one party, but the introduction of the secret ballot offers workers and peasants a weapon against bureaucratic and inefficient officials and their policies. The establishment of a constitution which moves, at least formally, toward the adoption of democratic practices has been followed—after the assassination of an outstanding government official—by a hunt for and extermination of suspected dissident elements that has left the outside world bewildered. But the forces set in motion in Russia cannot permanently be halted. We all have an interest in that experiment, in its failures as well as in its achievements, for we can learn lessons from it that may save many lives and much anguish in the West. There we can see the defects of socialism as here we can see the defects of capitalism. The rise of fascism is the one stumbling-block to a policy that would seek carefully and gradually to avoid both.

The Russian Revolution likewise had its reflection in the sphere of international relations. A feudal-capitalist Russia was forced to look abroad for new fields of exploitation; its millions of ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed peasants and workers were a tremendous potential market, but a market it could not tap without the overthrow of czarism. Socialist Russia, whatever its shortcomings, is too busily engaged in striving to develop its resources and industries and in raising its standards of living to need foreign adventures. Its army is defensive. Its agencies of propaganda have been muffled, as the ardor of revolution has been replaced by the desire for peace and reconstruction. The rise of fascism in Germany has led the Communist doctrinaires to abandon their intransigent position of the past—a position that helped Hitler to power in Germany—and to seek the help of democratic countries in maintaining international peace and of liberal and Socialist parties in preventing the destruction of democracy in the West under the impact of fascism.

It is true that the slogans and battle cries of this period echo those of 1914, but this does not mean that the situation is the same. The cry is again "make the world safe for democracy," but the cry has more substance behind it. No Social Democrats rise in the Reichstag to vote war credits; liberals and radicals of all nations have joined forces to aid Madrid, knowing that the barricades in Madrid also protect Prague and Paris, and even London and New York. The fascist powers have launched an international class war which they hope to make an instrument of conquest. They are a menace not only to imperial interests but to democracy itself, a possession that the rise of fascism has taught our sectarian radicals not to treat lightly. Fascism opens the way to social disorders far graver than those threatened by old-fashioned imperialism. The fascist preaches—and practices—the abandonment of the rationalism, the individual freedom, the free institutions that were capitalism's accompaniment and, with increased productive capacity, its historic justification. Fascism threatens democracy as it threatens the world's first experiment in socialism.

It may be true, as Mr. Bingham says, that "anti-Nazi sentiment in America today has become a weapon in the hands of the Soviet Foreign Office." It is equally true that anti-Communist sentiment, much of it directed against people who are not Communists, has become a weapon in the hands of the German Foreign Office. But the Soviets hope that anti-fascist feeling in the democratic countries will help to hold the fascist powers in check and preserve peace; the Nazis mobilize anti-Communist opinion to make war. Progressives and radicals of all shades and varieties have learned not to allow the red-baiters to split their forces at home. They must learn the same lesson abroad. Berlin does not hide its contempt for the democracies: "stupid cows" Goebbels calls them. The European democracies themselves, caught between their national interests and the pro-fascist feeling all too common among their upper classes, fumble and falter as fascism advances. Today it is Madrid. Tomorrow it will be Prague. How long before it knocks at our own doors? The experience of the Spanish republic shows that when that time comes there will be only one place to which anti-fascists can look for aid in the event that they must fight for their liberties and their lives. I shall not mention the bogyman by name.

Right Turn in Canada

BY JAMES McNEIL

Ottawa, October 15

IT WILL probably be startling news to John L. Lewis to learn that he was given a vigorous rebuff by the loyal British voters of Ontario, and that Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn, by his victory in the Ontario provincial elections on October 6, saved Canada from a surge of "American lawlessness," from a Lewis-led invasion of "foreign agitators," and even from an armed rebellion of 15,000 Communists inspired not only by Comrade Stalin but also, according to Mr. Hepburn's press, by President Roosevelt. But however spurious the issues of the campaign, the results are unmistakable. Mr. Hepburn, who has been in office as provincial Premier since 1934, was returned to power with 67 seats out of 90. His Conservative opponents carried 23 seats, an increase of only 5. The 65 labor, farmer-labor, Canadian Commonwealth Federation, and Communist candidates, running under various labels and often against one another, won not a single seat. The C. C. F., Canada's socialist party, lost its one sitting member, and but a single labor candidate, a Communist, came within sight of election.

As Ontario elects 82 of the 245 members in the federal House of Commons, the results of this swing to the right will be felt not in one province only but in the whole of Canada. Mr. Hepburn has been given a powerful claim to a decisive voice in the councils of the national Liberal Party and no mean lever with which to lift himself into the seats of the mighty at Ottawa. His strengthened position is not welcome to the national Liberal leaders, who have several times rebuffed the provincial Liberal Party, and until the final stages of the campaign no federal Liberal minister lent his aid in Ontario. Mr. Mackenzie King, the national Prime Minister and Liberal leader, must now either conciliate his rising subordinate in the party or anticipate a challenge at the next national elections some two years hence. Mr. King for the time is safely in power, but he has been leader since 1919 and Prime Minister three times. Under such circumstances Mr. Hepburn may well be ambitious to succeed him either within or without the fold of the present Liberal Party.

Mr. Hepburn's victory was due not only to improved business conditions and his ruthless use of the C. I. O. as a bogy, but to the alliance he effected between the mining-capitalist groups exploiting the north country and the farmers who control the vote in some sixty of the ninety Ontario constituencies. Improved business conditions enabled him to show buoyant revenues, a budget surplus, and lower taxation; the C. I. O. bogy served a useful tactical purpose; but Mr. Hepburn's real power came from this alliance of the mining interests and the rural vote. The farmers, who have no political organization or press of their own, were the unwitting and sleeping partners of the union, but their votes were decisive. The mining interests, with some support from the timber, pulp, and paper groups, which are owned in part by American capital, provided the necessary sinews of war for campaign expenses and newspaper propaganda.

While this alliance was the key to the victory, the campaign was based on monumental misrepresentation of Lewis and the C. I. O., beginning with Mr. Hepburn's theatrical intervention in the strike of the General Motors workers at Oshawa in the spring. The C. I. O. was presented to the public as a new "American invasion," and one newspaper solemnly compared the legal entry of international union organizers into Canada with the Fenian raids of the last century, in which a few Irish-Americans started a little war of their own on Canadian soil. John L. Lewis was portrayed as a lawless political gangster raiding the pay envelopes of the innocent Canadian workers and threatening the peace, order, and good government of Ontario and of all Canada. Everywhere the red hand of Moscow was seen, and the Premier himself stooped several times to repeat that Oshawa was to be the signal for the revolt of 15,000 Communists.

Such a campaign of conscious fabrication could not delude all the electors, and the facts slowly worked some change in Mr. Hepburn's alarmist approach. There had been no lawlessness at Oshawa or in any other industrial conflict; the only violence came from the vigilantes at Sarnia who attacked 120 strikers while the police looked on. There are not 15,000 Communists in Ontario and not more than that in the whole of Canada, nor had they any share in the Oshawa strike. Finally, the provincial government has no authority over the entry of trade-union organizers into Canada, that being a matter of federal jurisdiction. These facts asserted themselves despite the overwhelming press support given to Mr. Hepburn, and in his final speeches he dwelt more on his financial record than on his anti-labor views.

But the campaign against the C. I. O., low as it was, was effective in some quarters and revealed something of the state of political opinion in central Canada. The C. I. O. bogy served to solidify the farm vote against the labor vote and, accompanied by praise of the A. F. of L., enabled Mr. Hepburn to divide the trade unions. It gave the Catholics a Communist scare to drive them to the polls and the Anglo-Saxon, ultra-British Protestants an "American invasion" to oppose. Here was a campaign worthy of the most reactionary Republicans of the United States, but "good times" and Mr. Hepburn's showmanship put it across.

Mr. Hepburn was further aided by the weak opposition of the Conservative Party—which, paradoxically enough, championed the rights of labor—and by the still weaker, more divided opposition of the labor and left forces. In many of the most favorable industrial constituencies there were two or three left candidates and no common policy, organization, or leadership. As a result, not one of the sixty-five left candidates was elected; in but a few constituencies was their total vote even comparable with that of the defeated Conservative candidates, to say nothing of the Liberal victors; and the total left vote in the province was substantially lower than it had been in the general election of 1935. This outcome calls for a serious examination of left organization and left strategy.

Mr. Hepburn had attacked the rights of labor organizations and threatened to license trade unions, to tax trade-union dues paid to international headquarters, and to exclude international organizers. But no trade-union movement took up the challenge, and only isolated individuals and trade-union locals supported any of the five or so left parties. Some thirty-odd members of C. I. O. or A. F. of L. unions ran as candidates, but they were given little or no official trade-union support. Even in those industrial centers where vigorous unions existed, the unions were officially inactive in the election, and some at least of the trade-union vote went to the Conservative Party if not to Mr. Hepburn's own candidates. In Oshawa, for example, a Hepburn candidate was victorious, a Conservative ran a good second, and a C. I. O. member, running for the C. C. F., came in third. Canadian trade-union members, perhaps, are not yet ready for political action, and it may have been wisdom on the part of the C. I. O. leadership to preserve unity even at the expense of political surrender. However, as a result a sworn enemy of the C. I. O. has become a dominant figure in Ontario and Canadian politics, and if his hostility continues, trade unions will be forced into political action to defend themselves.

The significance of the rightward swing in Ontario is given point by the circumstances in other Canadian provinces. In Quebec the government of Premier Maurice Duplessis is more reactionary than Hepburn's, and an alliance, unlikely but not impossible, between them would be a major disaster in Canadian politics. Mr. Duplessis reflects the predominant fascist, anti-progressive state of mind of French Canada. Democracy is openly attacked there, numerous weeklies display the swastika and feature anti-Semitism, and not more than one or two French papers support the Loyalist government of Spain. Mr. Hepburn has consistently wooed Catholic voters in Ontario, and a block of French-Canadian support would be essential to him if he aspired to national power. Already there have been flirtations between the two, and certain business interests in Quebec, as in Ontario, would not be averse to supporting such a reactionary alliance, especially if Mr. Hepburn were ready to consider amalgamating the private- and government-owned railway systems. But there are many obstacles to this union, and Mr. Hepburn might in the long run find it more advantageous to seek his French-Canadian support from the Liberals than from the rebel Duplessis groups in Quebec.

A Hepburn-Duplessis alliance would hasten the decay of Canada's political parties which began under the impact of the depression. A large section of the Conservative Party has broken away to form the Reconstruction Party, and there is not a strong Conservative Party in any provincial legislature or a single Conservative government. The defeat in Ontario further weakens the Conservative forces. In Alberta both the old parties, Liberal and Conservative, have fallen before Premier Aberhart and his Social Credit Party, the strength of which rests not upon the promise of $25 a month but upon the fact that Mr. Aberhart has become the uncompromising champion of the debtor groups of the West against the creditor class of the East. Wise strategy on the part of the C. C. F., which is strong in the Western provinces, may yet unleash a new surge of radical agricultural opinion that will further threaten the power of the old parties. The latter are still active, however, and are promising to pool their strength. In Alberta there is a united movement of the old parties against Mr. Aberhart; in British Columbia, despite Liberal strength, there is still talk of a united capitalist party to oppose the C. C. F. in the federal elections; and in central Canada the idea of a National Government, merging both Liberals and Conservatives, is not dead. The mining, power, timber, and transportation interests which admire Mr. Hepburn might find in him a not unwilling instrument of such a national-union movement; and he has already given credibility to this idea by seeking, before the Ontario election, a union with the Ontario Conservative leaders. To this project the national party leaders, Mr. King and Mr. Bennett, have been opposed, but a new depression, in conjunction with Mr. Hepburn's increase of power, may have consequences that now seem unlikely.

There is, on the other hand, a large if unmobilized body of opinion on the left to counter such a reactionary movement. In the federal elections of 1935, 25 per cent of Canadian ballots were cast for parties advocating reforms in the capitalist system—the C. C. F., the Reconstruction Party, and the rising Communist Party. A People's Front is well below the horizon at the present time, but some of its technique will be forced upon the rival parties of the left unless they are prepared to accept in the national arena as great a triumph for reaction as Mr. Hepburn by his bogy-mongering obtained in Ontario.

End of a Red-Cap

BY CECIL HAZELL

I HAD decided to become a red-cap, and on a day off from my eighteen-dollar-a-week job I went to one of the big railway terminals in an Eastern city. It was two days before the Fourth of July, and the great station was in turmoil. Thousands of footsteps echoed and reechoed through the spacious waiting-rooms, and departing vacationists jammed the outer concourse. Sweaty, baggage-laden red-caps elbowed their way through the crowds. Some of them were familiar figures —limping, bunion-footed old men, treading gingerly, straining at heavy leather. One very old man—he must have been eighty—dazed and slow-moving, appeared to have lost entirely his sense of direction and was buffeted around by the crowd. Younger and sprightlier men were weaving their way to parcel room and taxi stand. Others, perhaps the lazy ones, lounged indifferently on the outskirts of the crowd.

A panting six-footer, lathered in sweat, loomed alongside. Crystallized particles of salt glistening in irregular traces on his uniform showed where the perspiration had dried. I asked him where to go to see about getting a job as a red-cap and he directed me, between heavy puffs, to the station-master's office. I spoke to a clerk there who frowned and told me brusquely that I would have to wait. I sat looking through a window at the teeming crowd on the concourse, thickly dotted with red-caps, and tried to figure out just what my takings at a dime or quarter per bag would amount to. Certainly it would be more than the eighteen dollars I was getting.

A rotund, red-faced official, the station-master, waddled into the room, and the clerk told him what I wanted. With a smirk he sent me to the Negro red-cap chief in an office on the lower concourse. The chief was sitting at a desk, sphinx-like and sweating. He eyed me indifferently, but when he learned my business he told me affably enough to "kuntak Potah 449," who would fix me up.

When I found Porter 449 our interview was brief. I was instructed to produce $25 and keep my mouth shut. The idea of buying the job was revolting, but after thinking it over I felt that the price might be reasonable after all, and early next morning, weighted down with half my rent money, which I was sure I could replace by the end of the week, I contacted Porter 449 again, this time in a phone booth. He grinned as I turned over the money to him and helped me find a second-hand uniform and cap. He took my address and gave me a numbered badge, with the warning: "Membah, fellah, on dis heah job 'de passingah's allus right.' " Then he led me to the locker-room.

The locker-room, a stench-ridden, windowless cavern on the lower level, accommodated four hundred Negroes. It was crowded with men. Some were sleeping soundly, others jabbering loudly; some were naked, about to put on uniforms or street clothes. High-smelling socks stiff with dirt, sweaty shirts draped over the backs of benches, cockroaches cavorting on the littered floor. In the reeking germ-laden air I was actually afraid to breathe. Yet no one seemed to mind, and soon I too got used to the awful place.

Adjoining a stinking lavatory where two toilet bowls served four hundred red-caps stood a "Hole in the Wall" cook-shop, and it was here that Porter 449 advised me to eat and to guzzle corn liquor, as the place was under the supervision of the clique he represented.

I had become a red-cap, and soon I was escorting passengers to trains from the cabstand, picking up jobs in the waiting-rooms, in the concourse, everywhere. My pockets bulged with dimes and quarters. Passengers "Georged" and "Samboed" me, as I had heard them "George" and "Sambo" others. As the day wore on business increased. Late into the night we were held on duty. I shall never know how many passengers I put on wrong trains that first day, but that was their hard luck. Many complaints were lodged, but since passengers almost always neglected to note their porter's number nothing happened.

At ten o'clock that night the day watch was relieved, after sixteen hours. This was one of the "get-away" days for red-caps—the eve of a national holiday. On such days money was there for the taking. Down in the locker-room men with dislocated and swollen arches swore at the Creator for making them black. Men with murmuring hearts gasped faintly and inhaled air that was poison to the lungs. Others, racked with pain, nursing abdominal ruptures and wrenched backs, slumped in misery on the hard benches. Here and there the iron men among us were dolling up for a big night at the uptown dance halls. But all of them would have to report at six-thirty next morning or face suspension. Working a double shift on one day was no excuse for tardiness the next.

My wife had grown nervous over my absence—like other red-cap wives she soon learned that at holiday time she should look for me only when she saw me—but when at last I crawled home and spread my silver pile on the table, she counted $14. I told her to wake me at five o'clock, and without even taking a bath crept into bed with every joint afire. I never again earned $14 in any one day, but I was satisfied that my $25 had not been badly invested.

The Negro officers, the only paid men in the set-up, saw to it that the black hundreds under them toed the mark; and they lived up to the traditions of their overseer ancestors. Old and young alike hustled to meet their obligations. Uniforms had to be paid for, and the prices fluctuated with the needs of the cabal of grafters who, under the protection of the station-master, ruled over us. The monthly dues of a dollar for insurance against death and sickness had to be met, and in addition we were forced each week to sacrifice a day to the system. On his "street-duty" day a red-cap stationed at transit exits, where public porters solicited, could earn practically nothing. Negroes from all the black areas of the globe carried bags. Doctors, lawyers, and preachers herded with crooks, confidence men, and convicts to serve the traveling public.

For seven years I carried on, serving a public for whom red-caps always grinned. I saw youths, buoyant with hope, working alongside their fathers, soon converted into liquor-heads. I saw porters made to pay a second time for uniforms for which they held receipts. I saw red-caps lose a day's pickings for being five minutes late, and the same men held over at other times for hours, to satisfy the whim of some job-nursing official. I saw company doctors issuing the same pills for hernia as for heart trouble. I saw station detectives receiving protection money from Porter 449, czar of the racket, and I saw porters dismissed for possessing "numbers slips."

Then suddenly the black mantle of the depression covered the land. The unsalaried red-caps were hardest hit, though there were salary and staff reductions all around. The cabal tightened up, and to balance its budget worked out a new plan: Fire fifty. Then hire fifty others at $25 each. Net profit $1,250. Among the first fifty were counted the honest, the indifferent, the infirm, and next to my name on the list of those headed for the street appeared that of the old man.

The fifty on the list left for home and the bread lines—all but the old man, to whom the depot had become existence itself. His fingers, curved and semi-rigid from half a century of bag gripping, could adjust themselves to nothing else. His insurance premiums forfeited through dismissal, homeless and penniless, the old man haunted the scene of his labors for several days. Snatching at bags to which he was now no longer entitled, waving at taxis as they roared into the terminal, shuffling aimlessly across the path of hurrying passengers, the veteran was finally barred from the depot. In despair he wandered along the street aimlessly and finally threw himself under the wheels of a car rather than face the uncertainties of a bread line. As for me, I discovered that relief rations were more appetizing than the hash poked out to me from "The Hole in the Wall."

"Organized Medicine" Sees Red

BY JAMES RORTY

IN THE very shadow of the White House "socialized medicine" has again raised its ugly head, and the vigilantes of "organized medicine" have sounded the alarm. During the week of October 25 the Group Health Association of Washington, D. C., opened the doors of its group clinic to almost a thousand employees of the Federal Home Loan Bank, the initial membership representing about two-thirds of the Washington staff of this particular New Deal agency. In return for a check-off of their salaries of $2.20 a month for individuals and $3.30 a month for families, the Group Health Association contracts to give its members complete medical care, both preventive and curative but with emphasis on prevention, plus hospitalization for twenty-one days when needed. The corporate and administrative set-up of the association is modeled closely after the highly successful Stanacola Health Association of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and the declared motives of the Home Loan Bank administrators in fostering the enterprise are as frankly practical as those of Standard Oil executives.

The director of the FHLB made this very clear in a paper read on October 5 before the Civil Service Assembly at Ottawa, Canada. What stirred the FHLB into action was its discovery that it was losing about half a million dollars annually through the sickness and lost time of its 16,000 employees in Washington and elsewhere. Since the FHLB, unlike many other New Deal agencies, has to pay its own way and compete with other dealers in mortgages and real estate, Mr. Zimmerman, the director, and his associates decided that they could not permit this loss if it could be prevented. In addition, the FHLB, still keeping well within the pattern of hard-boiled business motivations, wanted to attract and keep desirable employees by becoming known as a "good employer." The logic of these considerations suggested the establishment of the familiar group-practice, group-prepayment type of health service, organized and administered cooperatively by the patients it is designed to serve, but with strict medical control of medical functions. As Mr. Zimmerman pointed out, experience has shown that families with incomes of less than $3,000 cannot and do not budget the unequal and unpredictable costs of medical care, but the

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higher ranks of skilled workers and white-collar employees are able to insure voluntarily against these costs, just as they insure against fire, burglary, and automobile liability. They can also take advantage, through cooperative organization, of the substantial economies and efficiencies yielded by group medical practice.

When the idea was broached last spring at a meeting of the FHLB employees, they approved it enthusiastically. Accordingly, expert advice was obtained from the Health Economics Association, an offshoot of the Twentieth Century Fund, and the Group Health Association was incorporated under the laws of the District of Columbia. About a thousand employees were enrolled, a highly qualified medical director was obtained in the person of Dr. Henry R. Brown, formerly chief of the tuberculosis division of the Veterans' Administration, and a staff of six physicians was engaged on full or part time.

If there is any red fire in any of this, it takes a special kind of magnifying eye to see it; such an eye, in short, as the American Medical Association has consistently turned on all developments looking toward fundamental change in the organization of medical care. As it happened, the A. M. A. held its 1937 convention at Atlantic City just about the time that the Group Health Association was being organized. From this convention, signalized by the A. M. A.'s belated discovery of birth control and the mildy progressive but instantly emasculated resolutions introduced by the New York delegation, the lay public got the impression that "organized medicine" was trying to improve its manners, at least, and possibly even its methods and attitudes. But the *New York Medical Week* of June 19 poured cold water on this optimism. And in the *Journal* of the A. M. A. of July 3 Dr. Fishbein made the defense of the status quo authoritative by affirming again the A. M. A.'s "ten commandments," adopted in 1934, which condemn both voluntary and compulsory health insurance and indeed almost any creative change in the organization of the health services.

In the light of subsequent developments it is clear that the seeming liberalism of the 1937 convention was either window-dressing or an abortive palace insurrection stemming from the group of progressive physicians mobilized for the American Foundation study, "American Medicine: Expert Testimony Out of Court." For while the convention was still in session the House of Delegates got wind of the organization of the Group Health Association and promptly went into executive session. Alarums! Tocsin! In Washington the telephones of Senators and Congressmen began to ring. What was the Group Health Association? Please get us all information regarding this new threat to the preservation of rugged medical individualism.

The statesmen tried but were told that Dr. Brown, who alone could answer their questions, was traveling in the West. So determined was the pressure of the medical hierarchy, however, that Senator McCarren at first threatened a Congressional investigation of the FHLB. Later, when the facts of the case were put before him, he changed his mind. Some of the harassed statesmen are in fact reported as muttering—off the record, of course, like the doctors who contributed to the American Foundation symposium—that the A. M. A. itself might benefit from a little investigation.

But the vigilantes of "organized medicine" were not easily balked. They found a sympathetic ear attached to the dependably reactionary head of David Lawrence, who in his column in the New York *Sun* of August 26, 1937, declared:

> Physicians throughout the United States will be interested to learn of the New Deal's latest experiment, which may prove the entering wedge for "socialized medicine" in America, sometimes called the placing of medical care on a "quantity-production" basis. . . .The new organization [Group Health Association, Inc.] . . . is directly in line with what has been urged by persons inside the Administration who see the job possibilities and patronage potentialities of medical bureaucracy in the government. . . .The way "socialized medicine" would develop would be to discourage younger men from going into the medical profession and take away from those who have built up a practice many of the patients who ordinarily come to them. . . .

Besides these and other profundities which Mr. Lawrence offered as his own contribution, he quoted a number of American, British, and German doctors in criticism of compulsory health insurance, while chastely withholding from his readers the overwhelming evidence that health insurance abroad, despite its admitted defects, has on the whole immensely improved the condition of both patients and doctors.

Mr. Lawrence's alarm focuses on a provision of the Group Health Association's by-laws which permits it to recruit as members not only employees of the Federal Home Loan Bank and the Home Owners' Loan Corporation but also "employees of any branch of the United States government service . . . other than officers and enlisted men of the United States army and navy," in case this enlargement of its scope is approved by the board of trustees and by the membership.

A similar apprehension afflicts the A. M. A.'s Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation, which contributes to the October 2 issue of the *Journal* an eight-page bitterly hostile analysis of the Group Health Association. Eventually, the bureau asserts, the association might come to serve some 115,912 government employees and their families resident in Washington or within ten miles of the city limits. Presumably if this happened it would be because the Group Health Association served well the needs of its members and offered salaries and conditions of employment sufficiently good to attract and hold a competent medical staff. It would mean only that the Group Health Association was doing a better job than, for example, the so-called "Washington plan" set up by the District Medical Society. The latter is little more than a medical collection bureau, designed to assist poor patients in paying their doctors on the instalment plan. Thus far the Medical Society's enterprise has solved no problem and satisfied nobody except some of the participating doctors.

In its attack on the Group Health Association, the Bureau of Legal Medicine and Legislation relies chiefly on its version of the law as it affects the conduct of a membership corporation, the practice of "corporate medicine," and the like. According to its interpretation of the law the Group Health Association is illegal. At one point the article went so far as to say:

> If and when Group Health Association begins to practice medicine as proposed in its certificate of incorporation and by-laws, the United States district attorney and the corporation counsel for the District of Columbia, in pursuance of their respective offices that they have sworn to perform, will be bound to enforce the law.

The bureau intimates that the members of the association may find themselves personally responsible for its debts and torts, and it pretends to find a further illegality in the check-off system as applied to the salaries of government employees.

Since the Group Health Association has had able legal advice, and since similar enterprises—the Stanacola Health Association, for example—have not been successfully challenged despite the tangled statutes which in most states beset the path of pioneers in voluntary health insurance, the bureau's magisterial pronouncement is probably bluff. If history repeats itself, our medical politicians will do little more than make life hard for both President W. F. Penniman of the Group Health Association, who incidentally is assistant administrator of the Federal Home Loan Bank, and Dr. Brown and his medical staff, to the extent even of expelling them from the District Medical Society for "unethical conduct." But this has been endured before by other pioneers and presumably can be endured again. The question that is immediately posed is whether or not the American Medical Association will be permitted to veto a progressive and commendable enterprise by an important New Deal agency, an enterprise designed simply to assist its employees in their effort to provide themselves with protection against illness by methods not essentially different from those which the more enlightened private employers have successfully utilized for years.

Nazi Eyes Turn East

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

THE republic of Czechoslovakia has become the key to Central Europe. This landlocked state which Bismarck called "a fortress erected by God" in the heart of Europe is democracy's first line of defense against the Nazi thrust down the Danube. Indeed, we might say democracy's only line of defense. Its political and strategic importance can hardly be overemphasized. The Iron Chancellor went so far as to say that "whoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe."

If the Third Reich can destroy the Czechoslovak democracy, the road will be open for a rapid Nazi drive down the Danube into Hungary, into Rumania and Bulgaria, into Greece, and toward the Golden Horn. The oil which Germany needs so desperately for its industrial and military machines, the grain, meat, and dairy products that it must have to feed its expanding population, the timber, iron ore, and copper essential for its economic self-sufficiency—all these will be within reach once Czechoslovakia is conquered. Bohemia is the first objective of the Nazi *Drang nach Osten*.

That Hitler has turned his eyes definitely to the East is certain. He has taken a defensive position on the Rhine, an offensive position on the Danube, the Niemen, the Vistula. One of the first moves in the push to the East is to isolate Czechoslovakia. A significant step toward that end was taken when Hitler declared last January that the Reich would respect Holland's territorial integrity. In February the Führer followed that declaration by an interview with Edmund Schultess, former president of the Swiss Federal Council, in which he said that "Switzerland's existence is a European necessity" and that Germany would respect Swiss neutrality. But the longest stride was taken just recently, on October 13, when the Reich formally guaranteed the territorial integrity and neutrality of Belgium. Germany would conciliate British opinion by promising to let the Low Countries alone. The motives behind these three declarations were the same—the Reich's desire to narrow its military front in the West, to hamstring France, and to reassure Britain.

Remilitarization of the Rhineland and the new agreement with Belgium have vastly enhanced German defensive power along the western frontier. The Nazis can boast that the French army is a "prisoner in its own country." Many observers agree that developments of the past two years make the French task of supporting Czechoslovakia an enormous problem. Franco's appearance on the Pyrenees frontier and Mussolini's belligerence in the Mediterranean complicate French military problems and play into the hands of Hitler. They aid the Third Reich's push to the East.

Hitler's relations with France combine assurances and threats. On September 5 Rudolph Hess, the Führer's deputy, banned the old German marching song, "Victorious we will defeat France!" This was an obvious move to allay French suspicions of Nazi Germany. At the same time Nazi agents in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, and Syria were stirring up unrest against French authority. While Hitler assures France that it has nothing to fear from the Reich, Göring builds up his huge air fleet as a menace to Paris.

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The anti-Communist pact signed by Germany and Japan on November 25, 1936, was another important maneuver in the Nazi strategy to isolate Czechoslovakia. Still another was the creation of the Berlin-Rome axis. German-Italian efforts to weaken the Little Entente, to paralyze the Rumanian government, to drive a wedge between Prague and Belgrade, were all moves in the grand offensive which the Reich is preparing against Central Europe's "island of democracy." When Mussolini paid a state visit to Germany in September, more was involved than a theatrical welcome that might have warmed the heart of a Roman Caesar. Behind the cheering throngs and military reviews *Realpolitik* was dividing Europe into fascist spheres of influence. Czechoslovakia was being allotted to the Reich; the Duce was receiving his *quid pro quo* in Spain.

As the Czechs have a mutual-assistance pact with the Soviet Union, one of the moves in isolating Czechoslovakia has been the effort to cut off possible aid from the U. S. S. R. Here Japan's ambitious policies on the Asiatic mainland have served the Reich by forcing Moscow to concentrate its attention on the Far Eastern front. Moreover, by the terms of the Berlin-Tokyo pact both governments are bound to "take strict measures against those who, at home or abroad, directly or indirectly, are active in the service of the Communist International or lend a helping hand to its disruptive work." Whenever, therefore, the Reich decides to "put down communism" in Czechoslovakia, Japan is bound by this pact to support the move by diverting the Soviets' strength from their Central European ally.

Diplomats and political agents of the Third Reich have been working skilfully in Europe, Asia, and Africa to destroy League authority, to sabotage security pacts, to detach Prague's allies. Five days after the new German pledge to respect Belgium's neutrality, the coordinated Nazi press launched a violent attack on Czechoslovakia. With Europe's attention concentrated in Spain and China, the Reich felt that the time was ripe for an "incident" in Bohemia. The "incident" was staged on October 17 at Teplitz-Schönau, in the area occupied by Sudeten Germans. It is fairly clear from the riotous actions of the Heinlein followers and their provocative attitude toward the Czech authorities that the affair was planned by the Nazis. Henlein and his followers are so well disciplined that any serious demonstration would not be made without the approval of the men in Berlin who are directing Sudetendeutsch political activities.

A German clash with Czechoslovakia just at this time serves a number of Nazi purposes. It acts as a gauge for measuring the probable degree of French and Russian opposition to German designs against the Czechs. It tests the strength of Czech resistance to the Reich's demands. Most important of all, it may frustrate the "Hodza plan," a scheme of Vienna and Prague to create a Danubian confederation consisting of five or more nations as an anti-Nazi barricade. When the Nazi press thunders at Czechoslovakia and denounces a "barbarous provocation" that the Reich "does not propose to tolerate," the purpose is not merely to impress the German public and Prague officialdom. A threat is also intended for the men who direct the foreign policies of Austria, Hungary, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. Warning is given these governments that ties with Czechoslovakia are a distinct liability, that an alliance with Prague will bring them into conflict with the Third Reich.

Konrad Henlein recently wrote a bold letter to President Benes demanding immediate autonomy for the German-speaking districts of Czechoslovakia. Failure to grant this demand, Herr Henlein warned, would endanger not only the internal peace of Czechoslovakia but the peace of all Europe. As the "Führer of Sudetenland," Henlein claims to speak for the three and a half million Teutons in Czechoslovakia, nearly 25 per cent of the republic's population. About a third of the Sudeten Germans, however, are opposed to National Socialism. This year three small German activist parties—the Christian Socialists, the Social Democrats, and the Agrarians—joined hands with the Czechoslovak government. They are definitely anti-Nazi.

The contiguity of Sudetenland with the German frontier makes contact between the Reich Nazis and Henlein's Nazis a simple matter. At the same time the presence of large numbers of Nazis inside their frontier renders the Czechs' defense problem extremely difficult. Whenever Berlin's rulers decide that the time has come for military intervention in Bohemia, all the human material is on hand for a Henlein explosion that will start a Nazi putsch. The boast of the Reich press that "the Sudeten Germans know that the whole German nation is behind them" does not contribute to unity in Bohemia.

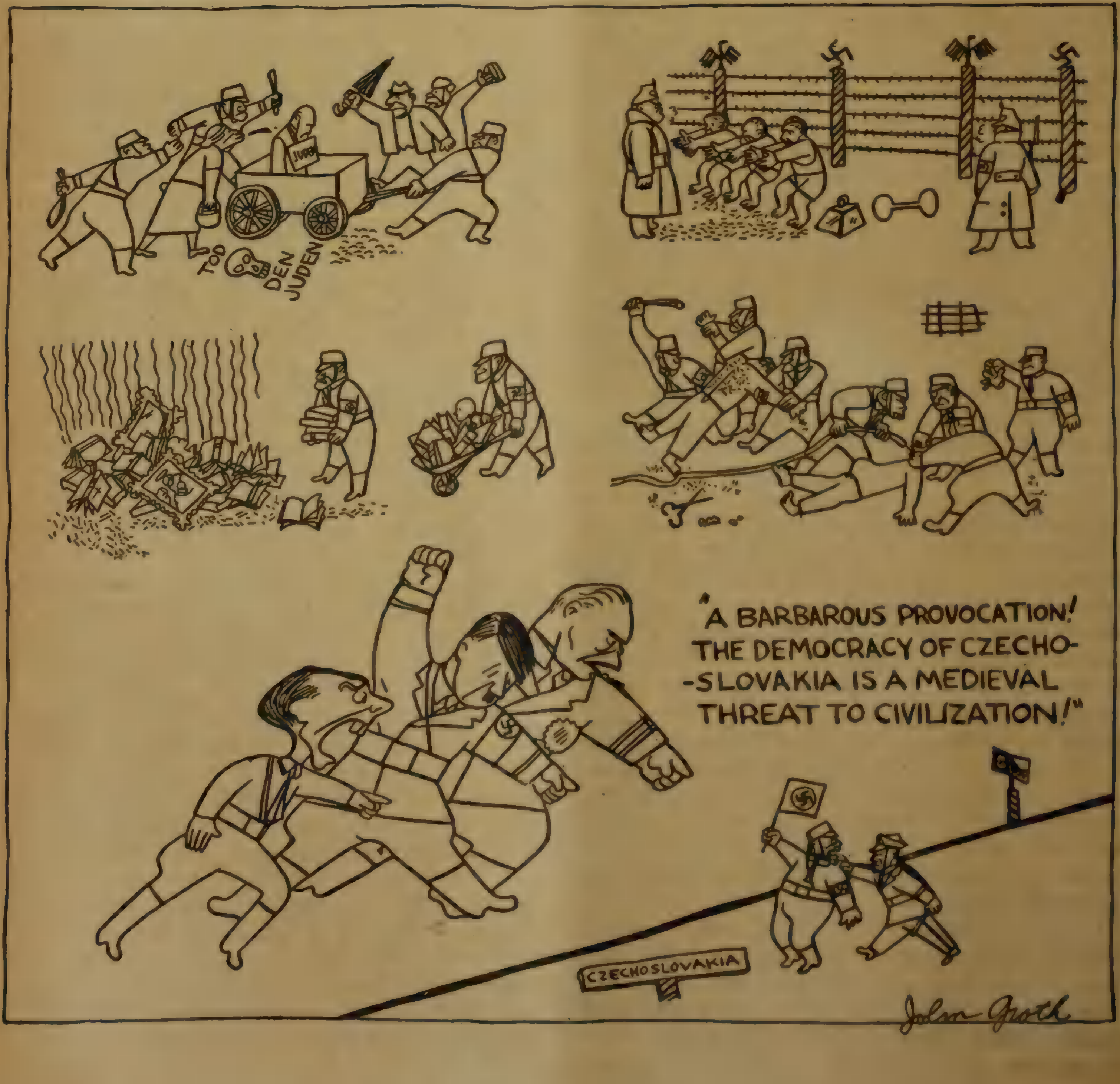
In August, 1936, President Benes told me that Czechoslovakia could have a non-aggression pact with Germany provided he was willing to break his pact with the Soviet Union and grant autonomy to the Teutonic districts. But the Czechs realize that such autonomy would be a Nazi wooden horse brought into their country, that it would be the beginning of the end of Czechoslovak independence. When the last "opposition" party in the free city of Danzig was dissolved by the Nazis on October 21, the Reich demonstrated in just what manner Sudetendeutsch autonomy would work.

When I talked with Dr. Alfred Rosenberg in his private office in Berlin on September 23, he dwelt on Germany's need for an *Absatzgebiet,* a territory that would form a reservoir of raw materials and an outlet for surplus population. The Reich, he said, had to have "colonies" that could not be cut off from Germany in case of war. When I reminded him that access to overseas colonies could easily be cut off by stronger naval powers, he intimated that the word "colonies" did not necessarily mean colonies in Africa or Asia. Rosenberg, who is head of the foreign-affairs department of the National Socialist Party and was designated at the Nürnberg congress as the "prophet laureate" of Germany, certainly speaks with as much authority on foreign affairs as anyone in the Reich after Hitler. When he spoke of the necessity of a German economic drive down the Danube into the Balkans, he was voicing official Nazi policy. When he spoke of Germany's "historic right to develop the Balkans," he was expressing views that we shall hear with increasing frequency.

The most significant point that Rosenberg brought out in our conversation came in connection with the attitude of Britain and the United States toward his plans for expansion. "Our penetration of the Balkans," he told me, "does not bring us into conflict with British and American interests." In fact, he added, it is really to the advantage of the British to have the Reich concentrate its energies in the Balkans rather than elsewhere. Give it a free hand in the Balkans—everything south of Germany is "the Balkans" to the Nazis—and Germany will stay out of the British and American economic preserves. Herr Rosenberg's view of the matter is not entirely lost on London. On the day of the Teplitz-Schönau riot Henlein made a speech in which he proclaimed that on a recent visit to London he found "widespread sympathy" for the Sudetendeutsch movement. "The sympathies which the Czechs enjoyed three years ago are now on our side," he told his followers. Allowing for Herr Henlein's exaggeration, it is a fact that publicists like Lord Rothermere and J. L. Garvin have made considerable progress in their efforts to influence the British government to abandon Czechoslovakia to the Reich.

The first phase of the Nazi campaign to break up the Czech state, the political maneuvering to isolate the victim, is about over. When the next step will be taken will depend on the attitude of London, Paris, and Moscow, on the progress of Göring's economic autarchy, on von Blomberg's army, and on events in the Far East and the Mediterranean. Of one thing, however, we can be certain. Czechoslovakia has entered on a period of trial and tribulation. It is slated to be the first nation to fall beneath Hitler's chariot wheels in his *Drang nach Osten.*

Champions of Minority Rights—by John Groth


JUDE
TOD DEN JUDEN
"A BARBAROUS PROVOCATION! THE DEMOCRACY OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA IS A MEDIEVAL THREAT TO CIVILIZATION!"
CZECHOSLOVAKIA
John Groth

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"WHAT is the use of the Brussels conference? All its members will do is to talk and talk and get nowhere, just like the Non-Intervention Committee in regard to Spain. At best they will pass a few resolutions and then adjourn. Unless you are willing to back up your opinion by acts, it is all perfectly futile." This is the sort of thing I hear on all sides. I deny its correctness, for I have not lost faith in the power of moral indignation to limit and control international wrongdoing if it is properly directed and adequately expressed. But whether I am right or wrong I do not see how any intelligent man can deny that it would have been a genuine misfortune if the world's sense of outrage at what Japan is doing in China had not been voiced by someone in high authority. Only Franklin Roosevelt could have done it, and he did it admirably. It shook up the dictators, startled their kept newspapers, and worried them so that they are today saying that the United States will do nothing at Brussels except "proffer good advice." The German press expresses earnest hopes that there will be a "retreat from Chicago" and that the "Wall Street crash" and something they call "the revolt against Roosevelt" will keep the United States from urging a strong line of action. Their hopes betray their fears. The more the President directs a verbal barrage against the dictators the more uncomfortable those rascals will be.

As for the conference itself, my guess is that it will first of all try to get the Japanese to join it, and if it fails in that, will urge them to state just what their objectives in China are. It is impossible to look farther ahead at this moment. This is a case where the policy will have to be developed step by step. I admit that it is extremely unfortunate that the United States is not to be represented at the conference by a man of force and ideas. Mr. Davis has a pleasant personality and easy Southern manners which make him an agreeable companion and doubtless of use when it comes to toning down acrid discussions, smoothing ruffled feathers, and generally playing an ameliorating role in such a gathering. But he has never yet displayed vigorous leadership or advanced constructive suggestions. I can think of at least twenty-five men who would do better; indeed, I feel that this conference is so vitally important that Mr. Hull himself or ex-Secretary Stimson should have represented the United States.

Let us suppose that the Japanese refuse mediation but allow the world to know on what terms they will make peace. If their terms are such as have been telegraphed from China—at least three Japanese-controlled states similar to Manchoukuo, and a prohibition of China's having an army, navy, or air fleet—we may be certain of a world-wide outburst of further indignation at Japan. How little its statesmen have learned! One would think, after the failure of the Allied and American efforts to disarm Germany, that no sane man would advocate a similar folly elsewhere in the world, but there the proposal is. It can be stopped by a united front at Brussels, if only because its denunciation by eight powers would make it impossible for China to accept. China must not be allowed to yield. What will come after that no man can forecast. Whether there will be governmental boycotts or spontaneous boycotts among the several peoples such as are now being engineered no one can guess. Then will come the danger of actions which may lead to war. But the fact that we cannot see all the way is no reason why we should not essay the road at least as far as the first turn.

The world's situation can be put in a few words: We know that force heals and corrects nothing; that war leaves only worse evils in its train than those it sought to eradicate. We know that the victors in a war pay as high a price as the vanquished. We have the word of conservative leaders like Hoover, Coolidge, and Stanley Baldwin that armaments do not insure freedom from wars but lead to them, and that the cost threatens bankruptcy to all the nations in the armament race. We know that the world is arming as never before. In addition, we are all aware of the existence of three brigand nations whose pledges no man can trust. That is the situation. What shall we do about it?

Those cynics who believe only in force or who think that international disaster is inevitable are for placing all their faith in more weapons and more wars. Those persons everywhere who feel it incumbent upon them to try to free the world from this dreadful circle in which it is caught of ever more armaments and ever more wars and ever greater suspicion and hostility believe that every avenue short of war must be tried. Brussels is one way—the rallying of what is left of the moral opinion of mankind against at least one aggressor state. If it fails we shall be no worse off. And even in failure, I believe, there will be some gain. Lose faith in the weapons of the spirit? Not I. Having seen the utter failure of mass murder to right wrong or advance the human race one iota, I am more than ever a believer in passive resistance, in spiritual revolt, in the castigation of offenders by the most immoderate language and by non-intercourse. I know and hear of no better way. On what side do you wish to fight, friends? With those who worship might and barbarism or those who stand with the angels and have an abiding faith in human nature and a better world?

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

WHAT MADRID READS

Madrid, September 24

"AND so Puss-in-Boots made the miller's son into a marquis and he married the Princess Violet Ink, the daugher of the king of that country who was called Saxofon XIII. Soon afterward the king died from having eaten a rice pudding made of pearls instead of rice and the miller's son inherited the crown. But he kept his promise to Puss-in-Boots and published a royal decree handing over the country to the workers. Then the workers of all classes formed a council and elected a president of the republic. And they gave the crown to the dentists to make gold fillings for the poor people who had lost their teeth."

So runs the Madrid, 1937, version of the old fairy tale. Little Red Riding Hood, too, has suffered a war change. She has become a worker in a chocolate factory. After her tragic end her fellow-workers get together and kill the wolf and chase all his rich and powerful friends out of the country forever. But Madrid's literature has become Marxist only in spots. The army, which through the efforts of the Cultural Militia, is learning to read as fast as it is learning to fight, has an extraordinarily eclectic literary taste. At the Escorial, where the Third Division is in training, the soldiers' library contains a collection of works ranging from Homer to Elinor Glyn, the latter, it should be added, represented by "La Filosofia del Amor." Among the authors in between are Plato, Sophocles, St. Augustine, Spinoza, Francis Bacon, Descartes, Machiavelli, Shakespeare, Rousseau, Kant, Victor Hugo, Dostoevski, Marx, Henry George, Freud, Jules Verne, Lenin, Galsworthy, Ortega y Gasset, Dos Passos, García Lorca, and Sinclair Lewis.

At the rear the effect of the war on the printed word is apparent everywhere. It is dark inside the big bookstore on the Gran Via because all the windows have been blocked up with sandbags. But it is not too dark to see the blaze of civil-war literature spread out on the front tables. Because prices must meet hard times, most of it is in the form of paper-backs and pamphlets. But the covers are vivid and striking. Raised fists, broken chains, and bombs bursting. Guernica in flames proclaims "the torch of fascism"; Marx's beard flows over innumerable volumes; the sandaled foot of the Spanish worker crushes the swastika; Stalin's profile is uplifted to a fleet of conquering airplanes; Lenin's fist pounds the table; Durutti, the fallen Anarchist hero, summons Spanish comrades to victory. Soldiers, for the most part, are buying these books, for the trenches have been fertile soil for the growth of political curiosity.

But behind the front tables the regular stock is still displayed and still sought. You can find "El Mundo de Guermantes" of Proust, "La Montaña Magica" of Thomas Mann, "Contrapunta" of Aldous Huxley, and the collected works of H. G. Wells, Pierre Loti, Oscar Wilde, Jack London, the last a tremendous favorite.

Second-hand books are sold in stalls and from pushcarts in the streets. As the war literature has not had time to simmer down to the second-hand stage, the civil war is ignored here as completely as if the bookstalls were in Fourth Avenue or Fifty-ninth Street. You find chiefly dime novels, detective stories, and Mexican "Westerns." Edgar Wallace, E. Phillips Oppenheim, S. S. Van Dine, and James Oliver Curwood lead the field in translation. I did see two books on Russia, but they could hardly be said to indicate a trend. One, with a picture of Lenin on the cover, was "Santa Rusia" by Jacinto Benavente. The other was "Esplendor y Ocaso de los Romanof" ("Glory and Decadence of the Romanoffs") by Ana Wyrubova, "la favorita de la Zarina."

Newsstand dealers have found it necessary to move so often because of the shelling that they no longer have permanent stalls. Newspapers and magazines are spread out on the sidewalks or on soap boxes. At first you are surprised to find the smooth-paper movie, fashion, theater, and art magazines still displayed. Looking closer you find they are pre-war issues, and the news-dealer tells you that all the smooth paper was imported and is no longer obtainable. Katharine Hepburn's portrait adorns the July, 1936, issue of *Cinelandia,* the last movie magazine to be published in Spain.

In the place of the luxury reviews a number of thin but lively weeklies have sprung up, each dealing in its own fashion with some aspect of the war. Some are political, some satiric, some pictorial, some literary. The paper is sleazy, the ink smells, the print comes through on the wrong side, but the writing is vigorous. A favorite subject of the caricaturists is Queipo de Llano with his Kaiser Wilhelm mustache and his bottle. Known as the "Lion of the Subway" because of his preference for the rearguard, he is generally shown swaying uncertainly before the microphone. Parodies of his nightly broadcasts from Seville accompany the sketches.

For photographers the war is a golden opportunity. *Life* would envy the series in the rotogravure weekly *Cronico* on "Blood and Fire in the Mediterranean," dealing with the torpedoing of the British oil tanker Woodford. Even the comic strips have become war-minded. Weekly the terrible tale is unrolled, in rhymed couplets and color, of "Don Tadeo Bergante, Un fascista repugnante."

But if the war has permeated 90 per cent of the newsprint, some pages still remain untouched by it. In one of the new weeklies, between two articles on The Magnificent Discipline of the Republican Army and The New Workers' Institute in Valencia, appears a fiction serial entitled "Marion: Neither Maid, Wife, nor

Widow." Marion is a pure anachronism. She hails taxis and wears evening dresses, two things that might belong to the Stone Age, so vanished are they from the Madrid of today. Even the daily papers leave a corner open to matters outside the war. The siege of Gijon, the speeches of Dr. Negrin in Geneva, the problems of evacuation and food, the machinations of the "Fifth Column," the disputes of the C. N. T. and the U. G. T. occupy the news and editorial columns. But you can still turn to the back page of *El Liberal* and find an agony column overflowing with ardor. "Single lady, serious, would like to become acquainted with gentleman of position and education." "Gentleman, thirty-eight, cultivated, well-employed, would like to become acquainted, object matrimony, with lady thirty to thirty-five, not tall, good-natured." That is the quality of Madrid. A year of siege and shells has shattered the surface of life, but underneath the old wheels are still turning. Life conforms to civil war where it must and clings to the old ways where it can. BARBARA WERTHEIM

Fresh and Free

FREE SPEECH AND PLAIN LANGUAGE. By Albert Jay Nock. William Morrow and Company. $3.

"TO REVIEW the *chose jugée*, to reopen questions that mere use-and-wont had led us to regard as definitively closed, and let one's consciousness play over them freely: there are few exercises more exhilarating than this." Mr. Nock, as one might expect, is a gentleman of culture after Matthew Arnold's heart. For the essential of culture is not to "know the best that has been thought and said in the world," but through that knowledge to turn a stream of fresh and free thought upon our stock notions. There never is a *chose jugée* in science: Einstein is open to revision, just as Newton was. I grew to conscious manhood at the time of the Dreyfus case, and have kept an invincible diffidence of the *chose jugée* ever since. I want the Sacco and Vanzetti case, the Mooney-Billings case, reopened; most of all I want to revise the muddle-headed judgment that declared Woodrow Wilson guilty and William Randolph Hearst a spirit of pure light. Our successful rebellion against England and the unsuccessful war for Southern independence need thorough reappraisal. The supremacy of the Graeco-Latin classics calls for a challenge: "Il est des morts qu'il faut qu'on tue." And I crave for an impartial history of the revolt of the angels, from the Luciferian point of view.

Free thought, free speech, plain language—a most admirable program. Utopian, of course; no one can reopen all cases, including the elementary principles of arithmetic, morality, and grammar. And our freest thought is imitative; our wildest surmise can usually be proved to be cribbed from some teacher, neighbor, or ancient book. Free thought is only the quest for free thought—honest thought. And the most honest thinking is not necessarily the most valuable or the most exhilarating. There are honest intellects which are dreadfully dull. This of course does not apply to Mr. Nock, who—to borrow Napoleon III's only recorded witticism—is polished, and reflects.

The fruit of Mr. Nock's free thought is an arraignment of American civilization, root and branch: democracy, education, the profit motive. He comes perilously near adding the accepted sexual code to his list of idols to be shattered; and although he observes the ultimate taboo, he is more respectful of Marcus Aurelius than he is of Jehovah.

Such iconoclasm, per se, is not novel. Mr. Nock's gospel has been expounded, in recent years, by Ortega y Gasset, Joseph Wood Krutch, and Aldous Huxley, among others. It is familiar to all minds that are not primitive, and, at third or fourth hand, to the rest of the world as well. It would fail to horrify even a congregation of Nicholas Murray Butlers; it would only be applauded as cleverly paradoxical. There is a quality in every brand of thought which counts for more than the brand itself. I may prefer Vouvray to Riesling, and yet prize good Riesling far above bad Vouvray. What is the special Nockian flavor in these eighty thousand words?

There are some things that Mr. Nock puts more convincingly than most of his fellow-apostles of sweetness and light. He makes it clear that we have a privileged class—and what privileges we have heaped upon it! But we have deprived it of the one privilege that would turn it into a genuine aristocracy—*noblesse oblige*, freedom from the profit motive. He makes it clear that America's enormous industrial development never was the result of rugged individualism but of a socialism placed at the service of a few, in the form of monopolies, subsidies, and tariffs. He has an interesting theory about the economic situation of women and its bearing on the ancient war of the sexes. He has satisfied himself that women own 41 per cent of this country's wealth and dispose of more than 50 per cent of its spending power; so that they no longer need to trade in their femininity. Perhaps he does not distinguish clearly enough between ownership and control. Ownership, that god of the French bourgeoisie, is a minor factor in modern economics. The Pennsylvania Railroad may be *owned* by a majority of women; it remains an overwhelmingly masculine enterprise.

On the question of the "mass man," Mr. Nock is hardly more definite than his guide, Ortega y Gasset, whose thought is a model of finely shaded confusion. The mass man is not, he tells us, the proletarian; there are mass men on great executive boards and at the head of mighty universities. The mass man is a convenient fiction. Every man, even an urbane essayist, caught in a mob, will be for the moment swayed by mob psychology. Even in the seclusion of our study we are all mass men nine-tenths of the time. I admit that the earth is round, that there are two different sexes, that some men have a darker skin than others, without serious challenge; such tame conformity is the essence of mass thinking. On the other hand, every man from the bootblack to Einstein has some technical knowledge which he derives from immediate experience; in that field he is no longer a mass man but a master. Every sophisticate who accepts the shibboleths of his clique is a mass man. Every tired business man who has the courage to confess that a best seller bores him reveals, on that occasion, an individual mind. "Mass man" is among the worst of those "impostor-words" that Mr. Nock denounces, after Jeremy Bentham.

What does he have to propose? A foolish question perhaps. He would tell us that he does not feel obliged to propose anything. Still, he does have a nostrum to sell. He has his Utopia, much as he condemns—like all his masters—the very notion of Utopia. His New Deal might be reduced to these terms: (1) Strict anarchism; even the guaranty by the state of individual property in land is an unwarrantable intrusion of that arch enemy. Better have a few throats slit in Whitechapel than submit to the permanent and ubiquitous evil of a police; gangsters and kidnappers are less harmful than G-men. (2) Return to the good old classical curriculum for an élite. The Golden Age would be appreciably nearer if the Saving Remnant took to writing Alcaics again. (3) The nearest approach to an ideal government is found in Portugal (here called Amenia): a "simon-pure military despotism: it governs by general orders," and efficiently supports Franco. The mass men possibly like it; at least there was some kind of a plebiscite, which, he tells us, "may have been on the level or not." The remnant prefer to live elsewhere.

Mr. Nock has fulfilled his purpose: he has moved us to think and speak freely. I may add that the second half of his title, "Plain Language," is justified in a more literal sense than I expected. We were threatened with "classic American prose"—and I shuddered at the thought. I found instead that Mr. Nock could write, especially in the three essays on Women, a language understanded of the people—in the pool parlor, the barber shop, and the Pullman smoker. And in the village rectory as well: what a joy it was to find my venerable friend "Tell it not in Gath," which I had never expected to come across again! ALBERT GUERARD

Death on the Veldt

THE TURNING WHEELS. By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE merit of Mr. Cloete's romance lies wholly in its landscape and in the sweep of its action. The time (1836-1840) is that of the Great Trek from Cape Colony when thousands of Boers, outraged by the English, moved north into an unknown country and fought for their lives with disease, insects, wild beasts, Kafirs, and Zulus. There have been Cloetes in South Africa since the seventeenth century, and one Henry Cloete, who in the 1850's lectured at Pietermaritzburg on the motives behind the Great Trek, remains an authority on the subject. Now another Cloete, born in Paris and educated in England and wounded in the World War, has spent fifteen years on a South African farm and emerged with a romance about the agonies of his ancestors.

It is an achievement. Rarely has a world been presented with such energy and opulence, at any rate on its physical side. As the wagon train led by Hendrik van der Berg creaks over plains and mountain ranges on its way to the promised land, we quite concretely see, smell, hear, touch, and taste the Transvaal. I have no means of knowing whether it is the "true" Transvaal. Probably it is a land that blooms and waves in Mr. Cloete's imagination alone. But its existence there is veritable, and certainly the vigor with which it exists will be exciting to any reader's mind. Mr. Cloete has weighted his style with local and technical words: kloof, spoor, trek, laager, outspan, inspan, achter slach, voorslach, duiker ram, koodoo, kameel, and blesbok. These broad-bottomed terms keep the narrative close to the earth of its choice, and produce a quality of sound that is proper in every sense to an environment of leather, joined wood, ox thighs, and meat-headed men pursuing their Biblical vision. Yet Mr. Cloete's eventual triumph is more than a linguistic one. He has brought a vast and terrible land to life; his fertility in the invention of actions suitable to this land has been inexhaustible. The various incidents of the trek itself, the wanderings of Zwart Piete and his sister Sara through fabulous regions beyond the limits of the tale, the wars with the Kafirs and the Zulus, the raid on Canaan, and finally the extermination of Hendrik's people in their laager—these are but central to a hundred other doings which run out and interweave to make a close net of action under the dark sky of fate.

It is an achievement, and these are its limits. There are other important things which Mr. Cloete has not been able to do. He has desired, it would seem, to give his people human stature; and he has failed. Their stature is great, but they are not men and women with the power to touch our native sympathies. Mr. Cloete has made much of a philosophical fat woman, Tante Anna de Jong, who sits and contemplates the spectacle with what is presented as wisdom. Tante Anna, however, is no more convincing than the romantic animals—Hendrik, Piete, Sannie, Sara—who have been created to walk and ride this special earth of Mr. Cloete's. Their passions are literary, particularly their sexual passions. They mate; they have loins and seed; the women are vessels; the men are abstract progenitors, Dutchmen in rut. So they cannot be taken very seriously; and so the extermination of them in the last chapter is not the tragedy it could have been had Mr. Cloete's imagination been as much at home in human nature as it was among the buffaloes and the hartebeests, or as it was in the deep grass of the veldt out of which he has summoned so many species of impersonal and terrifying death. MARK VAN DOREN

"Lion in the Lute"

THE MAN WITH THE BLUE GUITAR AND OTHER POEMS. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THE two volumes which have followed Mr. Stevens's "Harmonium" will have prepared his readers for the change of "instrument" to which the present title refers. One need not, to be sure, urge too humorlessly the inferences which remain to be drawn from the titles of "Harmonium" and "The Man with the Blue Guitar," yet it would be a mistake to overlook them. Like many virtuosos, Mr. Stevens commands a variety of instruments; his poems have always carried with them musical rubrics in the way of bells, chimes, claviers, viols, tambourines, and trombones, and in the actual mimicry of rhythms to suggest these instruments. It should be borne in mind, therefore, that the harmonium, a reed instrument resembling a small organ, is commonly united to music which is formal, hymnal, and broadly reflective, while the guitar, a folk instrument of accompaniment, is best employed in the freely associative and informal personal revery.

In exchanging the one for the other as a symbol for the poetic imagination, in the present volume, Mr. Stevens has undoubtedly meant to indicate more than a shift in musical timbre alone. In all probability the Peter Quince of "Harmonium" still holds the key to the score in his avowal that "Music is feeling, then, not sound," while the symbolists are responsible for the coupling of sound with color. The "blue guitar" is thus a completely functional conception, although it serves the poet's decorative scheme admirably: in his own words, "The blue guitar And I are one," and "the color [is] like a thought that grows Out of a mood." The import of that mood one is reluctant to declare too broadly, since Stevens himself has been careful to hide behind his instrument.

> I know my leaden, lazy twang
> Is like the reason in a storm
>
> And yet it brings the storm to bear.
> I twang it out and leave it there.

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In general, however, it is a mood of equivocal and tentative surmise, in which a single perception is thrown out, like a lyrical theme, and—to wrench a word out of context—*revolved* within a melodic pattern.

Mr. Stevens has defined that perception for us none too clearly in a brief prose note as the "conjunctioning between things as they are and things imagined." It might more helpfully be described simply as the search for artistic identity at a time when the poet is compelled to examine that identity critically, in terms of a changing world-spirit. It might be further explained that "things as they are" connote for Mr. Stevens not merely poetic realism in the abstract but poetic contemporaneity; while "things imagined" are a category within the poetic function itself, the prerogative whereby "Things as they are Are changed upon the blue guitar" into the artist's personal vision—are, in short, transmuted into his own identity, or what Hopkins preferred to call his "inscape." Mr. Stevens's dilemma, voiced again and again in the poem, is at last how far the artist need forgo the imaginative function to

> Live in war, to live at war
> To chop the sullen psaltery
>
> To improve the sewers in Jerusalem
> To elecrify the nimbuses.

His solution, if it may be called such, is that of complete autonomy, allied to an awareness of the world in which the sensibilities are at work:

> Nothing must stand
>
> Between you and the shapes you take
> When the crust of shape has been destroyed.
>
> You as you are? You are yourself.
> The blue guitar surprises you.

It must be noted again that the logic and the music of the poem are indistinguishable—that the former is, indeed, simply a theme for instrumentation, and is not so much developed as *strummed*. Throughout the whole of the poem Mr. Stevens has duplicated with uncanny variety of touch the effects of plucked, percussive twanging. The strings are variously "jangling," "buzzing," "chattering," and the lines vibrate with wiry undertones, crossing and recrossing in rhythms so delicately syncopated that they pass almost for echoes. Included in the volume also is a well-tailored reprinting of Mr. Stevens's "Owl's Clover," which has already received comment in these pages, and the strangely muted and moving The Men That Are Falling, which received *The Nation's* poetry award last October. A brief sequence of four lyrics under the title of A Thought Revolved completes the collection and is noteworthy only as an experiment in discord which is likely to set the reader's teeth on edge.

BEN BELITT

Picture of Labor

WHEN LABOR ORGANIZES. By Robert R. R. Brooks. Yale University Press. $3.

THERE has long been a need for a systematized account of the complex and seemingly scattered phenomena of the labor movement, a kind of blueprint that would lay bare the basic structure and the interrelationships. We read often enough these days of the strike, the labor spy, the check-off, "hell-fare" work, the union label, employee-representation plans, the closed shop, the labor injunction, the

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(Late of the Department of Economics, Harvard University)

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yellow-dog contract, labor racketeering, back-to-work movements, and so on. But seldom are we able to fit all the segments together into one complete picture and to see each fact in its place. This comprehensive view Robert R. R. Brooks gives us in "When Labor Organizes." Beginning with the elementary procedure of organizing a group of workers into a local union, he takes us from problem to problem as it might arise in actual experience, until finally we are led not only to survey the entire labor movement, but also to speculate upon the direction of that movement in American society. The value of this book has been enhanced by the skill with which it has been organized and written. It is popular in the best sense of the word—informal, simple, clear, interesting, and yet thoughtful.

Up to the concluding chapter the approach of "When Labor Organizes" is empirical. Shunning the temptations of ethical judgment, it holds itself rigorously to a detached description of the workings of the labor movement, shying away from "absolutes" and "symbols" with an almost allergic violence. This approach is valuable for exposing the core of interests (class interests) in such symbols as "loyal workers" and "citizens' committees," or in such absolutes as the "freedom" of the worker to accept or reject work and the "right" to own and control property. Moreover, the empirical approach, despite its effort to avoid judgment by preconceived standards, does furnish us with the materials for evaluation, and even with a method. Because of the close tie between the empirical approach and the pragmatic judgment, we are soon brought to appraise phenomena by whether they are practical, by whether they work here and now. Thus we are able to grasp the significance and momentum of the C. I. O. in representing "another effort in the long history of the labor movement to make the forms and the methods of organization conform to the necessities of industrial life." In the same way we can judge craft unionism by its failure to organize the unorganized workers and its adherence to anachronistic demarcations.

On the other hand, the empirical approach of this book might well be complemented by the theoretical approach. If we begin, for example, with such a verified hypothesis as the class struggle, we have a point of reference that enables us to understand immediate manifestations and, more important, to *predict* their outcome. We can see the fundamental class interest underlying the anti-unionism of the employer, and trace to it such secondary motivations as his unwillingness to have anyone tell him how to run his business, or his refusal to let outsiders interfere with his obligations to investors, or his feeling of *noblesse oblige*. I do not want to be misunderstood. "When Labor Organizes" begins with the peripheral facts but does reach this central hypothesis. Beneath its presentation of immediate concrete problems the abstraction of the class struggle, the "skull beneath the skin," becomes steadily more visible. I would not want this excellent book changed, although I might like to see it supplemented by a theoretical account that would give a longer view.

In his concluding chapter, The Labor Movement in an Evolving Society, Professor Brooks gives open expression to the judgments that are implied throughout the book. The social scientist must do more than observe and report. "Common sense demands that the laws of human behavior be used for the attainment of social well-being." The chapter is devoted to answering two questions that arise: What is social well-being; and how is it to be attained? Social well-being is here defined as the maximum production and distribution of goods and services. With this definition few persons, whether conservative, liberal, or radical, are likely to disagree. The quarrel arises usually out of the means of attainment that are suggested. Professor Brooks believes in the labor movement as the nucleus or instrument of social and economic change. It must bring about change—as it already has modified our concept of "property"—not through altruism, but through the pressure of low wages, unemployment, insecurity, and the like. Fortunately, the interest of "those who work with their hands or minds for wages or salaries," those who constitute the bulk of the population, is most likely to coincide with the best community interest. "Their self-interest leads toward the fullest possible production and distribution of goods and services, the provision of leisure and the kind of satisfactions that leisure makes possible, and the preservation of the civil liberties." Here, I believe, lies the hope for human progress.

SAMUEL YELLEN

Mail-Order Movie

THE CHUTE. By Albert Halper. The Viking Press. $2.50.

I AGREE with all those people who have found Albert Halper reminiscent of Dickens, but I won't labor the point. Possibly a more interesting point is that we have to go all the way back to Dickens to find a novelist with Halper's zest and energy, his rapid characterizing power, and his enormous love for his people. Whatever their virtues, other writers today seldom seem to be standing waist-high in living as they write: they stay scrupulously on the sidelines, or press heatedly toward the center, or look aggrievedly or sentimentally backward, or gaze prophetically ahead; they probe, they analyze, they incite, they correlate, they conjecture. All this is frequently excellent, and it would be excellent if Halper had more of it. But what he does have is useful too, the more so because it is rare; there ought to be at least one novelist standing at the Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street of this world—and not *standing* there either, but darting in and out of traffic, peering at buses and taxis and license tags, eyeing the traffic cop, helping a blind man across the street, reading faces, noting the relationship between couples who pass by, sniffing the breeze and tasting the smoke and knowing exactly what it means to be alive.

For though Halper may know no more than most of us—and far less than certain other novelists—what it means to live, he knows to a supreme degree what it means to be alive. He knows the speed and shape and size of things, the whole area of human sensations, in their dense, raw, actual living state; and he conveys them with great immediacy, before they are toned down or planed away in the fashion of more deliberate art. He conveys them, moreover, in whole scenes and sequences of scenes; there is never any lack of visual integration. He conveys them, no less, in a highly dramatic manner; there is never any lack of story or suspense.

All this was apparent in "The Foundry," and it is even more apparent in "The Chute"—a comparable story, but a better one. "The Chute" has to do with life in a Chicago mail-order house, and once started, it roars straight ahead. You see merchandise picked off shelves at top speed, rushed to the wrapping tables, piled on trucks; then bells start clanging, the trucks go flying across the floor, and their contents are flung down the huge chute. You see youngsters—to save time—careening on roller skates. You see kids drawing on their last ounce of energy to meet the demands of speed-up and overtime: snatching, rounding corners, half dancing in

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the aisles, then flopping to eat their lunch and get back their breath simultaneously. You see big shots from upstairs swooping down on surprise visits to catch anybody from a new boy to a department head in a mistake. Above all, you see hiring, firing, hiring, firing—endlessly.

The whole atmosphere bears down on you with its day-in, day-out quality, yet with something intensely dynamic also. But Halper has tried to draw more than a picture: he has opened the lives of his people, taken us into their homes, let us feel their emotions, their good-will, their resentment, their youth. In most cases the characters remain, in E. M. Forster's inevitable phrase, flat; and Halper—he is nowhere more like Dickens than in this—often shamelessly sentimentalizes them. But if they are sometimes badly drawn, they always seem a genuine part of humanity.

Halper has further attempted a difficult thing—the business of making these kids become slowly class-conscious. The two or three social-minded workers talk to them guardedly, at odd moments, under cover; the kids slowly respond to the idea of a union. Nothing is allowed to happen, for though conditions are ripe, the ranks aren't well enough organized; and Mr. Halper's restraint is some evidence of his understanding. For the reader, the whole vicious atmosphere is to some extent softened by the bounce and swing of Halper's style of writing. Even as his workers are fainting in the aisles, he creates so spirited a picture that you are momentarily tempted to feel that everybody is having a good time. So far as that goes, the bosses are shrewd enough to appeal to the pride and sporting qualities and I-can-take-itness of their workers, and the appeal is usually successful; for it is only by transforming their jobs into a kind of game that the kids can stand the pace. Halper has soundly exposed such wily exploitation, but I still think that, over and above this, the whole tone of his book is a little too vivacious. Just as Jane Austen drew bores who entertain us, so Halper creates intolerable scenes which are exhilarating. His style for one thing lacks modulation; it is a racing spout, excellent for narrative, but too unprecise and headlong for analysis. Nor do his characters ever reveal those surprising turns of thought and action by which they stand out ineffaceably as individuals; there is no psychological subtlety in Halper's people. "The Chute" most reminds you perhaps—and not in too pejorative a sense—of a good movie; it has the same directness, the same pictorial quality, the same dependence on tempo, the same ability to communicate simple emotional moods. Yet beyond that there is a warm-heartedness, an attitude toward humanity, which proclaims the one-man job; no studio job, combining the reactions of many minds, could have quite the same unforced unity of feeling.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Shorter Notices

EVERYDAY SCIENCE. By A. W. Haslett. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

From a perusal of the press reports on science the layman must get the impression that discovery disproving discovery is the continuous sequence in this latest and most-publicized branch of human activity. The connection between these discoveries and daily events is seldom explained in a way to make their significance clear to readers not versed in the subject—though one notable exception is the reporting of Waldemar Kaempffert in the New York *Times*. The sequence by which a discovery leads to a practical application, which leads in turn to further discovery, has been so little understood that

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both in England and in America there have been requests for a holiday in science. The demand that application be allowed to catch up with theory does not take into consideration the parentage of theory; and the connection between the two, which the eloquent but poorly informed often miss, needs to he pointed out. The writer of this book quietly but definitely settles the issue. He has written not of the frontier of discovery but of the underlying theories and practical applications that have resulted in such everyday objects as your refrigerator or your sixty-watt bulb. The discovery of the rare gases—helium, neon, argon—which came out of the theoretical research in atomic weights, is tied with admirable simplicity to their application in such totally unrelated fields as dirigibles, advertising signs, and electric light. The book might have been written from the armchair with the author turning his eye and ear to various objects in common use that man buys but seldom understands. If the reader thinks that such a book will lack interest, let him try to explain to his ten-year-old son how his refrigerator works. "Everyday" science makes good reading. HUGH H. DARBY

LOST HERITAGE. By Bruno Frank. Translated by Cyrus Brooks. The Viking Press. $2.50.

In one of his earlier novels Bruno Frank, at that time one of the prophets of a self-adoring cultural Europe whose heart was presumed to be Germany, solemnly warned his generation of the coming of the new barbarians, the Americans, bent on ruining civilization by foisting upon it the coarse ideals of a money-mad materialism. The rude shock given to his idealism by the Nazi triumph has impelled him to write this, his second political novel. But despite the clarity and polish of its prose, easily recognizable through an excellent translation, despite the fine restraint and subtlety of the feelings described in it, "Lost Heritage" is ineffective. The movement and the characters which it depicts have no roots in the world of today and seem merely the outpourings of a bewildered intellect. Dismayed by a reality which he can neither explain nor fight against, Mr. Frank has sought solace in the traditions of idealized royalty and the nobility. "The gentry, with all their pride, how can they put up with it?" asks one of the several characters who speak the author's mind. Hence a prince is chosen to symbolize the ardent belief that the gentry cannot and should not put up with it, though they may fail in their rebellion. A prince, too, is chosen to fall in love and find happiness with the daughter of a Jewish victim of Hitlerism to signify the alliance of the most exalted protector with the most despised oppressed, both of whom have lost their rightful heritage under the rule of "brazen-voiced vulgarity and national humbug." LOUIS RICH

POEMS. By Ross Edwards Pierce. The Arcturus Press. $1.50.

The majority of these poems have appeared in periodicals in America and England. Under one cover they give a stronger testimony to Mr. Pierce's technical versatility. Though still young, he is to a degree a poet's poet. He has plainly assimilated some of the happy, riotous ear-pounding of Hopkins and some of the flat acerbity of Masters. He has certainly studied all his contemporaries from Eliot to Auden. That is not to say that his work is slavishly derivative. Such good pieces as The World, Clerk, and Dirge for Civilization display individual imagery and strangeness. But the general effect of the volume is of uneven work—nicely contrived rather than written out of any necessity.

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"MANY MANSIONS" (Biltmore Theater) is the story of a young clergyman who loses all faith, not in the God he serves, but in the institution which employs him. Elaborate production, capable acting, and an air of passionate conviction in the writing itself, all suggest that the authors, Jules Eckert Goodman and his son, have a more than ordinary confidence in the importance of the message they have to convey. Yet "Many Mansions" suffers from a grave defect: it labors to establish a thesis which few would reject while it barely suggests the only related theme likely to arouse any interest at this particular moment.

Surely it is worth no one's while to prove in twelve careful, almost diagrammatic, scenes that the religious establishments of today are tinged with worldliness or that a young man who scorns the accepted conventions and defies the usual proprieties will find the going extremely hard. Yet that is nearly all that this particular play undertakes to show, and it would require no great prophetic insight to guess that the hero comes his final cropper in a settlement chapel when he takes the side of the outcasts around him against the forces of law and order. The only question worth disputing, the only one which people who go to theaters today would be likely to dispute, is the question which begins where "Many Mansions" leaves off.

Perhaps the Messrs. Goodman merely mean to imply what is now the conventional answer. Perhaps they mean to say that religion is too feeble a force to oppose itself to a social system which is fundamentally unchristian. Perhaps, in other words, they are convinced that a young man of high ideals would be out of place, not merely in a particular church, but in all conceivable churches. I suspect, however, that they do not mean anything of the sort, for they would hardly have made their clergyman so attractive a figure or laid so much stress upon his purely spiritual ardor if they had meant to suggest merely that such spiritual ardor was of no value as long as it remained essentially Christian, and that what he needed was less knowledge of the Bible plus some slight acquaintance with "Das Kapital."

If I am right in this, then their error is a curious one, for it consists essentially in failing to see where the real conflict lies. The struggle between their hero and the church is beside the point, and the struggle they really need to show is the struggle between him and opponents equally sincere as well as equally alive, a struggle, in other words, between materialism on the one hand (it would make little difference whether the materialist was of the Rooseveltian, Landonian, Walter Lipmannesque, or Marxian variety) and mysticism on the other. Few still argue that what is wrong with the world is not economic injustice but the hardness of heart which makes economic injustice possible. It is very widely assumed as nearly self-evident that it is the economic system which makes hard hearts rather than hard hearts which make the economic system. But it is still possible at least to argue the opposite, and I cannot see why the Messrs. Goodman should have written this particular play at all if that were not essentially their position. If they would argue it with a passion equal to that which seems wasted here upon an all too familiar theme they might make an exciting play. As it is they are merely slaying the slain.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Letters to the Editors

A Matter of Character

Dear Sirs: As a supporter of the President and of the New Deal who opposed the President's court plan, I resent your assumption that the majority of those opposing or criticizing the appointment of Justice Black are actuated by "racial and religious feeling" and "a dangerous and vindictive determination . . . to hound" him "from the court." From your editorial comments in *The Nation* of October 2 and the *apologia pro sua vita* by one of your editors, Mr. Lerner, it would seem that you do not understand the real basis of criticism of the Justice. It is not his capacity, his views, his record in the Senate, or even his membership in the Klan that are the essential things; it is his lack of character, demonstrated by his own admissions and reinforced by Mr. Lerner's "personal history."

1. Justice Black joined the Klan at a time when it was not a mere fraternal organization which any joiner would join but a criminal organization spreading havoc and terror through the Southern states, and Justice Black joined this organization for his own personal advantage and advancement.

2. After four years, having got what he sought by joining, he resigned.

3. On the occasion of his receiving a certificate of life membership (not denied, but called by the Justice an "unsolicited card") he made a speech declaring his admiration for the Klan (not denied or mentioned in his radio talk)—a speech which Mr. Lerner says "pulsed with a vague religionism and an overaccented brotherly love."

4. When the President offered him the nomination he failed, so far as appears, to mention to the President that he had been a member of the Klan, thinking, as Mr. Lerner puts it, that "by the side of his Senate career it was irrelevant."

5. When his name came before the Senate, and Senators Copeland and Burke stated that they were informed that he was or had been a member of the Klan, instead of stating the facts to his colleagues frankly he remained silent and permitted Senator Borah to make an ambiguous statement but for which his nomination might not have been confirmed by the Senate.

6. As soon as he was confirmed he secretly took the oath of office and the pay of a Justice, which is twice that of a Senator, and left the country.

7. When asked in London by the news men whether he was or was not a member of the Klan, he declined to answer.

8. On his return to this country, instead of answering the questions which he had refused to answer in Europe in a simple, straightforward way, he made a radio speech filled with protestations of his devotion to liberty and declaring that he numbered among his friends Jews, Roman Catholics, and Negroes, and even had a pet Jew of his own, now dead—a meeching, self-serving speech, unworthy of a judge or a gentleman. All the American people wished or had a right to know was whether or not he was or had been a member of the Ku Klux Klan.

Mr. Lerner says: "That a man like Black should have come to join the Klan is one of those facts monstrously hard to grasp until you approach it *not as a moral problem* [the italics mine] but simply as a piece of political behavior."

Many of us refuse to approach the facts of this case as disclosed by the record otherwise than as presenting a moral question, and we regard Mr. Black's record from first to last as so far below the standard of moral character essential in a judge that he is unfit to be a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

CHARLES C. BURLINGHAM

New York, October 9

[Mr. Burlingham is eloquent but unconvincing. Admitting Justice Black's "capacity, his views, his record in the Senate," he brushes them aside as unessential, and bases his case on Justice Black's "lack of character." It is wise for him to shift his attack from the perilous ground of capacity, views, and legislative record, where the facts are objective and indisputable, to the far safer ground of "character," where facts may be interpreted exclusively in moral terms. I prefer, in politics, to stick to the objective facts. And the objective facts leave little doubt that Black is a liberal who can be trusted to exercise the judicial power in a progressive spirit.

This, it must be emphasized, has been the main basis for *The Nation's* editorial approval of Justice Black's appointment and the basis for its editorial opposition to the clamor for removing him from the court. Those who have insisted on interpreting the editorials and my article as unqualified moral defenses of Justice Black have no excuse for such an interpretation.

My article of October 9 was a statement of Justice Black's own position as I understood it to be from an interview. I was acting as a reporter, and I stated explicitly that, because of the source of the account, it was to be discounted for a degree of bias or rationalization. I did feel, however, that it was highly important, amid the clamor against Justice Black, to give a connected account of the story as he saw it. In the same issue we criticized Justice Black editorially for not having sought to explain in his radio statement his silence to the President and the Senate on the topic of his former Klan membership, and for his previous silence.

But while we took this critical position, we did not and do not believe that the moral issue is either so clear or looms so large as to invalidate Justice Black from holding judicial office. Mr. Burlingham is undoubtedly sincere in feeling as he does. But no realistic view of the campaign against Justice Black can see it in any other terms than as an attempt to use the issue in order to smear the entire New Deal program. This campaign has been able to enlist sincere liberals like Mr. Burlingham as fellow-travelers by its appeal to the symbolism of the Supreme Court, which puts Supreme Court justices on a different plane from others in high and responsible office. I see no reason for encouraging this symbolism, and every reason for regarding the Supreme Court as we regard the Senate—as a responsible part of the democratic process. If liberals regard it as such, they will not easily fall into the trap which the engineers of the anti-Black campaign set for them. And they will keep their eyes on what Mr. Burlingham so casually dismisses—Black's "capacity, his views, his record in the Senate."—MAX LERNER.]

Dr. Lips Hits Back

Dear Sirs: Professor Melville J. Herskovits, in his review of my book "The Savage Hits Back" in *The Nation* of October 9, seems neither to know nor to appreciate the fact that Zombiism is punishable by death according to the Haitian Penal Code, Article 246, 1901. Yet he would make Zombis of the readers of *The Nation*. He implies that I endow primitive man "with a special kind of *pre*logical mentality." A most cursory examination of the book will disprove this. Neither in this book nor elsewhere have I characterized the reasoning of primitive man in this way. In "The Savage Hits Back" I refer to the "other" logic, not the "pre"-logic, of primitive man. If Mr. Herskovits denies the reality of this "other" logic, then it is for him to tell us why he does not apprehend the facts of modern civilization like a Bushman and why he indulges in "sweeping generalizations."

I can, with a sentence, dismiss his charge of my "naive lack of appreciation of the toughness of native cultures." The very title of the book suggests this "toughness," and there is hardly a single page which does not imply it.

A categorial denial by Mr. Herskovits that the making of masks originated in the worship of the dead is wholly unacceptable. He must produce evidence to support his position. According to Mr. Herskovits the results of my treatment of primitive mentality are "quite confusing," and this he attributes to my allegiance to the German-Austrian cultural-historical school of ethnology which desires "to reconstruct the history of mankind on a world-wide scale." A scientist's function is not merely that of fact-gathering. He is, or at least should be, an architect who aims to construct a building, the facts being only the bricks for that building. And for this task the anthropologist needs not only a "frame of reference" but a historical outlook.

JULIUS E. LIPS

Washington, D. C., October 25

Add to Your Boycott List

Dear Sirs: I have read with much interest the article by Jean Lyon entitled Shopping Guide for Boycotters in *The Nation* of October 23. While I realize that the list of goods to be boycotted was not presented as complete, I would suggest that you add plain and printed chiffon-silk handkerchiefs and printed rayon and cotton table covers. Both these articles are to be found very widely in the chain stores and are among the things brought over in largest quantities from Japan.

Only through economic pressure can acts of aggression by an imperialistic nation be effectively stopped.

T. FEINFELD

New York, October 26

Carrying It Too Far

Dear Sirs: Although I am in complete sympathy with your fine articles advocating the boycott as a protest against Japan's aggression in China, I want to call your attention to the cruelty with which the Japanese in California are being treated, and to express the hope that you will raise your voice against it.

In many places the Japanese are being boycotted in their attempts to sell flowers and vegetables, purely American products, through the sale of which they earn a scant living. Such treatment throws these individuals into the ranks of the unemployed, provokes bitterness and suffering, and is of no effect in curbing the war policy of the Japanese militarists. An example that has come under my direct notice is that of a Japanese, married to an American girl. They have one child. He fought in the World War and is still suffering from its effects. The markets refuse to sell him flowers, from the sale of which he was earning a living for his family, thus completely putting a stop to his income. Only through a friend's assistance has he been able to survive. His wife is in the hospital. His child was attacked by the children in a Catholic school and had two ribs broken, but nothing was done about it. Another Japanese was driven out of the public market and so badly injured that he died from the attack. These cases, undoubtedly, could be multiplied many times.

Isn't this putting ourselves on a level with Japan?

JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD

Rye, N. Y., October 27

A Rare Find

Dear Sirs: Truth is a rare find in the museum of mankind's published utterances. Philip S. Bernstein's article, The Fate of the Jews, in *The Nation* of October 23, is an example of this rare relic. His eyewitness account refutes and exposes the inspired and lying propaganda that American visitors to Germany bring back to our shores and, either in malice or ignorance, spread so widely. The streets of Nazi Germany may not show outward physical violence and persecution, but behind the scenes a cold pogrom exists in which Jews and other minorities are deprived of citizenship, livelihood, freedom, justice, peace.

JOSEPH GITIN

Butte, Mont., October 28

CORRECTION: In an editorial paragraph in last week's issue the phrase "Federal Housing Administration" was erroneously used. The whole sentence should have read: "Against the advice of most American experts the Federal Housing Authority has been made part of the Department of the Interior—'under the general supervision of the Secretary thereof,' as the law reads—instead of being given a life of its own."

CONTRIBUTORS

I. F. STONE is a New York newspaperman.

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JAMES RORTY has contributed to *The Nation* many articles on socialized medicine and medical economics.

HENRY C. WOLFE, lecturer and writer on European affairs, has recently returned from his annual trip to Central Europe.

BARBARA WERTHEIM, a member of *The Nation's* staff, has just spent several weeks in Spain.

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MARK VAN DOREN has just published a new book of verse, "The Last Look and Other Poems."

BEN BELITT was co-winner with Charlotte Wilder of the Shelley Poetry Award.

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The Shape of Things

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THE EPISODE OF THE ALGIC RAISES ALMOST every issue in the complex relationship between the United States government and marine labor. The crew of this ship, members of the National Maritime Union, struck in Montevideo in September against working cargo in that port with scab labor that was very incompetent as well. When the bristling captain, an ex-navy man, called up Washington, Joseph C. Kennedy gave him the extraordinary instruction to put the strikers in irons. In the face of this and other threats the men went back to work. When the ship arrived in Baltimore, fourteen of the crew were arrested and are now on trial before a casualty board of the Bureau of Marine Inspection, charged with "conspiracy to deprive the captain of control." The final item is that the A. F. of L., through Mr. Green, is supporting the Maritime Commission in what amounts to an attack on the N. M. U. In the Algic case several assumptions have been made, none of them settled by law and all of them extremely dangerous to labor on land and sea: (1) that a crew has no right to strike during a voyage even though a ship is in port; (2) that the Maritime Commission has jurisdiction over the crew of a ship that is government owned though privately operated, and, concurrently, that labor has no right to strike against the government, directly or indirectly; (3) that Daniel Roper's Bureau of Marine Inspection—which is famous for having failed to explain, let alone prevent, half a dozen major air and sea disasters—has jurisdiction over marine-labor disputes.

*

IN VIEW OF THE FORTHCOMING REPORT OF the Maritime Commission, the case of the Algic, with all the attendant propaganda against seamen who "strike against the government," takes on particular significance. We have heard disquieting rumors about the commission's majority report in so far as it pertains to labor. The most ominous is that it will advocate a training school for all seamen working on government-owned or subsidized ships. The commission is said to have received thousands of authentic complaints of inferior service on American ships; it can argue plausibly that if we are to build up our merchant marine we must make sure that it measures up to competing lines. What is likely to be emphasized lightly is that such men as Admiral Wiley, a member of the commission, look at maritime labor in the context of national defense and the next war. In that picture the right to strike is a troublesome element. The establishment of a government training school could and would be used to cripple freedom of action among seamen—the union hiring hall could hardly survive. It is one thing to face the facts of inefficiency in our merchant marine. It is another to place all the blame for it on labor when the subsidized companies and the government inspection service are mainly responsible; and then to use labor's fight for decent conditions as an excuse for lashing it to the mast.

*

IT IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY CLEAR THAT the coming special session of Congress will be the regular second session, off to a start six weeks ahead of time. And judging from the legislative log-jam already in prospect, the extra six weeks will be none too wide a margin. The House Agricultural Committee has already had to make five drafts of a new farm bill, and more are due to come. The cotton, tobacco, corn, and wheat groups have their separate problems; and each is split on whether the production and marketing programs shall be voluntary or compulsory. The chances are that some form of compulsory program will in the end be adopted, but not without considerable struggle. The wage-hour legislation is also in doubt. Senator Berry is reported as active in drawing an A. F. of L. bill that differs sharply from the Black-Connery measure, and unless the two labor camps settle their difficulties soon, the C. I. O.-A. F. of L. feud will be transferred to the halls of Congress. The government-reorganization plans will once again bring the cry of "dictatorship." The Senate bill, sponsored by Senator Byrnes, provides for a new Cabinet post of Public Welfare and six new executive assistants for the President (both passed by the House in the last session), and for important changes in civil-service and accounting administration. It is on the latter two provisions that the fiercest fighting is likely to take place, because they reach the patronage nerve of Congress. The financial agitators are continuing their pressure for tax revision, concentrating now on the repeal of the undistributed-corporate-profits tax. A House subcommittee, under Chairman Vinson, has been holding conferences with Undersecretary Magill and Treasury experts, and the outlook can only be described as cloudy in every way. The most significant single Washington item is the probability that Senator Wheeler is tired of his railroad-finance investigation and will not ask for further funds. There is every indication that Wheeler is again being groomed to lead the Democratic opposition to the New Deal. He wants to keep his energy for that job, and he does not want unpleasantness with railroad and banking heads to interfere with its effective performance.

*

THE PROPOSED EXCHANGE OF COMMERCIAL envoys between Great Britain and the Spanish insurgents has probably eliminated whatever possibility still existed of a withdrawal of Italian troops from Spain. For months the recognition of Franco's rights as a belligerent has been held back as a concession to be granted only if a substantial number of volunteers should be withdrawn. The present proposal, which was made with no demand for a corresponding concession from the fascist nations, would obviously mean more to Franco than the granting of belligerent rights, and the offer thereby destroys the one bargaining point remaining in the hands of the democratic powers. Such an action can only be explained on the ground that the Foreign Office is convinced that Franco is bound to win. In this, however, there is no evidence that the Foreign Office is any better informed than it has been throughout the conflict. Except on the diplomatic front, recent developments have not been unfavorable to the Loyalists. Government troops have made slow but significant progress at a number of points. The widely heralded rebel offensive against Madrid has not materialized, and with the anniversary of last year's offensive already past there is little possibility of a concerted drive before spring. By that time the government expects to have a half a million well-disciplined soldiers to throw against from 100,000 to 150,000 Italians and a few thousand Moors and conscript Spaniards.

*

THE KILLING OF OVER A THOUSAND HAITIANS in border towns of Santo Domingo and the invasion of Juana Mendez, Haiti, by Dominican troops has raised serious questions regarding the plans of Trujillo, the Dominican dictator. Although the official reports describe the massacre as the result of popular resentment against Haitian immigration, the fact that no Dominicans except Trujillo's well-disciplined army possess arms suggests that the affair was officially instigated. Trujillo, who speaks of himself as "the inspirer of strong nations," meaning Italy, Germany, and Japan, comes up for re-election in the spring. While he has no reason to doubt his ability to control the vote, he is known to fear a coup d'état staged by his own ostensible supporters. When in extremity dictators have been known to divert attention from their shortcomings by precipitating an external crisis. Whether this is actually the situation in Santo Domingo has not yet been definitely established because of the rigid censorship. We believe, however, that a careful investigation by R. Henry Norweb, American Minister to Santo Domingo, will reveal ample reason for withdrawing Washington support from Trujillo.

*

LABOR SEEMS TO BE FINDING A NEW BASIS for peace. The conferees from the A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. who have been meeting in Washington are, as we write, closer than they have been before to discovering a common basis of agreement. Considering the uncompromising attitude that Mr. Green had shown and the belligerent statement by Mr. Lewis on which we commented last week, the new optimism that prevails at the conference is striking. Three sets of factors account for it. One is the continued pressure of the rank-and-file in both camps, which wants labor unity at all costs. The second—a new factor—is the business recession, which now promises to be not just one of the transitory ups and downs of business but part of a long-run future trend for which labor must sternly prepare itself. The business recession means that the old cycle of labor lay-offs and wage cuts is starting once more. It means hard sledding even for a united labor movement, and a split movement will find the employers playing one group off against the other to their own advantage. The third factor, which has been emphasized by recent events, is political. The recent local elections have shown that when labor is split, as in Detroit and Akron, it becomes politically ineffective. The handwriting on the wall for 1938 is distinct enough for labor leaders on both sides to discern. The path of compromise that the peace conference is following—the allocation of certain industries for organizing along industrial lines, and the assurance that in others the dominance of the craft unions will not be challenged—is the only intelligent path. Whether unity can be achieved depends now on the breadth of view of the negotiators.

*

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR'S CANCELATION OF his American trip has relieved everyone concerned, including the British government, the United States government, and American labor. It has undoubtedly dashed the expectations of American society circles, but they may be trusted to find substitute diversions. Many Americans will continue to regard the Duke as an innocent and well-intentioned blunderer. But a dispatch from P. J. Philip in the New York *Times* of November 7 gives a clear indication of the message the Duke, innocent or not, would have brought to America. Mr. Philip, who is close to the Duke and to British circles in Paris, reports that Windsor was impressed by the contentment of German workers under the Nazi regime and by their enthusiasm. This statement reinforces what *The Nation* has several times declared was to be the burden of the Duke's proposed visit. It is the connection of the Windsors with the Nazis, more than their relation to Charles Bedaux's labor stretch-out system, that made them look to most Americans like thoroughly undesirable guests. When William Green declares that the Duke's severance from Mr. Bedaux is all that labor asks for, he is shortsighted. There is an inner logical connection between the stretch-out in America and the destruction of trade unions in Nazi Germany.

*

THE DEPARTMENT OF LABOR HOLDS IN ITS hands the lives of two men, Domenick Sallitto and Vincent Ferrero, who have been law-abiding citizens of this country for sixteen and thirty-one years respectively. They have been living for more than two and one-half years under a threat of being sent back to Italy, where they face a fascist prison. The charge against Sallitto is that he is a member of an "organization which believes in, advises, advocates . . . the overthrow of the government of the United States by force and violence"; Ferrero is charged with having been associated with an anarchist publication which went out of existence years ago. The law which would make these men liable to deportation should never have been passed and should now be repealed; but in the case of Sallitto the Labor Department's own board of review admitted that "there was no direct proof of membership," and the case against Ferrero seems to consist of the fact that he was working as cook in a building which was used as a mailing address by the legal if anarchist publication *Man*—with which he had no connection. The evidence in both cases is so flimsy that they should be dropped on legal grounds; from a humane point of view their continuance is nothing less than brutal.

*

AS WE GO TO PRESS WE ARE INFORMED that another refugee, Hans Goepel, a Socialist, who escaped from Nazi Germany, tried to commit suicide when he heard that the Department of Labor was about to issue a writ of deportation in his case. Goepel was formerly in the German navy, where he carried on underground anti-Nazi work. When he was about to be arrested he stowed away on a boat bound for America. A year and a half later he was picked up and held for deportation. His case has been pending for about six months. It is part of the record that Goepel is a Socialist who deserted from the Nazi navy. Surely that should be sufficient evidence, if his attempt at suicide were not, that he faces certain death in Germany. A bill guaranteeing the right of asylum is now pending in Congress. The Department of Labor could well afford to grant Goepel what amounts to a stay of execution at least until that bill comes to a vote.

*

CIVIL WAR HAS BROKEN OUT AT LAST IN the American Medical Association—a very civil and respectable war but for that reason perhaps the more formidable. A group of 430 doctors, many of them leading figures in the profession, has openly rebelled against the do-nothing group, headed by Dr. Fishbein, that controls the association. They have published a manifesto much like one that was sidetracked in committee at the last A. M. A. convention. The patient public will welcome any open revolt against the reactionary medical machine. *The Nation* congratulates this democratic medical "four hundred" on furnishing the leadership which the profession so badly needs. At last the public can look to a responsible professional group for help in solving the problem of paying its doctor's and hospital bills. But it must be said that the manifesto seems designed to help the doctors even more than the public. While it declares the health of the people to be a national issue with which the federal, state, and local governments should be more actively concerned, and calls for a national health program, the principal objective seems to be to pay the doctors for their care of the "medically indigent." We have no objection to this worthy aim—especially since it undermines the doctors' case for higher fees to those blessed with an income. But unless the four hundred will help us budget our health costs, they will forfeit the public hope and confidence which their action has aroused.

*

NEW VOTE FRAUDS HAVE CROPPED UP IN the wake of the introduction of proportional representation in the council elections of New York City. The vote counters, who were almost wholly chosen by political district leaders by a non-competitive civil-service examination, and who had to be registered Democrats or Republicans, are not showing great zeal in ending their ten-dollar-a-day jobs. Even greater than the danger of tampering with the ballots, which is to be officially investigated, is this sabotage and delay of the counters. It is to the interest of the Tammany and Old Guard Republican leaders, who appointed them, to discredit the whole mechanism of P. R. by emphasizing its cumbersomeness. Fortunately, the whole incident can only serve to strengthen the movement for keeping P. R. while mechanizing it. Machines are now available both for the balloting and for the tabulation of the votes. When they have been installed, P. R. should be safe even against sabotage.

Unholy Alliance

WITH unprecedented audacity the fascist powers have succeeded in stealing the spotlight in a week that was supposed to be dominated by the Nine-Power Conference at Brussels. The acceptance of Hitler as mediator in the Far Eastern conflict, while denied in both Tokyo and Nanking, appears to have been a definite fact and was only sidetracked at the last minute when Japan became too greedy in its demands. The moment is a particularly strategic one for mediation. Japan has completed its conquest of the four northern provinces, except for parts of Shansi. It has finally succeeded in driving the Chinese back in Shanghai, and is threatening by a new maneuver to force the evacuation of Pootung and Nantao. Although far from exhausted, China is faced with a temptation to yield before the rich region between the Yellow and the Yangtze rivers is invaded. The presence of several hundred German military advisers in Nanking and the known bias of the powerful Kung family toward Germany have not lessened that temptation, while the pro-fascist clique at Nanking would like nothing better than to obliterate by compromise or out-and-out surrender the recent popular-front agreement between Chiang Kai-shek and the former Chinese Red Army.

Even more audacious, under the circumstances, was the signing of the three-power anti-Communist alliance at Rome. Like Hitler's announcement on mediation, the fact can only be construed as an open challenge to the Brussels conference. And while it is scarcely the kind of action which would be calculated to convince Nanking of Hitler's impartiality, it was a superb example of fascist contempt for world opinion. The classic instance had been the recognition of Franco and the signing of the original anti-red pact a year ago. But at that time it was not nearly so apparent that under the guise of opposition to communism the fascist states were actually banding together against the democracies.

In contrast, the Brussels conference, hailed at its outset as an effort to create a common front among the democratic states, has slowly been fading into futility. As was expected, no country has taken the leadership in formulating a policy to check aggression. On the contrary, there is little indication that anyone remembers why the conference was called into being. The opening address of Norman Davis, the American delegate, contained not a single reference to the fact that China had been invaded, that the Japanese were aggressors, or that a treaty had been violated. Nor did it suggest that penalties might have to be adopted to restore peace. The joint resolution asking for Japanese participation in the deliberations was little better. While reference was made to an alleged violation of the Nine-Power Pact, it was not even implied that the signatories would take any steps to uphold the agreement.

In a crisis of this sort it is customary to call for "strong leadership" from the so-called democratic powers. Leadership would, indeed, be helpful; but it is evident that the source of our difficulties lies much deeper than mere absence of courageous leaders. Democratic governments can move only a certain distance ahead of the voters on whom their existence depends. And the spirit of fascism, unfortunately, is to be found not only within the boundaries of the signers of the anti-Communist pact. It is strong in France; it has penetrated the British Foreign Office; and it is not wholly absent from our own country. Confused counsels and conflicting interests prevent the governments from taking a stand. Leadership, if it is to come at all, must come from the people themselves. Once before, on the occasion of the Hoare-Laval plan to sell out Ethiopia, world opinion rose up against a cowardly retreat in the face of aggression. Unfortunately, the effects of that outburst were largely lost because of the weakness of the Ethiopian defense. In the present situation there need be no such worry. China has shown that it can hold its own almost indefinitely against Japan, provided it can obtain an adequate amount of munitions and other supplies.

Without support from the so-called democracies, it may be assumed that the fascist forces within China will sooner or later compel Chiang Kai-shek to capitulate. This support will not be forthcoming unless those who are in earnest in their desire for peace make themselves heard. Congress is scheduled to open next Monday. Before that time every Congressman, every Senator, and the President himself should be deluged with telegrams asking that the United States take the initiative in sponsoring collective measures to quarantine aggression. By an embargo on scrap-iron, cotton, and oil this country, acting with Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands, could cut off the supplies which are most essential to Japan's war machine. Congress should also take emergency action to check the inflow of silk and other Japanese products, the sale of which makes possible the continuation of the war. The recent Gallup poll indicated that the American people are overwhelmingly opposed to Japanese aggression in China. If this sentiment can be made articulate within the next week, by protests to Washington and by refusals to buy Japanese goods, the Chinese people will be vastly strengthened in their own defense.

Russia and the World

TWENTY years after its founding the Soviet government has a new job on its hands. New forces, unthought of in 1917, have profoundly changed its status and function. Too often this change is ignored by those who discuss the present position and behavior of the government of Stalin. They are apt to assume that Russia is or could be or should be still primarily the focal point of world revolution. But this is not the case. The Soviet government has been impelled to engage in a different enterprise—the leadership of the anti-fascist forces of the world. Twenty years ago when Soviet Russia emerged as the first socialist state it was a center of revolutionary action and propaganda; today it has become, above all else, a great power. There are those who consider this change a treasonable surrender of revolutionary purpose and principle. There are others who refuse to accept it as a fact. But there are more, we believe, in every country, who look upon the present international role of Russia, not only as historically inevitable, but as the chief element of hope in a world from which order and sanity have almost vanished.

It is a simple truth that the civilization of the world is threatened with extinction. Normal people shrink from a concept so sensational, but the fact remains. We have watched, year by year, the successful encroachments of the forces of violence and barbarism: upon Manchuria, Ethiopia, Spain, and now all of China; upon long-established institutions of humanity and enlightenment in the fascist countries themselves. We have seen primitive tribal loyalties and superstitions darken modern minds. We see trade languish and international finance resort to makeshift forms of barter. We are witnessing what may be the beginning of an end. The anti-Communist pact, uniting Italy with Germany and Japan, presents this major threat in concrete and detailed terms; the fascist international is organized and prepared for united action.

But the non-fascist countries are at odds with one another and within themselves. They fear the collapse of the fascist states almost as much as they fear their power; Britain's imperialist interests clash with its class interests; the League machinery creaks and stalls, and new, even more futile, diplomatic devices are set up. Among the non-fascist states, Russia has displayed the largest measure of realism and courage. M. Litvinov has become a sort of international touchstone of sanity, although his directness and common sense are so shocking to his fellow-diplomats that they are generally attacked as deliberate provocation. The one who points out the king's nakedness is these days all too likely himself to be accused of indecent exposure. But Soviet foreign policy continues to concentrate on the fascist menace and to utilize all its resources of power, persuasion, warning, and diplomatic skill to align the democratic nations on its side.

Unfortunately Russia, too, is divided, although the lines of division are obscured by censorship and the lack of open political discussion. For more than a year the purge of Communist Party members and state functionaries has continued. Official explanations are unconvincing because they are inadequate. "Trotskyist," "diversionist," "wrecker"—like "red" and "Bolshevik" in other countries—are tags rather than descriptions or indictments. Bitter opposition to the government's policy undoubtedly exists among thousands of unreconstructed Bolsheviks. They have seen the world revolution sidetracked to make way for collaboration with anti-fascist groups and non-fascist governments. Many must have refused to follow the new line or have accepted it without conviction. And some may well have translated their resentment into active opposition to the regime. Add to these elements of honest dissent the army of actual fascist spies and plotters, agents of Germany and Japan, of Poland and the Baltic states, at work in government agencies, in industry, in the army; add the most potent ingredients of all—suspicion and intolerance and fear, the inevitable mood of a country faced with the threat of imminent war—and you have an unstable domestic brew.

Sympathetic outsiders have watched the progress of the purge with an anxiety born of the new dependence on Soviet power. Only the integrity and strength of the Soviet Union can reassure the faltering elements of opposition to fascism in Britain and France and the rest of Europe. If Russia is weak or believed to be weak, Hitler and Mussolini are strengthened in the same degree. Naturally the fascist powers are doing all they can to create distrust of Soviet strength even while they organize an alliance to fight the alleged Communist menace. The rest of us would do well to judge events in the light of the available facts rather than to consult fascist hopes or our own fears. The Soviet Union has survived twenty years of intermittent purges; never has the government tolerated the existence of serious opposition. But the objectives of socialist control and construction have never been lost sight of even when they have been blocked by such major obstacles as war and famine and internal resistance. Impressive gains have been made in industry and agriculture, as Maxwell Stewart's article in this issue so clearly shows. The largest standing army in Europe has been built and equipped—and events in Spain have testified to the quality of its equipment. Above all, the people and their government are united in two things: a passionate opposition to war—knowing well that the future of socialism in Russia depends on continued peace; and a still stronger determination to resist fascism even if resistance means war—for the success of fascism would spell the end of socialism and the Soviet government and the essence of Western civilization as well.

Labor's Long Road

THE recent elections have succeeded in being all things to all men. The Republicans are elated over New York State, the Democrats are pleased about New Jersey, the labor groups point with pride to New York City and Pittsburgh, and the anti-labor conservatives are having an orgy of rejoicing over Detroit and Akron. All of which may create a general sense of concord and well-being, but does not bring enlightenment as to the direction for the future.

One thing is clear: 1937 does not mark a retreat from the progressive trend of 1936 but a continuation of it. We speak now not in terms of parties but of the basic prestige which broad social views continue to possess. Today no less than in 1936 it is smart politics to be a liberal. The Democrat who made the most impressive showing was the New Dealer who won the governorship by a five-to-one vote in Virginia, the home state of the arch-tories Byrd and Glass; while Harry Moore in New Jersey, despite the backing of the powerful and corrupt Hague machine, just managed to squeeze into office by a margin greatly reduced from his previous victories. The Republicans who were successful in New York were the Dewey-Barton-Morris type, all of them either liberals or posing as liberals. And labor's considerable successes in a score of cities mark a new phase in the development of American progressive politics.

But while the future direction promises to be liberal, neither labor nor its opponents can afford to be content with a vague sense of the general drift. Detroit and Akron are both examples of the danger of relying too heavily on labor's forward surge. While the union forces piled up impressive votes in both cities, their candidates were beaten by conservative coalitions; where hopes were raised so high, the immediate result could only be disillusionment. There is no doubt that labor's political potential is high, but to estimate it properly one must learn from defeats as well as victories.

The lions who roar daily in the editorial pages and signed columns of the big city newspapers reveal an uneasy note in their roaring. They are worried about the part labor will play in the elections of 1938 and 1940, and to assuage their fears they are building up a comfortable rationalization of the half-million votes labor rolled up in New York City. They point out that labor lost the election in cities where there has been the greatest strike militancy and violence—Detroit and Akron—and won in New York, where labor struggles have been relatively peaceful. The moral to trade unionists would seem to be: if you seek political power, do not be too militant on the economic front. We can understand how such a moral would be wholly satisfactory to some of the employers, but that does not make it true. New York labor has not had to come up against the feudal power of the automobile, rubber, and steel barons, but anyone who has watched the brilliant and militant organizing job done in the maritime unions and the transit unions—both powerful political factors—can scarcely say that labor in New York City lacks dynamic force. It is true also that in the New York campaign the labor slogans were played down by LaGuardia and some of his followers in the American Labor Party, and the good-government slogans played up. But realists know that civic virtue does not triumph in politics without vigorous group support, and they know that while the Republicans voted against a Tammany that rifled the city treasury, increased taxes, and made bond prices precarious, labor voted for slum clearance and a lawful police force. The C. I. O. candidates in Detroit campaigned articulately for labor interests and lost; yet the labor candidates in Akron, who adopted the New York tactics of repudiating anything smacking of the "reds" and campaigned in broad and neutral middle-class terms, also lost.

The real lesson that labor should draw from the elections is that it cannot hope to stand on its own feet politically unless it can first achieve unity. In New York there was no open dissension between the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. forces, except for the defection of the ineffable Mr. Ryan. Both labor groups united behind LaGuardia. In Detroit, on the other hand, the A. F. of L. leadership, after losing to the C. I. O. candidate in the primaries, broke away to support the reactionary Republican candidate. The coalition in New York was a coalition of the labor forces; in Detroit, the labor split allowed a coalition of the conservative forces. In both cases the coalitions won. By themselves the reactionary industrialist forces in any community or in the nation as a whole will be powerless to defeat a candidate who has the unified support of labor. But if to the money that business contributes to a campaign, one adds the votes that conservative labor and the frightened middle class contribute, the result can only be defeat for progressive labor.

It must be evident also that, even if it should achieve unity within its own ranks, labor will not be able to stand on its own feet for some time, but will have to operate as a balance-of-power party. The American Labor Party saw this clearly in New York, and threw its weight to the more progressive of the candidates, adapting its entire strategy to its balance-of-power role. Whether even in New York labor will soon be able to win a victory against the combined opposition of Democratic and Republican conservatives is open to serious doubts. For the fact is that middle-class sentiment, clinging to all the idols in American life that are part of the fetishism of property, is still the deciding factor in any election. For that reason labor must not look to any overnight conquest of political power. Neither, on the other hand, should it use—because it does not need—the technique and the language of the pressure group. Pressure-group politics is only for minorities, which must operate through lobbies because they have not the strength to operate openly at the polls. A labor party will, in the long run, build its program on the fact that it represents the interests of the vast majority, and in a democracy it is the majority will that counts. This is a long road for labor to travel, but it is the only road that will reach the goal.

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Twenty Years of Progress

BY MAXWELL S. STEWART

FOR the outside world the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution has been seriously overshadowed by the executions, political trials, and mass arrests which have occurred in recent months. It is generally believed that the Soviet Union is in the midst of the most severe political crisis of its history. Political observers have commented on the decline of Soviet prestige and suggested that Russia's failure to embark on a war with Japan is an unmistakable indication of Soviet weakness.

Yet it is doubtful whether the average Soviet citizen is conscious of any grave crisis in the political life of his country. While the foreign press has been filled with tales of trials, shootings, and sabotage, Soviet papers have carried enthusiastic reports of industrial and agricultural progress and of brilliant achievements in Arctic exploration, and have emphasized the social advance promised by the new constitution. It is true that Soviet citizens have been kept fully aware of the Trotskyite trials, as well as of the sabotage and purges in the army, the political bureaucracy, industry, and agriculture. But spectacular political trials have been too common in Soviet history to be regarded very gravely, while purges of more or less severity have been almost annual affairs. The average citizen is far more likely to be impressed by the increased quantity and improved quality of the food that is now available, by the tremendous increase in the supply of consumers' goods, and by the gradual decline in retail prices. For the first time since October, 1917, he has begun to receive substantial material dividends for the years of privation he endured during the development of a socialist industry and agriculture.

Nor is this the first time that an anniversary has been celebrated under a cloud. The chief milestones of Soviet history, almost without exception, have been marred by trying circumstances. The fifth anniversary came while the country was still prostrate from intervention and famine. Industrial and agricultural production had just begun to recover from their lowest ebb. By the time of the tenth anniversary economic conditions had notably improved, but there had been a letdown in revolutionary morale as a result of the NEP. The Trotsky-Stalin feud, moreover, had rocked the entire country, and, finally, unemployment and rural backwardness loomed as apparently insoluble problems. The fifteenth anniversary coincided with the darkest period of the First Five-Year Plan. As a result of the depression, forced exports, difficulties with collectivization, bad harvests, and military preparations, consumers' goods were almost unobtainable, and the country faced the threat of famine.

And yet throughout this period the Soviets have registered many spectacular achievements. Even the most virulent critics of the Soviet regime will admit that the Bolsheviks have built a large and, compared with previous periods, efficient industry. They will grant that Russian agriculture is more productive than at any period in the past, that the Red Army is one of the most formidable fighting forces in the world, that workers' living standards are higher than ever before, and that great advances have been made in spheres of education, public health, and general social services. But they will insist that in spite of this progress industrial productivity is still low, distribution is chaotic, quality is poor, and that the average Russian pays a heavy price for his economic and social gains in the form of fear of political terrorism.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

The most recent issue of the *Monthly Bulletin of Statistics,* published by the League of Nations, shows the volume of industrial production for the U. S. S. R. at the close of 1936 to have been somewhat more than four times the 1929 level and nearly seven times that of 1927. Preliminary figures indicate an additional 15 per cent increase in the first six months of the current year. The development of the heavy industries has been particularly spectacular. During the four months ending in August, according to the League statistics, pig-iron production maintained a rate of 15,000,000 metric tons annually. While slightly under the plan, this is 7 per cent better than for the corresponding period of last year, nearly two and a half times the rate of production of five years ago, and five times the output of 1927. In 1913 the total production of pig iron in Russia was only 4,200,000 tons. Although the output per worker remains low as compared with the United States, it showed an improvement of more than 25 per cent in 1936 as compared with the previous year.

There is probably no branch of Soviet industry which has suffered so many and such serious breakdowns as coal. Repeatedly during the last ten years this industry has been subject to drastic overhauling and reorganization. It is somewhat surprising, therefore, to find that according to League figures coal production during July and August, while well under the plan, averaged 10,190,000 tons a month, which is 5 per cent higher than in the same months of 1936, nearly double the 1932 output, and approximately four times the average production of ten years ago. Pre-war production was at less than one-fourth the present rate. In many respects the coal situation is typical of Soviet economic life. Production rarely moves smoothly according to plan; innumerable obstacles are constantly encountered; and the press incessantly harps on the shortcomings of various industries. Yet amid all this furor, progress is steadily made. and the plans somehow manage to be fulfilled ahead of schedule. So much attention has been paid to the difficulties in a few industries that the outside world is scarcely aware that the Second Five-Year Plan was completed on April 1, 1937, fully nine months ahead of schedule.

Viewed in retrospect, the fulfilment of the First and Second Five-Year Plans may not seem particularly notable. Yet when the terms of these plans were first announced they appeared as unapproachable as those of the Third Five-Year Plan, just made public, now seem. By 1942 the U. S. S. R. hopes to surpass the United States in pig-iron production, with 32,000,000 tons—more than double the present output. The quantity of paper is to be increased threefold, while the production of aluminum—non-existent before 1930—is expected to reach 200,000 tons annually.

To one who has traveled much in the Soviet Union the description of the projected improvements on the railways sounds almost fantastic. We read, for example, that "express trains should attain an average speed of seventy-two miles an hour," that new railway cars will be streamlined, that floors will be made of a new composition material, and that "a large number of passenger cars on through trains will be provided with air conditioning." Small advances, perhaps, in terms of American standards, but almost unbelievable in a country where but yesterday transportation was on the verge of complete breakdown.

No discussion of Soviet industrial production can afford to omit a consideration of the Stakhanov movement. Since the day late in 1935 when Stakhanov, a miner in the Donbas, startled the country by exceeding his normal output several times by organizing his work on a scientific basis, Stakhanovism has become almost a national religion. Every industry has its "Stakhanovs" who have set phenomenal records of individual productivity. Whether Stakhanovism has actually increased national production or, as some have charged, has so disorganized industry as to reduce total output cannot easily be determined. We know that production has increased, though at a somewhat slower rate, and in view of almost equal evidence pro and con, we may assume that Stakhanovism has proved much more adaptable to some industries than to others. There can be little doubt, however, that the attempt to speed up certain types of work has caused considerable damage, both through injury to machinery and a decline in the quality of output.

Living Standards

The failure of Soviet industry, particularly the branches producing consumers' goods, to attain even reasonable standards of quality has considerable bearing on the difficult question of living standards. Despite the tremendous increase in industrial production in recent years, living standards are admittedly low for the great majority of the population. The Second Five-Year Plan, like the first, was largely devoted to laying the foundations of the Soviet industrial structure. To a larger extent than in any other country energies have been concentrated on the building of factories, the output of machinery, and the development of transportation rather than on the production of shoes, clothing, and household goods. As a result, it is possible for anti-Soviet writers to point out that the cheapest pair of shoes costs nearly a month's salary for a low-paid factory worker, while the purchase of a suit of medium quality requires the equivalent of four months' wages. This is not a fair indication of living standards. Soviet rents are exceedingly low and are usually fixed at a proportion of the worker's wages. Bread is very reasonable in price and excellent in quality, while vegetables have never been expensive. Traveling, too, is cheap. Finally, it must not be forgotten that Soviet workers obtain many forms of indirect subsidy which materially affect their standards of living. Meals in the larger factories are substantial and inexpensive. Medical care and education are free. Social-insurance funds provide free vacations for a large number of workers annually, and older students obtain financial aid while attending school. Substantial assistance is given to families with six or more children, as well as to the sick, the disabled, and the aged. Since most of these social benefits are non-existent outside the Soviet Union, it is virtually impossible to compare living standards.

The Revolution in Agriculture

Perhaps the most outstanding failure of the Soviet authorities during the first fifteen years after the October Revolution was their inability to solve the farm problem. In the middle 20's the so-called "scissors crisis"—high prices for consumers' goods in contrast with low fixed prices for farm products—caused serious alarm. Although the crisis was overcome temporarily through somewhat higher prices for farm products under the NEP, the basic disparity remained in effect for years. While the poorer peasants gained relatively in the struggle with the kulaks, the position of the peasantry as a whole was little, if any, better at the beginning of the First Five-Year Plan than before the revolution. In contrast to the workers in the cities, where the Bolsheviks were constantly gaining in prestige and popularity, the peasants tended to be apathetic or hostile.

The first steps toward collectivization only accentuated the difficulties. Many peasants actively resented the change in traditional methods; organization was bad; over-zealous grain collections discouraged even those normally friendly to the Communist leadership. The forced deportation of kulaks greatly increased discontent. In the summer of 1932 peasants in the north Caucasus and the Ukraine allowed a large share of their crops to rot in the fields rather than deliver them to overbearing local officials. That fall the area sown to winter grain was even less than in the disastrous 1931-32 season. This, however, proved to be the turning-point in the entire agricultural situation. On January 19, 1933, an order was issued replacing the system of grain procurements by an obligatory, fixed grain tax. The quotas were in each case set extremely low, averaging about 15 per cent of the small 1932 harvest. In addition, 25,000 picked Communists and Komsomols were dispatched to the tractor stations and state farms for organization work. These two measures succeeded beyond all expectations. In the summer of 1933, despite inadequate preparation and only average weather, the Soviets harvested 89,800,000 tons, the largest grain crop that had been gathered up to that time in Russian history. Unfavorable weather conditions in the next three years kept the crop at practically the same figure, but a new record of 107,000,000 tons was established in the season just closed, nearly 20 per cent above the best previous harvest. More than 98 per cent of the 1937 crop was gathered from collective or state farms, whereas ten years ago only about 2 per cent of the output was obtained from socialized units.

A primary factor in the success of collectivization has been the rapid growth in the supply of tractors and combines. In 1932 there were only 125,000 tractors at work on Soviet farms, nearly half of which were unfit for service. There were about 6,000 combines. Four years later the number of tractors had tripled, and the number of combines had increased nearly eightfold.

Most important of all is the fact that for the first time in history Russian farmers are obtaining a fair reward for their work. At present prices and productivity the more efficient collectives are enjoying genuine prosperity. While reports of family incomes of from thirty to fifty thousand rubles are to be discounted as exceptional, incomes of from three to five thousand rubles appear to be not unusual. The peasants as a whole have swung from indifference or hostility to active support of the regime.

CHANGES IN PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS

Against this somewhat optimistic picture of conditions in agriculture must be set certain disquieting aspects of urban social conditions. As a result of Stakhanovism the inequalities in income, which had become more marked each year, have reached serious proportions. Although the average income of urban workers is approximately 250 rubles a month, a favored few—Stakhanovites, authors, engineers, and actors—earn from one to three thousand rubles a month. How serious these inequalities are from the standpoint of Communist objectives is a matter of dispute. While the range in income is less than in most capitalistic countries, many persons fear that a new privileged class is being developed. Others point to the relatively high cost of luxuries as compared with necessities as a protection against too great a disparity, and claim to see no fundamental danger in inequality as long as no individual is allowed to exploit the labor of another. Most foreign observers are agreed, however, that, like Stakhanovism, monetary rewards for unusual ability have been carried to an unnecessary and unwholesome extreme.

These inequalities of income have undoubtedly contributed to the growing emphasis on aspects of life which a few years ago would have been roundly denounced as "bourgeois." During the last two or three years proletarian Russia has suddenly blossomed out with dance halls, fashion shows, carnivals, and an unprecedented emphasis on the family virtues. Communists explain these changes as the natural development of a classless society. They insist that the Soviet population is entitled to all the good things in life that the well-to-do have in other lands. To the extent that better living conditions are spread over the entire population, this explanation would appear to be entirely justified. But here again there are exemplifications of the Russian trait of carrying new trends to unwise lengths.

Perhaps the best indication of the general health of the Soviet system may be found in the steady extension of protection against the risks of modern society. Unemployment has been virtually unknown since the early days of the First Five-Year Plan. The budget for social insurance has grown from one billion rubles in 1927 to more than five billion in 1934. Social insurance in the Soviet Union is much broader in scope than in any other country. In addition to providing the usual protection against the financial effects of disability, sickness, old age, and death, the Soviets have developed an elaborate system of rest homes, sanitariums, and cultural activities; these are made available to workers without charge and paid for out of the social-insurance funds. Large sums are also spent on housing, feeding of new-born infants, camps for children, and students' stipends. Thus the Soviets have developed a positive concept of social security which should ultimately reduce the need for remedial measures of the type found elsewhere.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION AND CIVIL RIGHTS

Critics of the Soviet Union will concede most of the material and social gains listed above, but will insist that they have been attained by the almost complete destruction of individual liberties. Interpretation of the rights of the individual in Russia is rendered difficult by the seeming contradiction between the terms of the new constitution and the ruthless house-cleaning carried out during the past year. Many of the provisions of the constitution are the most democratic in the world. Elections are to be direct by secret ballot, and there is to be no disqualification on grounds of race, sex, class origin, or religious belief. The right to work for a living is assured to all citizens. Personal property, such as income from work, savings, dwelling houses, and domestic articles, is protected by law. Citizens are guaranteed freedom of speech, of the press, of assembly and demonstration. These liberties are assured by placing public buildings, printing presses, and supplies of paper at the disposal of workers and their organizations. No one may be subject to arrest except upon the decision of a court or with the sanction of the prosecutor.

Yet the events of recent months seem to falsify the belief that individual liberties are gaining greater respect. No purge in the last ten years has been carried out with such ruthlessness. It has even been charged that Stalin seized the opportunity before the new elections, scheduled later this year, to rid himself of all persons who might lead an effective opposition. That spies, anti-Soviet elements, and conspirators have actually existed in great numbers cannot be doubted; but it is difficult to believe that all the persons convicted have been guilty of these crimes or that their activity constituted a serious menace to the Soviet state. In fairness it must be pointed out, however, that foreigners have always tended to underestimate the depth of the hatred which the former bourgeoisie bore for the Soviets, and have failed to make full allowance for the strength of terrorist traditions in Russian life. The recognition of individual rights in the constitution cannot be turned aside as mere hypocrisy. Other countries, too, have found it difficult to close the gap between theory and practice in such matters.

THE SOVIETS IN WORLD AFFAIRS

The outstanding position of the Soviet Union in world councils today makes it difficult for us to recall that only a few years ago Russia was treated as a pariah among the nations. American recognition was not granted until late in 1933—sixteen years after the revolution. Entry into the League did not come until September, 1934. And it was not until the signing of the Franco-Soviet pact of mutual assistance on May 2, 1935, and a similar agreement with Czechoslovakia a few days later, that the end of Soviet isolation in Europe was really achieved. Although the growth of international fascism in the past year has intensified the danger of war, the threat of a joint campaign against communism on the part of all the capitalist nations has evaporated in the face of this greater menace to democratic complacency. Even Russia's bitterest enemies have come to recognize the sincerity of its desire for peace.

Whether the shift in the policies of the Third International which has accompanied the changing role of the Soviet Union in world affairs represents a gain or loss to communism is a matter of sharp dispute. It cannot be said, however, that the prestige of the Communist Party in Spain, China, or France has diminished as a result of the new Soviet line. What losses there have been in Soviet influence in recent months can be attributed solely to the foreign reaction to the executions and mass arrests within the Soviet Union.

No brief summary of post-revolutionary developments can do justice to the complexity of Soviet life. It has proved impossible in these few pages even to touch on subjects of such profound importance as education, the new role of women and youth, social and economic planning, housing, the advances in science, technology, and the arts. Nor is space available for discussing the Polar flights and the significant reclamation and use of the Arctic regions. Soviet achievements in these diverse fields have become accepted by even the regime's worst foes. It is significant, moreover, that although the Soviet Union has been made the victim of an unprecedented campaign of vilification and misrepresentation in the past year, there is no longer anyone who predicts the early overturn of the world's first socialist state. Although its future may not be as bright as its most ardent supporters would suggest, no one today will deny that the Soviet Union has a future, or that this future will greatly influence the entire world.

"Purged" from the WPA

BY PAUL SANN

LAST April the United States Chamber of Commerce in its twenty-fifth annual meeting adopted a resolution declaring, "Employment has progressed to a point where private enterprise will require workers now on work-relief projects. Work relief (better known as WPA) should be brought to a close." The second sentence was a pious wish; the first an attempt to justify it. Mr. Roosevelt recently said that "returning prosperity" would cause the federal government "more and more to narrow the circle of its relief activities." The uncomfortable similarity between his statement and the chamber resolution has been anxiously noted in relief circles. Does this mean that the WPA is going to be junked in the not-too-distant future? Time alone will tell, but indications are plentiful.

The process of demobilization started last April when the President in a special message asked an appropriation of $1,500,000,000 for "recovery and relief" for the fiscal year ending July 30, 1938. When Congress voted that sum, it meant the WPA rolls would have to be slashed. In September, 1936, there were 2,481,516 persons on the WPA rolls. One year later the number stood at 1,456,000—a reduction of more than a million. The drop was partly accounted for by placements in private industry, but the great bulk of the cut—and no one denies this—was achieved by wholesale firings carried out irrespective of need.

The purge officially began on June 30. Two months later in New York City alone 37,000 WPA workers had been lopped off the rolls. Did private enterprise "require" them to such an extent that the majority are now happily earning their keep without the help of a benevolent government? Or have they been forced back on to home relief? One attempt has been made to find out. The New York *Post* sent questionnaires to 1,000 dismissed workers, a cross-section of the 37,000. The questionnaire was sent out almost three months after the firings began, giving the victims that much time in which to find the jobs so glibly promised by the Chamber of Commerce and the other apostles of "returning prosperity." The names had been selected at random so that all types of workers would be reached—skilled, unskilled, semiskilled, clerical, professional, and so on.

The answers were collated early in October, by which time 271 replies had been received. This was a small percentage of the total, but its representative nature was

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established through comparison with the official figures then available, as will be shown below. In any event, this is what the *Post's* statistician, Charles F. Uhl, found:

Of the 271 who replied, 146, or 53.9 per cent, were on home relief.

Four, or 1.5 per cent, had obtained full-time jobs.

Twenty-six, or 9.6 per cent, had part-time jobs and were not receiving relief in any form.

Eighteen, or 6.6 per cent, had part-time jobs but reported that their earnings were so low that they had been certified by the Emergency Relief Bureau for supplementary relief.

Eleven, or 4 per cent, had been reinstated by the WPA.

Sixty-six, or 24.4 per cent, had obtained neither jobs nor home relief and were living with friends or relatives or "struggling along."

Using these figures as a basis on the assumption that the survey was representative, Mr. Uhl arrived at the following estimate of what had become of the 37,000 dismissed workers: 19,856 had been forced on home relief; 544 had found full-time jobs; 3,536 had part-time jobs; 2,448 were existing on part-time earnings plus supplementary relief; 8,976 were in the no-job, no-relief class; and 1,496 had been reinstated.

How did this compare with the actual facts? Checks were possible in only three cases—the home-relief figure, the reinstatement figure, and, to a lesser degree, the no-job, no-relief figure. The Emergency Relief Bureau revealed that on the date the collation of replies started 19,946 dismissed workers had been certified for home relief. Thus the survey was within about 7 per cent of accuracy in that category. Paul Edwards, administrator of the four federal art projects, which accounted for 3,000 of those fired, reported that he had reinstated about 500 workers. Lieutenant Colonel Brehon B. Somervell, who has charge of all New York City WPA projects exclusive of the arts, refused to reveal how many of his 34,000 dismissed workers had been reinstated. The number was assuredly as high—quite possibly higher—than the arts figure, for WPA spokesmen admitted freely during the purge that a considerable number of veterans had been dropped contrary to the provision of the relief-appropriation act, not to mention citizens dropped as aliens because they could not produce their citizenship papers in the short time allowed for the purpose. Add to these the number reinstated for miscellaneous reasons, and the total number of reinstatements rises to well over 1,000. There again the survey figures closely approximate other estimates. Finally, the ERB reported that something like 75 per cent of the dismissed WPA workers who applied for home relief had been admitted to the rolls, leaving 25 per cent in the no-job, no-relief class. Mr. Uhl found that 24.4 per cent of the 271 who replied to the questionnaire were in this category.

It is interesting to note that a survey published in the Scripps-Howard papers shortly after the purge revealed that in several large cities the vast majority of those fired by the WPA had applied for home relief. Apparently there were few jobs to be had. Remarks appended to many of the replies to the *Post* questionnaire indicated the same thing. One man reported that the employment agencies would not even consider his application because he was an ex-WPA worker and "there weren't any jobs anyway." Many of the other remarks were to the same effect. The four who obtained jobs, incidentally, reported average earnings of $21.10 a week, with a doctor receiving the highest wage, $25 a week, and a laborer the lowest, $13; the other two were clerical workers. One of the questions asked by the *Post* was, "What kind of job are you seeking and at what salary?" The answers to this indicated that the average salary asked was $18.91 a week; it was less in many cases than what the person had received from the WPA. Half of those who replied had two or more dependents.

When the last Congress adjourned, it left one faint ray of hope—the Schwellenbach-Allen joint resolution prohibiting WPA officials from dropping workers who are unable to obtain jobs in private industry at salaries equivalent to their WPA incomes. The resolution is certain to be introduced when Congress reconvenes, but its chance of adoption has been considerably lessened by the President's recent utterances. On October 22 he said he was confident the $1,500,000,000 relief appropriation would be sufficient for the current fiscal year and that no deficiency appropriation would be asked. The meaning of this is clear: the White House will probably oppose the adoption of the Schwellenbach-Allen resolution if an effort is made to push it through, as its success would make a deficiency appropriation absolutely imperative. It is well to note here that the entire $1,500,000,000 appropriation was not for work relief; $175,000,000 was earmarked by Congress for the Resettlement Administration and the National Youth Administration.

Harry Hopkins, national WPA chief, estimated last April that the reduced sum available for work relief would allow for a relief roll throughout the year averaging 1,500,000 persons. The figure has fallen below that now, but Hopkins has said that the rolls will have to be increased to about 2,070,000 by January to take care of the usual rise during the cold months. Without a deficiency appropriation this means that in the spring another purge will have to be instituted in order to make the relief fund last through June 30.

Thus between January and July of next year, if Mr. Hopkins carries out his announced plans, the nation will witness the spectacle of a spurt in WPA employment followed by another sharp drop. The outlook is dark, especially in view of the fact that if the relief fund falls low enough, Mr. Hopkins may find it necessary to cut the rolls even below 1,500,000 after the winter expansion.

It is true of course that since March, 1936, there has been a steady upswing in private employment, with the first drop felt this fall. Despite improved employment conditions, however, New York City's home-relief bill threatens to rise to a new two-year high, although the case load dropped steadily from March, 1936, to June, 1937, when the effects of the purge began to be felt. Other principal cities, meager reports indicate, are having the same experience: the WPA's forced purges are wiping out the economies of the recovery years.

Swastika Over Brazil

BY NATHANIEL WEYL

A FEW weeks ago Getulio Vargas, Dictator-President of Brazil, ramrodded a bill through the Brazilian Congress which once more places that South American republic in a "state of war." The official excuse was the discovery of a vast Communist plot to seize power. The details of the plot were elaborated in penny-dreadful style by the high command of the Brazilian army, but it can be dismissed offhand as a pure fabrication, running completely counter to the world line of the Communist Party. A return to the "state of war" which obtained from November, 1935, through June, 1937, means that special military tribunals backed by the secret police are once more the supreme authority; that the arrest of congressmen and senators in violation of the constitution again becomes possible; in short, that democratic rights are suspended throughout the largest country of South America. The timing of the martial law pointed to its real purpose: to prevent the holding of the presidential election scheduled for January and to destroy the rising progressive movement which had been revitalized by the release of Senator Abel Chermont, Mayor of Rio de Janeiro, and other imprisoned leftists.

The rapid strides which Brazil is taking toward fascism can only be understood in terms of the Nazi drive for economic and political control in South America. "After the fascists win in Spain, they will start here in Brazil," was the warning issued a few months ago by Congressman Cafe Filho. And there is much to support his contention.

The Brazilian press has discovered that large shipments of arms—many of them made in Germany and transported on German vessels—are being smuggled into sections of Brazil already under fascist control. Brazil's fascist party, with a membership running into the hundreds of thousands, is being transformed into an efficient military force, and fascism is making serious inroads in the army. The Vargas government has even been charged with deporting Spanish republicans to the insurgent-held port of Vigo, where they are shot on arrival. The relation between President Vargas and the fascists of Brazil is indicated by the Hitler salute with which he greeted marching Integralistas in a demonstration in September, 1936.

The fascist nations have been making strenuous efforts to gain control of Brazil's agricultural and mineral resources, which are so extensive that they might conceivably spell the difference between victory and defeat in a European war. Gustav Schlotterer, special envoy of the Reich's Ministry of Economics, has proposed that Brazil make huge shipments of coffee, cocoa, beans, chilled and frozen meats, raw cotton, and hides to special points in Europe where they can be used by Germany in the event of war. Potentially even more important are the mineral resources. So eminent a geologist as H. Foster Bain estimates that the iron-ore deposits in Itabira are the richest in the world, and Brazil also contains abundant supplies of ferromanganese and nickel—two key materials in modern war.

The iron reserves of Brazil are supposedly dominated by British and American interests. Yet when the Itabira Iron Company applied for a new contract, giving it virtually a monopoly position and authorizing construction of a railroad and private port in the state of Espirito Santo, congressmen charged that the German steel magnate, Thyssen, was involved in the deal and that the Krupp works were planning to launch a Brazilian subsidiary. They also maintained that ten iron mines and a number of nickel mines are today openly or secretly controlled by German capital.

German commercial penetration—subsidized by the Reich through a compensation-mark agreement—has made terrific inroads in the Brazilian market. Last year German trade outstripped American, and the Reich moved into first place. The American Chamber of Commerce in Brazil issued a blast against this subsidized competition, describing it as "unscrupulous and unfair," and adding that German merchandise was undercutting American by from 10 to 40 per cent. Alarmed by German encroachment, the State Department negotiated a new Brazilian-American trade agreement and obtained an assurance from Finance Minister de Sousa Costa that United States trade would be protected against the subsidized competition of other nations. Despite this assurance, Germany's share of the Brazilian market during July broke all records.

Almost as active as Germany in the exploitation of Brazil is Japan. Dependent on the United States for key raw materials and aware that American hostility to its plans of empire may result in embargos, Tokyo is building a powerful economic base in South America. Every third bale of Brazilian cotton is grown by Japanese settlers, and over half the Japanese emigrants from Asia migrate to Brazil. An agreement between the Brazilian government and the Japanese colonization corporation which gives the latter 2,500,000 acres of land in the state of Amazonas provides for the establishment of a quasi-independent political and economic entity of Japanese colonists.

Colonization and subsidized trade play a large role in fascism's drive to control raw-material areas, since the dearth of capital prevents its reliance on penetration by investment. But the economic drive is now being reinforced by vigorous political measures. Germany realizes that its anxieties about Brazilian raw materials would come to an end if the Integralist Party seized power. The triumph of fascism in Brazil would mean that a puppet government controlled by Berlin and Rome would rule a nation larger in land area than the United States and having within its borders more than half the population of South America. A fascist Brazil, moreover, could expand its political system outward into the dictator-ridden adjacent countries and smash to pieces President Roosevelt's ideal of a Western Hemisphere living at peace and in democracy. A "nationalist" rebellion in Brazil, which is clearly in preparation, would be in effect a European invasion of the Americas, though there would be no German, Italian, or Japanese soldiers on Brazilian soil. To all appearances it would be simply another Latin American civil war, and our State Department would be accused of dollar diplomacy and imperialism if it attempted to intervene. Menotti del Picchia, a well-known Brazilian writer of Italian descent who recently broke with the fascist movement, is quoted as follows in the newspaper *A Ordem:*

> Fascism in Brazil is led by Germany. The Reich's Department of Propaganda does not even attempt to hide it. Germany has sent 25,000 Mausers and a large quantity of other munitions which are being stored in Rio Negro and Porto Uniao. . . . Former war veterans from the German army are there in large numbers. They give the Germanic population military education. German ships visit the ports of Itajahy and São Francisco unexpectedly and unload arms.

The Brazilian War Department was recently informed that a large number of machine-guns were being smuggled into Brazil from Hamburg on the steamship Campos Salles. It announced its intention of confiscating them. And according to Congressman Filho, a certain "Herr von Cossal, an official of the German government and the representative of National Socialism in Brazil, . . . pledged the support of one million Brazilians to the Hitler cause" at a Nazi congress.

Although the Integralist movement wears the garments of rabid nationalism, it is in reality a hot-house product of German official intrigue. German firms compel their employees to join the Integralist movement, and German banks bring pressure on reluctant tradesmen. The German-owned slaughterhouse in Rio de Janeiro, Cortume Carioca, sees to it that all its workers join the fascist ranks. There is even a slogan written in huge letters on the wall of this factory: "Unser Land ist ein Stück von Deutschland" (Our land is a part of Germany).

Despite its foreign origin the Integralist movement has enormous strength. Italian and German colonists numbering more than 600,000 give it a broad base in the urban middle class. Claiming a membership of a million, the fascists have elected 450 state deputies and 20 mayors. In addition, the Integralists have penetrated officer groups in the army and have the active support of the police. This is a factor of almost decisive importance because Brazil's government since 1935 has been a police dictatorship.

The Vargas government and the Brazilian press have shown open favoritism toward the fascist rebellion in Spain. While the unofficial representative of Franco basks in the sunshine of governmental approval, workers who raise money for the support of the Spanish Loyalist government, which Brazil still recognizes, are arrested and the funds raised are confiscated by the police. According to Brazilian exiles here, the Vargas government has not permitted Spanish Loyalist vessels to touch at Brazilian ports.

Germany and Italy offer military scholarships to the young cadets of the South American armies. After a year or so abroad these students, now convinced fascists, return to their own countries to take high positions in the army. Nuclei of disaffection are formed around them, and very soon the armed forces are permeated with explosive elements. These young officers play a role of the utmost importance in the political life of South America. The situation in this respect is comparable to that in Japan, and in both instances the cause is the concentrated industrial growth superimposed on a primitive peasant society.

Washington is by no means oblivious to the threatened fascist domination of South America, nor is it accidental that President Roosevelt recently declared: "If those things come to pass in other parts of the world, let no one imagine that America will escape, that this Western Hemisphere will not be attacked and that it will continue tranquilly and peacefully to carry on the ethics and the arts of civilization." The conversations this summer between the Brazilian financial mission and Washington officials resulted in two agreements which are of importance in this connection. By the first Brazil committed itself to make no more trade agreements with Germany which would permit government-subsidized merchandise to drive American commodities from the Brazilian market. The second permitted Rio de Janeiro to lease certain obsolete American war vessels for training purposes. Since these ships would be under the command of American officers, the proposed program would tend to offset fascist influence in the armed forces and would furnish the Brazilian government with vessels which could be used to quell a fascist rebellion. While Argentina attacked the destroyer program, Chile was enthusiastic over this proposal to arm its neighbor. Perhaps this can best be explained by the theory that Washington is considering a similar deal with Chile, thus forming the nucleus for a pan-American navy. Nazi penetration has reached enormous proportions in Chile also, and that country's mineral resources would be of paramount importance in the event of war.

The weakness of any such plan is that it rests on the assumption that the Vargas government is economically compelled to side with the United States, while in fact the political trend toward fascism in Brazil results strictly from that country's economic orientation toward Italy and Germany. The present Brazilian policy of playing Germany against the United States in the grand manner of Mexico's Porfirio Díaz involves the ominous possibility that South American General Francos may turn another continent into a shambles.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WITHOUT communicating with me a New York City radical newspaper announced that a radio station was giving time to Fritz Kuhn, the Nazi leader in this country, and that I would introduce him to the radio audience. A suggestion that I make the introduction was forwarded to me by the Civil Liberties Union in the hope that I would take the air and say what I thought about Nazis in general and Fritz Kuhn in particular. I flatly declined. It may be narrow-minded and intolerant of me, but I refuse to go on the air with a man whose professed beliefs run completely counter to every American institution and all the principles of our democracy. If this is intolerant I wish to be intolerant. "On this subject I do not wish to speak or write with moderation"—and I never have done so. Back in 1915, when the German-American Alliance was taking money from the German government through Count Bernstorff and the German embassy in Washington, I delivered an address at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, denouncing these fraudulent American citizens. Their program at that time included, among other things, the introduction of the German language into every school in the United States and the setting aside of time for the teaching of German *Kultur*. I did not know then that the German-American Alliance was taking German money or I should have used much stronger language than I did. As it was I won the bitter opposition of the professional pro-Germans. I still desire their ill-will.

The fact that I have German blood in my veins makes me boil over at the suggestion that that should influence me in my loyalty to the United States or in my devotion to democratic principles. I am an American and not a hyphenate, and I deny that any intellectually honest or sincere person can have a divided allegiance. This talk of Baron von Neurath and Adolf Hitler and General Göring about once a German always a German is the most scandalous nonsense. It presupposes that every German who has taken the oath of allegiance to the country to which he has emigrated—to the United States or to Brazil or to Switzerland—is ready to lie and to cheat and to perjure himself; Secretary Hull was right in immediately denouncing Baron von Neurath's statement that Germany would never allow any other country to interfere with its contention that a German is a German whether he takes an oath to serve another country or not. If this doctrine of a double allegiance and double citizenship were put in practice generally, it would certainly produce a chaotic condition in those countries—and there are many of them—in which there are large numbers of citizens of foreign birth or ancestry. No country with any self-respect would tolerate this situation for a moment.

The interesting thing is that it is only the Germans who take this position. France does not, Russia does not, and not even Mussolini has announced this doctrine in precisely this crass form. I regret to state that this confirms me in a judgment that I have been very slow to admit—that there is a grave ethical flaw in the German character. I know that it is impossible to indict a whole people, and yet I am overwhelmed by the piled-up evidence that Germans have no ethical standards when it comes to what they call serving their country. When I was a boy in a German school, the teachers extolled to us the cheating and falsification of the German statesmen and military leaders who got around Napoleon's disarming of Germany. With the exception of Von Ossietzky and a few others, I have not found a German who had the slightest moral reaction against the similar deliberate violation of the Treaty of Versailles, which the Germans had pledged their national honor to observe. Likewise I have not found a German who has adopted the Nazi philosophy who has ever shown any moral disapproval of Hitler's slaughter of 1,254 Germans in one night—not 77 as he told the Reichstag in assuming "complete responsibility" for that horrible deed.

As for Kuhn, I do not consider him a loyal American. He wears a foreign uniform, marches under a foreign flag, and upholds doctrines entirely inimical to the American republic, although he is apparently an American citizen. I believe in the right of free speech as much as anybody, and I approve of Mayor LaGuardia's permitting the German-American Bund to march in Yorkville on the Saturday before the election, but I am hoping that the Civil Liberties Union will join some of us in the effort to get a law through Congress at the next session forbidding the wearing of a foreign uniform and the carrying of a foreign flag in the United States. This may work hardship perhaps on certain honest American citizens of foreign extraction—for instance, the Poles and the Czechs—who like to carry the flag of the country from which they came. But carrying the swastika is a different matter. It is a vile flag; it connotes the cruelest and wickedest racial prejudice; it is stained with the blood of many thousands of innocent people; it is an offense wherever it appears. I would no more appear on the same platform with Fritz Kuhn than I would voluntarily associate with a rattlesnake. The Hitler government has announced its intention to work against democracy everywhere. It is the greatest menace to the peace and welfare of the world that exists, and I shall oppose it with every drop of blood in my body and with the last breath that I may draw.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

RUSSIA: ESCAPE FROM PROPAGANDA

BY EDMUND WILSON

THE first two of these books[*] about the Soviet Union are of relatively little importance. Lion Feuchtwanger is simply the last of the eminent literary visitors to Russia to be stuffed by the Soviet publicity service. This service seems to have found in Herr Feuchtwanger a subject of ideal innocence and ignorance; and there is hardly anything in his little book which might not have been written by that service itself. Herr Feuchtwanger spent only ten weeks in Russia, and he sounds as if he had passed his whole time, not in getting around for himself—difficult enough during one's first ten weeks—but in being taken at the right time to the right places and having official apologies poured into him. It is curious that this professional novelist should include in his entire account scarcely a single piece of direct observation. He did witness the Pyatakov-Radek trials and does tell us something about them; but his description of the behavior of the accused seems actually to bear out the theory that the trials were a frame-up rather than to support the official version, which he indorses. Karl Radek, he says, "often . . . smote the barrier with his newspaper or took up his glass of tea, threw a piece of lemon in, stirred it up, and whilst he uttered the most atrocious things, drank it in little sips. . . . But most startling of all, and difficult of explanation, was the gesture with which Radek left the court after the conclusion of the proceedings. . . . He turned round, raised a hand in greeting, shrugged his shoulders very slightly, nodded to the others, his friends who were condemned to death, and smiled. Yes, he smiled."

The special purpose in stuffing Herr Feuchtwanger was evidently to refute André Gide, whose "Retour de l'U. R. S. S." registered a gagging against the stuffing operation. M. Gide has now published another small book reinforcing the convictions of his first. The early part of this supplemental report consists of statistical data of a kind which has been collected and presented by other writers in a more complete form. The second part contains further anecdotes of his journey, significant and sharply observed. The last section is largely made up of letters from foreigners who have worked in the Soviet Union and who corroborate Gide's observations; this is perhaps the most valuable part of the book. But Gide himself was in Russia only a few weeks, and his notes are not entirely free from his habitual perversity and malice. He had approached the Soviet Union with something of the unconscious utopianism of one who had been using his conception of the anti-religious morality of Russia as a switch to sting the French bourgeoisie.

But with Herbart, Beal, Lyons, and Serge, we come to a group of former Communists or Communist sympathizers who have lived and worked in Russia and whose testimony must carry weight. Pierre Herbart is a French intellectual who went to Moscow to edit the French edition of *International Literature;* Fred Beal is an American labor organizer who had charge of the "propaganda and cultural relations" of the foreign workers in a tractor factory at Kharkov; Eugene Lyons is a New York journalist who spent the best part of five years in Moscow as correspondent to the United Press; and Victor Serge, a Communist and a Russian, was the editor of the official magazine *Communist International* and a member of the executive committee of the Comintern. Their accounts are all consistent with one another; taken together, they fill in a picture as appalling as it is convincing; and it is impressive that they should all have chosen this moment—the morrow of the Moscow trials—to put on public record their experiences and their conclusions.

Pierre Herbart marks this moment distinctly. He had accompanied André Gide on the latter's Soviet tour, and his impressions had been much the same as Gide's. But he had tried to dissuade Gide from publishing his notes and remonstrated with him publicly after he had done so: one must take the bad with the good, one must wait for the future, etc. Now, however, he says, "Too many witnesses agree for me to allow myself to be longer in doubt or to be silent any longer. It has now become impossible to defend the U. S. S. R. without lying and knowing that one lies. Such a course cannot serve the revolution." The most valuable part of M. Herbart's book is his account of the political terror as it has lately been closing down again on the activities of writers and artists and, in particular, of his own futile struggles in connection with *International Literature*. He says that his work was a Penelope's web, which he would diligently weave every day to find undone by the bureaucrats every morning. He includes a curious document by an old French woman who had spent thirty years in Russia; it is a journal of hardship and delay which has the horror of one of those dreams in which we seem to spend interminable hours in mysteriously frustrated attempts to accomplish something very simple.

Fred E. Beal, on the other hand—his book has already been reviewed in *The Nation,* but it must also be included here—is an American textile worker and labor leader who judges the Soviet Union from a strictly working-class point of view. A member of the Communist Party, hero and victim of the Gastonia frame-up, he gradually realized in Moscow what he had already begun to feel at home: that an American worker, however able, however devoted to the cause, became in his relations to the party a pawn in the hands of an officialdom not merely indifferent to his fate as an individual but quite remote from and unscrupulously ruthless with the working class as a whole. In Moscow he found the workers getting "thin cabbage soup, black bread, and tea," varied three days a week with boiled fish, because the Soviets were obliged to export their food products in order to buy capitalist machinery, and only the members of the privileged groups were allowed to get the good things at home; he found child labor in Uzbekistan, where the children who worked in the silk mills, retrieving cocoons from "near-boiling water," had their hands turned to "crippled masses of boiled flesh" and where the children who worked in the cotton fields were driven until they dropped. In the Ukraine, during the famine of 1932-33, when the government left the peasants to their fate, the foreigners were besieged by the starving, and one went out for country walks—he has a terrible picture of this—among villages in which all the inhabitants had died and which were officially to be wiped out with fire. When a foreign delegation of tourists were to be brought to visit Kharkov, the Young Communists and the G. P. U. men would round up the wretched famine sufferers, with their scurvy, their bare feet, and their boils, and ship them out into the wilderness to die. In Moscow the visiting radical writers drank vodka, worshiped Stalin, and hoped each "to write a best seller or a popular play about the coming revolution and settle down on a farm in Pennsylvania," while the visiting trade-union radicals bolted themselves drearily into their hotel rooms together and kept themselves as drunk as possible. When Beal tried to call a meeting for the purpose of organizing the foreigners in charge of whom he had been placed, he was at once stopped by the local G. P. U. chief, who told him, "None of your American democracy!"; and when an American worker at Kharkov attempted to bring the current famine to the attention of the visiting Communist at the head of the foreign section of the All-Soviet Tractor Trust, he only elicited the retort: "Where do you think you are—Union Square?"

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[*] "Moscow, 1937." By Lion Feuchtwanger. Viking Press. $2.
"Retouches à Mon Retour de l'U. R. S. S." By André Gide. Gallimard: Paris. 9 francs.
"En U. R. S. S., 1936." By Pierre Herbart. Gallimard: Paris. 13.50 francs.
"Proletarian Journey." By Fred E. Beal. Hillman-Curl. $2.75.
"Assignment in Utopia." By Eugene Lyons. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.
"Russia Twenty Years After." By Victor Serge. Hillman-Curl. $2.50.
"A Medical Review of Soviet Russia." By W. Horsley Gantt. British Medical Association: London.

Fred Beal is, of course, no great social philosopher; and, with all his idealism and his courage, he is evidently a fellow of rather wavering purpose. But his story seems to me important in showing how, in Communist practice, the ordinary Russian or foreign worker, as distinguished from the manipulator of the worker or from the worker who wants to climb into this class, is likely to get the sharp end of the stick.

Eugene Lyons, another old radical, also trained in the theory of the class struggle, describes the same situation as seen from above instead of from below. "Assignment in Utopia" is the best book of Moscow memoirs, so far as my reading goes, which has yet been produced by a professional journalist. Mr. Lyons evidently writes more frankly and he certainly covers more ground than any other newspaperman, with the exception of William Henry Chamberlin. What makes his record particularly fascinating is his method of presenting his subject, not in the form of a treatise, as Chamberlin did, but in terms of month-by-month events, so that we can follow the shifting situations and the variations in the psychological atmosphere. There is too much in "Assignment to Utopia" for me to summarize it easily here; but Mr. Lyons has first-hand accounts of, among other things, the aspect of life during the NEP period, the Shakhty, Ramzin, and Metro-Vickers trials—the most vivid and most illuminating descriptions of these "demonstration trials" which I have seen—the opening of the Turk-Sib railroad, and an interview with Stalin. One of the most sensational features of his book is his chapter, based on first-hand reports by Russians who had been subjected to them, of the tortures practiced by the G. P. U. for the purpose of extorting valuta from persons suspected of hoarding it—persons in many cases perfectly innocent. Mr. Lyons endeavors to estimate the success of the Five-Year Plan and shows that the figures were juggled even by Stalin in the most obvious and unscrupulous fashion to conceal from the people the inadequacies of its results. Like the writers of these other books, he gives a picture of a specialized official class dragooning and terrorizing the population. Like Fred Beal, he had been active back home in the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, and like him he is surprised at the liberals who have championed Sacco and Vanzetti and Mooney but who have had no difficulty in swallowing the conviction of thousands of Soviet political offenders who have been imprisoned or put to death with no evidence, no defense, and sometimes without even public charges. It appears that the Soviet authorities had the sullen and reluctant Fred Beal, who had picketed the Boston State House and fought the police at Charlestown jail, parading past the Palace of Labor on the night of the Ramzin trial and shouting, "Death to the wreckers!"

Mr. Lyons concludes that "the crime of Bolshevism is that it tore down the whole ethical structure, retaining only the economic framework. Because it was born in a land where the democratic and humanist ideals were practically unknown, in a land still feudalistic in its thinking, Bolshevism merely adapted the mechanism of socialist economy to its old slave psychology." And, traveling in Europe, he felt in general that "individual human beings were being degraded, brutalized, tortured, and murdered for the glorification of some abstraction of class or race." From the point of view of either abstraction, "life was plentiful—and worthless." The moral collapse of Europe was, he says, "far more terrible than its economic collapse"; and he returned to the United States "convinced that the immediate task—for those who have the urge to participate consciously in the historical processes of their lifetime—is to defend the basic concepts of freedom, humaneness, intellectual integrity, respect for life."

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Assignment in Utopia

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What Mr. Lyons does not give us, aside from this brief indication, is an explanation of what has happened in Russia. This we find in Victor Serge's book "Russia Twenty Years After," which is one of the most important works that have yet been published on the Soviet Union. Victor Serge, who is the son of exiled Russian revolutionists, returned to Russia in 1919 and became a member of the executive committee of the Communist International. He was twice imprisoned, after the Trotsky-Stalin split, as a member of the opposition, and was only released and allowed to leave the Union in 1936 as a result of agitation by friends abroad. His book is thus, I believe, the first inside report by a Russian which has reached the outside world.

Mr. Serge confirms these other writers in his account of the valuta tortures and of the stifling of science and art; and he has a series of sickening chapters on the persecution of political offenders. He shows how the bureaucracy got its grip on the party, with the accession of the new non-Bolshevik members, even before Lenin's death, and traces the effects at home of the incompetent action abroad of a bureaucratized Comintern. The Comintern, he believes, was ultimately responsible for the prevention of the 1923 uprising in Germany—in the preparations for which Serge himself took an active part. This discouraged the Russian workers and shut the Soviets in on themselves, with their "economic difficulties aggravated, their morale depressed, their international revolutionary tendencies weakened, and their national bureaucratic tendencies strengthened." The Five-Year Plan accomplished a good deal: it gave Russia an "industrial structure," but the amelioration of the condition of the people did not work out according to the plan—the gigantic feats of collectivization and construction having been imposed on the people not otherwise than Peter the Great had imposed St. Petersburg on the bogs of the Gulf of Finland, mowing down human lives like timber. In the course of the carrying out of the plan, the fear of collapse as the result of an attack from abroad which might precipitate a revolt at home caused Stalin to shift industrial effort to the task of manufacturing armaments. Thereafter the Red Army will become one of the privileged groups, educated and fed at the expense of the rest of the population, and will reestablish within itself the old military hierarchy of rank; and the imminence of war will be used as an excuse for the further suppression of opinion and of any action against the Stalinist bureaucracy—the whole going to prove Trotsky's thesis of the impossibility of building socialism in one country. Not that it is impossible to build something, and even something solid, but that that something will not be socialism.

I am not sure that any of these books gives a properly balanced account of what has been happening during these twenty years in Russia. Fred Beal went to the Soviet Union with utopian expectations and with no idea of what backward countries were like. Eugene Lyons, who spent some of the best years of his life whooping it up for the Soviets, has reacted by venting his smothered criticism in a book entirely negative and sour. Victor Serge, as a member of the Trotsky opposition, who has

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Plot and Counterplot
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BY MARCEL FODOR

FOR MANY YEARS Marcel Fodor has been Central European correspondent of the Manchester Guardian. Dorothy Thompson says: "He has opened up Central and Eastern Europe for the English-speaking world, and has written or caused to be written practically every important dispatch that has come from this section." And John Gunther adds: "He has the most comprehensive knowledge of Central Europe of any journalist I know. The fate of all of us may be decided in some Jugo-slav village or Hungarian coffee-shop. In this book Fodor tells us why and how." Illustrated $3.50

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spent a good deal of his time in prison, is naturally depressed and embittered. Nowhere in these books will you find much account of the genuine idealism and heroism on the part of the upper groups in Russia which obviously played such a part in the early stages of the revolution and which could still be seen surviving alongside of the bureaucratic vices when the reviewer visited the Soviet Union a couple of years ago. I believe that William Henry Chamberlin probably cast up a cooler account in "Russia's Iron Age," though it is true that that book was written at a time when the Soviet government had not gone so far in the direction of fascism as it seems to have done since.

"What is left of the conquests of the proletarian revolution?" asks Victor Serge, and answers: "Socialized economy, directed by a single plan, whose power proved extraordinary during the period when capitalism was struggling against the slump. A definite frontier in economics has been crossed. The accession to civilization of the backward nationalities of the old empire. The vigorous first draft for a transformation of man."

It is worth while in this connection to mention Dr. Horsley Gantt's pamphlet, "A Medical Review of Soviet Russia." Dr. Gantt is an American pupil of Pavlov, who visited the Soviet Union four times between 1922 and 1935 and who worked there for five years. He tells about the horrors of the famines and of the epidemics of typhus which accompanied them. The famine of 1932-33, he says, was better handled than that of 1920-23, and the authorities were able to avert epidemics by the measures which so shocked Fred Beal, of keeping the starving peasants out of the cities. Mr. Lyons gives a gloomy account, based on his experience in Moscow during the illness of his wife, of the condition of medicine in Russia. But Dr. Gantt says that with all their obstructions and shortcomings—and he neither minimizes the political terror nor fails to criticize Russian methods—the Soviets are making unmistakable progress. The number of beds in city and village hospitals tripled between 1913 and 1932, and increased between then and 1934 from 30 to 45 per cent in the various parts of the Union. The accommodations for tuberculosis cases increased from 300 in 1918 to 40,000 in 1932, by which year 40 per cent of the hospitals and 30 per cent of the polyclinics had physico-therapeutic equipment when only one such institution had been so equipped before the revolution. Between 1913 and 1934 the number of children in crèches increased from 10,000 to 3,700,000. He reminds us that such figures as these do not represent a perfect basis for comparison, because they do not take account of the facilities for private treatment before the revolution; but even so the advance is remarkable. He says that since his first visit to Russia he has seen the plans for medical schools and laboratories carried out on a scale and with a rapidity which almost made it impossible for him to believe that he had returned to the same country.

If this is true—and Dr. Gantt has lived long enough in Russia not to swallow official figures unwarily—his evidence is very important.

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BOOKS

Memoirs of a Fighting Writer

COUNTER-ATTACK IN SPAIN. By Ramon Sender. Translated by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

ONE of the most curious phenomena of this age of rapid communications is the length of time that elapses between the first news of an event and the emergence of it as a fact, complete with all essential details. The news comes with almost no delay—what happens in Spain today is served up tomorrow on American breakfast tables. That, at least, is the illusion that the newspapers foster, and with exceptions and qualifications it is a tenable claim. But a news dispatch is little more than a flash in the sky to show where something is happening. The full, round body of that happening, with its causes, its significance, and its implications, follows with painful slowness.

For that reason alone Ramon Sender's "Counter-Attack in Spain" would be valuable. The Spanish war has been going on for fifteen months, but there are still important pieces missing from the mosaic of its first days, and many of these Sender supplies. His book might well be subtitled "Memoirs of a Fighting Writer from July to December, 1936." It tells with moving clarity just what happened to Sender himself—and it was what happened to any number of sensitive and intelligent young Spaniards—when the first news of Franco's revolt in Morocco reached the mainland. The young novelist and his wife were on vacation in San Rafael, a mountain town north of Madrid, in company with a scientist who bore the pacific title Controller of Forests.

"The radio brought me the news," he says of the first day. "The first explosion had burst in Morocco, as the captain of the Foreign Legion had foretold. . . . The radio appealed to the liberal and republican spirit of the country. But that, I thought, would not get very far. Whole regiments had rebelled in Madrid, and the news from the provinces was confused. All the army in Africa was in revolt."

He went to place himself at the orders of the governor of the province and found that the governor had been shot by the rebels. The Civil Guard of San Rafael went in motor trucks to join them. He and the Controller of Forests tried to organize local resistance. A truck full of civil guardsmen came back and shot the citizens who happened at the moment to be standing in the town square.

The book moves from the terrifying confusion of that first day, when no man knew who was friend and who might shoot him down at sight, to the relatively high degree of order and organization which Madrid reached by late December, when the Franco advance had been stopped at University City and the workers' groups were taking hold behind the lines. Nothing that has been written hitherto gives the picture of the struggle with such clarity and completeness. No foreigner, however good his intentions, could do the job with such authentic reality, for no foreigner could report from within the mind of an intelligent Spaniard. And the importance of this war lies not alone in the fate of international aspirations and the ownership of mines and naval bases, but in its effect on the Spanish people.

The book is alive with people, pictured with quick, sure strokes. It is full of comment on little things and big, so that one seems to move with Sender and see through his eyes the streets, the camps, the houses. And it adds its bit of testimony to the charge of repeated and habitual mass murder which no amount of emotional denial on the part of friends of the rebels is able to quiet: ". . . the Fascists have assassinated 27,000 persons (more than a third of them women) in Granada, where there was no fighting, and in Zamorra (a little town of 15,000 inhabitants, far from all the fronts) 5,500, and in Pamplona, which has always been at peace, 17,000, among them women for having 'married civilly and not canonically' and men for 'having voted for the Popular Front.' Let us remember also that they have assassinated all the liberal professors of universities and colleges and their women, all the pacific Protestant professors, and the Catholic priests who refused to proclaim the glories of Franco from their pulpits." The record stands.

Sender is known in this country as the author of "Seven Red Sundays," a novel which a *Nation* reviewer described with some disdain as clarifying the character of the Spanish revolutionary, while so "muddying the realities of anarcho-syndicalism that after 439 pages one is still without a decent understanding of the issues involved." As a matter of fact, that kaleidoscopic book gives an excellent picture of the chaos of issues, ideals, and aspirations which then prevailed among most Spaniards. Read as a prelude to "Counter-Attack in Spain," it not only provides background but leads directly into the mid-July confusion with which the latter book starts. The contrast between its shifting, flashing scenes and the quiet determination which grows as the war months pass is a measure of Sender's ability to transmit the reality that underlies the crowding of events.

The translation is the work of Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, who was resident in Malaga when the revolt broke out, and who is famous in its literature for the concise letter he wrote to the London *Times* telling exactly what happened there. Though there are evidences of haste, he has managed to keep the flavor of the original without making the book too alien for the casual reader. Both as a moving piece of first-hand testimony and as the work of an artist "Counter-Attack in Spain" has a right to live.

MILDRED ADAMS

Poems in Dry-Point

THE LAST LOOK AND OTHER POEMS. By Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

IF AN equivalent to these poems could be found in another medium, it would be in the art of etching. There is no music, or at most an abstract music. The tones are delicate grays and austere blacks and whites. Only a few strokes, meticulously and economically drawn, are needed to suggest the bleakness of a landscape or the angularity of a person. The suasion is of the mind and not of the senses, yet the poet is concerned less to develop an idea than to suggest an evaluation.

Many of the poems are portrait sketches of lonely people or dying people, whose life's thread is laid bare in a revelatory incident, simile, or gesture. Sometimes it is a fluttering or an awkwardness of the hands which tells their story. We are shown all that we need to know about a sick woman when we see her healed by watching a wind storm outside her window. In another poem the distant bleat of the amateur cornetist, who was once pitied as a crank, now suffices to give the solitary listener assurance that lives go on and not in utter isolation.

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Although time seems to be arrested in these poems, they are not undramatic. Instead of unfolding the play, the poet gives us the climax in cross-section. The drama is in the situation, in the tension of wills, the clinging to values; so that the outcome is clearly foreshadowed, or does not matter. Eight four-line stanzas, for example, tell us more about the black share-cropper and his sense of life than would an exhaustive sociological survey in verse. Faint from hunger, he dozes by his cold stove, "while white men prowl outdoors in dark disguises" and occasionally fire shots that do not wake him. This is the culmination of his dream, in which he sees himself walking along the railroad track:

> He moves among the low weeds, mute as they.
> The wrappings of his feet are gauze on gravel.
> And when the white, the black men pass him, slow,
> The greeting of each eye is round and civil.

The theme of this poem is a popular one today; Mr. Van Doren's treatment of it serves as a reminder that understatement has its uses.

The melancholy in these poems does not, like that of Eliot, spring from a conviction of original sin or, as with Auden, from contemplation of the world's lunacy. The poet seems to be trying to rationalize it in the opening stanza of the book:

> That any thing should be—
> Place, time, earth, error—
> And a round eye in man to see;
> That was the terror.

This is a marvelous statement of a mood that must often recur to every reflective mind; but an obsession with the prime mystery is not, perhaps, sufficient to account for an outlook that is tinged with a gentle debility. On this score, the author has himself accepted and acknowledged the limitations of his work:

> I sing of ghosts and people under ground,
> Or if they live, absented from green sound.
> Not that I dote on death or being still;
> But what men would is seldom what they will. . . .

When these restrictions in scope have once been noted, it would be misplaced emphasis to dwell on them. The best of the poems, such as Axle Song, Animal-Worship, The Good Fates, The Whisperer, The Bundle, The Breathing Spell, and The End, are flawless after their kind. If there is such a thing as a main stream of letters, they are doubtless not at its center. Yet subtlety and justness of psychological insight, precision of language, and neatness of form are qualities that are not too abundant at any time; they are particularly rare today. PHILIP BLAIR RICE

View of Indian Life

THE ENEMY GODS. By Oliver La Farge. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

IN 1930 Oliver La Farge became a director of the National Association on Indian Affairs. This new novel of his is a fictionalized account of the problems with which, as a man actively in touch with the governmental side of Indian life, he is familiar. It is quite unlike the simple and romantic "Laughing Boy"—less easily read but containing more information and much more accurate in its Indian psychology.

The enemy gods are the two powers, Indian and white, struggling in the soul of a Navajo schoolboy. Myron takes the "Jesus way," then, returning to his people, finds himself ill-adjusted to their life. He returns to the white people only to be treated as a menial. In the end, because of the love of an Indian girl, he decides to help the Navajos learn scientific methods of sheep-herding, farming, and sanitation in order that they may continue to exist on their desert territory. Obviously Mr. La Farge is against having the Indians treated as charity wards of the government.

The whole book is an argument. As a novel it is too crammed with facts and with characters to be good narrative. Moreover, even the leading character is hardly exciting. He is, in fact, rather inarticulate and pathetic. It is almost impossible for a white writer to make an Indian character understandable. The book has, to be sure, some amusing satirical studies of our greedy politicians, our unscrupulous cattlemen, and the ignorance and red tape that beset Indian affairs in Washington. Actually the white characters are better drawn than the Indians in the book, although—perhaps because—the author is not in sympathy with them and wishes to exalt the virtues of the Navajos. The book remains, I think, a fictionalized survey rather than a novel and might better have been presented as Mr. La Farge's views on Indian life.

When the story ends, we are not sure to what extent its Indian hero will succeed in reconciling his birth and his education, nor are we inclined to believe that the younger men of the tribe will take the lead before the older generation dies. Education and white civilization will in time breed a very different Indian. These people cannot persist in isolation. Already they are using some of the white man's machines to save themselves; and as is often the case with a people in contact with a new culture, they are acquiring the worst aspects of American civilization. But today many writers and thinkers are concerning themselves with the problem, and possibly progress is being made. EDA LOU WALTON

Dead Letters

A LETTER TO ROBERT FROST AND OTHERS. By Robert Hillyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. HILLYER'S most recent book of verse is in the form of seven letters, as intimate and cozening and coy as anyone would want them to be. At first glance they really seem intended for the eyes of their addressees, so free are the clichés, so unselfconscious the forced rhymes, so unrestrained the metaphoric gaucheries. But as one continues carefully one discovers sly reference to Spain, to bolshevism, to T. S. Eliot, to "refined and thrifty" Louis Untermeyer, to "rusty" Gerard Manley Hopkins, to Ezra Pound ("whose absence should make Idaho rejoice"), to gin and war and Queen Nefertiti.

One discovers—except in the invocation to Nefertiti, which seems extraneous to the formal purpose of the volume—that Mr. Hillyer's letters are merely a pretext for publicly airing somewhat private and postscripted opinions and generalizations ("Men . . . must rise with crocuses, not fall with Spain"). However, the letters rhyme and scan and have various obligations to poetry which remain unfulfilled. Aesthetically, they are on the level of gossip; imaginatively, they extend no farther than the attic with its sentimental tokens and broken, half-remembered things. Mr. Hillyer is at his best in the letter addressed to his son, which has a pleasant hearthside quality, a folksy kind of philosophy, and is generally worthy of comparison with such a classic as "The One-Horse Shay." As for the other poems—one feels they will disappoint the large audience which follows the

PUB ARY Bur e, Cal.

words. Some of the music in the opera has characteristic Straussian prettiness; that is the best one can say of the opening of the third-act trio, which then falters and has to be pushed to its climax. To speak of the "great trio of 'Der Rosenkavalier' " as one speaks of the great quintet of "Die Meistersinger" or of some of the ensembles of "Falstaff"—not to speak of some of the things in Mozart—is absurd.

B. H. HAGGIN

DANCE

The Monte Carlo Season

THE recent offerings of Colonel de Basil's fall season are a good springboard for both dismal and hopeful considerations of the state of traditional theatrical dancing at present. There were two novelties—one entirely new, Lichine's "Francesca da Rimini," the other half-new but remounted, Rimsky-Korsakov's "Golden Cockerel" as set by Fokine.

This is the era of the "symphonic" ballet. The symphonic ballet is a danced work arranged to underscore or illustrate a fairly familiar piece of symphonic music. Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Berlioz, Brahms, and other pictorial romantic composers have been assailed and captured by our symphonic choreographers. This idea is scarcely an innovation, but the scale on which the Basil company operates calls for a special consideration. It is a large scale. "Francesca" is in itself such a short piece that Tchaikovsky's overture for "Hamlet" preceded it. Oliver Messel, who designed Irving Thalberg's "Romeo and Juliet," set it. David Lichine, the youngest of Colonel de Basil's ballet masters, arranged the dancing. The décor was Italian Renaissance, represented by the superimposition of early Ghirlandaios, Botticellis, and English pre-Raphaelites. The dresses were versions of Piero di Cosimo and Melozzo da Forli. The dancing was like a mixture of animated freshman-art-course slides, combined with the more crowded portions of Massine's "Présages," "Choreartium," and "Fantastique." Part of it looked like "Scheherezade" in Renaissance clothing, and there were moments resembling the Degas painting of the ballet of frightened nuns in "Robert le Diable." It is impossible to describe it any more clearly—one must give these visual references. The resurrection of a past epoch and one already in comfortable "good taste" is a workable enough policy. It was all right to ignore both Dante's and Tchaikovsky's program calling for the whirlwind of guilty lovers, but unfortunately nothing else was substituted. The audience could not translate the nervous groups into even a symbolic reality. The love interest—the only interest one could detect—was uninteresting. I can see no point in doing such a work. "Francesca" received a bad press and was forthwith withdrawn in favor of the season's great hit, Fokine's version of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or."

It was probably a good idea to revive the "Coq d'Or" because in its lavish mounting it can represent to us who did not see it the early Russian-nationalist epoch of Diaghilev's Bal- ets Russes. It is a long work. Tcherepnin has "arranged" nsky's opera by eliminating the voice and doing other dis- et pruning, leaving a couple of bars of each aria and re- ting the Hymn to the Sun almost as frequently as in the inal. Gontcharova's color is primary, so brilliant that it kes your eyes water. Many supers hold spears and march in

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twos and threes. The stage is nearly always full. All is conceived in the spirit of a cheery gift-book naivete, which on first sight or for children or in one's early acquaintanceship with ballet may seem charming. This is the spirit of the "Chauve-Souris," Russian tea-rooms, and émigré shops. The production is suffused with that kind of muted operatic pantomime in which a fat man laughingly holds his shaking tummy, whereupon a delicious chuckle of discreet amusement runs through the auditorium. I found it infantile, tiresome, and old-fashioned. John Martin loved it, called it "fine, healthy, full-blooded art," and found it "expansive, lusty, colossally humorous." There is very little dancing as such. What there is consists of familiar symmetrical entrées and group arrivals punctuated by solo variations and trimmed with the movements of half a dozen buffoonesque male dancers such as are seen in all Fokine's work from "Igor" and "Scheherezade" to "Thamar" and "Don Juan." Nevertheless, audiences adore it, and my dissent seems trivial. It is so obviously one's money's worth. But even practically speaking it is a silly piece for the repertory of a traveling company, since there are only five towns in America with sufficient accommodations for it. Those of us who love the ballet and who believe it has a future in spite of its past—as I fear Mr. Martin does not—deplore and detest such retardative, crass, and boring work. It is uncreative in its rich trappings, and only gives another chance to those perennially helpless, middle-aged-minded enthusiasts who still think the early epoch of Diaghilev—which God knows he came to loathe—is the only province in which ballet can operate. These people accept only what they already know, the first visual pleasures of their lives. They defend and praise it as part of their own timid taste and inert interest. But Fokine as a dancer and choreographer has his niche in ballet history with Noverre, and what he has done here, in its genre, was neatly done and conceived for the great theatrical success which it received.

After two such warmed-up dishes it was a pleasure to watch again Massine's "Choreartium." This was brilliantly danced. It is true that its décor is negligible, that the use of the Brahms music is doubtful, that it lacks the consecutive sense of a meaningful or pointed subject. But somehow its rhetorical atmosphere, its big rhapsodic groups appeared more effective than ever, perhaps in contrast with "Francesca" and "Coq d'Or." Primarily it uses dancing, and it uses it for the most part in an intelligent, constructive, and positively creative way. Except in the third movement, still its least successful, it disdains the comic genre and is based on noble movement and a grand pattern. It does demonstrate its name—the "Art of the Dance," not the whole art perhaps but at least a great fragment of it. Massine's intelligence, his knowledge of climactic effects, his sensible arrangement are ever apparent, a real academy for our young choreographers. One only wishes he would use Hindemith, Markevich, or Copland in music written for him on a contemporary theme, something that has meaning for us as well as something that merely continues to look well.

The ballet is enjoying a large success now. Basil can cash in twenty years later on Diaghilev's pioneering and on his repertory. But unless some creative vitality, some basic interest, is pumped into his mechanism, which is going on its own accrued inertia, it will not be long before the public taste will grow restive and turn against it as it has done before. Ballet today has a tubercular flush. The production of a "Coq d'Or" makes it harder for new work to get a hearing. Ballet does not need rest to revive it but work, ideas—subjects from the present and music to fit.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

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Letters to the Editors

Wobblies in the Northwest

Dear Sirs: "Maybe the words 'direct action' still hovered on the air of the Pacific slope, left over from the days of the Wobblies," wrote John Dos Passos in "In All Countries." Recent developments in the Northwest prove conclusively that the ideas of the I.W.W. have influenced all Western workers during the upsurge of unionism that has taken place since 1933. These ideas have found their fullest expression in the Idaho logging camps, where Lumber Workers' Industrial Union 120 of the Industrial Workers of the World has experienced a phenomenal growth; they were translated into action in the Idaho short-log strike of the I.W.W. in June, 1936.

No sooner had this strike got under way than the employers, the Potlatch Forest Company, a subsidiary of the Weyerhaeuser interests, requested troops to quell non-existing disorder. After an ambush of an unarmed picket detail in which five pickets were wounded by gunmen, martial law was declared. Police arriving on the scene almost immediately arrested ten pickets and removed the wounded to the hospital, but allowed the gunmen to go free.

Five of the pickets, arrested for an attack supposed to have taken place previous to the ambush, were fined $200 apiece. When the ten gunmen were eventually arrested and tried this August for "assault with deadly weapons," they were fined but $250 apiece. Dalton Gentry, one of the pickets, a youth of twenty-two, was wounded in the back and is still in the hospital in Orofino, where he lies paralyzed from the hips down. His fellow-workers are contributing to a fund necessary to move him to a hospital near his home in Sikes, Louisiana, or to place him under the care of a specialist. Those who wish to aid may send their remittance to James Whalen, Box 1836, Spokane, Washington.

The militia immediately ordered a mass deportation of all strikers but canceled it on the protest of the business men of the community, the A. F. of L. unions, and liberal groups throughout the country. However, two strike committees and a member of the general executive board of the I.W.W. were deported. A third strike committee was functioning when the strike ended. The refusal of the I.W.W. to give a guaranty of no further stoppage of work or to discuss a contract stipulating this prolonged the strike, but finally the conditions demanded by the strikers and an increase in wages from $3.80 to $5 as a minimum were assured. They became effective when the men returned to work.

Before and since the strike the companies have been bringing men in from the South and East to check the industrial unionism of the I.W.W. To some extent the companies have been successful, but the educational program of the I.W.W. is influencing these newly arrived workers. R. M. K.

Tacoma, Wash., October 30

Planning in Denmark

Dear Sirs: I was a little surprised to learn from Mr. Lore's article on Scandinavia's New Democracy in your issue of September 25 that since 1932 "a systematic effort has been made toward centralized planning of the [Danish] nation's economic activities." It is true that the raising of pigs (owing to British restrictions on the importation of bacon) and the production of sugar have been planned, that the prices of other agricultural products have been raised by means of processing taxes, that subsidies have been granted to the farmers, that the volume of imports is controlled to prevent the rates of exchange from rising, and that public works have been introduced —on a moderate scale—to reduce unemployment. All these measures, however, have been taken to cope with emergencies. Some of them have been repealed already, and no attempt at planning for the long run has been made. (The uncertainty which lingers around the agricultural policy of our best customer, Great Britain, makes it difficult to do any such planning, at least as far as agriculture is concerned.) As to manufacturing, no planning has ever been proposed. We are certainly very far from having a planned economy in the socialist sense.

According to Mr. Lore, the control of our "planned" economy is not exercised through the parliament but "is in the hands of an extra-parliamentary commission composed of representatives of the labor unions, the cooperatives, and the political parties." I am still puzzled by this remark. It is true that an "Economic Council" was formed some years ago to advise the government in economic affairs, but the idea was dropped, and the council never holds any meetings. Various committees have been in charge of supervising the control of imports, but none of them—except, perhaps, a *parliamentary* committee—has held the powers attributed to Mr. Lore's commission. The government has cooperated with the farmers' organizations in the framing of our agricultural relief acts; but—to prevent any misunderstanding—I think it should be emphasized that no power is exercised by any extra-parliamentary commission or any branch of administration that is not derived from an act passed by the Parliament, and that no part of the administration of our agricultural legislation, except routine work, is carried out by the farmers' organizations.

On the whole, the course of the Socialist-Radical government has been, of necessity, far from revolutionary. The power of the Social Democratic Party depends to a large extent on the votes of the middle class; in fact, a good many of the skilled workers belong to the middle class. But it is true that we are anti-fascists.

H. WINDING PEDERSEN

Copenhagen, Denmark, October 11

No Putsch in Barcelona

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* of October 30 Louis Fischer referred to "the Anarchist-Trotskyist putsch" in Barcelona in May. His interpretation is contrary to that of Americans and Englishmen who were there during the May days—for instance, George Orwell, who wrote about it in *Controversy* (London). It is contradicted by the quotations from the Barcelona press that appear in Fenner Brockway's pamphlet, "What Really Happened in Barcelona," and in the last issue of the *Modern Monthly*. Is it possible that *The Nation* would refer to the South Chicago Memorial Day massacre as a "Communist-C.I.O. putsch"?

In the past, while Louis Fischer has not said anything that directly contradicted the Anarchist, Socialist, or Trotskyist press, he has managed, by telling selected parts of the truth, to give a decided anti-CNT-UGT-POUM color to his dispatches. Since I am sure that the editors of *The Nation* do not require of their Spanish correspondent that he give his dispatches this particular angle, I would like to know who it is to whom Louis Fischer feels he is really responsible. Perhaps he would say that he is responsible to democracy. When you read his last article, you see that democracy means control from above, and "these democracies" means the imperial interests of Great Britain and France.

FAIRFIELD PORTER

Hubbard Woods, Ill., November 1

Aid for Silicotics

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that the articles and letters on the silicosis situation in Illinois recently published in *The Nation* leave the reader rather up in the air. Milton S. Mayer in the April 17 issue described how the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria dismissed 179 out of 1,400 foundry workers the day before the occupational-disease compensation law became effective. Nelson Nuttall in the September 25 issue told how the W. A. Case and Son Pottery Company of Robinson, Illinois, fired 31 employees out of a total of 140 because these 31 had silicosis. Neither suggested anything to be done about it. Yet there must be a workable program which labor can support to correct this situation. It is wishful thinking to hope that companies will take care of employees who have contracted silicosis in their plants.

To date occupational-disease compensation laws have been passed in twenty-one states. Twenty of these states place the entire burden of "accrued liability"—the insurance companies' term for disabled employees who had to be fired before compensation insurance would be issued—on the worker and his family. The twenty-first state, Pennsylvania, has been more civilized. There the burden of "accrued liability" is shared by employer, state, and employee. The state, out of a special fund, assumes the obligation of paying part of an award over a transition period of ten years to workers disabled before the effective date of the occupational-disease compensation act. The employer or his insurance carrier pays the rest of the award. Thus in a Pennsylvania foundry a silicotic worker is taken out of the dusty atmosphere in order to arrest the progress of the disease and is paid a small amount of compensation as his lawful right. The special state fund is built up by compulsory contributions from insurance carriers and self-insured employers, supplemented if necessary by state appropriations.

Twenty-seven states have still to pass occupational-disease acts, and it is not too late to amend some of the acts already in force. Labor groups should support a program based on the following points. First, the silicotic employee must be removed from the dusty atmosphere. Second, he should be physically rehabilitated, which usually requires sanitarium treatment. Third, he should be taught a new trade. Fourth, he should be compensated for the time lost, in addition to receiving treatment and training without charge. If his disease has progressed so far that rehabilitation is useless, the silicotic should be pensioned for his few remaining days and his family should be adequately compensated. This program should be administered and paid for by the state. The state, however, should devise means of passing most of the cost on to the dusty industries.

H. M. LINDNER

Chicago, October 22

The Author Protests

Dear Sirs: Dr. Paul M. Sweezy's review of my book "The World's Wealth," in your issue of October 30, misstates the contents, as it misconceives the purpose, of the volume. The review would have the reader believe that I am behind-hand in ideas and unaware of recent developments in practice. Dr. Sweezy says that things are not in the book which are there, and spelled out at length. He evidently expected to find a work primarily critical. What I tried to write was a survey for the general reader, and this must show the development of economic thought and behavior rather than engage in a series of quarrels. I tried not to scold but to explain.

BROADUS MITCHELL

Baltimore, Md., October 31

Epistolary Animadversion

Dear Sirs: Permit me to call your attention to the misnomer of that section of *The Nation* improperly designated Letters to Editors. The writings therein, composed by persons afflicted with the malady *furor scribendi*, are not letters at all, or hardly belles-lettres, but are actually epistles, and the caption should be changed to Epistles to the Editors. I am amazed that editors of *The Nation*, celebrated for their supposed erudition, should have fallen into such grievous error; that they have not consulted authoritative works of lexicology and orismology to discover there is a distinction between letters and epistles. The latter are distinguished from the former in that they are in the nature of writings meant for publication, or for general consumption, something bearing on matters of general interest to some group; whereas letters are more in the nature of private communications, not composed for public consumption. Your communicants in this section are really epistolaries. For instance, Paul wrote epistles, not letters, to the Ephesians, Corinthians, etc.

I adjure you to rectify this gross error in your captional misnomer, and receive the plaudits of all English purists, lexiconists, and orismologists. And, besides, epistles sounds more dignified and cultured, more euphonious and elegant. Forgive me the reprimand. You are culpable in bad usage of terms, and it had to be done.

AL-FORD IBN ROOS

Vanadium, N. M., November 1

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The Shape of Things

MR. ROOSEVELT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS, despite its gestures of abiding belief in "a wide social program," marks unmistakably a step toward the right. It is not so much that the President asks for the good-will of business and promises tax revision; nor is it merely that his message, while considering four of the five major tasks outlined in his original call for a special session, omits the fifth—a legislative attempt to cope with the monopoly evil. The important thing is that the whole morale of the New Deal has changed. A year ago Mr. Roosevelt had "only just begun to fight." Today it is as if he had changed the slogan to "we are not yet ready to fight—the time is not propitious for fighting." This may be good political strategy, but it is not social statesmanship. The strategy is clear. The President has found that he is in a position to push his program in one of two situations—either on a tide of returning prosperity or in the midst of a panic depression. In 1933 he succeeded in launching the first New Deal because business was turning to the government for supreme unction. In 1936 he moved ahead with a second New Deal because of the popular support that came with returning prosperity. Today he is caught between these situations; he is in danger of losing his popular support because of the business recession, and he is confronted also by the bitter hostility of business, a section of which welcomes the slump because it discredits the President.

*

IT IS NATURAL FOR THE PRESIDENT TO EASE up on business, to promise tax revision and budget balancing, to make peace with the utilities and clear out once more the passageway that leads from Wall Street to Washington. His probable logic is clear. If business responds with more capital investment and employment, the recession can be arrested and the New Deal continue where it left off. If it does not and the recession becomes a real depression, business leadership will once more have proved its bankruptcy, the President can step in where business has failed, and then go on with a much more drastic government program. One of the business news letters reports this week that if the present policy of giving business the helm should fail to produce results in time, the only thing for Mr. Roosevelt to do will be to nationalize the utilities, railroads, and insurance companies. The news letter gives no source for its statement, which must be taken only as a guess. It is a guess that has some political logic behind it. But it is dangerous logic. If it is part of Mr. Roosevelt's plan, it is too clever. When a real depression comes upon us, the Administration may be discredited along with Wall Street, and the political field may become a happy hunting ground for fascist adventurers. It is the President's task, and the task of Congress as well, to treat the New Deal not only as a fair-weather companion but as an honest, continuing effort to remedy the inadequacies of private capitalism.

*

ALTHOUGH THE DEFEAT OF THE CHINESE at Shanghai is the most serious yet encountered in the war, its ultimate effect may not be wholly unfavorable. As long as the deadlock continued at Shanghai, there was a real danger that Nanking might be persuaded to agree to a "special arrangement" in North China in return for Japanese withdrawal from the Shanghai area. The sudden collapse of the Shanghai front seems to have whetted Japan's appetite to a point where it will be satisfied only by the capture of Nanking and the complete elimination of Chiang Kai-shek. Thus China may be forced, even against the will of some of its leaders, to adopt the one kind of tactics that should bring victory. China's chance of ultimate success has never rested on the possibility of defeating Japan in a struggle between massed troops but on the hope of extending the enemy lines until they become vulnerable to attacks by mobile guerrilla bands. This strategy assumes that China is economically in a better position for a long-drawn-out struggle than Japan, and that the Tokyo government cannot indefinitely support an expeditionary force of nearly a million men. While it is difficult to get accurate information about the guerrilla activities of the Eighth Route Army, official statements from Nanking indicate that former Red Army units control the whole of northeastern Shansi, together with parts of Hopei and Chahar. Since these positions are well in the rear of the main Japanese army operating on the borders of Suiyuan, they would become particularly important in case of a Japanese clash with the well-equipped troops from Outer Mongolia.

*

IN CONDEMNING JAPANESE AGGRESSION IN China, however mildly, the Brussels conference has gone farther than seemed possible in its early days. But passing judgment on the conflict was not the task for which the conference was assembled. The League Assembly and its Far Eastern Committee, with the assent of the United States, had already denounced Japan as a violator of the Nine-Power Treaty. The job before the conference was to discover some method of ending the war on terms consistent with that treaty. To date China has been the only country to submit a program for achieving this objective, and its proposals have been politely ignored. Sanctions against Japan appear to be out of the question, presumably because of the pressure of business interests within the democracies. There is still behind-the-scenes discussion, however, of the possibility of aiding China by credits and the shipment of supplies. As we have pointed out repeatedly in these columns, economic assistance to the victim of aggression is in many ways preferable to penalties against the aggressor. It is a positive concept; it has the advantage of not running counter to vested economic interests; and it is a clear-cut expression of international solidarity. While economic assistance by one country might create a danger of war, collective action of this type would preclude the possibility of retaliation. The main obstacle to such international assistance at the present moment is the American Neutrality Act. In addition to befogging the minds of the members of the organized peace movement of this country, this unfortunate law has come to stand directly in the way of the one type of collective action which might check the threat of worldwide aggression.

*

THE PROGRESS OF THE BOYCOTT AGAINST Japanese goods has been reflected during the past week in a further sharp decline in silk prices. Since the end of July, when the threat of war first began to develop in China, the price of silk in New York has dropped 15 per cent. This decline is not, of course, wholly attributable to the boycott, but it represents an annual loss of upward of $17,000,000 worth of supplies to the Japanese war machine. Further evidence of the growing international character of the boycott is the action of the Australian and French trade unions in voting a ban on Japanese products. In this country the movement has been taken up by women college students. Strong boycott groups are reported to have been organized among the students of the University of Rochester, as well as at Vassar and Smith. At New York University a dance was staged at which lisle hosiery was a condition of admission. So far, however, women's clubs, church groups, and peace organizations have done very little. The situation was put neatly by a member of the French delegation at the Brussels conference to a correspondent of the New York *Times:* "If the women's clubs, instead of spending money on cables to Norman Davis, would only agree to substitute cashmere and woolen stockings for silk ones in this winter weather and to buy no more silk garments until Japan comes to her senses, Japan would find her aggression profitless."

*

WHILE THE NEW COAL BILL INTRODUCED by the Chamberlain government in Great Britain is not socialistic in the sense that it excludes private profit and control from coal mining, it is a step in that direction. The actual business of mining coal remains in private hands, but the government is to purchase the coal deposits themselves, which have been largely owned by big landowners. Although the price to be paid for these holdings—£66,450,000—is substantial, it is less than half that asked by the owners. The state will thus be in a position to use its power of monopoly ownership to force the mining companies to adopt needed reforms. An effort will be made to reduce the number of coal-mining undertakings and to strengthen measures protecting the consumer. The consolidation of ownership should also facilitate the installation of modern machinery and methods, in which England has been notoriously laggard. As is usually the case before experiments in government ownership are initiated under capitalism, the industry was completely on the rocks before it was even suggested that the state intervene. Many of the mines have been worked to the point where they are no longer profitable, and the once great export market for British coal has largely disappeared as the result of the opening of new mines and the development of water power throughout the world. If state ownership of the royalty rights can restore vigor and order in this anarchistic industry, it will be a genuine triumph.

*

THE NATIONAL LABOR RELATIONS BOARD recently ordered the Consolidated Edison Company of New York and six affiliated companies to break their contracts with an A. F. of L. union, the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, on the ground that the companies imposed the A. F. of L. union on their employees and discriminated against the C. I. O. affiliate, the United Radio and Electrical Workers of America. The story of how Consolidated Edison "encouraged" its employees to join the I. B. E. W., which offered no objection to playing the role of company union, is a notorious one, and it is apparently spread out fully in the record on which the board's decision was based. But that has not prevented both the A. F. of L. and the Consolidated from screaming "To the courts!" and certainly the order will be seized upon as an issue in the concerted fight to curtail the powers of the board. Meanwhile we refer the public to the report of Elinore M. Herrick on the record of the regional board of which she is director. This board, since its jurisdiction covers a concentrated industrial region, has handled almost 20 per cent of the total number of cases throughout the country. Mrs. Herrick effectively proves that the Labor Board has prevented much industrial strife, that A. F. of L. unions appear to have as much confidence in it as C. I. O. unions, and that many employers are coming to recognize its value. She also discusses cogently the criticism that the board is "pro-labor." Unfortunately the amicable settlements, which are in the majority, seldom qualify as news; Mrs. Herrick's summary of accomplishments is therefore especially timely.

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WHEN SOMEONE ASKS YOU TO BECOME AN honorary member of an organization, think twice before saying yes. The career of Hugo Black should have amply demonstrated the wisdom of that warning. Now we have President Roosevelt, Chief Justice Hughes, and Herbert Hoover all accepting honorary membership in something called the American Press Society. In reply to a protest by the Newspaper Guild the President quoted an inflated bit of rhetoric from the society's constitution about journalism being "an honorable profession bearing the nature of a public trust," and added that it looked pretty good to him. Actually the society is by no means as innocent as this sounds. It was organized as a countermove to the attempts of the Newspaper Guild to unionize newspaper workers. It is, according to its prospectus, against minimum wages and against strikes among journalists—in short, against trade-union tactics. Its prospectus compares what is happening in journalism today to what happened when the surgeons split away from the barbers, "the barbers eventually becoming trade unionists." If we were the Newspaper Publishers' Association, and wanted desperately to stop the guild drive by organizing a counter-force that actually operated as a company union, this is the sort of organization we should encourage. Assuming that Mr. Roosevelt is genuine about wanting to further unionism, he has no business in this society. Assuming that Chief Justice Hughes was ever sincere about the neutrality of the Supreme Court, and that he expects to vote in cases involving the Newspaper Guild, he has no business in the society either. As for Herbert Hoover—well, we'll let the society have him.

Blackmail in the Mediterranean

IN WHAT other period than this present one could a nation openly attempt to undermine the influence and control exercised by another great power and still remain on ostensibly—even ostentatiously—friendly terms with that power? In Iraq, in Hejaz, in Yemen, in Palestine, in Trans-Jordan, in Egypt, the agents of Mussolini are spreading anti-British propaganda, stirring revolt, giving money and even materials of war to local leaders, and sending out from the powerful Bari radio station anti-British speeches in Arabic. Along the French North African coast, in Tunis and Algiers and Morocco, the same process is going on. Britain and France are busy trying to smother the fires of revolt before they get out of control; but they have so far notoriously failed to prevent new blazes from being set. The job seems hopeless, especially when one considers the inflammable material with which the incendiaries work. It needs only a moderate amount of moral and material encouragement from the new "protector of Islam" to turn the legitimate grievances of a dozen Arab countries into open rebellion.

Mussolini has nothing to lose by his systematic anti-British and anti-French maneuvers. If in the end events urge him to an understanding with those powers he will only have created a weapon for shrewder bargaining. On the other hand, if world developments strengthen rather than crack the fascist axis and the showdown finds Mussolini and Hitler and the Japanese, with whatever backing they can get, united against the unhappy Western democracies, Mussolini's efforts in the Near East will bear valuable fruit. Heads or tails, he stands to win.

Just to add the easily available items of fascist activity is to show what Britain and France are up against. In October, Italy and Yemen signed a friendship pact.

After its conquest of Ethiopia, which Ibn Saud might have hindered but did not, Italy gave the ruler of Mecca airplanes and provided training courses for Wahabi pilots. Italians are working in Iran (Persia), and the sole Iranian gunboat in the Gulf of Persia is of Italian make, manned by an Italian-trained crew. The white military establishment of Libya has been raised to 50,000. Mussolini's opportunity for sending agents across the desert frontiers into Egypt, the Sudan, and Tunis is almost unlimited. In fact, his agents have been at work among the discontented Bedouins who some years ago fled from the blessings of Italian rule in Libya to the western Egyptian desert. Late in October the French deported an Italian agent from Tunis, and every news dispatch of the struggle there and in Algiers and French Morocco reports the presence and activities of fascist agents, either Italian or—more ominously—French. Apparently among Mussolini's gifts to Franco has been technical help from the Bari broadcasting staff to the Seville radio station, from which Franco has been encouraging the Arabs of French Morocco in their resistance.

On October 19 two Italians were caught trying to cross the Syrian border into Palestine without passports. The Grand Mufti, ever since his flight from Jerusalem, has been trying to obtain permission to go to Rome. On October 17, the day after the Grand Mufti reached Lebanon, Mussolini's personal newspaper denounced British Palestine policy as a "neo-Herodian horror." After a brief holiday the fascist press has renewed its attacks on Zionism, while the Ethiopian Moslem institutions and Libyan Arab institutions, both under fascist control, have sent anti-British and anti-Zionist messages to the League of Nations. And the president of the Arab National Congress has made the significant announcement that "Britain must change its policy in Palestine or we shall be at liberty to side with other European powers whose policies are adverse to Britain."

The British—and the French in their territories—are meeting this attack by counter-attack against the native populations. But ruthless reprisals have not quieted Arab unrest or stopped fascist activities; they have only added new grievances to old. In Iraq British efforts to stamp out Italian propaganda have failed. The *Week* of London asserts that the murder last summer of Sidki, Iraq chief-of-staff and virtual dictator, was arranged by British agents "on the ground of his Italian sympathies," but that the new Cabinet put into power by the British in the face of military opposition has accomplished nothing: "The army remains entirely under Italian influence, and hence . . . the Cabinet itself." The *Week* reports a near panic in the Colonial Office over the whole Near-Eastern situation. It is feared that at any time Mussolini may denounce the Palestine Mandate, after which Ibn Saud, under Italian protection, is expected to proclaim himself king of all the Arabs, "thus starting a fire that will blaze from Bagdad to Casablanca." This maneuver is supposed to have received Hitler's approval at the time of Ribbentrop's recent visit to Rome.

Events will show whether these sensational assertions and prophecies are justified in detail. At least they jibe with the known facts, and the facts alone are sufficient to explain panic. Foreign Office tactics are hardly calculated to subdue Colonial Office fears. British foreign policy is now little more than a policy of yielding to blackmail. If Italy's operations around the Mediterranean spread and succeed the price will go higher. Great Britain offers concessions and plays for time, but time actually works against British aims. It permits the progress of British rearmament, to be sure, but it also permits the progress of fascist domination, the piling up of threats and accomplished facts that in the end can hardly be dealt with except by force of arms.

Brazil's Dictatorship

WHILE the action of President Vargas in establishing a corporate state in Brazil is a direct challenge to the peace of the American continent, its significance as a new fascist development has been overemphasized. For practical purposes the Brazilian people have lived under fascism for the past two years. No elections have been held; opposition has been ruthlessly suppressed; and civil rights are non-existent. The few left-wing Americans who have been permitted to visit Brazil in recent months have testified that the terror was stronger and more all-embracing than in Germany or Italy.

Nor is the link to the international fascist front a new one. The growth of German, Italian, and Japanese influence in Brazil in recent years was examined at some length in last week's issue of *The Nation* by Nathaniel Weyl. Last year German trade outstripped that of the United States for the first time. The German colony in Brazil, though numbering only some 500,000 persons, has been extremely active in the Integralist (fascist) movement, and has maintained the closest connections with the Nazi foreign service. When the racial composition of Brazil is taken into consideration, its fascist leanings are scarcely surprising. Excluding some tens of millions of Indian blood, who are virtually devoid of political influence, Brazil's population is made up almost entirely of immigrants or descendants of immigrants from the four leading fascist countries. The bulk of the European population is, of course, of Portuguese descent. Next in numbers though not in influence are the Italians, some million and a half of whom have emigrated to Brazil in the past fifty years. The Germans and the Japanese—the latter nearly 200,000 strong—are more recent immigrants but have maintained much closer ties with the homeland than have the Portuguese or Italians. Brazil also has received some 100,000 Russians, mostly white in their affiliations.

Despite these strong racial links and the admittedly active fascist movement which has been tolerated by the Vargas regime, it would be a mistake to say that Brazil has "gone fascist." There is no evidence that Vargas actually represents the Integralist movement, or even that he has its unqualified support. On the contrary, the chances are that in declaring a corporate state he has stolen a great part of their thunder. The primary reason for his action appears to be the necessity of finding a way to perpetuate himself in power, a possibility that was specifically excluded by the old constitution. There may also have been a desire to legitimatize the dictatorship by giving it fascist trimmings. Neither Brazil nor any other Latin American country, however, would seem to be fertile ground for fascism in its true economic sense. In none do we find even a partially developed industrial capitalism; the middle class is conspicuous by its almost complete absence; the threat of communism is non-existent except as a political bogy to be applied indiscriminately to all forms of political opposition.

Nevertheless, there is real danger that all the Latin American dictatorships will turn to the Fascist International for intellectual justification for the undemocratic procedures which have been followed for decades. The Latin American countries which are not under a dictatorship of one type or another, chiefly military, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. They include Colombia, Costa Rica, Panama, Argentina, and possibly Chile. In contrast, in at least a dozen there is not even a semblance of democracy, including Ecuador, Bolivia, Paraguay, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Peru, and Cuba.

In the light of this record, it is somewhat difficult to understand the proposal which has recently been widely circulated in this country of establishing an American "democratic axis" as a means by which we may escape the conflict between the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo axis and the European democratic states. On the contrary, it would seem that the most dangerous course which the United States could embark on at the present moment would be an alliance with countries which are openly looking to Berlin and Rome for guidance. Nor is democracy strengthened by the fact that many, if not most, of the dictatorships, notably those in Cuba, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, and Brazil, enjoy more or less open State Department support. It is particularly interesting to note how dictatorships appear to blossom along the trail of the present Ambassador to Brazil, Jefferson Caffery. His role in Brazil is somewhat more difficult to follow than in Cuba, but one can trace the steps taken by the United States since his arrival which have served to strengthen the Vargas rule. Such an outcry resulted from the proposal to "lend" six American destroyers to Vargas that the deal was subsequently canceled. But other measures have been more or less quietly carried through. In July an agreement was signed granting Vargas a $60,000,000 gold credit "to facilitate the establishment by Brazil of a central reserve bank." In addition, Brazil appears quietly to have obtained a credit from the Treasury to be used for the construction of six additional destroyers. Whether this money is part of the $60,000,000 gold credit or is an additional sum obtained from the New Deal alphabetical agencies has not been revealed, but from its character it may be assumed that it is new money. Why the American taxpayer should provide funds for naval vessels to support South America's leading dictatorship, the one most likely to line up with Hitler and Mussolini, can be answered best by Mr. Caffery. We believe that the American public should demand an explanation.

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Mr. Kennedy Reports

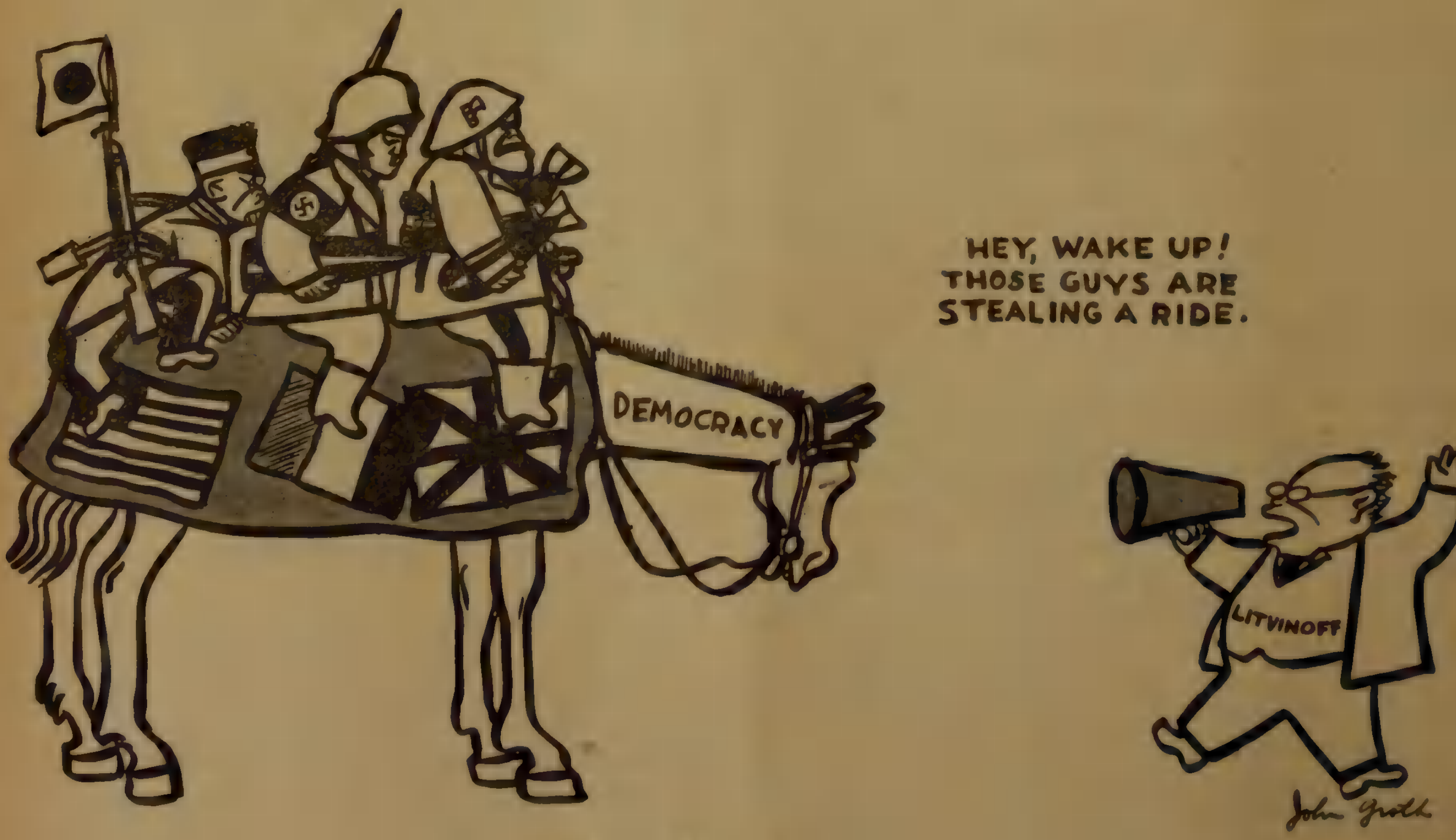
THE report on the present status of our merchant marine and the outlook for it just published by the Maritime Commission is a sober and entirely discouraging document in marked contrast to the exuberant statements issued at the time of the accession of Joseph P. Kennedy to its chairmanship. The answer to the problem, Mr. Kennedy said last May, "is to build ships—the best and most modern ships—and build them right away. . . . We are going to lay keels for fast new ships. And we are going to do it now." Six months later it is apparent that that dream has faded. All that has been accomplished has been the award of a contract for one ship, a little larger and faster than the Manhattan, the abolition of the old crooked mail subsidies, and the substitution of new subsidies totaling $10,000,000 a year. The only other achievement is this report before us. It is remarkably terse and outspoken. It minimizes none of the evils and admits that the business is hopeless if the objective is a merchant fleet which will pay its way without government aid. It declares that that aid must steadily increase and that it will run from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 a year. It insists that shipping "must be viewed as an instrument of national policy. Upon the degree to which shipping fulfils this public-service function, therefore, must rest its principal claim for government support."

One of Mr. Kennedy's most important admissions is that "it will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, to determine differentials and foreign subsidies accurately." This *The Nation* has steadily pointed out, yet the false assumption that it could be done underlies the whole theory of the act. It is absolutely impossible to figure out differentials in costs and wages in foreign nations, if only because conditions all over the world change so rapidly; a single act by the French or English or Scandinavian parliament could overthrow in a day the most careful American computations. So the commission throws that foolishness out of the window. It then falls back upon the old contentions that the merchant marine is needed (1) to furnish auxiliary vessels for the navy; (2) to prevent our being at a trade disadvantage in case of war elsewhere, as in 1914-17; and (3) because it is "believed necessary to the fullest development of our foreign commerce."

As to the first point, no one can judge the actual need until we have worked out a defense plan such as does not exist today; everything would depend here upon whether we are planning to send troops to Europe or Asia, or simply to defend our own soil, for in one case we should need few ships and in another a great fleet of three or four thousand vessels which could not possibly be maintained in peace time. The second argument would have some merit if huge wars affecting this country's welfare happened every few years; as a matter of fact only two wars abroad have affected our ocean-trade interests since 1870, the Boer War and the World War. It would plainly be vastly cheaper to take the losses which might come in the event of another great war than to bleed the American public for huge sums year in and year out in anticipation of such an emergency. As for the third point, it is gravely to be doubted whether the presence of an American ship in a foreign harbor ever caused a single cargo to be brought to the United States which would not otherwise have come. It is the importer at home who buys cargoes abroad and not the ship captain.

The question is simply and solely whether for war purposes and for reasons of national prestige the United States is to continue to expend millions upon millions in competition with other nations doing precisely the same thing—maintaining fleets which cannot justify themselves economically, which are not needed by the business of the world, at least not at their present size, and which will be steadily less needed if Russia builds a great fleet and if the present craze for national self-containment continues. Will the American Congress and public stand for maintaining the nine privately owned lines to which Mr. Kennedy says the former thirty-one lines will soon shrink because they are all losing money and using ships that will be obsolete within five years, or will it demand that this "instrument of national policy"—if it is maintained at all—be government-owned and government-run? It would seem that, rather than pour thirty millions a year into private coffers and then not be sure of an efficient merchant marine, the government might better own and operate all the ships. But that does not solve the question of the shipyards, of which there are not more than six of the first rank, and those six are constantly in the habit, as has been shown by official investigation, of submitting collusive bids. The Kennedy report does go so far, however, as to suggest that the American shipowner be allowed to build ships abroad when the cost is 50 per cent or more below the home price.

No solution is found for the labor question, perhaps the most difficult one with which the report deals. While it criticizes employers for the low wages and bad working conditions on American ships and for refusing to bargain collectively, its recommendations are such that legislation detrimental to labor may easily grow out of them, the more so since they sound both innocent and plausible. The reported two main suggestions are that a mediation board be established, and that some five hundred men a year be trained under the tutelage of the Coast Guard. A maritime mediation board might be a gain, provided it turned out to be as well set up and as well run as the Railway Mediation Board. The trouble is that the maritime unions are in no such position as the solidly organized landlocked railway brotherhoods to control the establishment and operation of such a board. The proposal for a training school is extremely questionable. Even though it involves only a few hundred men a year it opens the way for government control through the selection and training of cadets, control which would be all the more dangerous for being indirect. Apparently labor pressure has been strong enough to send the celebrated case of the Algic to the bottom—at least it seems to have disappeared as an issue. There remains the bigger job ahead of keeping Congress from legislating the maritime unions into impotence in the name of national defense and an efficient merchant marine.



Three Men on a Horse

Fear Hits the New Deal

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, November 12

THE typhoon of business fear, after devastating Wall Street, has hit Washington with terrific force. The politicos here give every indication of being as worried about the business recession as are the big-business boys in New York. And the labor officials on the left of both are, if anything, even more worried, because it is their men who bear the brunt of every depression. Washington is operating at double-quick pace and under great tension; economic doctors are consulting all over the place; charts are spread over the President's desk and the desks of administrative chiefs; there are hurried conferences of business leaders, experts, and government key men, as in the anxious days of the Great Emergency. Battered by all kinds of advice, in most instances conflicting, Mr. Roosevelt is facing the most difficult situation of his administration. The problem is how to arrest the downward spiral of business, which has already more than wiped out the gains since 1936, and to prevent a business recession from turning into a genuine industrial depression.

Whatever program emerges, one result is likely to be a shift in the legislative picture here. When the President called the special session of Congress, his whole plan was geared to a continuation of the legislative job that was bogged down in the verbal mud of the last session. He was all set to take up where he had left off, to push each major piece of legislation in turn, while quieting business fears by tax revision and budget-balancing. And Wall Street, despite his attempts at appeasement, was preparing to fight the program to the death. Now fear has proved to be a great leveler. It would be too much to say that the legislative plan has been abandoned, but it is difficult to find anyone who is terribly interested in it. There can be little doubt that its content will be wholly shaped by the need for stopping the precipitous downward trend of industry. That will be the touchstone by which every piece of legislation will be tested. The cries of business greed on the one side and of government dictatorship on the other will become feebler and less frequent; both will be stifled for all practical purposes in the common eagerness to arrest the avalanche.

This is, many here are convinced, the long-trend prospect. At the same time, however, there are cross-currents of struggle. Neither government circles nor business circles can show any unity as to strategy. Take, for example, the opposition between Morgenthau and the Administration liberals. Morgenthau has had the President's ear for some time, and he has been dinning into it day after day the need for economy and budget-balancing. Similar counsel has come from Joe Kennedy and Barney Baruch, who may be considered the sounding-boards of whatever Wall Street sentiment the President still listens to. But it is significant that Kennedy at least is changing his tune. He is now for government spending, not only on his pet merchant marine but also on housing, in order to stimulate the heavy industries. So also is a large and influential section of Wall Street opinion. But Morgenthau remains adamant. His speech at the Academy of Political Science the other night was a masterpiece of archaism. He still holds with a Catonian rigor to the ancient simplicities of a balanced budget. His thinking is arithmetical rather than geometrical. He can envisage money only as coins clinking into a till, and has no notion of the dynamic movement of money through all the interconnecting channels of the modern economy. The liberals in the Administration are by no means agreed among themselves, but they are convinced that unless the government undertakes a real spending program now there will be no chance of arresting the downward movement of industry. In fact, even with a big spending program, warns Leon Henderson, it may already be too late.

The President listens to all these advisers, but he is still—as he has always been—his own economist. He has been sifting all kinds of plans during the past ten days. Some have to do with tax revision, some with more direct methods of business stimulation, some with modes of government spending. The pressure for tax revision is enormous, and the situation is not being helped by the frayed relations of the Congressional committee, the White House, and the Treasury experts. Government spending is chiefly to be looked for in merchant shipping and naval construction and in the Wagner housing program, which will necessarily be slow in getting started. There are all sorts of plans for earmarking social-security funds for a greatly enlarged low-cost-housing program. A memorandum to this effect was sent to the White House by Philip Murray, head of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. As a C. I. O. leader, Mr. Murray has reason to be interested, since the slump has hit the mass-production heavy industries first and hardest, and it is in those industries that the C. I. O. has the core of its strength.

The indications are that Mr. Roosevelt will hold off, for a while at least, from heavy direct government expenditures, and will play indirect industrial stimulation as his first card. The general idea is to concentrate on construction as a key to the heavy industries. The problem is how to set to work the capital funds that are now idle. Since high wages and high material costs are considered the big barriers, the plan is to bring industry and labor together to make mutual concessions. There is again talk of Mr. Roosevelt's cherished plan for an annual wage in the construction industries, by which business would guarantee a minimum annual employment, labor would agree to wage reductions, and the industries furnishing materials would agree to price cuts with the assurance of increased volume. For house-builders government money would be available on a second-mortgage basis.

The split on strategy within business circles is much wider than the dissensions within the government. Business has come to a sharp parting of the ways. Up to now those who have had capital for investment have been taking part in a sort of sitdown strike, unwilling or afraid to use their capital and preferring either to keep it liquid in cash or to put it into tax-exempt securities. Administration circles see in this a historical parallel to the desperation with which Nicholas Biddle and the Bank of the United States crowd sought to sabotage Andrew Jackson's attempts to introduce democratic reforms. In more contemporary terms they cite a resemblance to the financial strike against the Blum government—the raids on the franc and the flight of capital from France.

But if financial weapons were deliberately used against the Administration to start with, the slump has now gone too far for anyone's comfort. The shepherds have become the sheep. And although the conservative press is still applauding Mr. Morgenthau's budget-balancing speech, a large section of the business community is now as eager for generous government spending as are the liberals in the Administration. The public utilities and the power companies are among the bitter-enders. They have been making alliances with the tory Democratic Senators against the wage-hour bill, with the stockbrokers against the SEC, and with the high-bracket corporations for tax repeal.

Mr. Roosevelt held out an olive branch to the utilities several days ago, promising a more friendly government policy in return for an agreement on their part to accept prudent investment rather than reproduction cost as the valuation base for rate-setting. Whether this move means an abandonment for the time being of plans for a set of regional TVA's remains to be seen, but I suspect it does. Some of the utilities spokesmen are for accepting the peace offer; others insist that the real problem is not one of valuation but of whether the government intends to stay in the field of hydroelectric power. The latter will be content with nothing short of throwing a quarantine around the TVA to keep it from spreading, and a revision of the Public Utility Holding Company Act.

Thus both business and government enter a crucial period in their struggle. Both are caught in fatal contradictions of strategy. Business dare not fight the New Deal to the last ditch because that would be suicide. And the Administration is still trying to make the capitalist system work, and is wholly dependent in that effort upon the willingness of capital investors to play the game. In the last analysis Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to jeopardize "business confidence," and business does not dare to forgo all possibility of government aid.

Fascism's Debt to Paris

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, November 2

THE thirty-fourth national congress of the French Radical Party, which has just been held at Lille, had before it a remarkably interesting report on foreign policy presented by Jacques Kayser, one of the ablest of the younger French Radicals. The report, however, had one serious defect—its conclusions were at variance with the premises from which they were drawn. Kayser painted an accurately somber picture of the present European situation and then proceeded to extol the policy that has made that situation what it is. One would imagine, after reading his summing up, that the French Radicals have never made a mistake in foreign policy and that, whoever else may be to blame for the present European situation, they at least are blameless. In my opinion Jacques Kayser would have served his party better had he ventured on a little criticism of its action in the international field. For in fact the French Radicals have a heavy responsibility for the present deplorable situation in Europe.

Edmond Daladier, now president of the French Radical Party, became Prime Minister of France on January 31, 1933, the day after Adolf Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. From then until February 7, 1934, French foreign policy was under Radical direction. France had four different Cabinets during those thirteen months (first Daladier Cabinet, January 31-October 27, 1933; Albert Sarraut Cabinet, October 27-November 24, 1933; Chautemps Cabinet, November 27, 1933-January 27, 1934; second Daladier Cabinet, January 30-February 7, 1934), but Daladier was a member of all of them and, as M. Kayser said in his report, he and Chautemps were mainly responsible for policy during the entire period.

From February [illegible] to October 9, 1934, Louis Barthou was Foreign Minister in the Doumergue Cabinet, and during his incumbency France resumed its rightful position in Europe and the French government had a definite policy of its own, not one dictated from London. Had Barthou lived long enough to achieve his aims, it may safely be said that the European situation would now be much better than it is and that France in particular would be in a far stronger position. His successor,

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Pierre Laval, destroyed Barthou's work and capitulated to Mussolini as well as to Hitler. He was duped both by Mussolini and by the British government, which he allowed by his bungling tactics to put on him the responsibility for the capitulation to Mussolini in the Abyssinian affair, for which Britain was equally accountable.

Laval's government fell in January, 1936, and was followed by the Cabinet of Albert Sarraut, with M. Flandin installed in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Radical Sarraut government was responsible for the disastrous capitulation to Hitler, and to the British government, in March, 1936, after the German repudiation of the Treaty of Locarno and the entry of the German troops into the demilitarized zone. The Blum Cabinet, which followed, and the Chautemps Cabinet now in office have continued this same policy of capitulating, for which the Radicals are in so large a measure responsible. It was the threat of the leading Radical ministers to resign on August 8, 1936—under British pressure, it is true—that led M. Léon Blum to agree to put an immediate embargo on exports of war material and other supplies to Spain a month before the German and Italian governments even consented to discuss the question of "non-intervention." By that act the French Popular Front government betrayed the Spanish republic, and, as is now evident, sacrificed vital French interests.

The result has been, as M. Kayser frankly said in his report, that Hitler and Mussolini have won a succession of diplomatic victories and continued their policy of presenting Europe with a *fait accompli,* that the League of Nations is reduced to impotence, that collective security has not been realized, and that the armaments race has developed to an alarming extent. The position of France on the Continent is far worse now than it was when the Blum Cabinet came into office. The French alliance with Czechoslovakia is for all practical purposes the only one that survives, because the case of Czechoslovakia is one of the rare cases since June, 1936, in which the French government has acted independently and taken a firm line.

Since it is impossible to deal in any detail with the foreign policy of France during the last five years in a single article, I will limit myself to the period from January, 1933, to February, 1934, when the Radical Party was clearly responsible for French foreign policy. It was in that period that the policy of capitulating to German bluff and blackmail began, and it is to that period that M. Kayser particularly appeals to justify his claim that the French Radical Party has no responsibility for the present situation. During those thirteen months, M. Kayser says, Daladier and Chautemps tried "when that was still possible, to create between France and Hitlerian Germany a reasonable *modus vivendi* honorable to both parties."

In my opinion the foreign policy of Daladier and Chautemps in 1933 was a succession of blunders. The first blunder was the Four-Power Pact signed in Rome by the British, French, German, and Italian governments in March, 1933. The pact was ostensibly proposed by Mussolini, but there is good reason to believe that the idea of it was suggested to Mussolini by the German government. Its purpose was to substitute in practice a junta of the four great Western powers for the League of Nations, so far as Europe was concerned. It was in fact intended to be the first step toward that "reform" of the League of which we have since heard so much, which is to consist in depriving the League of what powers it possesses under the Covenant and reducing it to the level of a debating society. This idea met with the warm approval of Ramsay MacDonald, who was then British Prime Minister. Fortunately, the Four-Power Pact never came into force, for it was never ratified by all the signatories. Its consequences, however, were disastrous.

One of its first results was the estrangement of Poland from France. The Polish government, quite rightly, was strongly opposed to the Four-Power Pact, which, the Poles saw, would deprive Poland of any effective voice in Europe and ultimately be a menace to Polish independence. Marshal Pilsudski implored the French government not to sign the pact, but M. Daladier and M. Paul-Boncour, who were then respectively Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, refused to listen to the Polish entreaties and walked into the trap laid for them by Hitler, Mussolini, and Ramsay MacDonald.

The second blunder was the acceptance by the Daladier Cabinet, as a basis first of discussion and then of the future convention, of the British draft convention presented to the Disarmament Conference by Ramsay MacDonald on March 16, 1933, a few days before the signing of the Four-Power Pact. It was a blunder because the draft convention, which was a rearmament rather than a disarmament convention, allowed the immediate and almost complete rearmament of Germany on land—the Germany army not being a danger to England—but not on sea or in the air, and annulled the disarmament clauses of the peace treaties without providing any effective international control of armaments or any effective measures for preventing or punishing a violation of the convention.

The third blunder made by the Daladier Cabinet was even more serious. In April, 1933, Marshal Pilsudski proposed to the French government joint action by France, Poland, and the Little Entente to put a stop to German rearmament. The first step would have been to ask the League of Nations for an investigation of German armaments under Article 213 of the Treaty of Versailles. The Council of the League of Nations has the right under that article to decide on an investigation by a majority vote, and a majority would certainly have been obtained. It is probable that Hitler would have refused to agree to an investigation, counting on the certain refusal of the British government to join in any action against Germany. But the other countries concerned would have had the right to take such action under the Treaty of Versailles and the Hague Agreement of January, 1930. The action proposed in the event of Hitler's refusal to agree to an inquiry was the occupation of a great part of German territory by the armies of France, Poland, and the Little Entente. At that time Germany was incapable of making any effective resistance. The

French General Staff was strongly in favor of the action proposed by Marshal Pilsudski, but Daladier refused to agree to it. I do not know whether on this occasion the British government was consulted, but it probably was.

It is often said that a reoccupation of German territory in 1933 would have been no solution. If by that is meant that it would not have finally solved the problem of European peace, it is true, but if we are never to do anything that will not finally solve some given problem or other, we shall never be able to do much. The danger of the moment in April, 1933, was German rearmament, and the course proposed by Marshal Pilsudski would certainly have stopped that. It might even have destroyed the Nazi regime, which had then been in existence for only three months and was far from securely established. On this occasion the Radical Prime Minister of France incurred a responsibility that, in my opinion, it is hardly an exaggeration to call criminal. The late Arthur Henderson, whose pacifist convictions were indisputable, told me not long before his death that he believed France had made a mistake in not asking for an investigation into German armaments.

As a result of Daladier's blunder Pilsudski came to the conclusion that France was too weak to be counted on and that the only safe policy for Poland was to come to terms with Germany. In June, 1933, the German and Polish governments published a joint declaration affirming their desire for peace and declaring their intention of concluding a pact of non-aggression. In August, 1933, the Daladier Cabinet made yet another blunder—that of joining in the Anglo-French "friendly representations" to Hitler about the Austrian question, which were not even made jointly. The representations resulted in one of the most humiliating rebuffs ever inflicted on the governments of two great powers. Metaphorically speaking, Hitler kicked the British and French representatives downstairs. Naturally, this humiliation did not strengthen French influence in Poland or anywhere else.

Nevertheless, Pilsudski showed himself in no hurry to conclude the pact with Germany, and when Germany finally left Geneva on October 14, 1933, he repeated to the French government the proposal that he had made six months earlier. Again Daladier refused, although had he had the courage to ask the Council of the League of Nations for an investigation into German armaments the day after the German withdrawal, the British government would hardly have dared to oppose it. At that time Sir John Simon was more infuriated against Germany than anybody else in Geneva. M. Paul-Boncour, who was the head of the French delegation to the Disarmament Conference, did make a strenuous effort to get the conference to try to arrive at a convention which could be submitted to the German government. He was supported by Arthur Henderson, who had been opposed to the continuance of the Disarmament Conference a year earlier, when Germany left it for the first time, but had learned by experience what a mistake it was to make concessions to the German government in order to bring it back. Paul-Boncour, however, was overruled by the British and Italian delegations, and then the French government joined with the British in putting a premium on secession from the League of Nations by offering Hitler concessions that they had refused him before Germany left Geneva.

These successive capitulations to Hitler finally confirmed Pilsudski in his belief that France could not be counted on and that Germany was likely to become the dominant power on the Continent. Yet he still hesitated to take the plunge of signing the pact with Germany, although the German government was pressing for his signature. Pilsudski knew that it would mean, for all practical purposes, the end of the Franco-Polish alliance, as in fact it did. Toward the end of 1933, however, alarming information reached Warsaw about secret negotiations between Daladier and Hitler, in which Fernand de Brinon was the intermediary. This made up Pilsudski's mind, and the German-Polish pact was signed in January, 1934.

The secret negotiations with Hitler, which went much farther than is generally known, probably did more than anything else to convince Hitler that France was afraid of him. He kept quiet as long as Louis Barthou was French Foreign Minister, but when he found that Barthou's firm policy was not being continued he started again the policy of bluff which had been so successful in 1933. It will be remembered that during a visit that he paid to Berlin late in 1933 Arthur Henderson suggested, in a public speech, a meeting between Hitler and Daladier. He was a good deal criticized for making the suggestion, but he himself told me that he had made it at the request of the French government.

It is impossible to say whether Hitler took the negotiations seriously. He must have thought that the aim of the French negotiators was to put an end to English interference on the Continent, and one of the principal aims of his policy is an alliance with England. On the other hand, Hitler says in "Mein Kampf" that the destruction of France should be "only a means of at last giving our people later on the possibility of expanding elsewhere." That is to say, France was to be destroyed only as an obstacle to German territorial expansion in Europe. Hitler may well have thought that if the French would agree to give Germany a free hand east of the Rhine, an alliance or understanding with France would serve the same purpose as its destruction. In any case he would never have agreed to an alliance or understanding with France except on that condition. If M. Daladier and M. Chautemps did not know that, they were dupes. If they knew it, they were prepared to throw over all France's eastern friends and allies. In the latter case, too, they were dupes, for when Hitler had conquered the rest of the Continent he would have turned on France and demanded Alsace-Lorraine and perhaps more. No *modus vivendi* between France and Germany "honorable" or advantageous "to both parties" was possible in 1933, or is possible now. What was possible in 1933 was to rid France and Europe of the danger of an aggressive and predatory Germany. Instead of doing that, the French Radicals, represented by Daladier and Chautemps, increased the danger.

What Ruined the Railroads?

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

THE panic in Wall Street marked the end of a period in the New Deal recovery. From its beginning in 1933 until last spring, the upswing had been a consumers' recovery, based primarily on rising purchasing power. Early this year business felt, and the Administration agreed, that the revival in purchasing power had brought the country as far on the way to prosperity as it could, alone. Now was the time for the consumers'-goods recovery to be reinforced by one in the basic industries. But production in the heavy industries barely gained momentum before a decline set in. And as the rate of steel production dropped from over 90 per cent of capacity in the spring of 1937 to about 40 per cent, as overtime disappeared and unemployment reappeared, purchasing power declined sharply. The collapse in the stock market was not due to machinations by either Roosevelt or Wall Street. It reflected the inability of the heavy industries to regain their pre-depression momentum.

By far the most serious of the reverses in the heavy industries has been that suffered by the railroads. The misfortunes of the roads were possibly the greatest single factor in precipitating the business slump which now threatens the entire recovery movement. The steel industry has come to depend upon the roads to absorb at least one-quarter of its output. Any failure of railroad buying to reach this level means serious maladjustment throughout heavy industry. In 1936, as the boom got under way, the roads took 10 per cent of steel production. Today they are taking less than 1 per cent.

How explain the fiasco of the railroads? By the simple fact that while their revenues were increasing their earnings were falling. This is in flagrant and costly contradiction to the first principle of American industry. Our entire system of mass production is based upon the ability of industry to profit by increased volume and lower prices through the constant introduction of cost-cutting equipment. The story of the railroads, contrarily, is one of rising volume but falling profit. It is a story that must cast doubt on the ability of the roads ever to prosper again, no matter what volume of freight they may carry.

In the fall of 1936 car loadings reached the highest point since 1931, throwing officials of the Association of American Railroads into a panic over the possibility of a car shortage. All through the last half of 1936 and the first half of 1937 freight-car loadings mounted steadily along with increased activity in the heavy industries. With car loadings in the first six months of 1937 running fully 14 per cent ahead of last year, Wall Street began to dream of a return to the pre-depression days when the railroads loaded a million freight cars a week and really made money. Foreign investors too agreed that the next great advance was to be made by the railroads. The shrewd Dutch in the first quarter of 1937 doubled the rate at which they were buying American securities, and most of this money went into railroad stocks. One Dutch interest increased its holdings of Pennsylvania stock from 34,248 shares to 104,728 shares. Southern Pacific and Baltimore and Ohio were other roads that were bid up with the assistance of foreign capital. Railroad shares began to follow steel shares on the long trek back to 1929 highs.

In the wake of the railroad boom came a powerful movement in the key equipment industry, link between the roads and steel. The eight leading equipment firms, starved during the depression, found themselves entering 1937 with a backlog of orders worth $150,000,000. And new orders continued to pour in. On March 1, 1935, the third year of recovery, the Class 1 roads had 514 freight cars on order. One year later the figure was 12,679. And on March 1, 1937, orders had reached a total of 42,212, a figure not even touched in March, 1929, and carrying clear back to 1926. The locomotive firms too came in for their share of new business. In 1932 they had booked orders for exactly 14 locomotives. In the first four months of 1937 they shipped 103 locomotives to grateful railroads and had orders for 405 more. And this, business felt, was only the beginning. The vice-president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works told the press that "our industry can work to capacity for the next fifteen years just taking care of obsolescence of American railroads." Actually it was not destined to work even through the rest of 1937.

In March railroad securities stood at such highs as 65⅜ for Southern Pacific; 55¼ for New York Central; 50¼ for Pennsylvania; 94¾ for Atchison; and 148¾ for Union Pacific. In the October panic these stocks touched lows of 17 for Southern Pacific; 15⅛ for New York Central; 20 for Pennsylvania; 35 for Atchison; and 86⅝ for Union Pacific. What brought about the steady decline in these gilt-edged securities when the roads were preparing to move the largest crops in history, when they were participating in an apparently sustained industrial boom? Hints at the answer began to appear when the roads published their April reports. The Union Pacific, for example, showed an 11.8 per cent rise in revenues, but it also showed a 14.7 per cent rise in operating expenses, which reduced its net sharply. Then in June came the news that eleven roads, accounting for nearly half of the industry's revenues, had increased their gross 8.5 per cent—while their maintenance charges, leaping ahead, were up 19.5 per cent. In 1936, the year of real advance, seven roads, representing a cross-section of the industry, had increased their gross incomes only 17.4 per cent over 1935, while their net incomes had shot up 48.3 per cent. This was not sensational but normal. Above the "break-even" point, every healthy industry expects to increase its net 25 per cent on every 10 per cent increase in gross. But the railroads were unable to maintain this rate of advance with the increased volume which 1937 brought them. For the first half of the year, on an 11.4 per cent increase in gross, their net income advanced only 16.9 per cent. This was an omen, but by August no omens were needed. For the results of that month's operation, made public in October, showed that while gross ran 2.6 per cent ahead of 1936, net lagged fully 12.3 per cent behind; September net fell 15.4 per cent.

The simple fact is that their equipment was incapable of handling the business offered them. The number of freight cars in good condition had fallen to about 75 per cent of what it was in 1929. By the middle of 1936 the roads were actually loading 10 per cent more cars than were listed as being in good order. In spite of this shortage, nearly 35,000 cars had to be retired during the first four months of 1937, and the new cars put in use in the first half of the year were not sufficient to replace them. On poor roads like the New Haven 90 per cent of the cars were more than twenty years old, which is generally admitted to be the efficiency limit, and only 20 per cent of the cars of a good road like the Pennsylvania were under this age limit. Equally obsolescent and still more productive of rising costs were the locomotives: between January 1, 1936, and April 1, 1937, the number of serviceable locomotives fell by 1,600, in spite of the large number of replacements made during that period. Today fully one-third of the 45,000 steam locomotives in use on Class 1 roads are more than twenty-five years old. This obsolescence is reflected directly in a catastrophic rise in maintenance costs and transportation expenses. Demands on the freight car and locomotive, particularly for speed, have gone up terrifically in recent years. Two obsolescent locomotives are frequently needed to pull a train that one modern engine could handle. The doubling of locomotives results in a supplementary locomotive mileage amounting to 64.8 per cent of all locomotive miles on the Delaware and Hudson and to similar dangerously high percentages on most other roads. On the Burlington, for example, maintenance cost for new Diesel locomotives is only 4.84 cents per train mile: for old steam locomotives of the same capacity, it is 28.98 cents a train mile. The head of General Motors' Diesel subsidiary recently declared that the roads could save $52,000,000 annually by putting 3,000 Diesels into switching service. This saving would be sufficient to liquidate the investment in five years. Old freight cars, old tracks, and old shop equipment have the same fatal effect on costs.

The London *Financial News* has calculated that during the seven years from 1929 to 1936 the American railway system ran fully $2,200,000,000 behind on its maintenance expenditures. This makes no allowance for innovations in equipment, but refers to the failure to replace worn-out rolling stock by cars and engines of the same type. All through the depression years the roads continued to set aside, out of their income, reserves for depreciation which compared satisfactorily with those of the 1920's, but whereas actual purchases of new equipment in the 1920's ran well ahead of depreciation reserves, only a fraction of the money set aside in the 1930's for purchases was actually used for this purpose.

One expenditure of the railroads did remain constant during the depression years. That was the interest on bonds. And here is the secret of the railroads' failure. For these bonds represent a still unpaid mortgage on the obsolescent equipment which prevents the roads from operating at a fair profit. Thus the very equipment which is driving the roads into bankruptcy cannot be replaced because of the burden of debt to the bondholders. Fixed interest charges, added to the high cost of operating the equipment on which such interest is paid, pile up huge costs which must be met before a profit can be shown. It is these same charges which afford railroad management the occasion for its periodic pleas for higher charges to the public and against higher wages to labor.

What is the solution? As long as the roads must operate with hopelessly inefficient equipment, they cannot pay interest to their bondholders and satisfactory wages to their employees, lower their carrying rates to the public, and still keep out of the red. A continuation of the present situation will inevitably drive even the strongest roads into bankruptcy just as surely as it did the weaker roads after 1929. Nor is unconditional public ownership desirable for the present. The public clearly has nothing to gain by letting the government take over these properties on the basis of one dollar in good hard cash for every dollar of dubious railroad bonds. And even the bondholders have no security against bankruptcy; the bonds of bankrupt roads, issued at $100, are selling for as little as $10.

Only one suggestion appears to offer a way out—a suggestion made, significantly, in behalf of the New York State savings banks. It is to convert the huge bonded indebtedness hanging over the railroads, amounting to 62 per cent of all their securities (the percentage is only 28.7 in England, where the roads are solvent), into ordinary common stock, entitled to no prior claim on income but bearing its risk and pocketing its dividends out of profits, like capital in any other business. The savings-bank study pointed out that two out of three typical bankrupt roads could have remained solvent had this procedure been followed, and that it could have been followed with surprisingly little cost to the roads.

The mere fact that the savings banks, themselves such large holders of railroad bonds, should have proposed this common-sense solution of the immediate problem speaks eloquently for the crisis of the railroads. It admits, in effect, that the railroads cannot continue to pay off their obligations on obsolescent equipment and remain in business. It admits also that the cause of this crisis is not the wages of labor or the regulation of rates by the government but the criminal negligence of the roads in so ineptly arranging their own financing. Here,

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in the failure of this basic American industry to keep pace with modern technology, lies one of the roots of the sudden slump which is threatening business recovery. The vested interest of the bondholders is surely a small consideration to be placed in the balance against the chances of recovery, especially since the bonds will certainly be defaulted if recovery ends. And unless the railroads find a way to buy modern cost-cutting equipment, and to free themselves from the fixed interest charges with which they are now saddled, recovery will end.

The Camera Reconnoiters

BY BEN BELITT

IT USED to be the travelogues, not so long ago, that were being written "with gun and camera"; today it is history. Our chroniclers are already among us. At Corning they have been polishing the great lenses soon to be trained upon interstellar darkness; nearer home their lenses are fitted to motion-picture cameras and are trained upon contemporary chaos.

There have been many, of late, to point out that the camera eye is an organ of which Hollywood seems so far to have discovered only the hypnotic possibilities. Certainly since the time of Griffith it has not ceased to propound triangles and transform Cinderellas in lethal double features throughout the nation, and has paused only rarely for experiments in realism like "Fury" and "The Informer," or the more synthetic "Zola," "Dead End," and "Winterset." Its answer to the distress of our time has been the neighborhood bank night and the newsreel potpourri edited down to the perfunctoriness of a news-flash. In the course of less than half a century it has not only exhausted its mythology but lost touch with reality.

Hollywood's answer to its doldrums, apparently, is three-dimensional films, features in technicolor, and a revolving belt of imported profiles; and with such projects it keeps complacently occupied. Six months ago, however, a group of scenarists and camera men came forward with an answer of their own—the independent, non-profit organization known as Frontier Films. At their head is Paul Strand, whose memorable "The Wave" was an indication of what may be expected of this enterprise. His colleagues and advisory staff include, among others, Joris Ivens, pioneering producer of "Borinage" and "Spanish Earth," Ralph Steiner, Leo Hurwitz, John Howard Lawson, Elia Kazan, Vera Caspary, David Wolff, Malcolm Cowley, John Dos Passos, Lillian Hellman, Archibald MacLeish, Lewis Milestone, and Clifford Odets. Their purpose is to bring to bear on the contemporary scene an organized group of professional scenarists, directors, and camera men who will faithfully transcribe that scene in terms of its drama, and "wield this power consistently on the side of progress." To this end they have said their farewells to Hollywood, to reconnoiter on their own for themes which American life today has flung squarely before their cameras.

Moviegoers throughout the country have already participated in the scouting experiments out of which the venture emerges. By the hundreds of thousands they have found their way to the independent motion-picture houses to appraise, many of them for the first time, a new type of "documentary short" combining drama and the morning's headlines. In "The Plow That Broke the Plains," a WPA undertaking, they witnessed the spectacle of American land erosion as recorded by the cameras of Ralph Steiner, Paul Strand, and Leo Hurwitz. In "Spanish Earth" Joris Ivens, Ernest Hemingway, and Archibald MacLeish, working together as the "Contemporary Historians," unfolded for them the portent of the Loyalist struggle in Spain. In "Spain in Flames" and "Heart of Spain," the latter a Frontier release, pertinent phases of the same conflict were again touched off; and in the newest Frontier offering, "China Strikes Back," the lens has documented China's reply to the challenge of man's fate in the Far East.

"Spanish Earth" invites particularly close inspection. Already in its third month in New York, it is scheduled, in spite of overwhelming competitive odds, for appearance in some sixty key cities throughout the United States, and according to its distributors will have rolled up a total of at least 800 theaters and 2,000 extra-theatrical exhibitions before its run is completed. The figure admittedly dwindles if entered on the records alongside the nation's 17,000 film houses; nor is the sum total of 1,600,000 paid admissions to be compared with the paid-admissions count of the country, which weekly runs to more than 80,000,000. It becomes impressive, however, when one recalls that the totals which are being compared in each case represent the initial triumph of a pioneering venture over a tightly monopolized commercial machine which for more than a quarter of a century has been adding theater to theater, in producer-distributor circuits hitherto considered impregnable.

It is the plan of Frontier Films to utilize those outlets of which Hollywood takes no cognizance, as well as the commercial movie houses. "We have," it is explained, "appealed so far to the 'subway circuit' of motion-picture houses, for the most part independently owned and exhibiting the finer foreign films throughout the country. We propose now to open up new channels which will embrace the greatest potential theatrical and extra-theatrical audience for living and purposeful films that exists in America. Our facilities are already at the disposal of responsible agents which cut across the bias of modern life—the trade unions, the cooperative societies, educational institutions, social-welfare groups, peace organizations, public forums, churches of whatever denomination, schools, and the like. We hope to utilize all these channels in the regular distribution of our films. In time we expect to include an even more widely scattered audience in a program of organized road shows which will tour the farming communities and mill towns of the nation." It is expected that many progressive organizations, particularly trade unions, will follow Europe's example of sponsoring realistic documents in which the problems peculiar to their respective groups will be candidly and dramatically transcribed in the language of their respective trades. A film portraying the unionization of John Doe, automobile worker, is already under consideration.

This concern of experimental photography for events close to our own time and society is not a fad but a flowering. Many of its practitioners are drawn from the ranks that created the Group Theater. They are the same group, substantially, who several years ago organized the Film and Photo League to produce "stills" and motion pictures which would take stock of modern life in America, which would report the events of the day in newsreels that stayed for an answer where the commercial product looked askance. They are the group who in 1932 trained their cameras on the East Side Hoovervilles, the Washington hunger marchers, and the Scottsboro case. And it was from this group, finally, that the Nykino workshop emerged in 1933, in response to the need for a craftsmanlike unit to effect a vital rapport between the camera and the materials with which it was concerned.

What is the documentary film? It is more, says Paul Strand, than a purely informative chronicle of things and events, a mere journalistic diagram of reality. "The problem which the makers of documentary films must solve," he declared, "does not end with the problem of how an audience may be informed. They must devise legitimate techniques for moving an audience by projecting the basic dramatic meanings implicit in the documents." The reportorial coverage of weekly newsreels and travelogues is only one element in the documentary film and is distributed in strategic sequence-patterns to achieve effects of drama and emphasis that the commercial news camera man cannot take into account. In the same way the March of Time releases are foreign to the technique now under consideration, although they have combined reporting with another significant element of the documentary film—the enactment of the drama. Frontier Films is frankly concerned with the problem of involving its audiences in a context of specific responses to the material with which they are being presented. Unlike the March of Time productions, however, whose chromium-bright polish is in its way as much a matter of pace and façade as the factory product of Hollywood, it prefers to deduce both pace and drama out of the real scene and the real protagonists. It is interested, for example, in the story of Myles Horton, who gave up a career in the ministry to found the Highlander Folk School in a small Cumberland Plateau mountain community near Chattanooga. The resulting moving picture, based on a script by Elia Kazan already recorded in film by Ralph Steiner, will be released shortly. It presents the literal story of a community enterprise filmed in the midst of its own mined-out and lumbered-off poverty, with its own protagonist in the "title role" and native miners, lumbermen, and textile workers enacting the drama that at one time was their experience. "The world," Mr. Steiner declared, "is our studio. One works with life itself here, not with fabrications of it. And there's no more exciting material in the world for a man who wants to run a camera."

Leading directors, camera men, and writers have affirmed this enthusiasm and are engaged in similar ventures on both sides of the Atlantic. In France the Ciné Liberté under the distinguished leadership of Jean Renoir, director of "The Lower Depths," has produced "La Vie Est à Nous" and "La Marseillaise," the latter sponsored by the Front Populaire and financed by popular subscription. In England independent film makers like Paul Rotha have organized the Strand Films and Realistic Films, which are turning out not only educational films but trade and government documents on such diverse topics as building and malnutrition.

Frontier Films plans to release in the immediate future, in addition to the Highlander School and automobile-worker items, a feature-length picture on child labor called "Pay Day," prepared by George Sklar and Vera Caspary with the directorial collaboration of Paul Strand, William Watts, and Leo Hurwitz, to be followed later by a shorter film, "Labor Spy," based on the violations of civil liberties revealed by the La Follette committee investigation, with a script by David Wolff. The cost of a documentary film is naturally dependent upon the exigencies of production. Such a picture as the automobile worker's film requires at least $7,000 to complete, while the current three-reeler "Heart of Spain," which was first compiled on the scene in loose photographic sequence by Herbert Kline and Geza Karpathi and later built into a dramatically moving film in the cutting room by Strand and Hurwitz, reached the projector's booth at a cost of only $5,000.

Up to the present the camera has attempted to make visible only what the public, because of its conditioning, has wished to believe. Just recently the production chief of a major Hollywood film factory announced the picture schedule for the forthcoming year with the manifesto: "With the whole world in a crazy turmoil people's nerves are too taut to stand the strain of serious drama. War is already under way in the Orient; Europe is on the verge of war; and here in the United States labor troubles and political dissension have everyone on edge. . . . So 1938, like 1917, 1918, and 1919, will see the rise of many new comedy stars."

We need to be delivered from our spellbinders. History by hearsay is yielding place to history by eyewitness, and our roles are already being thrust upon us. It remains for the actors to be united with their drama, for the involvement as a whole to be envisioned in terms of its portent. For this purpose the documentary film, as Peter Quince once observed, offers "a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal."

British Labor Comes to Life

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 27

NO PARTY in Great Britain is more complex either in structure or in function than the Labor Party, and about none is it more dangerous to prophesy with assurance. After the Norwich Congress of the Trades Union Conference, which was mechanical in form and defeatist in temper, I assumed that the annual conference of the Labor Party at Bournemouth would be built upon a similar pattern. And in a sense it was. On matters of formal policy the National Executive won all along the line. The united front with the Communists was turned down; the party is not to oppose rearmament; the short-term program was approved; the old-age pensions scheme, built upon a contributory basis, was accepted by an overwhelming vote. So far as outlook on measures was concerned, the right wing of the party had its own way with almost terrifying ease.

And yet the spirit of the conference was not right wing. That spirit emerged in three ways: in the vital changes made in the method of election to the National Executive; in the result of the first elections held under a new scheme of choice; and in that impalpable thing the atmosphere of the conference, which the observer is able to feel even if he finds it extraordinarily difficult to describe.

Since 1917 the members of the National Executive have been elected from various groups. Trade unions had thirteen representatives, women five, local-constituency parties five, and national organizations like the Fabian Society one. Candidates were elected by the vote of the whole conference, which meant in effect that the trade unions decided the issue, and were able completely to determine the trend of policy. For many years this was a source of dissatisfaction to the constituency parties, but nothing was done to meet their grievance. Last year, at Edinburgh, they made an effective protest and received an assurance from the National Executive that the matter would be examined. They also formed an association to press their claims. Regional conferences on the problem were held during the year, and as a result the Executive was convinced that any delay in handling the matter would be bad for the morale of the party. It therefore proposed (1) that the number of constituency representatives should be increased from five to seven; (2) that these should be elected by the vote of the constituency delegates only at the conference; and (3) that the new method of voting should come into effect immediately. After considerable debate and an attempt on the part of the great unions to delay application these proposals were adopted by the conference, and the constituency parties then proceeded to elect their representatives in the new manner.

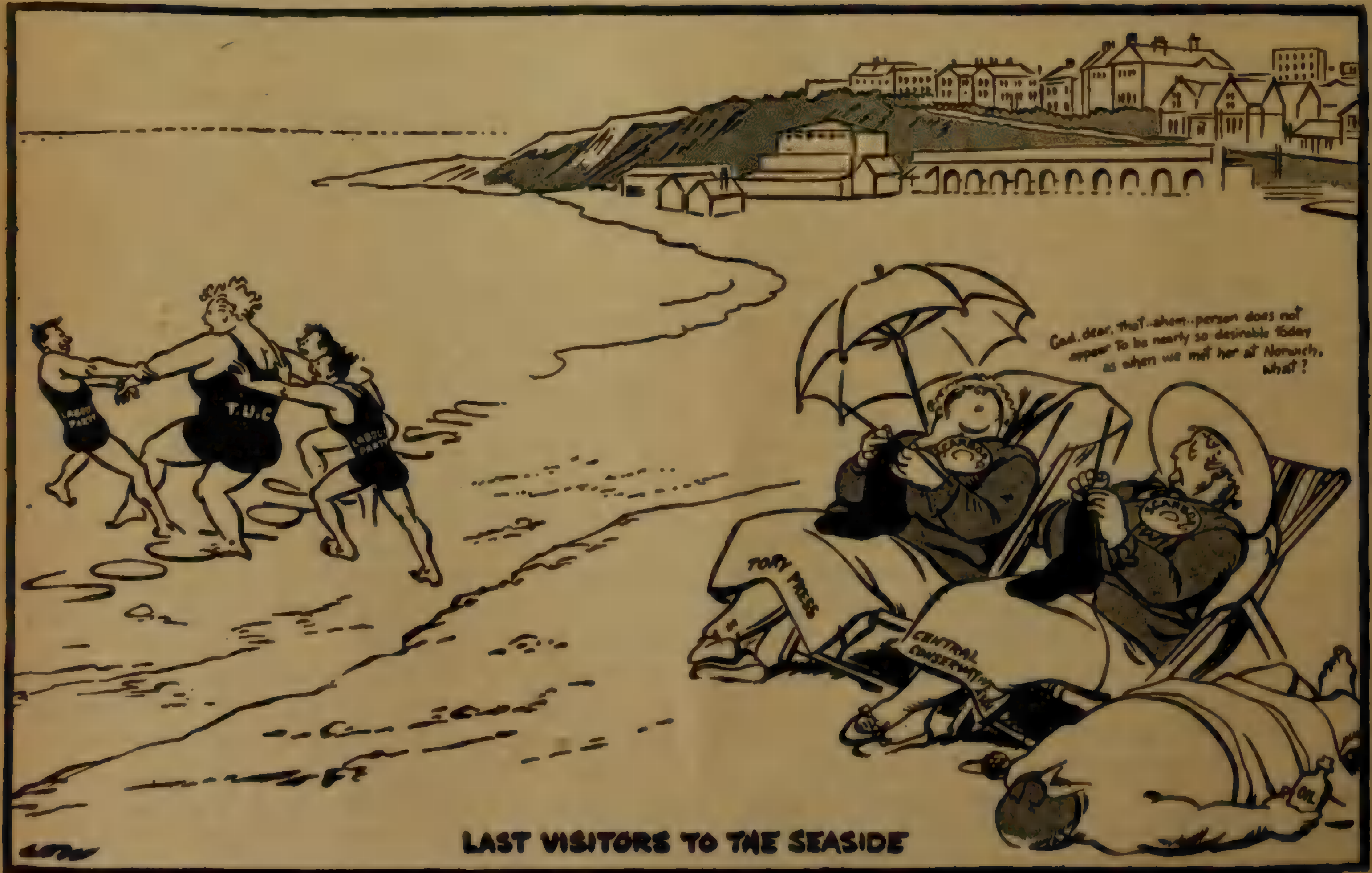
The result was an unmistakable victory for the left. The writer, Cripps, and Pritt were chosen by resounding majorities; the day before, the first two had been clearly threatened with expulsion from the party if they continued to campaign for the united front. Among the women, Miss Ellen Wilkinson, another left winger, was also elected. The new Executive now contains, therefore, a small but significant group who represent the demand for a much more definitely socialist policy. It is true that they cannot continue to speak on Communist platforms, and they must end the special and separate campaign for unity they have been running in the last few months; but the whole conference was aware that their election meant an eager desire on the part of the constituencies to go forward. The change in the temperature of the party as a result is unmistakable. The difference between Norwich and Bournemouth is the difference between a trade-union wing which is content to work within the framework of capitalism and a Labor Party which says, as clearly as it knows how, that it wants those who reject that view to have a decisive voice in shaping the policy of the party.

It is too early even to guess what will be the result of this new emphasis. The majority of the Executive is still the old majority. But it is not at all unlikely that on many of the outstanding issues it will desire to recognize the need for a new temper in party direction. To some extent this is already evident in foreign affairs. Bournemouth has strengthened the hands of those leaders in the party, notably Mr. Attlee himself, who emphatically hold that the less collaboration there is with the national government the better it will be for the place of Labor in the mind of the nation. We may hope, too, that in matters like the treatment of the unemployed and the condition of the distressed areas a new fighting spirit will develop in the country. Unless I miss my guess seriously, the party will begin in these next months to move slowly but decisively to the left.

This does not mean—I say it with regret—that there is any immediate hope of working-class unity. From innumerable conversations with the delegates at Bournemouth I was able to deduce three things. First, they do not trust the Communists; the long record of "tactics" has left an impact of suspicion which it will take a considerable time still to remove. Second, they are afraid that the source of Communist policy is too much Moscow and too little London, and they dislike what they call a dual allegiance. Third, there is no doubt that the mass executions in the Soviet Union in the last two years have greatly injured the prestige of Russia with the rank and file of the Labor Party. They do not understand them, and they feel that those who accept them without discussion are not satisfactory allies. I do not comment on this view; I merely record it. In my judgment the executions undoubtedly cost the supporters of the united front something like half a million votes in the Bournemouth conference.

Yet I am left with the impression that the future is with the proponents of unity. The short-term program of the party is by any interpretation incompatible with the foundations of capitalism. The policy of the party is getting more and more defined as one which requires for its defense a Marxist interpretation of foreign affairs. The rise in the cost of living is going to compel the unions to put forward new demands, and it is going to put the problems of the unemployed once more in the forefront of political discussion. Events, in a word, are going to drive the party to the left, and in being so driven it is going to discover that the present schism is a loss of strength for which there is no defense. What is more, I think it unlikely that the new Executive will be either able or willing to devote as much of its energies as in the past to heresy-hunting. It is the clear will of the constituencies that it should get on with the job of fighting the government. There is a new realization that this cannot be done merely with a future program of desirable measures. You have to fight the government on what it is doing now. That is the only way to arouse confidence that you may, as a party, rightly be intrusted with the direction of the state. And this means that in the realms where the Labor Party has drifted—Spain, China, the unemployed, youth in industry and its intolerable conditions—it will have to take the lead. But to take the lead means, frankly, to inform its actions with a Marxist spirit. There is a real growth in the number of Labor Party members who see that without an adequate philosophy the line of action taken by the party leaders is bound to be fortuitous and episodic instead of being built upon a correct reading of the historic movement of the times.

To some extent this development is, I think, due to the growth of the Left Book Club and the impact it is making. Its six hundred discussion circles are independent of all party ties, and the club itself has no party ax to grind. But because as a club it is for peace and against fascism its tendency is toward a growing support of the Labor Party as the one mass movement upon which, in these critical times, reliance can be placed. It is rapidly turning hundreds of young men and women to a consciousness of political and economic philosophy, and as they gain this consciousness they naturally tend to take their place in the Labor ranks. More than this, they tend to become the keenest members of local parties, just because they have learned to think for themselves. In the past twelve months their discussion circles have held scores of public meetings in which the philosophy of the left and its bearing on current problems have been driven home. So far the Labor Party has frowned upon the club, largely because its independence has meant criticism of the leadership and because it has provided a platform upon which progressives of all shades could meet. It is not improbable that in the coming months this hostility will be modified. If it is, the party will have a resurgence of strength such as it has not experienced in many years.


LABOUR PARTY
T.U.C
LABOUR PARTY
Gad, dear, that—ahem—person does not appear to be nearly so desirable today as when we met her at Norwich, what?
TORY PRESS
CENTRAL CONSERVATIVE
OIL

LAST VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE sudden death of Ramsay MacDonald removes an unhappy and tragic figure. Never did an Englishman have a more glorious opportunity than was his when he first became Prime Minister in 1924, and never did any statesman quit political life less regretted, after having been Prime Minister, technically speaking, three times. The tributes paid to Stanley Baldwin on his retirement may or may not, I think not, have been deserved, but at least it was an event of first importance. Ramsay MacDonald went out on the same day, and there were few so poor to do him reverence. Was that not tragedy pure and simple?

I first met MacDonald in London in the days after the Armistice and conceived at once a great admiration for his beliefs and his mental processes, and a genuine affection for him personally. Though some now dispute this, it seemed to me that he displayed the greatest courage during the war in refusing a high Cabinet post and sticking to his opposition to British entry into the struggle. It was a profound humiliation for him when as the head of the Independent Labor Party he was not allowed to leave England to attend a pacifist conference in Scandinavia, a militant seamen's union refusing to permit him to embark. He felt keenly the ill repute in which he was held at that time and the loss of his seat in Parliament in the khaki election of December, 1918. He always insisted that he was never treated with any personal discourtesy during the war, but when we were together in Paris during the Peace Conference I noticed that he was not particularly anxious to meet men high in British officialdom, while they often openly avoided him. Yet it was easy for him to regain popular favor when the turn of the tide came, and he stepped into the office of Prime Minister without any real competition so far as the Labor Party was concerned, despite the widespread admiration for Arthur Henderson's sterling qualities. MacDonald's devotion to his principles then kept for him the respect of the bulk of the men who most ardently disagreed with him.

Yet the sad fact is that when he left office the only persons who had any regret were the very men he had opposed most of his life—the big business men and the ultra-conservatives. And they only cared for him because they felt that he was no longer dangerous to them and their special privileges. Never was there a greater change in a man; yet to the end he maintained that the many old friends who criticized and broke with him were in the wrong. He had done the patriotic and the devoted thing in wrecking his second administration and forming the "National" government, and he felt sure that history would uphold him for saving the country from "going on the financial rocks." The alteration in him was not a sudden one. The process of change and decay began early. He denounced the Independent Labor Party in which he had been so prominent and read it out of the political field. His tenderness toward persons he had previously opposed became manifest. He became devoted to King George and to certain bearers of titles, both men and women. It was more and more evident that he liked immensely the honors and emoluments and appurtenances that went with his high office, notably his residence at Chequers. Never, in short, was there a clearer case of a man's whole point of view being affected—his moral fiber impaired, his vision blurred—by the office he held.

All of this was accompanied by his tendency to rationalize everything he did. In the days when he was out of Parliament and out of office he had written articles for *The Nation* denouncing British policy in India; yet when the opportunity came to him to alter that policy he did nothing. No more than Woodrow Wilson would he admit that he could err. The most outspoken of pacifists, he could not when in office take the lead to bring about a harmonious and disarmed Europe. He had denounced the Treaty of Versailles almost as vigorously as *The Nation* did, and yet neither of his administrations can be credited with any great step forward in pacifying Europe; he might have led the way toward a revision of the treaty and so headed Hitler off. He who had so bitterly opposed armaments remained in the government and approved Stanley Baldwin's unprecedented rearmament of Great Britain. I am profoundly sorry to say that I do not believe that the Conservatives could have done anything which would have driven MacDonald out of the Cabinet.

The pity of it! Nature intended him to be a leader of men. It gave him a superb presence and made him personally as winning as he was handsome. He had a magnificent voice; I heard him make his fourth speech on an exhausting day of his last visit to the United States. His voice was never more glorious, and the captains of industry who heard him were carried away by his oratory—they would have torn him limb from limb during the war years. When he was taken ill in Philadelphia on his visit here with his daughter Ishbel in 1927 and it was believed that he was dying, I was sent for and asked to be prepared to handle the press when the end came. Perhaps it would have been better for his reputation and his place in history if he had not recovered. Fortunately he was spared for his devoted family. It is characteristic of him and of them that they declined a Westminster Abbey burial for him, and that his last journey should be to Lossiemouth, his love for which never waned.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

TRADITIONS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

BY CONSTANCE ROURKE

BARRIERS between reading for adults and for children seem to be breaking down, so that young people may often have the experience of lending books to their elders, who may in turn find with startled interest that a book which they have regarded as fairly complex has been read with understanding by children. In spite of their amazing schedules, their French, their dancing—tap, ballet, classic, expressionistic—their school papers, athletics, clubs, dramatics, their home work and social service, their production of novels, plays, or autobiographies, or their many other sometimes rather militant forms of self-expression, they seem to have a fair amount of time in which to discover some of the things they want to know. They read with greedy enjoyment. They like things because they like them. They are unconcerned, unless someone puts wretched ideas into their heads, as to whether what they are reading is going to promote their careers.

Since they know so much and are so capable and clever and have such enviable freshness and enthusiasm, it might seem that there is nothing we can do for them. Yet there may be a few contributions that members of an older generation can make without warping their initiative or invading their personalities. They can be permitted to share in the current movement toward a discovery of the American past, particularly in its concern with our cultural traditions. In this respect they seem to be missing a substantial enterprise.

Periodically and in sketchy ways we always seem to have been digging away at our somewhat mysterious past, but the present movement has freshness and vigor, engaging both amateur and professional historians. The amateurs may be as important as the professionals. It might puzzle almost any experienced writer to prepare a biography of an individual like Old Dan Tucker, who washed his face in a frying pan and combed his hair with a wagon wheel and about whom only a few similar bits of information are to be had, but it didn't puzzle an aged gentleman whom I met a few years ago. He had just polished off a manuscript some two feet thick, and he had given this a structure by the simple device of moving Old Dan around the country—always late for his supper—from the Eastern Shore to the Rocky Mountains, from Texas to Tennessee and Maine, meeting leading characters of the nation in numbers all along the way. The intervals were filled in by long and lavish descriptions of scenery which the author had enjoyed. He had been a Currier and Ives painter, and I don't think it mattered much to him that his adventure in literature was doomed never to see the light. He had had the amateur's true pleasure in the experiment.

There are dozens of such individuals in out-of-the-way places who rarely break into print, who will write or talk about some section of the American past or the American character as if they were obsessed, and who perhaps prove more as to the warmth and genuineness of this retrospective movement than could be proved by a regiment of practiced biographers and historians.

In quiet ways new ground is continually being broken as to our history, yet we lack knowledge in essential fields. Recently an extraordinarily charming collection of swipes and swatches and patterns of printed cotton was discovered which had belonged to a man who went peddling his wares through one of our great river valleys in the early part of the last century. But this material lacks a frame of reference; our knowledge of early textile design and manufacture is fragmentary in the extreme. We don't know where major designs have come from or where the machines were made from which they were printed, or what was the balance between designs of foreign origin and those created in this country; yet all these facts would have much to say as to American taste and talent in the era when the nation was forming and when industrialism was slowly on the rise.

What has been done during the past two years under the Federal Art Project by the Index of American Design in recording sequences of examples in the useful and decorative arts suggests both the richness of this phase of our inheritance and the slenderness of our knowledge. New and comparatively unknown materials have constantly come to light. New relationships in design have steadily appeared. No pictorial records have existed in this country of full color and dimension such as those which are being created by the Index, showing figureheads, shop signs, toys, puppets, Shaker crafts and crafts of other communes, textiles, stoneware, weather vanes.

Even with the best conditions for completing such a survey a sufficiently large problem will remain—to devise means by which this inheritance may be appropriated. We do not have that strong and natural association with evidences of the past which is still a commonplace in other countries. A small boy in northern France may grow up with many objects about him which reveal native traditions in the arts, offering him a vocabulary which he can learn to use, without a wrench, without study, almost without thought. With us, continuities have been broken by our continual migrations, and what we have actually created has often been scattered to the four winds. If and when publication comes for such materials as those of the Index, no doubt they will be promptly used for definite purposes, such as teaching the arts of design;

yet they would seem to be far more important as a means by which young people may saturate themselves with a knowledge of forms which have been essential to us in the past, getting a sense of these into their minds and eyes and at the ends of their fingers, without any immediate purpose. The thing would be for them to have easy access to such records at odd hours, and come into a simple and natural possession of the forms revealed there because these are pleasurable and belong to us.

The same kind of instinctive possession could be cultivated in relation to American painting if a genuine program of circulating exhibitions and of subsidizing reproductions were embarked upon—and this could be begun even with our present imperfect and incomplete knowledge of the history of American art. From musical materials brought forward by such students as the Lomaxes, Carl Sandburg, and George Pullen Jackson we are beginning to suspect that folk music has taken a distinctive course in this country; and this could easily be made familiar to young people through a wide use of records—best perhaps to be listened to for no particular purpose, not for school programs, or as subjects for topics, or as backgrounds for social history in some studious way, but merely for enjoyment.

Though money and plenty of it would be required for such undertakings, the principal handicap would seem to be a prevailing philosophy: we haven't believed, educators in particular do not seem to believe, that our cultural inheritance is important. The educational method of beginning with the immediate, the near at hand, is pretty well established, yet it would be considered fantastic to open courses in art with a study of American art or to make this a prerequisite for advanced work, even though it would make a quite tenable and interesting approach to more general art history. In many colleges American literature is offered as a requirement for a teachers' certificate and so remains a dull duty. As a rule the study of the frontier is presented in one of the primary grades, often the fourth. This is an excellent place to begin, not to stop, but most children stop; and usually nothing more is offered on this subject except perhaps in a college elective. Yet it isn't necessary to go the whole way with Turner to see that if we fully understood the development of our many frontiers we should go far toward understanding our contemporary society.

Certainly this is not to urge exaltation of our national history. The unhappy results of this are only too obvious elsewhere. In any event as a people we have been committed to internationalism from the beginning, by innumerable circumstances. To sustain this internationalism in an educational program and at the same time to focus upon our own inheritance is by no means a simple matter; yet we must somehow contrive to know ourselves, without obscuring romanticisms. It is romantic to try to prove that the founding fathers and their successors were utilitarians or materialists or obscurely Marxist or actuated quite simply by an "American dream." The difficulty is that realism cannot be put on like a garment. It is an objective which must be approached with an enormous amount of skill and patience, and probably can be achieved only when a whole generation or so of young people have become habituated to its disciplines.

This is not to deny them the truly romantic; probably we couldn't if we tried. Nor should they miss the heroic; but they should have these elements without the glossing over of ruder values. The rougher and grosser edges of action and character have been almost habitually smoothed out in the presentation of such folk-heroes as Mike Fink and Davy Crockett, Paul Bunyan and Pecos Bill; and the tales about them have too often been adorned by a pseudo-literary style, though the rustic style which belongs to them is a good style. Revision of estimates downward in later years, whether of people, events, or ideas of social life or artistic achievement, is a rather bad business. The means by which young people can obtain a realistic approach would seem to be the same means by which they can obtain a genuine sense of the past, by discovering materials in pristine forms and at first hand, not in one field, as in economic or political history, but in many fields so that a whole texture becomes apparent. They are far better able to use original sources than is generally supposed. They can often pursue their investigations quite competently in the files of such periodicals as the *Journal of American Folklore* or even the *Publications of the Bureau of Ethnology*, emerging with better folk tales, songs, and Indian stories than they are likely to find in most so-called children's books. One surmises that if the channels are really opened to them there is no determinable limit as to what they may excavate, particularly if we are candid and let them know that nobody knows any too much.

The problem of setting such youthful investigations in motion is large and complex enough to engage the talents of considerable numbers of teachers, librarians, writers, and parents. It is not a question of turning young people loose and telling them to write their own passports. More books are needed—many finely composed anthologies of out of the way materials, many reprints of older books that have become forgotten, of minor books that can open up essential vistas, biographies of local or regional figures which could have much to say about the history or culture of a place or a section. Writers might turn in and write a few much-needed books in their spare time, books with a rich grounding of fact, a fine quality of style, books which might speak only to a local or regional audience for the most part and so wouldn't pay. These are all needed, but the general conviction that books are only one means of reaching the past seems to be needed more. Our education has been and still is almost exclusively literary. We still have a long way to go if the balance is to be redressed, if the many arts which have been intertwined in our culture are to be evoked, and if we are to regard these as essentials in themselves and not merely as "background."

An American room in our libraries, or a group of rooms, might lead to a just proportion, where records of our music could be found at no great distance from records, in another sense, of our sequences in the practical arts, where portfolios of reproductions of our painting, sculpture, and architecture might elbow biographies and histories, novels and poetry belonging to the same places and periods. At best such a room would branch off in all directions and become something of a museum, showing examples of American primitives, some of our early pottery from the Shenandoah or the Ohio Valley, a Pennsylvania chest or cupboard, Louisiana ironwork, or the decorative arts of the old Spanish Southwest. The country itself might be evoked by photography—its wild life, its varied contours, and its spoiled and eroded areas as well, which tell so full a story.

Such a room may stand as a symbol of those balances and coordinations which we still lack. There is of course no one way of meeting the prodigious circumstance that our national life has been lived too fast for real assimilation or remembrance. Many substitutes may perhaps be devised for this long process. Obviously the arts grow from tradition, slowly, yet we seem to forget that fact in many of our plans for education and in much of our contemporary criticism.

Importance attaches to young people, not because youth is a plastic period, but because it is an unconscious period, when many experiences may flow together without special purpose or thought, and wellsprings of the imagination be formed. If we could open our past to young people in genuine abundance, with its poetry and homeliness, its occasional strange sparseness, its cruelties and dark failures, we might have a great literature and music and art upon us before we know it. We might even be able to devise equable ways of living. We can at least let them have what we now possess, as fully as possible, with no strings tied.

[*The ideas presented in this article were discussed by Miss Rourke in a speech before the American Library Association in June of this year.*]

BOOKS

Lowdown by Mr. High

ROOSEVELT—AND THEN? By Stanley High. Harper and Brothers. $3.

"A ONE-TIME Presidential insider lifts the lid." So reads the blurb on the jacket. But if the reader expects anything new, startling, or sensational he will be disappointed. Mr. High has given us a gossipy, eminently readable, often acute, but never profound treatment of the subject accurately indicated by his title. He describes the President, Henry Wallace, Jim Farley, Harry Hopkins, and others mostly in terms of praise, but without adulation and without malice. He gives a rather shrewd appraisal of the present political situation, the latest version of the New Deal, and the "neo-New Dealers"—Maury Maverick and company. Then he makes some prophecies about 1940 but hedges enough so that it will be difficult for history to refute him completely. His philosophy, or at any rate his own standards of judgment, are liberal or progressive, certainly not Marxist, but they permit him to make in telling journalistic fashion what seem to this reviewer rather obvious criticisms of certain Presidential policies and characteristics.

As for the blurb's promise of "inside stuff," this reviewer confesses that he has had no Washington experience to make him an expert judge. He notices, or thinks he notices, some curious slips and more curious omissions. Thus, Mr. High attributes to Messrs. Corcoran and Cohen the authorship of the President's unfortunate Supreme Court plan—which plan and its awkward first presentation are now generally credited to the President's far from distinguished Attorney General. He discusses the new attitude of the Negro to politics, but refers to only one Negro organization, namely, the National Negro Congress. Nowhere does he discuss the direct and indirect influences of socialism and communism upon the present situation. This is the more noteworthy because the Communists are claiming, not very privately, that their conditional support of President Roosevelt and their influence upon both the left wing of the labor movement and the neo-New Dealers are far from negligible.

Still more indicative of a hasty job is Mr. High's complete failure to reckon with the constitutional and legal situation when he discusses the chances for a third party in 1940. Actually three things put an immense barrier in the way of an effective labor party or any kind of a third party in America: (1) the primary laws, which with some show of reason cultivate the hope that the aroused electorate can capture one or the other of the two old parties, at least within a state; (2) laws in forty-eight states that year by year make it harder for a new party to get on the ballot; and (3) the constitutional provision that, to be elected, a Presidential candidate must get a majority in the Electoral College, and if he fails to obtain that majority, that the election must go to the House of Representatives, where each state will have one vote. These three considerations, consciously or subconsciously, are in the minds of all politicians, and go far toward explaining why that new party whose appearance has long been so logical still remains in the realm of conjecture.

As an ardent advocate of a genuine labor or farmer-labor party I do not believe, in spite of all difficulties, that its appearance on a national scale is impossible. I think the present chance of its emerging in 1940, with or without Mr. Roosevelt's leadership, is even less than Mr. High reckons. I am still less sure than he that the alternative to a third party will be a more consistent Democratic Party, reconstructed by Mr. Roosevelt and either led by him again in 1940 or by some crown prince of his appointment. The politicians of the Northern urban machines—yes, and of the Southern democracy—love a winner. And Mr. Roosevelt will long hesitate to drive them into outer darkness. Mr. High is right, I think, in supposing that Mr. Roosevelt may run again unless a successor to him far stronger and more satisfactory than has yet appeared should be with us when the final decision must be made.

But all these predictions about 1940 are insecurely based. They assume what is anything but certain: that we shall keep out of world war and escape, until after the election, another major depression. Neither of these all-important matters does Mr. High discuss. If we escape these disasters I suspect that the future—or at least 1940—is still Mr. Roosevelt's, unless his increasing impatience of democratic processes should lead him to a succession of blunders like the appointment of Justice Black. And why? Because the New Deal in its newer aspects is, for reasons that Mr. High points out, a good political bet as long as the country can and will finance it. It has done much for many different people—some of it very well; but it has done nothing fundamental to change the system. If and when the time comes that the middle class cannot or will not finance a program which keeps an unsound system and subsidizes in varying degree its politically articulate victims, then a new crisis will be upon us, a crisis almost as refractory to the genius of Mr. Roosevelt as to the plodding obstinacy of Herbert Hoover. Then we shall face the danger of an American fascism, called by another name, of which Mr. High's amiable and generally optimistic forecast takes no sufficient account—despite the fact that he does recognize that the New Deal, to be successful, must be self-perpetuating. Well, it's an interesting book, and it manages to dispense considerable information in a form likely neither to strain the tired mind nor to raise the blood pressure of the most vehement partisan to the danger point.

NORMAN THOMAS

Broadway, Not New York

IMPERIAL CITY. By Elmer Rice. Coward-McCann. $3.

THIS is a novel about a very large number of New Yorkers but not, I think, about New York. You will find little that suggests the physical life of the city, little that characterizes New York as opposed to some other great American community. For the vast canvas has been clumsily foreshortened by making the destinies of the characters all interlock; and the sense of free movement has been curtailed by a technique as unnatural as falsetto and as tricky as the footlights on which Mr. Rice has turned his back.

"Imperial City" has its merits, but I had better say right off that I think it altogether fails as serious fiction, since I want to spend the rest of my time trying to show why. Mr. Rice is among the best-known of Broadway playwrights, and though he is far superior to it in his perceptions, Broadway has done him an immense amount of harm. The theater is a dangerous place: you cannot succeed as an artist there if you disdain or disregard its ground rules, if you run counter to its genius; but neither can you succeed as an artist there if you don't spot its tricks for exactly what they are worth, if you don't use them with the utmost caution and sensibility. Over a period of years Mr. Rice has acquired the knack of the theater, has learned how to be sharp and telling, how to pack a wallop; but he has succumbed all the same to the theater's evils: he has let slickness often do the work of artistry, and, most dangerous of all, he has depended too much on his naked intelligence without realizing that intelligence is merely the motive power of art.

All these defects are glaringly visible in "Imperial City." The book is enormously readable; conceptually it is mature; in its social thinking it is admirable. But it is ruined, on the one hand, by a crude and false sensationalism, a doctored approach, which not only destroys credibility but even betrays Mr. Rice into forgetting his purpose; and, on the other hand, by an utter lack of artistic feeling.

As for the sensationalism, before he is through Mr. Rice unpacks the content of a dozen melodramas. Now melodrama, as we all know and as Shakespeare and Dostoevski knew, has its great uses. Moreover, in a book like this one, whose purpose is to reveal the suppurating state of the capitalist order, melodrama can have its symbolic value, as it had in "Europa." In no other way, Mr. Rice may have felt, could he quite convey the vice, the pathology, the corruption he wanted to expose. So far, at any rate, one need not despise his material; but when he unwinds all the slick dodges and shabby tricks of Broadway to keep his melodrama in motion, we cannot even pretend to believe what he is showing us. Nor can he, in the end, remember what he set out to show: social protest is

A REVELATION

of what journalism can never give—the emotion and the reality beneath the surface of great events.

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BY RAMON J. SENDER

A BOOK BORN ON THE BATTLEFIELD
COUNTER-ATTACK IN SPAIN

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forgotten in the fever of a protracted murder trial; and as a final touch, the book ends as the jury files in with its verdict, leaving a Lady-or-the-Tiger question mark instead of a responsible full stop. This, it seems to me, is the essence of meretriciousness as a mode of writing; but it is ten times worse in view of the serious subject matter with which Mr. Rice set out to deal.

But what also makes so much assorted journalism of the book is its artistic insensibility. The word art is a ticklish word and perhaps a priggish word; but it is an inevitable word. Involved in it are matters of style, form, taste, proportion, and judgment which no amount of "experience" and intellectual grasp can ever wholly replace. And except in his dialogue Mr. Rice writes atrociously; his descriptions of people and places have the stilted, tabloid quality of stage directions; his treatment of personal relationships lacks taste; he has no feeling for mood; his pianissimos somehow shriek louder than his brass effects; his people, though often credible, are almost never real. He is quite lacking, I should say, in what the Jamesian school would describe as temperament: nothing seems to come out of his nerves or his senses or his stomach; it all comes straight out of his head. Finally, I don't think his book has any unity of effect. It isn't really the portrait of a great city; it isn't really the expression of a bankrupt society; it isn't, for that matter, the essential Elmer Rice. Which is a pity, for the essential Elmer Rice has something to say.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Education by Radio

LISTEN AND LEARN. By Frank Ernest Hill. New York: American Association of Adult Education. $1.25.

AN EDUCATOR is a man who is so convinced of the value of the product he has to sell that he thinks you ought to be forced to buy it. Any attempt to wheedle or cajole or delight you in the process some way detracts from the puritan dignity of the teaching profession. If you write as clearly as Charles Beard or think as clearly as Bertrand Russell, the educational world becomes suspicious of the depth of your learning. The sad result of the attitude is that educators are becoming increasingly unimportant to education, which is going, by default, to the movies, the newspapers, and the radio.

Frank Ernest Hill tells the story of the most recently muffed opportunity, and it is one of the tragic educational stories of all time. Fifteen years ago the radio was a toy played with by 600,000 overgrown boys and girls trying to get distance. Now it is the chief source of entertainment and information of 33,000,000 men, women, and children. Education had it and tossed it away.

When nobody cared what he listened to, a great many stations were university controlled. Then the broadcasters discovered they could charge for the air, and little by little every good wave length and every popular hour was taken away from education. A few educators like Studebaker got excited and fought for a place in the ether, but what they did, chiefly, was to shout, "There ought to be a law." Luckily they didn't have the political power to enforce their demands, for as certainly as they succeeded in making educational broadcasting compulsory they would have tried to do the same with listening. And the plain fact is that early educational programs were terrible, as either entertainment or teaching. There were, of course, brave exceptions to prove the rule. Good music produced a surprisingly large audience; so did the March of Time, the Cavalcade of America, and the University of Chicago Round Table. But in spite of the success of some serious broadcasting, most of what went out over the air was routine classroom stuff that no one bothered to listen to.

What has to be done is fairly clear. Instead of demanding an allotment of time, educators will have to devote themselves to a study of radio art. The development of that art does not involve any loss of prestige, or any unnecessary sugar coating. An idea cannot be conveyed without words. And a radio broadcast cannot be put across without a technique. To encourage the learning of a new technique Hill rightly insists that educational broadcasting be put on a professional basis. At present most such programs do not pay for talent—and appropriately they get exactly what they pay for. A man may give a little time for nothing, for the fun of being on the air. But if he's any good he won't give the hours of preparation necessary to a first-rate air performance unless he receives some cut in the sums paid radio entertainers.

Education by radio needs what all education needs—a lively sense of the media by which ideas and information can be meaningfully conveyed to listeners. The fact that a man ought to know something is no guaranty that he will want to know it. The fact that important material is being broadcast is no guaranty that anyone is listening to it. Mute, inglorious Miltons have no place on the air.

DONALD SLESINGER

FILMS

Before 1917

THE superiority of "The Return of Maxim" (Amkino) to "In the Far East," its predecessor at the Cameo, suggests once more the advantage, where revolution is the theme, of a subject taken from the old days rather than the new. No Russian film dealing with the revolution as an accomplished fact and designed to prove its success has been as interesting as those which have dealt either with the failures before 1917 or with the famous ten days themselves; or with the still doubtful period of the Red and White war. This is not because the revolution is not a success; assuming that it is completely so, the reason is rather that success dampens romance, and the Russian revolutionary film is still trying to be romantic. In another realm of romance we are familiar with the principle involved: courtship, as everybody knows, has it all over married life as material for story. But the principle is not being applied in Russia. "In the Far East" labors heroically to get us excited over an engineering problem on the Manchoukuo border—shall a military road be opened by tunneling under a mountain or by blowing off its top?—and over the circumstance, which did not become plain at least to my untrained eye until after an hour had dragged along, that the exponent of the tunnel theory is a Trotskyist whose only interest is in making the project last two years rather than a few weeks. The subject of the film is in other words a domestic squabble, and as such calls either for comic or for tragic treatment; not, certainly, for the pumped-up drama which we get.

"The Return of Maxim," announced as the second member of a trilogy of which "The Youth of Maxim" was the first, has the great advantage of taking place in 1914. Maxim has still to be married to his vision, which is as bright as ever because it is seen where visions are intended to be seen, at a distance. The youth of the earlier film is now a man and an effective revolutionist, but he remains young in his desire, and the cheers of his comrades are an appropriate music within which to move. The film is rousing; and when it is amusing, as in the billiard-table scenes, there is a background of danger and deep purpose to convince us that the spirits of our heroes are really high. "The Return of Maxim" can best be praised in little space by saying that it is as good as "The Youth of Maxim," and that it leads us to expect a third film equally good. In the third film, however, I hope that Maxim, last seen here as a soldier whose private business it is to change the war from an imperial one into a civil one, gets no farther along in time than the year 1917, or at the outside the year of the Red Army's final triumph.

Warner Brothers, keeping briskly apace of the news, have moved their war machinery into China. "West of Shanghai," with Boris Karloff as its semi-humorous war lord, will doubtless be copied by many other films, some of which will be more carefully done but none of which perhaps will quite recapture Mr. Karloff's formula: epigrams alternating with machine-gun fire, and a quaint code of honor writing its rules in blood. "Lancer Spy" (20th Century-Fox) is so old-fashioned as actually to assume that we shall take an interest in World War spies. We in fact do in this case, the story of Michael Bruce (George Sanders) being excellently told in an idiom which reminds the imagination that spies are fated men as well as figures of melodrama.

Two current pieces of foolishness keep alive the immemorial theme of lovers who can express themselves only in the reverse languages of insult and suspicion. In "The Awful Truth" (Columbia) they are Irene Dunne and Cary Grant; in "It's Love I'm After" (Warner Brothers) they are Bette Davis and Leslie Howard. Either can be recommended to those who are watching the rise of a comedy in which wit and slapstick must play equally important roles. I found the two films equally uproarious, the laughter in both of them being as hearty as it was high. MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

Getting the Best of Shakespeare

AT THE Mansfield Theater Tallulah Bankhead and Conway Tearle are appearing in a version of "Antony and Cleopatra." If their secret purpose is to check the growing vogue for Shakespeare on the stage, then they may credit themselves with an impressive effort, for I cannot doubt that a considerable number of uninstructed spectators have already been set to wondering how the Bard managed to get his reputation in the first place. Many a man and many a woman will, I suspect, hesitate long before committing himself again to an evening of Shakespeare.

The achievement is not, to be sure, quite as impressive as it would have been had those concerned chosen instead "Romeo and Juliet" or any one of the other nearly fool-proof plays. "Antony and Cleopatra" does not act itself as even "Hamlet" usually succeeds in doing, for it is, in fact, a difficult play with less surface interest than many of the others and one which, therefore, ought to be played profoundly if it is played at all. The fact nevertheless remains that even

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"Antony and Cleopatra" puts up a good fight, and that Miss Bankhead's victory over the author is not, probably could not be, a single-handed one. Even her obvious inadequacy for this particular role is insufficient to account for Shakepeare's utter rout, and she owes a good deal to the assistance of a production which seems to have employed efficiently all the most elementary devices for getting between the play and its audience.

In saying this I do not want to minimize the star's own shortcomings as a Shakespearean actress. If there is any one way of reading Shakespeare's verse more unsuitable than any other conceivable way it is probably the one Miss Bankhead chooses when she employs the broken rhythms and husky tones of the blues singer. But who except someone helpfully determined not to give the author a fair chance would open the play on a dull scene in Rome instead of opening it as the author did with the comment of the soldiers on the degeneracy of their leader and his reply while embracing the queen?

> The nobleness of life
> Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair
> And such a twain can do't . . .

Those speeches, of course, announce the theme, and by deranging the order the present producers succeed not only in dispiriting the spectators to begin with but also in saving a magnificent passage for a huge spectacular set admirably calculated to distract the attention of the audience from it. Apparently they did not dare eliminate the two speeches, but they have succeeded in rending them nearly nugatory.

If there is one thing which recent successful productions of Shakespeare have demonstrated it is that he must be played simply—at least until we have learned again how to make the essential things stand out. He disappeared from the stage partly, I am convinced, because producers took the attitude that the public must have something to compensate it for the dulness of plays in which all confidence had been lost, and because they decided that the proper compensation was a smothering profusion of scenery and pageantry. The same works are being discovered again because certain producers have had the sense to realize that the way to demonstrate the enduring interest of the plays is to play them for themselves, and to do that by adding no more spectacle than the performance itself can carry without effort. If Miss Bankhead and the rest of the company were great Shakespearean actors they might successfully compete with the glitter of Cleopatra's gold breastplates and the magnificence of the Egyptian halls through which the whole company wanders. As it is, the properties draw most of the attention and the performances seem, if possible, feebler than they really are. A few more such misguided efforts to play Shakespeare for anything except himself and one may confidently expect a new movement with the slogan "Put the Bard back on the shelf."

"I'd Rather Be Right" (Alvin Theater) is already established as a success beyond the reach of a critic's praise or blame. Probably no show could be as funny as this satire on the New Deal was expected to be, and "I'd Rather Be Right" certainly isn't, even though the whole thing is pleasant enough and not infrequently witty. George M. Cohan is amusing as the President, but his satire is apparently not intended to be deadly, and one trouble with the piece as a whole may be simply that none of the authors felt very strongly about their theme. Another one is that the subject offers too many easy opportunities to put anyone on his mettle, and Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart have been wittier when dealing with what seemed to be less promising subjects. There is at least one first-rate song.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Children's Books: A Selected List

BY LENA BARKSDALE

Picture Books

The Night Before Christmas. By Clement Moore. Illustrated by Reginald Birch. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50. A gay new edition.

Four and Twenty Blackbirds. Old nursery rhymes collected by Helen Dean Fish, with irresistible illustrations by Robert Lawson. Stokes. $1.50. Twenty-four rollicking nursery ballads assembled from obscure sources.

And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street. By Dr. Seuss. Vanguard. $1. Marco imagines a gorgeous parade resplendent with circus animals and police convoy, which is pictured with dash and vigor.

The Traveling Coat. By Frances Eliot. Dutton. $1.50. An embroidered coat made from the hair of Betje the goat, in Hungary, and worn by children all over the world, is finally eaten by Billy the goat in America.

The Fisherman and His Cat. By Josephine De Witt. Nelson. $1.25. Humorous tale of an encounter with a fish.

The Restless Robin. By Marjorie Flack. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50. Adventures of a young robin. Lovely bird pictures.

Sakimura. By Zhenya Gay. Viking. $1.50. A stately Siamese cat, bored with city life, goes to the country to find a friend. Entrancing pictures.

Humpy: Son of the Sands. By Hamilton Williamson. Illustrated by Berta and Elmer Hader. Doubleday, Doran. $1. A small camel sees life on the desert.

Stories of Fancy and Fact

The Curious Lobster. By Richard W. Hatch. Illustrated by Marion Freeman Wakefield. Harcourt, Brace. $2. A lobster's thirst for information sends him exploring on land in the best nonsense story of the year.

Petite Suzanne. By Marguerite de Angeli. Doubleday, Doran. $2. Tale of the Gaspé and a little girl who wanted to paint.

Red Jungle Boy. By Elizabeth K. Steen. Harcourt, Brace. $2. An Indian boy's life in the jungles of South America.

Each in His Own Way. By Alice Gall and Fleming Crew. Illustrated by Kurt Wiese. Oxford. $2. Ten stories of animals each in his way renowned.

All the Year Round. By A. J. Grodin. Knopf. $2. A graphic calendar of the states, showing in pictures and brief text agricultural activities throughout the year.

Sea-Horse Adventure. By Irmengarde Eberle. Illustrated by Else Bostlemann. Holiday House. $2. A young sea-horse explores his undersea world. Scientifically accurate.

The Wonder World of Ants. By Wilfred S. Bronson. Harcourt, Brace. $1.50. Authentic stories of the manners and customs of ants.

Boy of Old Virginia: Robert E. Lee. By Helen A. Monsell. Illustrated by C. E. Funk. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25. Town life as well as plantation life formed the boyhood background of this great American.

Chinky, the Banker Pony. By Sanford Tousey. Doubleday, Doran. $1. A wild pony patiently trained to harness and tricks by two children.

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Letters to the Editors

Refuting Mr. Stone

Dear Sirs: In his attack on my pamphlet "Beware of Europe's Wars" in your issue of November 6, I. F. Stone gives many excellent reasons why "1937 is not 1914," and why therefore the possible war slogan "Make the world safe for democracy" may have today "more substance behind it." But I should like to point out one cardinal fallacy in the argument for a positive peace policy to check fascist aggression, as Mr. Stone makes it, and as, with far more ominous portent, President Roosevelt made it in his Chicago speech.

First, however, it should be repeated that a really effective policy of collective security must mean a willingness to go to war. Mr. Stone denies this in passing, but his whole article assumes it. A democratic nation cannot bluff with a fascist dictatorship. Italy, for instance, was ready to declare war on any or all nations imposing sanctions sufficient to defeat it in Ethiopia. In the present world if we want to stop aggressor nations—and that means fascist nations—we must be ready to fight them. The whole argument then comes down to this: would such a war against the fascist powers be any more worth while than the war we got into in 1917?

Mr. Stone admits that we should be defending British imperialist interests, though he bemoans the unwillingness of the British Tories to do their own defending. He admits that the only thoroughgoing anti-fascism is that of Moscow. But in marking the shift from czarism in 1914 to sovietism in 1937 he ignores the parallelism in the shift from Kaiserism in 1914 to Nazism in 1937: that is, the choice between rival imperialisms in 1914 was only a little less meaningless than the choice between rival totalitarianisms in 1937. In taking up the cudgels on behalf of Moscow today we should be defending a collectivist dictatorship that becomes daily more like its arch-foe, fascism.

If, then, we are not interested in a war to defend the British Empire, or a war to defend the Soviet Union, we are left with the original slogan, a war to defend democracy. And that is where the fallacy comes in. Mr. Stone hints at a bombing raid by Italian planes across the Atlantic, and suggests that the barricades of Madrid are defending New York. Mr. Roosevelt is not as blunt, but he likewise repeats the alarmist cries of Wilson's day, that if we don't stop aggression abroad, we'll be the next victim. This is the sheerest fantasy. In the dreamiest passages of "Mein Kampf" Hitler never conceives of a conquest of America. Mussolini's famous remark that fascism is not an article for export was uttered before Hitler came to power, but it remains true, for fascism must be nationalistic. Fascism in Germany is in no sense an Italian product. Fascism in America, if it ever comes, will in no sense be a German product, and to be alarmed over Nazi agents, as Mr. Stone seems to be, is as absurd as the alarm of the D. A. R. over Moscow "agents." To think of Hitler imposing fascism by conquest is even more absurd, and to cite Franco in Spain as proof of the possibility proves nothing. Franco is a Spaniard and a product of Spanish history. Fascism will come to America because and only because of our failure to achieve adequate social change by democratic processes. And probably its best chance would come as a direct result of our participation in a war "to save democracy." ALFRED M. BINGHAM

New York, November 9

P. S. Just to keep the record straight, Trotsky was not in that sealed train with Lenin!

Brawleyism

Dear Sirs: I have just finished reading, in your issue of October 23, Benjamin Stolberg's review of Benjamin Brawley's latest book, his last I hope, and want to congratulate him for saying some things that we younger Negro critics should have been saying. Our silence is itself indicative of the lower-middle-class tradition that hangs over the Negro community like a fog of poison gas. Only George S. Schuyler has tilted at the problem, and he has been too intent on playing Mencken to treat the question adequately. Another circumstance that militates against sound criticism of this sort is the lack of organs to publish it; our journals are committed to Brawleyism. It is noteworthy that Brawley is head of the department of literature at Howard University, while Sterling Brown, one of the most significant literary figures of our day works under Brawley at a much lower salary.

The Brawley school of thinking (?) is a reflex of the desperate effort of Negroes to refute the excuses of their oppressors. Negroes were slaves, ran the old refrain, because they were incapable of thinking, doing, learning. Mistaking this apologetic for reason, early Negro writers grasped at every tiny proof that a Negro could be other than a slave. The tragedy is that this naivete has persisted so long; Stolberg is quite right in assigning it to turgid middle-class thinking, complicated by a large dose of Uncle Tom-ism. And finally, this school fits nicely into the smug reformism of "enlightened" Southerners; the University of North Carolina Press gave its blessings to the book.

LOREN MILLER

Los Angeles, Cal., November 8

Heroes and Valets

Dear Sirs: Perhaps Benjamin Stolberg will be chagrined and amazed to be informed that he insulted the intelligence of educated Negroes and hurt the feelings of all colored folk when he sneered at Matthew Henson as the Negro explorer who served as a sort of Arctic valet to Admiral Peary. (See Mr. Stolberg's article, Minority Jingo, in *The Nation* of October 23.)

To the Negro group Henson's achievement is almost as great as Peary's. Our poets sing paeans to him. Our artists paint and sculpture him. Now this may be minority jingoism to Mr. Stolberg. But the established facts about Matthew Henson as Admiral Peary's aide are such as to make every American, white and colored, proud of him. Henson was born one year after the ending of the Civil War. He began working for his living when he was ten years old. As a youth he found a place with Lieutenant Peary as general servant and accompanied him on important voyages. On the trip to the North Pole Peary found Henson more indispensable than any of his white companions, especially because of his endurance. And Henson was the only American who arrived at the Pole with Peary. On that historic expedition Matthew Henson was a valet in truth, but his actual work was much more important. He was cook, hunter, tinsmith, carpenter (he made all the sledges). Also he learned the Eskimo language and acted as interpreter. He kept a diary, later published, which is remarkable for its penetrating observations about the Eskimos. Admiral Peary wrote this of Matthew Henson: "His participation is a distinct credit and a feather in the cap of his race."

The trouble with intellectuals like Mr. Stolberg is that often they become so completely immersed in social theories that they ignore social facts. For example, it is fine old-fashioned rhetoric to name labor leaders as the only leaders of the workers. But many American workers, white and colored, are good churchgoers and also acknowledge their religious leaders. There are other leaders, too. Some Socialist theorists may ignore them. Hard-headed politicians don't.

I am no apologist for the mistakes and omissions in Professor Brawley's books, which are especially aimed at the Negro group mind. But if we Negroes can make a hero of a valet, it may be a salutary thing for us to do so.

CLAUDE MCKAY

New York, November 6

The Source of Power

Dear Sirs: In your issue of October 23, Louis M. Hacker, reviewing the book on the Guggenheim fortune by Harvey O'Connor, writes as follows: "Finance capitalists, in order to salvage hurt industrial enterprises, use not their own personal fortunes but the funds of their depositors and particularly those of the great fiduciary trusts whose savings they control." Mr. Hacker seems to hold the opinion that bankers lend the money which other people leave with them. He wishes us to believe, I gather, that this advantage enjoyed by the bankers is what gives the finance capitalist his enormous power over industry.

Is it possible that a lecturer in economics at Columbia University does not know that if bankers were to lend only the money left with them they would have practically no deposit liabilities; that their financial credit-loans make up most of their deposits? These deposits really represent nothing but two debts—one which the bank owes the depositor as an "account" and one which the depositor owes the bank on a loan which created the deposit. Conversely, if by some miracle all bank loans were repaid, business would have no money with which to carry on, for the simple reason that approximately nine-tenths of it now comes into existence in the form of a debt and is automatically extinguished when the debt is paid. Such power as this really explains something about who controls our industrial system, and how. If bankers were mere pawnbrokers, their power would be trivial compared with what it actually is.

H. C. DEKKER

Portland, Ore., November 10

"These Scientists"

Dear Sirs: I have read that H. G. Wells created a sensation at the recent annual conference of the British Association for Advancement of Science when he urged a revision of educational standards in England. "General ignorance of the most elementary realities of the world's political and social life," said Mr. Wells, "is accountable for much of the discomfort and menace in our lives."

I have a picture of plain Mr. and Mrs. John Bull sitting before their fireside, nodding their heads appreciatively over this sympathetic approach of a great man, but as they read on, they feel puzzled. Mr. Wells suggests a study period of 2,400 hours, spread over ten years, to prepare students for "modern life," the subjects of the study to include theories of individualism, socialism, communism, and the corporate state. Mr. Bull blows his nose in embarrassment. Wells means well, benevolent old bloke, but isn't he presupposing that English children get better than a primary education?

I would suggest to Mr. Wells that his own "general ignorance of the most elementary realities" of England's educational system should induce him to look at the facts. While in America over 70 per cent of children get a high-school education, in England there are no free high schools for the children of the poor—and this means for the majority of English children. These children go to public elementary school and at fourteen (or at twelve, if they obtain a work certificate) they are taken out of school and put in a trade or a factory. No other provision is made for them. Their training in elementary school is conventional since the step from school to factory requires no special training. Once a year general tests are held in elementary schools for the "free places" in the public high schools, and an average of something like 10 in 300 pass. Headmasters and mistresses in the elementary schools realize that 95 per cent of their pupils won't get better than a primary education, so they try to stimulate them to go on to continuation schools in the evening after they receive their work certificates. Recently Sir Charles Trevelyan, Minister of the Board of Education, tried to get legislation that would raise the age of leaving school from fourteen to fifteen. The bill was defeated three months after proposal because of its "sheer extravagance" and the "necessity for national economy."

With less than 6 per cent of his children eligible for high school receiving a high-school education, John Bull, reading Mr. Wells, must murmur sadly, "These scientists!"

GERTRUDE SAMUELS

New York, October 14

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The Shape of Things

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EARLY NEGOTIATIONS for a trade pact between Great Britain and the United States indicates that the details of an agreement have been all but settled. "Informal" negotiations have been under way for many months, and the broad outlines of the pact are already discernible. It is probable that Britain will grant the United States the privileges which are now reserved for the dominions under the empire-preference system in return for the most substantial reductions in the American tariff yet to be granted. Subsequent agreements with the dominions are expected to consolidate the arrangement. Behind this move lies an interesting and significant theory: that the best way to combat the threat of the dictatorships is to strengthen the economic structure of the democracies. A reduction in trade barriers is not only calculated to stimulate prosperity within the countries immediately concerned but to forge a strong bond between them. As economic strategy, the wisdom of the plan is beyond dispute. For years economists have been advocating precisely this sort of action. As high political strategy it also has its merits, but in no sense is it a substitute for a positive political program to stop fascist aggression. There is real danger that our world may tumble about us before we have an opportunity to enjoy the benefits of long-range economic collaboration.

*

THE MAYORS OF 150 AMERICAN CITIES SEE a hard winter ahead. The shadow of increasing unemployment hung heavy over their annual conference in Washington last week, and the necessity for large federal relief funds was the theme of the session. The conference issued a proclamation calling for a study and a solution of the problem of unemployment; without a dissenting vote it resolved that "the WPA must increase its employment quota," asked for a clear definition of the terms "employable" and "unemployable," and directed its executive committee to make a survey of conditions with specific recommendations to be made at the regular session of Congress in January. The cities, faced with the prospect of hungry thousands on their doorsteps, are impelled to emphasize what budget fanciers like to forget, that relief is a national problem and that it can be minimized only at the peril of public welfare and public peace. In general the first-hand and bitter experience of the past seven years has turned the country's mayors, regardless of their local political affiliations, into ardent advocates of adequate relief, and work relief at that, low-cost housing, and other enlightened policies. They seem also on the way to realizing the importance of labor and its well-being in the larger scheme of community well-being. The mayors' conference passed a resolution calling upon the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. to adjust their differences in the public interest; and even the most conservative of them may have seen the relevance to the problem of relief of J. Warren Madden's strictures on the frequent "conniving" of city officials to frustrate labor laws in the interest of employers, and particularly his criticism of cities which have invited runaway shops to exploit local labor to the detriment not only of civil rights but of community living standards.

*

THERE IS SOMETHING LUDICROUS IN THE stampede of Congress to tear down the corporate-tax structure. And it is ironic that the wrecking should be most loudly demanded by the people who are clamoring most for a balanced budget. Our mathematics may be at fault, but it is difficult for us to see how the cause of a balanced budget will be advanced by wiping out five or six hundred million dollars in taxes, which is the estimate of the revenue loss that will follow the repeal of the undistributed-profits tax. The group that are pressing for tax repeal are in a curious situation. They would actually prefer the repeal of the capital-gains tax, but they have to concentrate their fire on the undistributed-profits tax because the latter offers a good opportunity for its opponents to pose as defenders of the small and independent business man. That is what they are doing now, and with a good chance of success. The President has an opportunity to stiffen the resistance against this drive by insisting that whatever concessions are granted to corporations be granted also to partnerships and individuals; and that if corporations are allowed to pile up untaxed surpluses, the non-corporate forms of business activity be allowed to do the same.

*

THE SENATE'S FILIBUSTER AGAINST THE anti-lynching bill represents political reaction and hypocrisy at their lowest point. The Southern Democratic Senators who oppose the bill have been acting ostensibly not only in behalf of the sacred principle of states' rights but to speed up the "real business" of the special session. They want Congress to "quit wasting time." Has it occurred to Senators Bailey, George, and Connally that an excellent time-saving device would be a prompt vote on the anti-lynching bill? We have an idea that it has occurred to them; but they know too that seventy Senate votes are already lined up for the measure and that it stands an excellent chance of being passed. So they throw the hours away talking about the shocking delays involved in debating a controversial issue like the use of federal powers to suppress lynching. The South, however, is not to be judged by the Senators from Texas, North Carolina, and Georgia. Virginius Dabney's article in this issue shows how widespread is the support for a federal anti-lynching measure; while a recent Gallup poll indicates not only that 72 per cent of the people throughout the nation favor the Wagner-Van Nuys bill but that 57 per cent in the South feel the same way.

*

ALTHOUGH THE DETAILS OF LORD HALIFAX'S talks with Hitler are still unknown, it is evident that they have failed to turn Germany from its main objectives. Hitler has cleverly refused to commit himself on his possible course of action in the event of an Italian-British war, and has given no indication of abandoning his ambitions in Eastern Europe. In a speech at Augsburg after the conclusion of the talks he reasserted his demand for colonies, though there had been reports that he was willing to withdraw this demand if Britain were prepared "to respect the vital rights and needs of Germany in Europe." While this is presumably farther than even the Simon-Halifax wing of the Conservative Party is willing to go, some sort of a "deal" is by no means out of the question. Leading Tories are known to have urged Chamberlain to sacrifice France, if necessary, for the sake of an Anglo-German agreement. An even larger wing of the party is determined to force France to repudiate the Franco-Soviet agreement as a condition of continued support. At the moment, however, the danger is not so much that Britain will immediately accede to Hitler's demands as that it will continue to be confused and impotent in the face of the ever-darkening war clouds in the Far East. Although the reports that the Soviet Union is tapering off its aid to Spain were promptly denied, it cannot be doubted that Moscow has been increasingly disturbed by developments in China. Any weakness or vacillation on the part of Britain increases the danger that the war in the Far East will develop into a world conflict.

*

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE WILL NOW BE added to the long list of futile attempts to stem the tide of international anarchy. That it has failed is beyond dispute. In condemning Japan's aggression in China it contributed nothing that had not already been achieved by the League's action. It has served merely to convince aggressors and would-be aggressors of what they were already sure—that the democracies will not pull together even to protect their own interests. In the past few years it has become fashionable to berate the British government for the unaccountable shortsightedness of its foreign policy. But in this case it is impossible to make Britain the scapegoat. Responsibility for the fiasco at Brussels lies equally on the steps of the White House. The conference was summoned because the League powers accepted the President's Chicago speech at its face value. It was believed that the United States had at last reached the point where it saw the necessity for positive joint action to check aggression. There is every indication that Great Britain and France were prepared to accept any program the United States might suggest. But instead of

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furnishing leadership in a plan "to quarantine aggressors," the United States, through its anachronistic neutrality legislation, has blocked the one practical proposal brought before the conference—that of rendering positive aid to China. True, the French have similarly capitulated in closing the frontier of Indo-China. But there is a vast and important distinction between refusal to take unilateral action which might lead to war, and failure to cooperate in collective measures to preserve peace.

* * *

WHAT WE SHALL PAY IN OUR HOMES FOR gas and electricity in the coming years may be decided soon by the Supreme Court. Recently it heard a brilliant argument by Oswald Ryan, general counsel of the Federal Power Commission, urging a reversal of the emphasis that it has given since Smythe *vs.* Ames in 1898 to the doctrine that public-utility rates should be set on a valuation determined by the cost of reproducing the properties new. There can be little doubt even in conservative circles that Mr. Ryan was right in calling such a rate base administratively impractical and economically illogical. But it is a good deal to hope that the court will reverse its trend and adopt instead the "prudent investment" rule which Justice Brandeis has been advocating in historic dissenting opinions over the past twenty years. The case before the court now is the Pacific Gas and Electric case. It turns on the question whether the California state commission denied due process of law in ordering a rate reduction without giving adequate weight to the utility's evidence on "reproduction cost." In June of this year, in the same case, the court divided four to four, with Justice Sutherland not voting. The case has now been reopened. The counsel for the company, Warren Olney, Jr., spent some anxious moments answering questions by Justices Hughes and Stone as to why the company felt it had been denied due process when it had had an unhampered chance to present testimony. Justice Black's vote, which will undoubtedly be on the liberal side, should make the decision five to three for the government on the due-process issue. But there is every probability that the court will make its decision on narrow grounds, and that we shall have to wait some time before the prudent-investment doctrine of rate valuation is stamped with judicial approval.

* * *

A JUDGE RATHER THAN A JURY FOUND James H. Rand and Pearl L. Bergoff not guilty of violating the Byrnes law, which forbids the transportation of strike-breakers across a state line with the intention of interfering with peaceful picketing. Testimony at the trial revealed eloquently the workings of the notorious Mohawk Valley Formula, which Mr. Rand devised for combating strikes and which he so successfully sold to Little Steel. A strike was called at the Remington Rand typewriter plant at Middletown, Connecticut, in May, 1936. Until June 26 picketing was so peaceful that not a single arrest had been made. On that day Mr. Rand went to Stamford, where he boarded a train to meet Bergoff and 57 of that gentleman's picked gorillas, en route to Middletown as "millwrights." They were being imported to dismantle the plant, Rand announced in an effort to stimulate a back-to-work movement. No attempt at dismantling was even begun; the millwrights testified that they were instructed first to do "missionary" work, that is, to spread false propaganda among the strikers; then, still following the formula, they were to provoke trouble so that Rand might obtain a restraining injunction. They did their work well—and Rand helped them, riding up and down along the picket line thumbing his nose. He got his injunction. If the testimony against Rand and Bergoff was startling, Judge Hincks's charge to the jury was much more so. Hitting a new judicial low, he told the jury that the prosecutor had attempted to create an "atmosphere" prejudicial to the defendant and had failed to prove his charges of suppressed evidence; cautioned them to distinguish between peaceful picketing and mass picketing, which he said approached the character of "organized intimidation"; and concluded by remarking that the law does not require an employer "to retire to his lair like a rabbit and submit to threatened violence." After a charge like that it required no extraordinary nerve for Mr. Rand to remark to a reporter: "It is still no violation of the law to transport strike-breakers. It's a flimsy law." The reporter did not say whether or not Mr. Rand pointed this opinion by the gesture that he has made his high sign.

* * *

AS PRESIDENT OF A GIRLS' COLLEGE FOR twenty years, Dr. William Allen Neilson has had what might be termed definitive experience with mother love; and his denunciation of it as the "only element with which I have come in contact . . . which makes me think less of human nature" is not to be taken lightly. It hasn't been. It has fluttered the mother-love cotes, to put it mildly, and no doubt given Smith College daughters something to write home about (which is always welcome to an undergraduate). The vested interests of parental affection and education have split into several camps. Needless to say, the progressive-education party has lined up pretty solidly behind Dr. Neilson; but our favorite comment came from the right in the declaration of Mrs. William Barclay Parsons, Jr., president of the Parents' League. "Mother love," she said, "is the only thing that is left to us. If you can't have that, where are you?" John S. Smithers, general manager of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, said that he had not encountered the mother love described by Dr. Neilson—which suggests that even maternal affection is subject to economic determinism and that, specifically, mother love in the Smith College brackets differs from that to be met with in the slums, where the S. P. C. C. mainly operates. As for ourselves, we cannot help feeling that twenty years as a college president entitle Dr. Neilson to speak his mind at last. Certainly his epigrammatic statement that "mother love is largely a matter of saving mother's face" introduces a new and refreshing note into celebrations of twentieth anniversaries.

NO HAPPIER CHOICE THAN VISCOUNT CECIL could have been made for the 1937 Nobel Peace Prize. In a day when hundreds of our so-called peace leaders have abandoned their posts in the face of adverse storms, Lord Cecil, one of the founders of the League of Nations, has courageously clung to the principle of collective security as the only basis on which lasting peace can be built. Under his leadership the League of Nations Union of Great Britain has become one of the world's few realistic and powerful peace organizations. It is largely because of his influence that the British and Continental peace organizations have unitedly backed a boycott against Japan at a time when the American movement is pitifully confused and divided on this issue.

*

THE PICTURE MAGAZINES HAVE BEEN HAILED as an enormous potential force since they tap levels of consciousness and emotion not reached by the written word. With a few honorable exceptions, such as the issue of *Look* devoted to civil liberties, they have descended to rather low levels of gossip, snobbery, and sex pruriency. The most honorable exception is *Photo-History*, published quarterly by the same group that is putting out the excellent Modern Age books. Unlike its pictorial fellows, *Photo-History* makes no attempt to offer an assemblage of titbits about public personalities and private lives. It devotes each issue to only one significant subject, and develops that subject through pictures and text in a mature and adult fashion. Its first two issues dealt with the "War in Spain" and "Labor's Challenge." Its current issue, "War Is Here," is a stirring pictorial analysis of the forces that have involved a large part of the earth's surface in war already and are driving the rest of the world toward the abyss. It is the best pictorial treatment we have seen of the background of war. Our only doubt is whether the mass that will be reached by the pictures will understand the text as well. The sight of mangled young bodies piled on a truck arouses horror. But the direction of that horror can only be realized by following a rather arduous analysis. There is no royal pictorial road to social understanding.

*

READERS MUST HAVE BEEN AMAZED TO discover in the recesses of the New York *Herald Tribune* of Sunday, November 21, a forty-page supplement bearing the legend "Cuba Today, Land of Peace and Progress." The section was entirely devoted to praise of the present regime in Cuba, headed by Colonel Fulgencio Batista, which has piled up a record of brutality and betrayal second only to that of Gerardo Machado. The files of any newspaper for the past few years would give the lie to this fancy supplement, which is one of the most flagrant pieces of propaganda ever printed outside a totalitarian press. At the bottom of each page, where one might expect to see the label "Advertisement" in small type, appears this sentence: "This section written and presented by friends of Cuba." At this moment Cuba lies helpless in the grip of a military dictatorship for which the United States is in part responsible. The *Herald Tribune* does its bit to secure the power of that dictatorship. In the pages of its supplement President Laredo Bru and members of his Batista-controlled Cabinet in turn give glowing accounts of the progress made under the military dictatorship. But the crowning touch is left to a journalist named Lawrence De Besault, who seems to have had a major hand in the whole promotion scheme. Mr. De Besault bubbles over as follows:

> Colonel Fulgencio Batista should and must be the next President of the Republic of Cuba. He will be an outstanding President. He will continue his role as the Great Emancipator of Cuba, as was our sublime Lincoln. Colonel Batista not only must guide beloved Cuba as her next President, but must, at the same time, retain the position as Chief of the Constitutional Army. . . . Cuba needs him for her continued peace, progress, and prosperity.

The American public has a right to know who are the "friends of Cuba" that "presented" to the *Herald Tribune* this brazen eulogy of Cuba's oppressors. We shall do our best to find out.

Is Roosevelt on the Run?

THE special session of Congress has distinguished itself so far by its devotion to horseplay. The House spent most of its time during the opening week debating whether to adjourn, and the Senate has been absorbed in a filibuster against the anti-lynching bill, featuring Tom Connally of Texas in a display that recalls the days of Huey Long. A Congress called together to enact desperately needed legislation has become paralyzed by the sort of party politics that puts the believers in representative government on the defensive and adds force to the fascist arguments about the powerlessness of democracies.

What has happened to Congress is fairly clear. When Congressmen go home during the summer, they do not mingle exclusively with the plain people to discover their needs and drives. With honorable exceptions, most of them use the weeks of interlude to sit at the tables of the rich. They yearn to be drawn into the councils of the great, and they note anxiously their reception in the social circles of their home town. This process provides an easy set-up for the reactionary forces. Add the fact that immediately after Congress adjourned last August the Chambers of Commerce, Manufacturers' Associations, Constitutional Leagues, and similar groups deluged the country with literature. Add also the fact that every Congressman has been talked to over the summer by these groups about balancing the budget, about repealing corporation taxes, about the viciousness of the wage-hour bill, about the government's attack on the utilities. Little wonder, then, that while the small liberal bloc in Congress —the Young Turks—is still firmly liberal, the lukewarm liberals who hold the balance of power in both houses have come back with the dreamy look in their eyes which shows that they have listened to the song of the financial sirens. It need surprise no one that the business recession has become, for these people, the final and clinching argument for shedding their ill-fitting liberalism.

One had only to listen to Senator Bailey's farrago of vituperation while he was filibustering against the anti-lynching bill to understand the main lines of reactionary strategy in Congress. That strategy is to keep hammering on the business recession; to make it appear—without an iota of proof, because no proof is possible—that the recession was due to the Administration's tax policies; to use the repeal or revision of the corporation taxes as the entering wedge for repealing, modifying, and qualifying all the basic legislation seeking to control business. As far as the present special session is concerned, the plan is to filibuster and delay so that one bill after another is held up, and then at the tail-end of the session to get through an emergency farm bill which even the Southern and Midwestern reactionaries want. But the larger strategy is aimed at the whole New Deal program.

The blame does not lie wholly with the reactionaries. A large part of it rests on the shoulders of Mr. Roosevelt and the Administration. The reactionaries, after reading the President's message, are rejoicing as they have not rejoiced since Roosevelt took office. They feel that they have him on the run, and that his retreat cannot stop short of an utter rout. They have gone so far in the insolence of their claims that Arthur Krock, who ought to know, reports that Wall Streeters are complaining that the President added to the section of his message on aiding business some unnecessary sections about wages and hours, regional planning, and so on. And the gloom among liberals in Congress is thicker than it has been for years. They feel that the President has let them down. He has, we think, given both groups adequate grounds for their belief. His message to Congress was weak and defensive. It played into the hands of those who have been saying for years that business alone can be depended on to remedy business ills. It has been interpreted as leaving the door wide open for drastic tax revision. It has given a sort of reality to the hopes of the budget balancers. And of the sections on specific legislation, the only one with any punch at all was the one on the wage-hour bill. The rest gave the impression of a jockey who knows the race is lost and is trotting his horse to the finish only to save appearances.

It is clear that Mr. Roosevelt feared a strong Congressional revolt if he were to adopt a firmer line. It is perfectly true that there is no progressive leadership in Congress to give him firm support. Barkley is doing his best and Rayburn is sincere; among the left-wing forces there are the groups clustering around La Follette and Maverick. But there are also Speaker Bankhead, O'Connor, Doughton, Harrison, Connally, Bailey. Some are open opponents of the Administration, while remaining Democrats; some are masquerading as friends. The failure of the Rules Committee of the House even to report out the wage-hour bill is a flagrant indication that the Democrats lack even the parliamentary principle of party responsibility. Mr. Roosevelt's mistake, however, was to allow the Wall Street attack and the Congressional defection to shape his policy. Despite the various past "breathing spells" that he has given business, he has been fairly consistent in holding the aggressive, and it has been only as a result of the persistent thrust of his program that he has gained his economic and political successes. Today he seems to have abandoned that strategy. He may believe that Congress, if it fails to check the downward spiral of employment by an appeal to business, will once more turn to him for rescue. But if so, he is mistaken. Neither Congress nor the country will turn for leadership to a President who surrenders on major issues.

Caribbean Nightmare

HARROWING rumors of the slaughter of some eight thousand Haitian squatters by the troops of General Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, miniature Hitler of the Dominican Republic, have seeped through the censorship. The story, as reported by impartial American observers in Haiti, is this: On October 2 Trujillo went to the border town where the massacre later took place and announced that he was going to clear his country of "dogs, hogs, and Haitians." Whereupon the dictator's troops descended on the Haitian peasants, who had been driven into Santo Domingo by land hunger. The men were first beaten with clubs, then hacked to death with machetes. Women were stabbed to death, and even babies were tossed on bayonets. Victims were lured into the forests and slaughtered, and when the supply gave out, others were taken from the jails where they were awaiting deportation, trussed up, and tossed into the sea to drown. In the town of Santiago 1,900 Haitians who had lived in Santo Domingo for generations were herded into a courtyard and exterminated.

General Trujillo, who, it is said, supervised these atrocities from his temporary headquarters in a local brothel, has had the effrontery to promise the Haitian authorities that the men responsible for the massacre will be punished. Appalled by the slaughter, some Dominican troops have deserted to Haiti rather than obey orders, and even a few of Trujillo's political henchmen have opposed the government. The dictator is directing a fierce wave of terror against these apostates.

The causes of the massacre are obscure. With only half the area of the Dominican Republic and twice its population, Haiti suffers from a dearth of land. Hordes of Haitian workers are swept into the Cuban sugar fields at harvest time. Today they are being deported wholesale by Batista, thus adding to the population pressure within Haiti. The big American sugar plantations in eastern Santo Domingo import Haitian labor at harvest time over Trujillo's new military roads. Tens of thousands of Negro agricultural workers had settled in the fertile, unoccupied land of the Dominican border country. Trujillo, moreover, seems to need a foreign war to stifle revolutionary sentiment at home. Not content with owning the Dominican Republic, he has plundered it. Private monopolies of salt, meat, milk, shoes, and tobacco drive up retail prices beyond the purchasing power of the people. Trujillo's swollen army absorbs a large part of the country's revenue. The little dictator has just received four bombing planes staffed with Italian officers.

Rafael Trujillo is an aftermath of American imperialist occupation. This convicted horse thief and forger rose to power because he served as an informer for the American marines. Military occupation eventually ceased, but the $30,000,000 of American investment lingered on, and Trujillo rose through revolution to the Presidency. Today his political enemies are shot down, the press is censored, the dictatorship absolute. All Santo Domingo sings in unison the glories of Trujillo's rule. On the roof of the vice-president's new residence an electric sign spells out "God and Trujillo" in red, white, and blue lights.

Despite the fact that the United States has agreed to join Cuba and Mexico in mediating the dispute between Haiti and the Dominican Republic, there is little chance of any mitigation of Trujillo's tyrannical rule. We neither expect nor desire the State Department to interfere in the political affairs of other American nations, but before any mediation efforts are concluded we should like to have a thorough airing of this grim episode. If only a fraction of the grisly reports are true, it would be criminal negligence on the part of the State Department to whitewash Trujillo and thereby tighten his stranglehold on the Dominican Republic.

Politics Versus Housing

WE print herewith a chronical of political maneuvers executed in a field where politics does not belong. The record is revealing. Our readers are advised to watch events, for the plot thickens day by day.

October 21. On this day, at the height of the New York mayoralty campaign, Harold Ickes, Public Works Administrator and Cabinet member, in a speech celebrating the completion of the new city sewage-disposal plant, took occasion to praise New York's "able and progressive mayor," to whose requests for federal funds he had "always found it difficult to say 'no' "—a remark which the New York *Times* reported as "especially helpful to the Mayor" in his campaign for reelection. It will be recalled that at the same time Postmaster General Farley, another member of the Roosevelt Cabinet, was openly backing the candidacy of Jeremiah T. Mahoney, Mayor LaGuardia's opponent.

November 3. Nathan Straus, who had been appointed Federal Housing Administrator by President Roosevelt, took office. Mr. Ickes, "under the direction" of whom Mr. Straus legally functions, was known to have opposed the appointment. Mr. Straus had previously been a member of the New York City Housing Authority, which from the start of the New Deal housing program has been at odds with Mr. Ickes over the issue of federal versus local jurisdiction. The progress of this struggle, in which the other city authorities have sided with New York, has been recorded from time to time in *The Nation.* We have often pointed out that Mr. Ickes's suspicion of the local authorities and his insistence on keeping the detailed control over housing in his own hands have been the chief cause of the delays in getting houses built.

November 16. Mr. Straus, in whose hands are placed $500,000,000 of federal funds for loans and subsidies to public-housing projects, invited members of leading local authorities to confer with him in Washington on November 22 to discuss the practical details of putting these funds to immediate use. Included in this invitation were Langdon Post, chairman of the New York City Authority, and Charles Abrams, its counsel. They immediately accepted.

November 19. On this date Mr. LaGuardia reentered the scene. He announced to the newspapers that "no New York City official" would be allowed to attend the conference Mr. Straus had called. He attacked Mr. Straus for dilatory methods, saying that there was no time for "star-gazing conferences," and he took pains to point out that Mr. Ickes was a "real driver" who "gets things accomplished." All this hardly more than two weeks after Mr. Straus began his gigantic job of changing the whole federal housing program over—as he is required to do by the Wagner-Steagall Act—from that of a centralized bureaucracy to one of local autonomy, and, at the same time, working out the complex details of a series of crucial new policies implicit in the act's provisions.

The issue in all this is clear—partisan and personal politics versus the independence of local housing authorities. The issue is also important. If local authorities are to function effectively in this new and crucial venture in government-owned and operated housing, they must be as free as possible from all forms of political control. The need for decentralization has been established; while standards should be set by the federal government, housing must be built by the localities. But these authorities must also be independent of city administrations. The New York law, by requiring a multiple membership with staggered terms of office, by giving housing authorities bond-issuing and land-condemning powers, was designed to insure a status quite different from that of the ordinary city department—one which would be as free as possible from the influence of local politics. If Mayor LaGuardia should force his will upon the present New York Authority in a relatively minor matter, a future mayor might the more easily order a less conscientious chairman to throw a contract this way or that, or to man a new project with deserving constituents.

Politics must be kept out of public housing. Mayor LaGuardia's great vote-getting strength in the past has been his courageous disregard of politics. He cannot afford now to dilute that strength—even at the height of his popularity. And, incidentally, good politics as well as good principle demands that he play ball with Mr. Straus. After all, Mr. Straus holds the purse-strings, and New York needs decent housing.

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Dixie Rejects Lynching

BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

A CHANGE has come over the South. Congress is almost sure to pass a federal anti-lynching bill in the present session, but there is no excitement in Dixie. Twenty years ago the mere thought of such legislation would have caused Southern colonels to tear their mustachios with rage and Southerners of lesser rank to implore the deity to save Dixie for white supremacy and protect the fair name of Southern womanhood. Fortunately such hysteria is no longer widely prevalent.

I do not mean to say that the South is anything like a unit in desiring federal anti-lynching legislation. There are thousands who resent the impending passage of the Wagner-Van Nuys bill, and who doubtless will do all in their power to nullify its effects after it is on the statute books. At the same time there apparently is a much larger body of Southerners who either favor such a law or are willing to give it a trial. The diehards are distinctly in the minority.

If such were not the case, the value of a federal bill would be doubtful, since the hates and rancors engendered by its passage would probably overbalance the anticipated benefits. All too frequently Southern juries, even in the federal courts, would refuse to convict derelict officers, and Negroes would be subjected to all kinds of persecution and discrimination at the hands of resentful whites. This would mean, in all likelihood, that the Negro's lot would be made worse rather than better. But since so many Southerners have awakened at last to the true nature of lynching, the federal bill is expected not only to pass but to achieve a great reduction in the number of these crimes below the Potomac and the Ohio. There has been a gradual change in the attitude of thoughtful citizens of the South toward such legislation, an attitude largely conditioned by their judgment as to its probable effects. Symbolic of the change is the recent shift in the policy of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, which includes 130 representative Southerners from thirteen states and has its headquarters in Atlanta. For years this body refused to indorse federal anti-lynching legislation, but in 1935 it gave unanimous approval to the Costigan-Wagner bill and now similarly favors the Wagner-Van Nuys bill.

An incident which must have had enormous influence in swinging many citizens of Dixie over to the view that the time has come to stop playing around the fringes of the lynching problem was the sickening killing of Claude Neal. Taken from an Alabama jail in the autumn of 1934, Neal was carried to Florida and put to death with unspeakable savagery. In earlier days special trains were operated for men and boys who wished to take part in or to witness lynchings which had been announced in advance, but those in charge of the Neal affair carried the process a step farther. Fifteen hours' notice was given the nation in the newspapers and over the radio that Neal was to die. From 4,000 to 7,000 whites, including many children, came by automobile from various nearby states and witnessed his prolonged agony. No one was even arrested.

The Neal affair was convincing evidence to unbiased minds that some Southern states were wholly unwilling to proceed against lynchers. If any further demonstration was needed, it came soon after with the blow-torch barbarity at Duck Hill, Mississippi. Two Negroes accused of murdering a white storekeeper were taken in broad daylight by an unmasked mob from the custody of three officers and tortured to death with a blow-torch, while hundreds of men, women, and children looked on. The officers failed to recognize anybody in the mob, and no one was arrested.

At least six other persons have been lynched in the South so far this year, and state and local authorities have brought no one to justice for any of these crimes. The cumulative effect has naturally been to demonstrate once more that while a few Southern states are willing to take the steps necessary to eradicate mob murder, the official spokesmen for the others content themselves with pious declarations that they "hate lynching," and vociferous arguments that the states should be permitted to "manage their own affairs."

Southerners who are disgusted with this situation have concluded that lynchings will continue below Mason and Dixon's Line until a federal law with teeth in it is placed on the books. This opinion is far more prevalent in the South today than it has ever been before. A survey conducted by the Institute of Public Opinion this month showed that 57 per cent of all Southerners favored such legislation. The validity of this poll might be challenged by skeptics, despite its astonishingly accurate prediction of the extent of Roosevelt's victory at the polls last year, if other evidence did not point to the same conclusion. Most significant is the fact that an increasing number of Southern newspapers are advocating a federal anti-lynching bill. Although Virginia has a strong law of its own against lynching—there has not been a lynching in the state since the law was passed in 1928—no fewer than eight Virginia dailies are advocating federal anti-lynching legislation at the present time. These include the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot,* the Richmond *News Leader,* and the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.* Other important Southern papers taking a similar stand are the Chattanooga *Times,* the Miami *Daily News,* the Birmingham *Age-Herald,* the Greensboro *Daily News,* the San Antonio *Express,* the Columbia *State,* the Louisville

Courier-Journal, and the New Orleans *Tribune,* as well as most of the Scripps-Howard chain, including the Knoxville *News-Sentinel,* the Birmingham *Post,* the Houston *Press,* and the Fort Worth *Press.* Just as remarkable is the fact that hardly a single leading Southern daily is actively fighting the Wagner-Van Nuys bill.

It is also noteworthy that the papers which are urging federal legislation have had no severe kickback from their readers. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* has carried a dozen editorials and cartoons this year strongly advocating the passage of a federal bill and has reprinted several dozen editorials and cartoons of similar import from other papers. It has received exactly two letters of protest. To my query concerning the reaction of their readers, editors in Louisville, Greensboro, Miami, Birmingham, New Orleans, and San Antonio have replied that the volume of protest was negligible. What is more, when the Greensboro *Daily News* attacked Senator Josiah Bailey for his filibuster against the Costigan-Wagner bill in 1935, the blast brought the heaviest batch of laudatory letters to the editor received by the paper in seven years.

Despite these clear indications, the impression apparently still prevails among Southern Congressmen that the South is violently opposed to "interference" in its affairs by G-men acting under the provisions of a federal anti-lynching statute. Almost all the Southerners in the House voted against the Gavagan bill when it was passed early this year by a vote of 277 to 119. Maury Maverick of Texas, who spoke and voted for the bill, reported several weeks later that he had not had a single protest from his district. But with the exception of Representatives Creal and Robsion of Kentucky and Reece and Taylor of Tennessee, the rest of the Southern contingent went solidly against the bill. It is apparent that many Southern Representatives and Senators are out of touch with sentiment among their constituents on this issue.

Some Southerners who see no objection to the other provisions of the federal bill dislike the proposal to fine a county or city from $2,000 to $10,000 when negligence on the part of local officials is found to have led to a lynching. It is important to note, however, that twenty-two states now have laws under which fines ranging from $1,000 to $10,000 can be imposed on cities or counties where lynchings occur—and the provision has proved effective. The South Carolina law has been on the books since 1896. The minimum fine of $2,000 was assessed and collected in at least seven counties of the state between 1913 and 1931, and no lynching has occurred in any of the seven since the fine was imposed. Moreover, as James H. Chadbourn points out in his "Lynching and the Law," "the average number of lynchings per year in the state has declined sharply after the infliction of each penalty."

It is possible that the Wagner-Van Nuys bill, if passed, will be pronounced unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. It is also possible that if the measure is upheld by the court, lynchings will continue on the same scale as before. But that seems unlikely. For the first time the bulk of Southern opinion appears to be definitely favorable to federal anti-lynching legislation, or at least not disturbed over the prospect of its passage. That fact should assure the public support which in the last analysis must determine the effectiveness of any law.

What Next in France?

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, November 6

NOW that the local (canton) elections are over and the various parties have had their congresses and conventions and national councils, there is nothing to prevent Parliament from getting to work. The government has a heavy agenda for it—the critical international situation, the menacing developments in North Africa, a complex of unliquidated social questions, the still "floating" franc, and, most important of all, the Bonnet budget for the coming year. This last promises to set off the fireworks; there has been no little smoke in the wings already, and the average Frenchman, thinking of his country's bitter need for stability, is asking himself not so much what the government is preparing for the forthcoming session as what deputies and senators have in store for M. Chautemps and his colleagues. It is common knowledge that the foes of the Front Populaire originally meant to trip up the Blum Cabinet this autumn. The schedule was advanced and the blow struck in June simply in order to stave off another batch of nationalization laws, affecting among other interests the railroads. The treasury deficit was but the pretext, and the plenary powers demanded by Blum merely furnished the occasion. The majority fears, and the opposition is convinced, that it will be the turn of Chautemps now, that the process of annulling the popular decision at the polls will reach its culmination, and that the last vestige of the People's Front will be swept away before the winter.

But this time Senators Joseph Caillaux and Abel Gardey will be spared the chore of wielding the ax. It needed no major prophet to foresee in what direction and by what steps the left bloc would evolve during these past five months. Once the spell was broken, once the *mystique* of the Front Populaire was punctured, the seed of decay inevitably entered the body of the coalition, and the disruptive process began to operate from within. The entry into a nominally Front Populaire Cabinet of a man

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with the antecedents and associations of Bonnet, who never even pretended to share the Front Populaire *mystique,* was not only emblematic; it was a signpost for the future. A coalition in which the Socialists had a plurality, a coalition which had come into power on a platform of the redistribution of wealth and the power that goes with wealth, was now to have a friend and confidant of the big banks presiding over the purse-strings. And the head of the second Front Populaire Cabinet was himself a Radical of the second zone, who, unlike the left Radicals of the Daladier-Cot shade, had all along kept aloof from the popular movement which had swept over France after the dramatic events of 1934.

How long could labor, the Socialists, the progressive forces which had made the Front Populaire, go on pretending that nothing was changed? How long could the Socialists go on collaborating in, or even supporting, a government with the outlook and tendencies of the Chautemps-Bonnet team? Once M. Bonnet settled down to the tasks for which he had been called in, the Socialists and the trade unions were bound to go on the warpath. They are resisting fiercely now, though not yet openly. The Minister of Finance, upheld by the Premier, wants to balance the budget; labor and the Socialists demand an end of the "pause" and a return to the program approved by the voters. But the left wing of the coalition has since June been on the defensive. It must either follow the government or take the onus of overthrowing it and seeming to disrupt a Front Populaire which in reality has been but a shadow for five months past. At the recent congress of the Radical Party at Lille, M. Chautemps put the challenge and the present attitude of the bloc succinctly when he said, "So long as it remains possible we shall go along maintaining our pact with the Socialists." Thereupon he invested with his authority the reactionary formula for balancing the budget, thus serving notice on his Socialist partners that they had the choice of going along on his terms or of driving him into the arms of the center.

The Socialist voters, if not their leaders, have other and older grievances against their Radical friends. They cannot forget that it was the Radical Senate that last June tripped up the first Front Populaire Cabinet. They cannot forgive Chautemps for so eagerly leaping into the breach. He should, they maintain, have declined the offer and thus obliged Lebrun to call back Blum or some other member of the party which the country had designated for office. They recall that in the past when a Radical Premier was forced out, it was not a Socialist but another Radical who was asked to carry on. At the very least, they hold, the new combination should have been headed by an out-and-out Front Populaire Radical like Daladier. And they reproach their friends not least for keeping within their bosom, and even putting up for election, men who can by no stretch be considered left. At the time of the recent local elections Radical candidates in a considerable number of cantons openly flouted the Front Populaire, no doubt in order to attract right votes. And the fascist parties of La Rocque and Doriot publicly instructed their adherents to throw their support to the Radical candidate wherever their own man had no chance of being elected.

To this the Radicals retort that the Front Populaire is not a super-party (the Communists themselves said so), that the constituent parties have not surrendered their independence, and that therefore they alone must judge who is and who is not fit to carry their banner. Besides, the Socialists also have in their midst men and wings not wholly acceptable to their allies—Marceau Pivert, for instance, and his revolutionary left. The essence of the Front Populaire, according to the Radicals, is the pact of mutual withdrawal and mutual support in the second ballot. And the Socialists, by refusing to withdraw their own candidates and throw the support of their partisans to certain Radical candidates in the cantonal elections, on the pretext that these were not of the required purity, have broken the contract and undermined the front.

Between the Radicals and the Communists there is, on the surface at least, perfect understanding, now as all along. Thorez and his friends, explain those who have no love for them, are not interested in the social reforms of the Blum government or in the well-being of the French workers. For them the Front Populaire is but an instrument for consolidating opinion behind the Franco-Soviet pact and for uniting the country against the fascist powers—in the Spanish tragedy for the present and in the bigger struggle to come in the not distant future. That is why about a year ago Communist demonstrators publicly insulted Delbos, while against Bonnet they have not raised their voices above a whisper. Be that as it may, it is certain that, underneath, there is no more harmony in this sector of the left coalition than there is on the rest of the front. For this there are three, or perhaps four, reasons: first, the persistent Communist agitation for fusion with the Socialists to form a single proletarian party, tactics which the Radicals regard as directed against themselves; second, the encroachments of Thorez's party on the peasant vote, which the Radicals traditionally hold to be their private preserve; third, the manner in which the Communists encourage strikes of a political nature among the trade unions under their influence, in behalf of Spain and other causes unrelated to wages and hours. Finally, some Radicals are persuaded that the Communists are not "sincere" in their recent conversion to class cooperation and in their hearts are still a revolutionary party.

The Radicals are not alone in their complaints of the new tactics of the Communists. Since the fusion of the two trade-union confederations there has been the most irritating friction between the two tendencies, which live side by side without coalescing. The controversy is over control. The "pure" trade unionists resent the alleged attempt of the Communists to inject political issues into the C. G. T. and thereby to capture the organization and its five million workers for purposes alien to labor; they point to a long series of attempts, many of them successful, to "colonize" local and national federations by dark and unfair intrigues. The ex-C. G. T. U. (Communist) trade councils, for example, demand equal representation in steering committees where they are the minority;

failing there, they ostensibly agree to a compromise and at the last moment spring a list of candidates of their own. Or they intrigue to obtain a fusion of more or less related trade groups where the combination would result in giving them a majority. And, still according to the "pure" trade unionists, they carry on campaigns of indoctrination among the millions of new members and assert that the growth of the C. G. T. since the strikes was in reality a mass movement in favor of the old C. G. T. U. For a long time Léon Jouhaux tried to remain aloof, but in July even he became aroused and raised his voice against the "tendencies" which had disintegrated the labor movement in 1922, against "external influences and underhanded practices which sow mistrust among us."

Meanwhile the experience of the C. G. T. is not lost on the Socialist Party, and the efforts of Thorez to undo the mischief of 1920—when the Communists broke away—far from making progress, are merely embittering the good feeling reestablished between the two parties in the last two or three years. The correspondence and editorials appearing in the *Populaire* and the *Humanité* grow daily more acrimonious; and the Front Populaire, in its proletarian wing, is not thriving in consequence.

What, then, is in store for France in the coming weeks? It would be hazardous to guess. In all probability a "republican concentration"—that is to say, a government made up of the Radicals and center, with more or less regular support from the extreme left—is in the cards. Fascism? None but a congenital pessimist could envisage such a culmination. For if the left is slowly drawing apart, the right, above all the lunatic fringe of the right, is infinitely more divided. But that is matter for a subsequent article.

A Steel Man O. K.'s the C. I. O.

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

I SAT in the office of a friend of mine, who is an important man in the C. I. O. campaign to unionize the steel industry, on the thirty-sixth floor of the Grant Building in Pittsburgh, which is part of the elegant headquarters of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. The day before, a strike had begun in one of the smaller local mills, whose general manager refused to deal with "those communistic, irresponsible unions run by John L. Lewis." This phrase, when I quoted it to him from a front-page story in the Pittsburgh newspaper I had brought with me, amused my friend. The man, he said, was parroting Tom Girdler and Bill Green, both of whom knew better. In the first place, the C. I. O. was a trade-union movement, and how could a trade-union movement be communistic? The traditional meaning of "trade unionism" was unionism aiming to advance the cause of labor within the frame of capitalism, wasn't it? In the second place, "irresponsible" about what? Contracts? Agreements?

"Listen," said my C. I. O. friend, "there are scores of steel industrialists in and around Pittsburgh who have signed up with the S. W. O. C. in the last seven months and are glad of it, and have a high regard for the C. I. O. A few even actively help us in our work. Eight months ago they had arsenals in their mill yards, ready to fight us; now they stand ready to render us favors and services such as we could not get in any other way for love or money. In fact, I'm expecting a call from one of them, who has lately helped us get next to the top men of several companies, which led to the signing of agreements, and who just now is trying to arrange for us a meeting with this fellow who calls us communistic and irresponsible, whom he has known personally for many years. That's what he is to call me about. His name is Robert Paynter—top man in the National Steel, Iron, and Tin Company at Coalburg, eight miles from here."*

My friend answered the telephone: "Yes, Bob. . . . Fine. . . . Uh-huh. . . . I see. . . . O. K.," and so on for several minutes. The contact had evidently been arranged. Then: "By the way, Bob, there's a writer here in my office"—telling him my name and some of the things I had written—"who is interested in the whole situation and would like to talk with you. Could you . . . ?"

Mr. Paynter and I met that afternoon in the air-conditioned Continental Bar of the William Penn Hotel, and we talked for an hour and a half. He is a medium-sized, wiry man with a handsome, square-jawed face; maybe fifty, possibly a few years younger, and obviously very competent. He has a quick eye, a firm handclasp, an agreeable smile, a warm manner, a ready word or remark. Neither frank nor cagy, he lets one draw him out. He dresses conservatively but well, smokes one cigarette after the other, and drinks canned beer of a local brew. The waiter, who knows him, brought him the can and an opener, and Mr. Paynter poured the beer himself into his glass. His company makes beer cans. He evidently doesn't miss a trick.

A successful man. His salary is written in five figures. He lives in one of the suburbs, midway between Pittsburgh and Coalburg. His oldest son is an assistant superintendent in the mill with him, apparently a chip off the old block. A younger boy is at the Phillips Academy in Andover. Mr. Paynter is personally a contented man. He owns a $40,000 home and loves Mrs. Paynter. He reads the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, the New York *Times*, the various trade journals pertaining to steel, iron, tin, and

*At his request, the names of this man, his company, and the town are disguised.

related industries, and *Time, Fortune,* and *Reader's Digest.* The latter he reads in bed evenings or if he wakes up during the night. When very tired or annoyed about something, he likes to read Omar Khayyam; it soothes him.

But most of these personal details about him I learned toward the end of our talk, the significant parts of which went something like this:

Adamic: I understand, Mr. Paynter, that you practically grew up in the steel industry and that you received your early training as a steel man under Tom Girdler.

Paynter: That's right.

A: I am told that in the 1919 steel strike you were, if I may put it bluntly, in charge of a strong-arm force in the mill where you were then an assistant superintendent, and that you did your bit in breaking that strike.

P (*smiling*): That, roughly, is correct.

A: How do you explain that?

P: What do you mean?

A: I mean, how do you justify your 1919 position in relation to labor?

P (*considering the question a trifle silly*): I don't justify it. Nor explain it. Nor apologize for it. Nor regret it, if that's what you mean. That was the thing to do in those days. Everybody—

A: I see. I understand too, Mr. Paynter, that a year ago, or even more recently, you had—shall I say?—an arsenal in the yard of your mill at Coalburg, prepared to give battle to the C. I. O., perhaps much in the way you fought the 1919 strike.

P (*smiling*): "Arsenal" is a big word; apart from that, yes; together with the steel industry as a whole, we were ready to resist unionization.

A: You were prepared to fight it out.

P: Put it that way if you like.

A: Then, what are you doing now, palling around with these C. I. O. reds [*smiling*]—these "Communists," as your former superior, Mr. Girdler, calls them? What do you mean helping the C. I. O. agitators, as I am told you are, to organize the steel industry—calling their office, and so on?

P (*chuckling, pouring beer*): We got converted, Mr. Adamic.

A: How? Why? By whom? When?

P (*laughing*): There's nothing you don't want to know, is there?

A: Well, anyhow, what started you on this new path?

P: One day early last spring a man came to my office —a C. I. O. organizer from the S. W. O. C. office; nice fellow, with a clean-cut, intelligent face, neatly dressed, and so on. He told me right off who he was and what he wanted to talk about. I asked him to sit down, and he began to sell me the idea of us letting the C. I. O. start a union in our plant. He implied it would be to our advantage. Talking very calmly, persuasively, he proceeded to tell me—quite accurately, by the way— all the petty troubles and pains in the neck we'd had in the mill in the past few weeks, which in the long run, he hastened to point out to me, amounted to a lot of trouble and expense, which, he further lost no time in emphasizing, were bound to increase as the years went by regardless of how good a personnel manager we had. Why? Because, he said, in shops where the union was fought and men belonged to it secretly all sorts of damned things happened all the time, which led to fear, nervousness, and jitters among the men, to secret sabotage and loafing on the job, and so on. What he was saying was, to an extent, undoubtedly true, and he proceeded to tell me, too, that if we let the union come in, it would take care of most of our petty labor difficulties. The union, he said, would form a grievance committee consisting of workers in the mill; all the union men in the shop would be required, and others allowed, to take their grievances to the committee, which would assemble all the kicks and complaints and what-nots, then take them up with us—the management—once every so often, say, once a week; and many, perhaps most, of the grievances would be smoothed out by the committee itself without bothering us with them. He made a good argument, and, well, to make a long story short, we thought things over, our superintendents and I; we sounded out our biggest stockholders; our directors gave me a free hand; and by-and-by we said "O.K.," and the C. I. O. came in. We signed an agreement for a year, the union was formed, about half the men joined, a grievance committee was organized, and, sure enough, the thing began to work out—in an imperfect sort of way, to be sure, but we *do* have fewer petty difficulties with the men, the plant, somehow, does seem generally a better place to work in, and——

A (*interrupting*): Excuse me, Mr. Paynter—before you go any farther, tell me, was the fact that a C. I. O. organizer came to talk to you *really* the reason why you said "O.K." to the C. I. O.?

P (*his eyes flashing amusement*): No-o-o, of course, not really. We were, naturally, surprised when we read in the papers early in March about the agreement between Mr. Myron Taylor, of the United States Steel Corporation, and Mr. John Lewis. But I don't mind telling you we were also relieved. Business was picking up beautifully, and we didn't want a strike which might disrupt production. We are, if I may say so, a successful concern, but not a big one; employing between three and four thousand men all told. We are completely independent of the United States Steel Corporation, but we have been having pleasant relations with it ever since I know; I am personally acquainted with many of its officials, and our policy has always been: What is good for the corporation is good enough for us. Their labor policy was, traditionally, our labor policy.

A: Was there any other reason that led you to sign up with the C. I. O.?

P: Ye-e-e-es, I suppose there was. Our plant at Coalburg is our only plant, and Coalburg is primarily a coal town, with all the mines closed-shop. All the miners are members of the United Mine Workers, whose president, as you know, is John L. Lewis, who, we know from long ago, is a most able man, practical and resourceful, a realist, not afraid of a fight. Last year, when the C. I. O. began to look like a serious business, we realized that by using his miners as pickets, while Mr. Earle was Governor of Pennsylvania [*smiling*], Lewis could close us down and keep us closed, which meant that, since we had no other plant to which we might transfer our important orders, we would be up against it if it came to a showdown. Together with the United States Steel Corporation and the rest of the industry, we could have put up an effective fight and won; and we might have given the C. I. O. a damned good fight and licked it even single-handed, in that we would not sign a contract—but that would have been a case of an irresistible force and an immovable body. Lewis and the C. I. O. would have been licked, but they would have ruined our business. After the battle there would have been very little, if anything, left of the good old National Steel, Iron, and Tin Company. So to fight Lewis—to fight the C. I. O.—was not the constructive thing to do; and after United States Steel entered into an agreement with the C. I. O., and after the C. I. O. man came to us, we said "O.K." and we're not sorry.

A: Why aren't you sorry?

P (*pondering*): Well, we signed an agreement with the S. W. O. C. which provides that we allow the union to organize and any worker to join who wants to, and the union can employ no coercive method to make any worker join who is disinclined to do so. So far, I think, approximately 60 per cent have joined. The rest are holding off from the union out of a variety of motives. Some are individualists who don't believe in unions, others have had unpleasant experiences in unions in other industries or believe that the C. I. O. is communistic, and still others imagine that we, the "bosses," don't really want a union, don't really want them to join; but most of them don't sign up simply because they see no sense of paying union dues when they get all the benefits that the union claims to have won, anyhow. The agreement further provides for certain desirable working conditions, which were in effect before we entered into it, and for certain seniority privileges of workers. The plant remains open-shop; we remain, for the most part, free to hire and fire. Thus far both we and the union—which is still under the general supervision of the S. W. O. C. people, who are fine, able fellows—have been careful to live up both to the letter and the spirit of the agreement. As a matter of fact, on our part, we have done things for the union we have not been required to do. We have given it a building in the mill yard which the union men use as a sort of clubhouse and for committee meetings and collecting of union dues on pay day. The most important thing is the grievance committee, which consists of nine union workers appointed by the S. W. O. C. officers and confirmed by the union membership in the plant. Later on, when the union is better organized, the men will elect their own committees, without direction or suggestion from S. W. O. C. We, the management, had no hand in the formation of this first grievance committee.

A: How does it function?

P: Imperfectly, as I say—it's new; it must be given time. We think that it's liable to be a good thing all around. It seems to act as a sort of collective vent, at least for the union members; in a way, for the whole plant. The men bring their grievances to committee members, then argue about them, then the first thing they know, in many instances, the grievances disappear. One trouble with the thing, so far as we are concerned, is that the men comprising the committee, while granting they probably are as good as we could have, are new, green, inexperienced fellows, apt to get excited about nothing at all. As yet they can't quite handle authority and responsibility. They get "tough" with us over little matters. There seldom is a "grievance meeting" between the committee and the management that something doesn't happen to cause one or all of us on the management side to come near flying off the handle. It is hard, but we try to control our tempers, mend our old pugnacious habits, and be patient. We keep on telling ourselves that the thing—in principle, anyhow—is O.K. and is liable to get better right along. Two of the three men on the grievance committee who are most apt to raise their voices unnecessarily at the grievance meetings are, we feel, open to bribery; that is, we could buy them off, if we wanted to—but, then, why should we? Why should we corrupt the thing?

A: But, then, why not? Employers have been known to corrupt union officials.

P: Yes; but maybe that was one of the serious troubles with industry heretofore—and still is.

A: Of course, I imagine that your troubles, as you see them, with the grievance committee are rather slight, over petty matters and differences. But suppose that sometime in the future you come face to face with more serious problems or demands, what will you do then? Won't you probably be tempted to buy off the officials of the new union?

P (*smiling*): We'll try not to be. Much will depend on how the C. I. O. goes and conducts itself as a whole; what sort of people get at the head of its unions, as it continues to grow, and so on.

A: But suppose—just suppose—that sometime in the future, possibly not very far off, when the C. I. O. is much stronger than it is already, you are presented with a demand for a closed shop and the check-off. What will you do if, or when, that comes?

P: If it comes in the near future, we will oppose it with every means at our command.

A: Why?

P: Because, with things as they are, the closed shop and check-off will not be constructive, will make conditions in the plant impossible. The men are not yet —and, in my opinion, cannot be for some time—sufficiently trained or educated in exercising responsibility, authority, and the necessary self-discipline in a complicated industry like steel. Mind you, as people go, steel workers are good men, but they will have to become much better in every respect—as workers, as human beings—before anything like a closed shop is possible if the industry is to remain progressive and healthy.

A: It may be, too, that there is room for improvement among employers.

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P: Oh, no doubt! But let me say this to you, which I think will cover my attitude to this entire question in a general way: I, for one, am willing to go with the men and this union on the road that seems to lie dimly ahead of the C. I. O. as far as it is constructive.

A: Meaning what?

P: Meaning that I want steel to be made efficiently; that I want the country to be prosperous and progressive, industrially and otherwise; that, working, I want to be able to make a little money; that I want the industrial set-up to be such as to permit new ability to come in and be rewarded. Although, as you know, I am practically a C. I. O. organizer, I am glad that after the Little Steel strike started, Girdler beat the C. I. O. and told a few things to the Administration in Washington. Had the C. I. O. won that strike, it would have been too much of a good thing for it. Even with that setback, it's growing too fast.

A: Then, why do you become, as you say, practically a C. I. O. organizer?

P: Oh, for the hell of it.

A: Come, come, Mr. Paynter.

P (*smiling*): It's an inconsistency on my part. But, in a way, I am on the spot among the independents who, following Girdler rather than the United States Steel Corporation, have not yet signed up with the C. I. O. They kid and criticize me; I have to defend myself—and believing offense to be the best defense, I go after them when they refuse to deal with the S. W. O. C. people.

American Money in Mexico

BY L. O. PRENDERGAST

Mexico City, November 12

THE Mexican New Deal is approaching the crisis that has been implicit in its promises ever since Lázaro Cárdenas transformed the Six-Year Plan from a campaign document into a guide to action. It is obvious that a governmental policy looking toward a more equitable redistribution of wealth and the recovery for the nation of a part, at least, of its natural resources must sooner or later come into collision with the vested interests of the foreigners who own most of the country's instruments of production and virtually control its economic structure.

Mining and oil are the two most important industries in Mexico, with an annual production equal in value to that of all agriculture and to perhaps 60 per cent of all manufactures. Both industries are 90 per cent in the hands of foreigners—Americans, British, Germans, French, and Spaniards. The American Smelting and Refining Company, through its operation of the most important foundries, smelters, and refineries, has an effective monopoly of nearly all mining activity. The Royal Dutch Shell subsidiary in Mexico controls approximately 60 per cent of the total production of crude oil and derivatives; Standard Oil and other American concerns control another 35 per cent; a mere 5 per cent is in the hands of private Mexicans and of the government, which through its newly created but already limping Petroleum Department is attempting to lay the foundations for a conservative policy and, at some unspecified time in the distant future, for the nationalization of the industry.

Mexicans have a larger share in the ownership of manufacturing, but at least 50 per cent of the total production comes from the big enterprises owned by foreigners. Telephone service is in the hands of two foreign companies, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Swedish Ericcson trust, in which, incidentally, the A. T. and T. has a 35 per cent interest. Electric light and power is divided between the American Electric Bond and Share Company and the Mexican subsidiary of Sofina, the international trust centering in Belgium. As a result of their recent nationalization by the government, the railroads have been completely released from the tutelage of the International Bankers' Committee, headed by Thomas Lamont, which held the bonds of the railroad debt. The roads now belong to the Mexican government, but the debt is still outstanding.

In agriculture the share of foreigners has been less extensive and less immediately visible but is none the less important. Except for the henequen (sisal hemp) plantations in Yucatan, which have been developed largely by native capital, practically all modern, mechanized agriculture has been concentrated in large foreign holdings: the cotton and wheat plantations of English, Spanish, and American investors in La Laguna; the American-owned sugar estates and refineries in Sinaloa, Puebla, and Vera Cruz; the English and German coffee plantations in Chiapas and Oaxaca; the rice, chickpea, wheat, and tomato ranches of such Yankee bearers of the white man's burden as the Richardson Construction Company in Sonora. The remainder of Mexico's agriculture is divided between the *ejidos,* which constitute as yet only a bare third of the country's arable land and will show what they are capable of only when experience has worked out a more efficient organization, and the semi-feudal haciendas, the swollen estates given over to extensive cultivation by cheap human labor and an agricultural technique that was probably ancient when the pyramid of Cheops was built.

Thus the share of the Mexican people in the wealth annually derived from production is largely limited to the wages paid industrial and agricultural workers and the taxes collected by the government. The result has been one of the lowest standards of living in the world. The civilization which the foreign capitalists, in order to justify their exploitation, claim to have brought to Mexico has not reached even 25 per cent of the population. The problems they have raised have penetrated more deeply, and in the effort to find a solution the country lived through a bloody revolution from 1910 to 1920. At first various attempts were made to curb the absolute power over the Mexican workers exercised by foreign employers, and to give the Mexican peon a scrap of land of his own. But after 1927—the year in which Dwight W. Morrow, who was genuinely fond of Mexico but not fond enough to forget his partnership in the House of Morgan, killed the revolution with kindness—such efforts were gradually abandoned, until the coming of Cárdenas.

The ways open to any Mexican government to fulfil the promise of the revolution are simple and well defined. It can give labor freedom of organization and enforce legislation designed to enable it to bargain on terms of approximate equality with its foreign employers. It can apply the Agrarian Code in order to bring about that redistribution of land which every honest student of Mexico in the last quarter-century has recognized as the country's fundamental socio-economic problem. The present administration has courageously sought to do both these things, with results which the world knows. To call this program communism or even socialism is clear evidence of either bad faith or an appalling ignorance of the process of social change. For twenty-five years Mexico has been suffering the pangs of the bourgeois-democratic revolution; that is to say, it has been liquidating its feudal past and establishing the bases of a modern state. An essential part of that process is the modification of the country's semi-colonial status, for true political independence will never be attained until the stranglehold of foreign interests on Mexico's economic life is broken. Both the Mexican Communist Party and the organized labor movement wholeheartedly support this program as one representing real progress over Mexico's wretched past, and their support has given the native reactionaries, in unholy alliance with the imperialist second-story men, their opportunity to raise the red scare and begin advertising for the Mexican Franco.

The legend of Mexican "bolshevism," of reckless disregard for contracted obligations and for the "rights" of foreigners, has been eagerly welcomed in the press abroad. It is saddening to see so competent a journalist as Frank L. Kluckhohn contributing, however innocently, to that legend. In a story in the New York *Times* of November 2 dealing with some of the land expropriations carried out under the Agrarian Code, Mr. Kluckhohn manages to give the impression that the government is proceeding with a sublime disregard for the law, that the Supreme Court is equally contemptuous of the constitution, that Mexico has no intention of paying its debts, that all the land owned by Americans will be seized before Cárdenas leaves office, that Mexico is violating a solemn agreement to pay cash for all lands taken from American citizens, that Washington is not lifting a finger to protect the rights of its nationals in Mexico, that the reserves of the Bank of Mexico are being seriously depleted by the over-ambitious public-works program of the Cárdenas administration, and that an economic crisis is imminent.

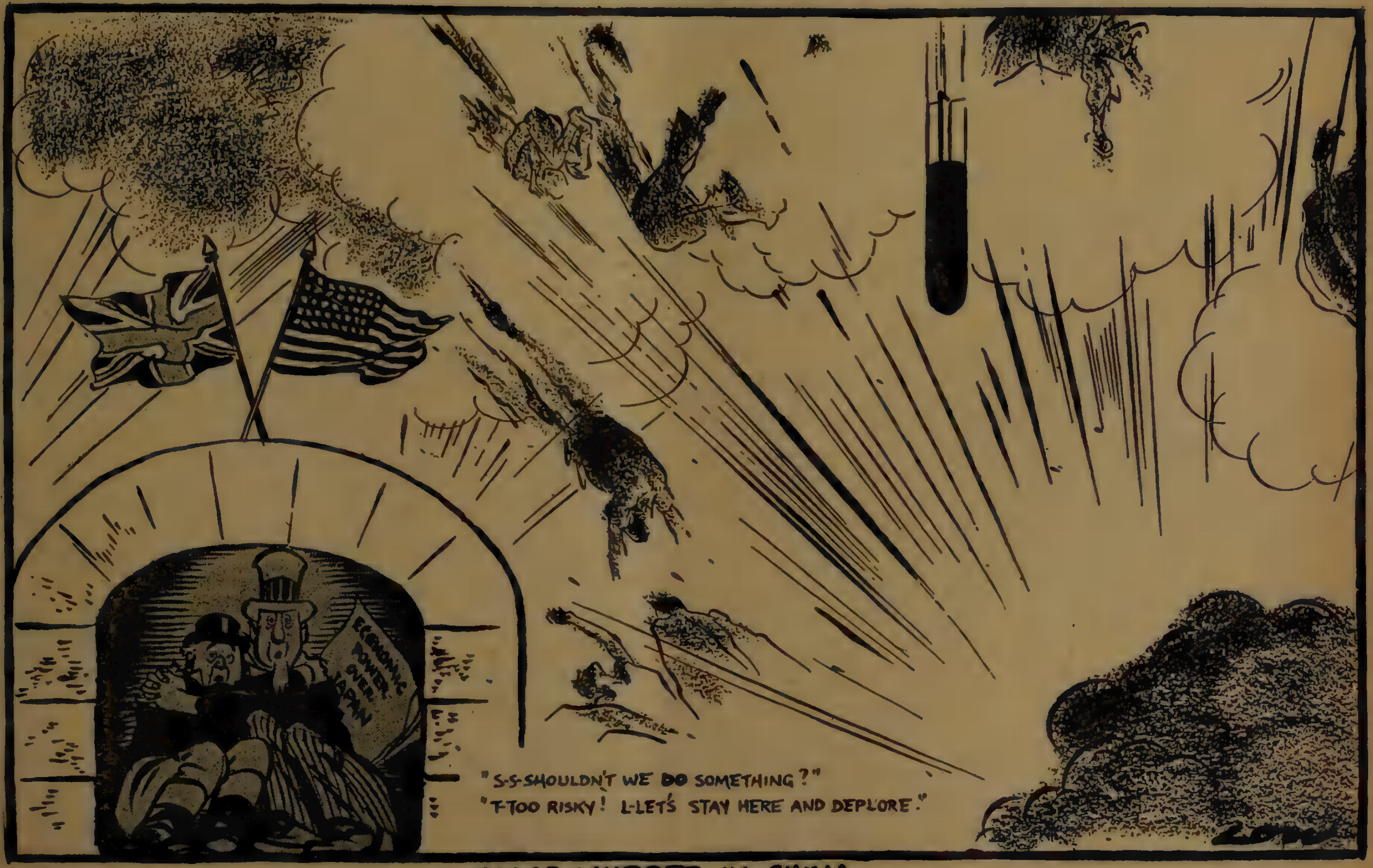
Of all these observations, the only one that may turn out to be true is the last, and that for reasons other than those assigned by Mr. Kluckhohn. Land expropriations are proceeding in accordance with the Agrarian Code. You may not like the law or the changes that have recently been made in it, but that is beside the point. A large part of the land in the Yaqui River valley of Sonora, scene of the application of agrarian reform which prompted the *Times* story, was brutally stolen from the Yaqui Indians by the Porfirio Díaz regime thirty years ago and practically given away to American speculators and land companies. Its restitution now is no more than an act of elementary justice. Mexico has never intimated that the bonds given for lands expropriated will not be redeemed, although in my own opinion no good reason for payment of the agrarian debt can be shown to exist. There is no deep-laid scheme to oust all American property holders in Mexico. They are simply being hauled down from their former position of special privilege and consideration. In the past Americans have largely escaped agrarian reform laws because the government was afraid of them. Today the Mexican government is only doing what should long ago have been done by its predecessors: it is deflating the legend of Yankee inviolability and placing Americans on an equal footing with all other landholders.

There is no agreement between the two countries calling for payment in cash for all lands taken from American citizens. I assume that Mr. Kluckhohn is referring—but apparently without being familiar with its history—to the so-called Bucareli Treaty extorted from the Obregón government in 1923 at the point of the non-recognition sword. This treaty provides for no more than cash settlement, as determined by the Mixed Claims Commission set up under it, *for lands expropriated in violation of existing legislation prior to the date of the pact.* In the "exchange of impressions" held by the representatives of both countries negotiating the treaty, it was noted that in the future Mexico intended to make cash payment for the value of agricultural properties expropriated from Americans in excess of 1,755 hectares (4,335 acres). This understanding, however, is not a part of the formal treaty and was never ratified by the Mexican Senate. Hence it is not binding on the Mexican government, and any attempt on the part of Washington to "enforce" it, by threatening to withdraw the recognition supposedly granted in return for that promise, would be considered by most Mexicans a species of political blackmail. Finally, the "expropriated" landholders in Sonora are being given in exchange other lands, irrigated by a newly constructed dam, and, as in the case of the big Laguna companies, cash payment for the value of their investment in machinery, water works, and other improvements.

All that Washington can do to prevent Mexico's efforts to set its house in order is to return to the policy of the big stick. I doubt that the millions of Americans who voted last year for the continuation of Roosevelt's New Deal and the good-neighbor policy with Latin America are pining for a return to the days when Charles Evans Hughes was dubbed "Secretary of Oil" and Frank Kellogg was finding a Bolshevik under every Mexican bed. The property which the State Department is being obliquely invited to protect is the property of the same economic royalists who, in their own elegant phraseology, have "ganged up" on Roosevelt to sabotage the elementary reforms he has attempted to introduce in the United States. The question of Washington's attitude is of more than academic interest. The oil companies here have apparently been encouraged by all the talk of a coming "strong hand" in Washington's Mexican policy to declare open war on the Cárdenas government. In a statement to the press on November 11 they calmly announced that they would refuse to obey the Mexican law if it did not conform to their interests.

An interesting by-product of foreign control of the nation's economy is the rapidly growing anti-Semitic agitation. Mexico's lower middle class, squeezed between the downward pressure of monopoly capital and the upward thrust of the militant labor movement, is developing the customary psychopathic aberrations. The small business men are too blinded by their hatred of labor to recognize that the true exploiters of the whole Mexican people are the giant foreign corporations. A scapegoat had to be found, and was discovered in the Jewish immigrants who have been entering Mexico in relatively large numbers since the World War, although the total Jewish population today does not exceed 15,000. The charges most frequently brought against the Jews—that they operate clandestine industries, pay no taxes, sweat their workers, deal in contraband goods, and engage in cut-throat competition—are in many cases true, but they are equally true of large numbers of highly respected Mexicans and Spaniards. And all these are offenses for which the law already provides penalties; there is no need of special legislation directed against any particular race. This is a policeman's problem, not an ethnologist's.

Anti-Semitism was invented in Mexico by the late-lamented Gold Shirts, an outright fascist organization of former "generals" and gangsters partly supported by Nazi sympathies and funds. It is now being fomented by the more reactionary press, with all the usual talk about the Russian Revolution having been nothing but a Jewish plot hatched in New York. Recently a dubious group calling itself the "Revolutionary Bloc in Defense of Small Business" hornswoggled two senators who should have known better into sponsoring a bill in Congress designed to shut off Jewish immigration, cancel the licenses of Jewish business men, and restrict their residence to certain specified zones—that is, to ghettos. The project was turned over to the Senate Committee on Internal Affairs and in all probability will die there. The Jewish question in Mexico is so microscopic that these outbursts of an artificially stimulated anti-Semitism would be ridiculous were they not symptomatic of the rising tide of fascist sentiment.


ECONOMIC POWER OVER JAPAN
"S-S-SHOULDN'T WE DO SOMETHING?"
"T-TOO RISKY! L-LET'S STAY HERE AND DEPLORE."

MASS MURDER IN CHINA

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

What Is a Liberal?

TWO readers of this page have written to ask me to define liberalism. I told them that they were setting me the hardest possible task. I felt, of course, as complimented as the ragged colored man who was asked to change a ten-dollar bill. But my old inferiority complex stepped in to warn me off. "You will only fail," it whispered to me. Curious how confidential and insinuating our inferiority complexes become! And how they crowd everything else out of the picture. We all of us used to be pestered by a demon called Lack of Self-Confidence, by another known as Indifference, by still another, Laziness, with Cowardice bulking large in the rear. But we pay no attention to them now. We contemptuously ignore them or kick them out of the way. If our conscience troubles us, if we have twinges of remorse, if somebody says, "No matter what your excuses, you know you should have done that," we hastily hide behind our I. C. It covers not only a multitude of sins; if we try hard we can make it cover all our sins.

Speaking of liberals, I wonder if you have all noticed that the embattled democracies abroad are acting today just like the tired post-war liberals and radicals we used to hear so much about? The latter were wont to explain to us when we went to them asking for aid on one or all of the numerous liberal fronts, that they really were emotionally exhausted—sucked dry. They had put all they had in them into opposition to the war or the peace of injustice, or into succoring Belgians, Russians, German babies, Kentucky miners, Tom Mooney. They *had* to insist upon being allowed to lie fallow for a while until they found new wellsprings of compassion, refilled their exhausted reservoirs of hot indignation, found fresh fuel for their reformatory motors. This had a reasonable ring to it; we dissenters did live a decade in those two war years. But the fact is that those reservoirs of indignation never again were filled, those motors which once drove on to unselfish deeds never again possessed the necessary coordinated cylinders hitting at once. Well, so it is with the endangered democracies abroad. They are tired. Their emotional capacity is exhausted. They simply cannot become aroused over anything. Ethiopia leaves them cold. Those poor murdered blacks burned and butchered by bombs from the air and the land—what liberal democratic nation could really get excited about them? Were they not half-naked savages, 70 per cent of them disease-ridden, syphilitic, capable of most horrible cruelties toward their own slaves? Why get excited about *them?*

Before I define a liberal, let me speak of Spain. When one beholds the horrible suffering there, the wanton butchery by rank outsiders of men, women, and children, the utter, the damnable ruin of a historic people guilty only of seeking to leap from feudalism into modern social liberty at one bound, one wishes there were a just and omnipotent God in heaven to behold what has come over those tired democracies. They cannot move. They cannot rouse themselves. They cannot damn as one man the foreign authors of that misery. And now China. Look way over there? Nothing much worse than Spain. And those are yellow men. They do not suffer as we do. They have not our sensibilities, or our fear of death. Death to them is normal. It comes to millions of them at a time from hunger, from the swollen waters, from the locusts, or because the gods withhold the rain. Oh, no. These democracies must not rouse themselves, must not burn with unabatable wrath at wholesale torture and unbelievable wrong, dictated only by the desire of madmen to rob others of what is theirs. They might themselves be drawn in. And we? Well, our American liberals say that in behalf of these democracies we must go to war and sacrifice our youth abroad!

Now as to what a liberal is—excuse me, one minute more. Have you noticed that those democracies for which we are to fight are ruled, so Norman Angell writes in the current *Forum,* by "drift, inertia, indecision, short-sightedness, division of council, disunity, the refusal to make material sacrifice"? That their enemies, who openly demand the complete destruction of democracy everywhere, are actuated by "immense energy, courage, boldness, a readiness to take great risks and undergo infinite suffering, an amazing capacity for sacrifice"—all on behalf of "gross aggression and conquest, the destruction of freedom, of the right of self-government and democracy, the very enthronement of ruthless cruelty and oppression"? Doesn't that sound familiar? We used to use just such phrases to rouse the tired liberal for the sake of the victims of injustice everywhere.

Somehow or other there seems to be a limit to the capacity of the human mind and the human soul to suffer for others. We read of the horrible massacres in Shanghai and put the story down with no more than a sigh. The first time we see the torn and mangled bodies of women and children in the movies we go home to a restless and troubled night. The next time we are struck by the fact that the horrors are not quite as terrible as in the first film. The fourth or fifth time we are affected hardly more than by the pictures of a wrecked airplane.

Oh, yes, about that liberal. Hang it all, the page is done and there isn't any room to tell you what I really think a liberal is. But I shall get around to it, just bear with me. I shall define that liberal from A to Z and pin him lifelike to a card like a butterfly in a museum—what's left of him. So good-day to you!

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

LIPPMANN AGONISTES

BY MAX LERNER

"THE GOOD SOCIETY"* marks Walter Lippmann's renunciation of the earlier Lippmann and his consolidation of the latter-day Lippmann. It marks also his renunciation of the latter-day liberalism and his plea for a return to the earlier liberalism of the Western world. There are thus a pair of dialectical processes at work in the book simultaneously. The author is fighting the new order and arguing for the Golden Age of the old order: but he is also and at the same time arguing against the premises of the younger Lippmann and making explicit a new set of premises for the older Lippmann. It is no accident that the book bears on its title-page a text from Milton's "Samson Agonistes." Where could one find a better prototype than in Samson the Wrestler for the man of godlike strength who has known happier days, who now finds himself in the philistine world of collectivist principles, and who out of an inner clarity of sight finds the strength for a last and mighty single-handed effort to tear down the pillars of the totalitarian temple? The whole mood of the book is that of the Hebrew prophets. It begins with a devastating attack upon the collectivisms of the day as the Sodom and Gomorrah that have brought mankind to its present pass. It continues with a passionate defense of the older liberalism ("If I forget thee, O Jerusalem . . ."). And it ends in an apocalyptic vision of a future society in which men are once more free.

At forty-eight Mr. Lippmann has behind him a quarter-century crowded with writing and political activity. He divides his career into three parts: the years before the Great War, when he assumed "that in a regime of personal liberty each nation could, by the increasing exercise of popular sovereignty, create for itself gradually a spaciously planned and intelligently directed social order"; the years of "blundering improvisations" of "a rather bewildered man" that followed the war; and the present period, in which the direction that the collectivist movements have taken has forced him to reexamine what he believes and state it, as he does in this book, with finality.

A man should be allowed his own autobiographical schema, and I shall not quarrel with Mr. Lippmann's. But to think and to say that one has achieved a final clarity is not the same as to have achieved it. Mr. Lippmann clothes incredibly naive statements with a magisterial solemnity; he takes the platitudes of individualist capitalism and dresses them up in fine verbal raiment until they almost look like something else. A mind moving toward maturity must learn to make distinctions before it makes syntheses; it must learn to discriminate before it condemns, and to be realistic before it affirms. Yet Lippmann has in the course of his writings extended the sphere of his aversions and antipathies until he labels everything he does not like as "totalitarian." He has stripped himself of most of what he once knew about the fatal lesions and contradictions of laissez faire capitalism, until he has now come to equate it with the eternal values of human freedom. The intellectual world in which this book moves is arid, mechanical, and in a final sense reactionary.

Lippmann's basic premise is that no human being or group of human beings can know or grasp their social world—the Great Society. He finds the thought of the complexity of government today overwhelming. And in his recoil from the coercions of political power that he sees around him he flees to the Nirvana of political inaction. His remedy for the social chaos which the regime of individualist capitalism and the free market have brought in their wake is a homeopathic one—more of the same thing. Like the Manchester Liberals to whom he looks back with an eloquent nostalgia, he has a horror of governmental power, and a belief in a "higher law" and some mystical guiding hand that will bring order out of chaos. When Lippmann seeks to translate the Great Society into the Good Society, his basic program is to make all governmental power judicial power; even legislators would be essentially judges, and the basic mechanisms of government would be by litigation when any individual considers himself injured. Carlyle had a term for such government when it was advocated by the Manchesterians. He called it "anarchy plus a constable."

There are two antiphonal strains in the book. One is the dissection of collectivism; the second is the defense of liberalism. Mr. Lippmann manages to bungle both jobs woefully. In the first one he is never quite certain whether he is talking of dictatorship, economic planning, or the various partial forms of government intervention in the economic process. To attack political dictatorship is one thing; to attack a planned economy quite another; to link the two explicitly is a writer's privilege, if he can defend his thesis; and to bring every form of government control of industry into the same picture would be to fashion a political theorist's nightmare. But when Mr. Lippmann shuttles back and forth from one type of collectivism to another, treating them all as qualitatively alike and attributing—by implication—fascist brutality and militarism to the U. S. S. R. and the scope of Soviet economic planning to the mild measures of the New Deal, one can only gasp at the shambles of undistributed middles. What Mr. Lippmann is in effect doing, whether he knows it or not, is to brand with the fascist stigma every attempt of mankind to carve out a good society for itself by conscious social action. If his book were not so confused as to be ineffective, it would be dangerous. For by presenting as the only alternatives a totalitarian dictatorship on the one hand and an individualist capitalism on the other, he consigns the future of mankind to the terribly weak props of a laissez faire economy. Since those props are certain to collapse, the final prospect we are confronted with is fascism. Actually, man's fate lies with a whole variety of socialisms and partial collectivisms that are yet unexplored.

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* "The Good Society." By Walter Lippmann. Little, Brown and Company. $3.

It is in the second of his antiphonal strains, his discussion of liberalism, that Lippmann is weakest. He regards all of human history as a preparation for the century between Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and the British social-welfare legislation starting in the 1870's. Before Smith wrote, mercantilism exercised a tyranny over men. After 1870 a new form of mercantilism reasserted its tyranny. The century becomes thus an all too brief interval of liberal light between two darknesses. The world presumably took the wrong turn in 1870 and has been going in the wrong direction ever since. Mr. Lippmann offers no explanation of the wrong turn. If he were not writing a tirade against Marxism, he might have seen that the century he speaks of was the century of an expanding industrial capitalism in England, when England became the center of the world market and the distributing point of goods to countries with inferior industrialisms. When the other countries developed their own industrial technique, the world market began to break down; and meanwhile English capitalism, entering a contracting phase, had to be bolstered and regulated by state action. The social-service state succeeded the laissez faire state, and Mill's partial socialism succeeded Ricardo's individualism.

It should be noted that Mr. Lippmann is not against social control as such. The "good society" he depicts is riddled with social controls and cluttered with legal controls through litigation; all that it lacks is governmental control in the economic sphere. I can only assume that Mr. Lippmann, in his proposal for stripping away all governmental controls except those of the common law, is writing with a naive innocence of legal history. Otherwise he would know that what he proposes is exactly what has been tried and has failed. The history of the common law is the tragic record of the attempt to build a system of economic order in an industrial society on a system of legal procedure meant to catch petty thieves and dishonest hucksters in a precapitalist economy. It was because the jury and the writs and the injunctions were a complete failure that we have had to build up our complex body of administrative law.

The author pleads his case, let it be added, with integrity. I do not subscribe to the theory, held by some of my contemporaries, that Walter Lippmann has "sold out." It is a foolish theory, unless it is used in so unconscious a sense as to be stripped of meaning. Lippmann has not had to sell out. He has been able to adhere to the ideals of his liberalism and the idols of the marketplace at the same time, for the two are good companions. The compass of his thinking has swung round under the pressure of events from the liberalism of the left to the liberalism of the right; the catchwords have remained the same, but the content is the opposite of what it was. Mr. Lippmann is a rich man; his friends are the possessors of the earth; he is their prophet. What obscure psychological bolstering he finds in them it is beyond my competence to guess; they find in him, as the possessors of the earth have for centuries found in the liberalism of the right, a rationalization of their economic claims and their political fears. Mr. Lippmann's brand of liberalism is the intellectual garment of capitalist power; it is the liberalism of the Supreme Court majorities, of the business men who call for a determined but muted predacity, of the professors and editors and lawyers who want at the same time to preserve the status quo and their self-respect. It is not the dishonest intellectuals who are the best servants of bankers and industrialists today. It is those who cling with the fiercest sincerity to a body of principles that represent the death's-head of capitalist power dressed up in its Sunday best.

BOOKS

Reporting Washington

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS. By Leo C. Rosten. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

BY THE aid of a fellowship of the Social Science Research Council Mr. Rosten has put under the microscope and most carefully analyzed 154 men, of whom 127 answered the long questionnaire he submitted to them. These 154 men are the Washington correspondents of the chief American newspapers and press associations, the stars of the reporting profession, from whom the American public gets a large portion of its political news. Anything, therefore, which assays this group, its working conditions, its bias, its equipment, is valuable, though I confess I found myself little interested in knowing how many of them had fathers who were professional men and how many were the sons of laboring men. It is more worth while to know how many of them have college educations, how few of them, only 9.4 per cent, regularly go to church, and how many of them read *The Nation* (34.1 per cent) and the *New Republic* (26.8 per cent). More important is Mr. Rosten's analysis of the influences by which the correspondents are surrounded, their subservience to their home offices, or their independence, and their attitude toward their profession and professional obligations, for here we come to grips with the fundamentals, especially in the presentation of news.

It is idle to expect that the Washington correspondent will be immune from all home, political, and social influences and report all happenings without partisanship. As Mr. Rosten points out, the newspaperman is singularly sensitive to the point of view of the owner of the daily he serves. He rarely is told how he must write. But if he joins Colonel Knox's Chicago *Daily News*, he knows without being told what kind

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For readers who can't see the forest for the trees...

IN A BUSY PUBLISHING SEASON readers are often unable to see the forest for the trees. We should like to take the liberty of pointing out a few books which we believe will especially appeal to *Nation* readers. Some of them are just out, some are still to be published (in the next week); all of them are worthy of your attention for one reason or another, and all of them are made according to the Random House standards of design and printing, which are high.

Professor Harry Elmer Barnes' monumental work, AN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD ($5.00), is a thoroughly valuable volume which presents an ordered picture of the arts and sciences, from the earliest times to our own. The new Random House DE QUINCEY ($3.50) is a notable addition to the beautiful One-Volume series. *P. E. Q. Quercus* of the *Saturday Review* puts it "at the top of my private Christmas list." Just off press also is the Random House edition of *Louis Hacker's* A GRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES ($2.50).

Among the important novels of the year, *Morley Callaghan's* MORE JOY IN HEAVEN ($2.50) and *Liam O'Flaherty's* FAMINE ($2.50) surely stand out. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN by *Elliot Paul* ($2.50) is having a tremendous sale and a great influence on America's sympathies in the Spanish conflict.

In the field of poetry, Random House has been privileged to present the first new work in several years by *Robinson Jeffers,* SUCH COUNSELS YOU GAVE TO ME ($2.50) and a first volume by a new poet, *Louis MacNeice* ($2.50) who belongs in the Auden-Spender group.

In lighter vein there is the new 1937 NEW YORKER ALBUM ($2.50) and the plays, I'D RATHER BE RIGHT, *Odets'* GOLDEN BOY, and AMPHITRYON 38, each $2.00. *Gene Fowler's* riotous novel SALUTE TO YESTERDAY ($2.50) is leaving a wake of laughter in its progress across the country.

Eight new titles have been added to the MODERN LIBRARY, including *J. B. Bury's* famous HISTORY OF GREECE, and a complete *Hawthorne.* These are Giants, $1.25 each. The additions to the regular series (at 95¢) include *John Steinbeck's* TORTILLA FLAT, *Virginia Woolf's* TO THE LIGHTHOUSE, and *John Dos Passos'* THE 42nd PARALLEL, as well as a comprehensive one-volume edition of *Thoreau.* We suggest that you send for a complete list of Modern Library books; they will make inexpensive and appreciated gifts.

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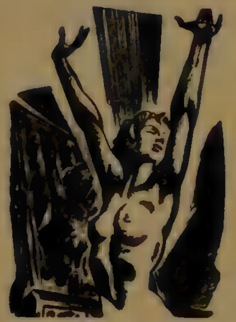

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of news Colonel Knox is particularly interested in and how he would like the news presented. Similarly when I managed the New York *Evening Post,* the men who wrote for me knew what my hobbies and my beliefs were, and that I was not particularly interested in presenting reactionary arguments and orations. Washington correspondents are human beings, after all, and subject to the usual influences. On the whole Mr. Rosten has depicted the situation with extraordinary accuracy. I think, however, that he fails to stress adequately the social influences brought to bear upon the correspondent and the dilemma which confronts the honest reporter in the capital.

I have known men there who would not meet socially any people in political life for fear that such contacts would unconsciously color whatever they might write about these politicians. On the other hand, to refuse to associate with the politicians is to lose the opportunity to know them thoroughly, to understand their characters, and to obtain many leads and tips and news stories. Men decide this question according to their own judgment. Often, as Mr. Rosten points out, the correspondents step out of their role of reporters and help to make news or to shape legislation. Here again I think Mr. Rosten fails to emphasize sufficiently this aspect of the Washington work. He does not, for example, point out what a great public service Paul Anderson rendered in digging up the Teapot Dome frauds and starting the whole train of events which led to the unveiling of the oil scandals.

On the whole, however, this is a very competent study, the Ph. D. type of research. It leaves the field open for a book that will deal less with the technicalities of Washington reporting and more with the personalities of the members of the corps and their actual achievements. But as a reference volume Mr. Rosten's thesis will have lasting value.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

E. S. P.

NEW FRONTIERS OF THE MIND. By J. B. Rhine. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

DR. RHINE, in his experiments which have become famous, proves the existence of extra-sensory perception in the following manner: He shuffles a deck of twenty-five cards consisting of five sets of symbols, five in each set (five circles, five crosses, five waves, five squares, five stars). The subject separated from the deck of cards by meters or miles, must guess the sequence, card for card. According to the theory of probability the subject would guess correctly an average of five cards out of twenty-five if repeated experiments were made. However, the use of the theory of probability has already been strongly attacked in this case. Be this as it may, some of Dr. Rhine's subjects strike a higher average, guessing six cards out of twenty-five; and in three out of hundreds of thousands of experiments the entire sequence of the cards was guessed correctly. According to Dr. Rhine, this cannot be a matter of chance but must be due to "extra-sensory perception," or, as Dr. Rhine calls it with rationalized mysticism, "E. S. P."

The situation is both embarrassing and paradoxical for the reviewer: embarrassing because he cannot oppose a single experiment of his own to Dr. Rhine's hundreds of thousands; paradoxical because his skepticism is based on instinct, while Dr. Rhine, the mystic, appeals to experience. The mystic seems to be the progressive, the skeptic, the conservative.

How would you examine the girl who roomed next to you if she were to come to you with the news that she could tell what you were doing in your room in spite of the wall between? Would you give her five cards always bearing the same symbols? Would you give her the advantage of the chance to make a hit each fifth time? Would you tell her in advance what kind of symbols she would have to guess each time? On the contrary, your method would be more natural and more severe. "All right," you would say, "go to your room, Miss Black." And now you would put on the table in rotation a rose, a mustard-pot, yourself, a painting by Van Gogh; and each time you would call out: "Please, Miss Black, what was it this time?" Now if Miss Black really recognized the mustard-pot as a mustard-pot in spite of the intervening wall, then you would take off your hat or rent another room or employ Miss Black as a detective. If, however, she identified the mustard-pot as "The Last Supper" by Leonardo "quite plainly," then you would give her politely to understand that you had nothing to fear from her. Until Miss Black has corroborated Dr. Rhine's results we have no reason to accept them.

Although more natural and more amusing, the method I have outlined is equally as scientific as Dr. Rhine's. It can also be repeated a hundred thousand times. It also has its probability quotient. However, its value is equal to zero, because it is as good as out of the question that anyone will guess the mustard-pot, although by this method one hit would represent a tremendously powerful proof, much more powerful than the hits in the experiments of Dr. Rhine.

If there is such a thing as extra-sensory experience, why should it be confirmed by insignificant playing cards with which man has no vital contacts at all? Nothing is more important in testing an ability than the right choice of the object. The ability of man to love is not tested by his relation to matches. The child knows how to find the mother's breast without ever having seen it before. Here we have a vital and at the same time *presensory* relation. Even the examples given by Dr. Rhine himself to explain the necessity of his experiment are examples of *vital* nearness which make sensory experience, analogous to instinct, relatively unnecessary. His experience with media proved the same. Nevertheless, instead of testing the plausible relation between *intimacy* and telepathy, he tests the ability to identify pasteboard cards.

Let us assume, for argument's sake, that our neighbor, Miss Black, really "saw" successfully. She did not see anything supernatural. She saw only playing cards or mustard-pots. It is important to emphasize this in order to prevent the Rhine experiments from being wrongly exploited, not least by Dr. Rhine himself. What was unusual in Miss Black's case, assuming her success, was that she had an experience independent of individual organs.

It is our everyday experience to transfer to our minds pictures of the world outside us. Yet it is not the pictures that hit our eyes and ears but innumerable physical stimuli which only later are converted into pictures. Whether these stimuli act upon the individual organ or, in a manner as yet not tested, on all of Miss Black, whether the eye or the entire organism does the converting, is of secondary importance; even though it may be interesting to investigate this organism that works like one organ.

E. S. P. becomes miraculous—and then in a very suspicious sense—only if any and all physical relation between Miss Black and the playing cards or the mustard-pot is denied and the relation is represented as "purely spiritual." This is what Dr. Rhine does, enthusiastically, and when he does so he is no longer standing on scientific ground. G. S. ANDERS

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International Brigade

VOLUNTEER IN SPAIN. By John Sommerfield. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

JOHN SOMMERFIELD can write. And not only about the stridencies of war but of the sudden hush that comes over any sensitive mind engaged in that enterprise. Test him by any episode, before he reaches battle or afterward; for instance, the train journey through France on page 11, when his excitement mounts to its proper expression in his description of the train's passage through the night:

> The endless movement of shattered calm that spread out like a wake into sleeping countrysides, trembling upon the windows of farmhouses and across shivering grass, freezing small animals into stillness . . .

Or again, in a detail, he catches the exact way in which a French tough sighs the word *Merde* and places him as that very type of haggard and wistful melancholy, the circus boy to whom Picasso has given perpetuity.

It is not simply war which Sommerfield is thus approaching; he is going to join the International Brigade. As I write, carpenters are banging in the next room, white paper is under my hand; normally these things are more vivid to me now than the war in Spain, even if images go by of the red-black, windy ghost of burning Villanueva, or the shot-away stork's nest tumbling on to dead men from Brunete tower. But when an old I. B. man says "International Brigade" he is in the line. And Sommerfield's book has that quality throughout. He makes you feel again what we all felt, that entry into the I. B. was like stepping into the living stream of history, that it was the substantial and glorious embodiment of the tradition of struggling peoples. We could sing "C'est la lutte finale" with a new and joyous feeling. Was it, is it simply a defense of bourgeois democracy?

You run up against the sense of embodied tradition throughout the book. Take the passage on page 41, where rifles are handed out:

> I experienced a pang of delight, something far deeper than any sensation that could simply have been caused by the fact of having a rifle; and it certainly had nothing to do with any feelings about being able to kill people with it; it was something else, something that because of long-held beliefs and feelings made this moment significant, a fulfilment that came with a [illegible] of inevitability, so that I suddenly realized that all along I had expected it to happen, that the moment would come . . . . in which I would find myself with a rifle in my hand to defend the things in which I believed.

Many will read this book out of romantic wish-fulfilment; why shouldn't they? They will learn what it feels like to be a soldier of the world's good fortune, for this book is honest about war. The English were singing "She was poor but she was honest" while the wondering French listened. Song of oppressed and downtrodden people, sung by the English; and immediately, in the same paragraph, Sommerfield records with precision the before-battle state of mind, the wild joy, the troubled delight, when a man examines his courage and probes into his fear of death.

Everything seems to be in this short book. During that long, brilliant bleakness of Jarama the boys must have asked me a hundred times to get them oil to clean the carbon-pitted rifle barrels. Well, Sommerfield grows a little cocky in one place, because, as he says, he had "the only little bottle of oil in the war, I believe." At the other end of the scale read what he says on page 115 about the exact sort of degradation he felt during one of those crises of mind-

"Description of a miracle."

Counter-Attack in Spain
BY RAMON J. SENDER

"SENDER'S BOOK, let me say deliberately, is easily the best that has come out of Spain as yet. It has well nigh everything. Sender, one of the most interesting writers of contemporary Spain, has had the immense opportunity of courage. He has taken part in exciting battles and he is so convinced a democratic idealist that he can write dispassionately of them; or to say it better, his passions are utterly honest. In this book of Sender's the reader will find a trustworthy way into a tremendous experience." — *Ralph Bates*, author of "Lean Men" and "The Olive Field" *in the Saturday Review.* $3.00

●

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murdering horror when the trembling body aches for just one moment of quiet withdrawal from the uproar. There is no rhetoric in "Volunteer in Spain," but there is thrilling description and a sensitively organized procession of imagery, and sometimes there comes a passage of moving poetry, as in the beautiful section on the night by the lonely river. He was moved there, and I believe grateful in all his heart to feel, during that mortal and searching hush, the old stirring of the sense of beauty; one can feel it in his words. Strange amalgam of fear and joy, of superficial cynicism and cemented belief, of simplicity and revolutionary ardor, of toughness and tenderness; this is a book of the International Brigade.

RALPH BATES

Thoreau Revisited

THE WORKS OF THOREAU. Selected and Edited by Henry S. Canby. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

WALDEN, AND OTHER WRITINGS OF HENRY DAVID THOREAU. Edited by Brooks Atkinson. Modern Library. 95 cents.

THESE two books, published almost simultaneously, provide the ordinary reader with nearly all that he will ever need of Thoreau's writing. Both of them include "Walden" entire, most of "A Week," and parts of "Cape Cod." Both wisely exclude "A Yankee in Canada," and, not so wisely, the "Familiar Letters." In the larger volume there is a generous representation of Thoreau's Journals, skilfully rearranged and "compounded" according to topics. Mr. Atkinson's collection is a book for the pocket and knapsack. Mr. Canby's, intended for the library shelves, attempts much more, but does not justify its title. It does not comprise "the works of Thoreau" in a "one-volume edition" but is a selection from those works, and to some extent a rearrangement of them, according to one man's opinion of what Thoreau was and had to say. As such, it is a job well done.

Writers about Thoreau have seldom managed to be moderate in praise or blame of him, perhaps because he was himself habitually violent in both of these emotional indulgences. We tend just now to overpraise him, as if to atone for a long misunderstanding, or, it may be, to hold him up as a shining example of certain American virtues which are now in danger. Regarding him, correctly, as the ideal opposite of our pusillanimous Babbittry, we sometimes allow ourselves to speak of him as though he had been in all ways deeply wise and greatly good. But Henry Thoreau has had champions enough. Now he needs critics who will present him for what he really was: a man of high fortitude, noble character, and fine intelligence, but yet a man harsh, angular, acrid, bristling with faults and prejudices, and not a little bewildered by a world which he hardly tried to understand.

There is more of championship than of criticism in the editorial introductions to these two volumes. Mr. Canby calls Thoreau "a poet-naturalist . . . probably the best in any literature." One thinks of Lucretius, Maurice de Guérin, Richard Jefferies, Edward Thomas, and W. H. Hudson. Mr. Atkinson says that because Thoreau's mind was clear he stated facts accurately. One remembers Thoreau's assertion, in "Cape Cod," that the English downs are made of sand. One recalls his frequently absurd etymologies and his lifelong confusion of the hermit thrush with the wood thrush. Mr. Atkinson avers that Thoreau, at his best, "wrote the most vigorous and pithy prose in American literature." Mr. Canby believes that "Thoreau's best prose is as good as any written in his century," and, indeed, that "it is the best American prose ever written." With such assertions of personal taste there can be no disputing, although there may be strong disagreement among those who recall the prose style of Landor, Newman, Huxley, or Hawthorne. Anyone can discover for himself, however, that the prose of Henry Thoreau is deficient in the chief of all prose virtues—that is, in concatenation, architectonic, or what the French call *ordonnance.* Often powerful and brilliant in the single sentence, he is weak in paragraph structure and incapable of building larger literary units. For this reason he never made a book that holds together, or even a well-rounded essay. At his best he was a writer of *pensées,* a lesser Joubert, and not a master of prose style in its larger and more difficult constructions.

Thoreau's style was emphatic rather than clear, and his thought shows rather an extravagant violence than a patient energy. Like many other men of his time he was, for good and for ill, a highly self-conscious rhetorician, often more concerned with the sound of a phrase than with its innermost meaning, and more anxious for the effect he was making than for the sober truth. Even about himself and his own work in life his thought was confused and inconsistent. The fact appears to be that he simply did not have the strength whereby a really first-rate mind wins ultimately through to clear self-knowledge and to mastery of its means of expression.

Under these circumstances one can understand the confusion of Thoreau's editors and critics. On one and the same page Mr. Canby says that Thoreau was "a Puritan in the best sense of that word" and also that he was "determined to do what he wanted." But one had thought of the Puritan as a person determined to act not according to his own private will—a thing that may be said of any criminal—but rather according to the will of God. Mr. Canby also tells us that Thoreau's controlling purpose was "to set forth in words 'the perfect correspondence of Nature to man.' " The phraseology is imposing, but the record of Thoreau's life seems to show that he worked at this high task in a strangely intermittent way, and also that he understood the Swedenborgian doctrine of "correspondence" rather vaguely if at all.

With these defects, however, Henry Thoreau remains one of the most stimulating, companionable, and enduring writers that this country has produced. His influence, already great, will be extended by these two books.

ODELL SHEPARD

DRAMA

The Mercury Theater

LAST week I had occasion to speak of a production of "Antony and Cleopatra" which, as it turned out, closed before my review appeared. It cost, I am told, well over $100,000, and the best way to forget the whole unfortunate business is to consider instead the performance of "Julius Caesar" at Orson Welles's new Mercury Theater. Mr. Welles, with his bare stage and his actors costumed in the conventional clothes of today, must have spent about as little as it is possible to spend on a commercial production for Broadway, but he has achieved a performance which nearly everyone appears to find as absorbing as any seen in New York for many a year.

Probably all Shakespeare's plays could be performed far better upon a bare platform than surrounded, as they usually are, by paraphernalia which seem to have been designed by someone without the slightest sense of what will emphasize and what will muffle or impede the action. But the beauty of this particular performance lies not merely in its simplicity but in the adaptation of that simplicity to the requirements of a specific work. Probably none of the other plays by Shakespeare is as simple and direct as this one. If it is profound at all it is profound only in the bare Roman fashion. There are no fancies and few Elizabethan overtones. There are no meanings which the words do not express, and neither do the words ever mean or even suggest more than the action requires. Thus the whole play is a perfect piece of rhetoric in the sense that the expression is, without excess or defect, adequate to the thing said. Moreover, the story is a perfectly straightforward story of a conspiracy which went wrong for the simple reason that conspiracy, being a corrupt thing, usually attracts to itself men who are corrupted. As acted on Mr. Welles's bare stage, it tells that story and suggests that truth without doing or attempting to do more. From the vague night of dark recesses the characters emerge into the light to say their say or do their deeds, and that is enough not merely to hold an audience tense through an hour and three-quarters of uninterrupted action, but to send them away carrying in their minds both the meaning and the feel of conspiracy in a tottering world.

Caesar and his aides are costumed in modern military uniforms, but the effect of that is chiefly only what the effect of modern dress was in the "Hamlet" performed here some years ago. Everyday dress helps the actors to feel that the speeches are to be spoken, not intoned like rituals, and it is soon accepted by the audience as a convention rather easier to accept than costumes too unfamiliar not to be distracting. Perhaps Mr. Welles means it to go a little bit farther by helping to suggest a parallel between the dying republic of Rome and the world of today, in which dictators are rising much as Caesar rose; but there is no forcing of the parallel and no distortion of Shakespeare's play to point a modern moral. Mr. Welles does give his conspirators the turned-up coat collars and turned-down hat brims, as well as the threatening, impassive faces, which we have come to associate with gangsters, but the effect which he gets seems to me perfectly legitimate, and with only a slight modification of the original he makes the overwhelming of the poor foolish poet, Cinna, an unforgettably sinister thing. If this "Julius Caesar" is not precisely that of the Elizabethans it emphasizes nothing which any modern reader of the play could well avoid seeing in it.

Mr. Welles promises a series chosen from a list which includes "Henry IV" and "The Duchess of Malfi." Neither the one nor the other could be successfully played in precisely the same manner as "Julius Caesar," but unless the performance of the latter is the result of almost incredible good fortune it is not likely that either will be; for the most encouraging thing about the whole enterprise is the conviction one gets that the opening performance is not the result of devotion to some cult of stagecraft but of an imagination which grasped the fact that "Julius Caesar" could be effectively played in precisely this manner.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

MAHLER'S talents were not suited to his aspirations: preoccupied with large philosophical themes, he wished to carry on the tradition of large-scale symphonic construction, when by musical nature he was a lyricist and as such a composer of small forms. This is true also of Brahms, whose best works are his sets of variations in which he produces a large form by the process of writing a cumulative series of small ones; and one of the finest of these sets, the Variations on a Theme of Haydn, superbly performed by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony under Toscanini, has been issued in a two-record set ($4.50) by Victor. Mahler's talents, on the other hand, find their inevitable employment in his song-cycles, and most impressively in "Das Lied von der Erde." "Impressive" is intended here in its literal sense: I am impressed by the feeling which the work communicates, the highly individual processes of Mahler's musical thinking, his individual use of the resources of music for his purpose. Columbia has issued a recording (seven records, $14) of an actual performance of the work by the Vienna Philharmonic with Kerstin Thorborg and Charles Kullman under the direction of Bruno Walter. The performance is excellent; Thorborg's singing, in particular, is magnificent; and the recording is very good except for the sharpness of the violins that was noticeable in Walter's recording of Brahms's Third, and that can be reduced somewhat by use of cactus needles.

I looked forward to hearing the English madrigals issued by Columbia in a three-record set ($3.50), and was disappointed by the heaviness and insensitiveness in the singing of this exquisitely wrought music. It is written for five voices, and Lehman Engel has recorded it with eighteen—his entire group of Madrigal Singers. If you want to hear Morley's "My bonnie lass she smileth" as it should sound, get the Victor record made by the London Madrigal Group. On the other hand Columbia's two-record set ($3) of Mozart's Trio K. 564 and the second movement of the Trio K. 542 was a delightful surprise: the music is the mature Mozart speaking very simply and charmingly; the playing of Mme Walter Lang, Walter Kagi, and Franz Hindermann has the deceptive simplicity of consummate art. Nor was I prepared for the strange and moving quality of an unfamiliar Chorale-Prelude of Bach, "Das alte Jahr vergangen ist," coupled with "Christ lag in Todesbanden" on a Columbia single ($1). Playing by Edouard Commette and recording are adequate.

With Szigeti one looks forward and is never disappointed; and this time there are superlative performances of Händel's Sonata in D (Columbia: two records, $2) and Mozart's in E minor (one record, $1.50). So with Gieseking's performances of Debussy's "Goldfish" and Ravel's "Ondine" ($1.50). And on still another Columbia single ($1.50) is the charming Gretry-Mottl Ballet Suite beautifully played by the Brussels Conservatory Orchestra under Defauw. As for Victor, it offers a superb record ($2) of the Introduction to Moussorgsky's "Khovantchina" made by the Boston Symphony under Koussevitzky; an excellent new version of Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto made by Heifetz and the London Philharmonic under Barbirolli (four records, $8); and a two-record set ($4.50) of Bach's Peasant Cantata No. 212, which I find as boring as anything unearthed by the small independent companies. Victor's surfaces, I regret to report, are now also afflicted with loose residue.

B. H. HAGGIN

PUBLIC
Burlingame Cal.

THE ARTS

The Candid Camera

PRINTS are the great democratic form of art. And surely no greater expansion of print-making has ever taken place than is taking place right now through photography. We are swamped with these new prints. Where the professional etchers and lithographers have recently succeeded by quantity reproduction and mass selling in expanding their public by thousands, the new photographic publications expand overnight by millions. These publications reach people of every class, and among their contributors the professionals must compete with armies of amateurs. The *Daily News* alone serves 3,000,000 people a day; *Life,* 1,500,000 a week; *Look,* 2,000,000 every second week; *Photo-History* in the neighborhood of 100,000 quarterly. From amateurs *Life* alone receives 200 batches of photographs every day. If other evidence were needed of the ubiquity of candid cameras one might point to the flash bulbs carried by night-club cigarette girls and to boys in boarding-school talking shutters and range-finders as knowingly as they once talked carburetors and mufflers.

Certain technical inventions seem at first glance to explain the new craze, notably the invention of the miniature camera. Whatever its own merits or defects, it has revolutionized the whole field, bringing about instruments that work faster, more handily, under conditions recently impossible. Very roughly stated, the "fast" lens in average use today can gather some nine times as much light on the film as the "fast" lens current in 1925; the film itself, meanwhile, is three times as sensitive; the combination of lens and film will, roughly speaking, give a picture with something like a thirtieth of the light once needed, or, with the same light, in a thirtieth of the time. Instantaneous exposures have been speeded to one one-thousandth on the candid cameras, while laboratories figure regularly in the hundred-thousandths. No wonder the new process of photography enlists hobbyists, amateurs, and new professionals in flocks!

And yet, if such were the inventions, what caused *them?* It was the urge to command and preserve an image instantly, anywhere, of anything occurring here or anywhere else, as if one were present to see it with one's own eyes. This aim is still far from realized; but during the past year we have seen it on its way with terrifying vividness. There were people who observed in the Translux Theater one night the horrible burning, before their very eyes, of the Zeppelin they had just seen in the afternoon lazing over a humdrum city.

Artists sensed the aim of photography at the very start, and called it "camera realism." Maybe "actuality" would be a better word. In the news magazines we feel that it is an actual soldier we see struck by an actual bullet in Spain; though the operating room is inaccessible, we see an actual operation on a human brain; the photo-finish shows the race that was too quick for the judges' eyes; we are given no substitute but the wing of an actual pigeon even when its movement is so slowed that we can observe the "feathering" on the return stroke; and we are equally certain of the actual impact of a cosmic ray on an atom of lead.

Now that newspapers can furnish, within an hour, finished prints of events across the continent, transmitted by wire and photo-electric cell; and now that television makes the con-

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nection instantaneous with no intermediary print, outdoing photography at its best, there need be no surprise that our attitude toward the new images is different from our attitude toward artists' inventions. The distinction is vital. Direct contact with actuality is involved in our very survival. Without it we lose power, if not life itself.

This literalness which is the camera's strength must be firmly grasped, because it is also the camera's weakness. The literal is not in itself the real, which is vastly more comprehensive. Great draftsmen have had the advantage of being able to peel off this outer layer of appearances. The literal pictures of the camera need art—a special camera art—to permit us to see through this outer layer, to reach the essence, the inner reality of the scene. The camera is a deceptive and partial conventionalization of the human mechanism of sight. It has a lens but lacks, for example, any equivalent for the sense of touch that organically modifies all our own mental images. The result is a series of ludicrous errors, which persist unnoticed in even our best photographers' work, in matters that would seem automatic, such as perspective. Our own judgment of perspective is tied up with our sense of touch; the camera, lacking an equivalent, is just as likely as not to pile objects, near and far, all needle-sharp, into a single plane. And so it goes, through a whole series of deficiencies of film and paper. At every stage the process must be manipulated to "correct" it. The finished picture is far from a simple automatic record, even if it has not been so much as breathed on by that old villain, the retoucher.

Now every artifice and every trick on the hard road to reality seems to present its own blind alley and snare its own victims. Our lives are cluttered with "camera angles" and other tricks which Mr. Agha in the latest "U. S. Camera" has listed to the extent of a page. All these aberrations are precious to their perpetrators, and all kill the raw vitality with which the camera record began.

Is there, then, no hope for really great pictures from cameras? There is, and we can do more than just wait for "the *man* behind the lens." We can appreciate his problem. This man may be expected to work in a special photographic way. His products must retain the sharp record of actuality, of objective things, that is the essence of the camera image. He is cut off from setting the stage with vast groups, as did Veronese or Raphael, because they would remain mere tableaux of posing models. He cannot amplify volumes in the manner of Rubens, nor run an expressive line over the plate in the manner of Rembrandt. Indeed, the direct touch of his own hand seems to be the one instrument he may not use. He is denied the sentiency of this hand because it would destroy the value of the lens: its unique, literal, impersonal, and automatic precision. He works with his lens and chemicals to etch a print with light; not as a mechanic or manual worker but in a sense as a director and organizer of light.

It is not proved that there could not be a photographer as great as Rembrandt. Neither is it certain that the best single photograph of a year might not fall to a man of less skill and native insight, happily placed at a telling actual moment. However this may be, the current search for the "candid" shot is extremely healthy. It is leading away from the precious treatment of small subjects to the heat and urgency of human life. In the latest "U. S. Camera" the "news" shots are the indispensable ones. By anonymous press photographers were made such unforgettable prints as the Morgan partners in tense apprehension, heads forward, fingers crooked, eyes glittering; or the refugee mother nursing her child; or the epic Negro striding on the levee in the chain gang and laughing all hell in the face.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

PUBLIC LIB

Letters to the Editors

Nazi News Service

Dear Sirs: Thanks to a remarkable radio transmission device, the patent for which is owned by the German electrical firm, Siemens and Halske, the Nazis are gaining a control of the news published in papers outside Germany which it will be very difficult to break, which in fact is likely to grow stronger as time goes on. The German word *Presseschreibfunk* is used for this ingenious new method of news distribution, which may be roughly described as wireless teleprinting or teletype. The *Presseschreibfunk* does the same thing as a teleprinter, but instead of using cables as its transmitting medium it uses wireless. The immense advantages in respect to speed, freedom from mechanical interruptions, and cheapness are at once obvious.

The operator of the *Presseschreibfunk* transmission system—also called the "Hell system" after its inventor—is the German News Agency of Berlin, which is linked with the European cartel of news agencies consisting of Reuters, Agence Havas, Agenzia Stefani, Fabra, Avala, and a few smaller agencies. Messages sent out by this system are tapped out on a keyboard at the office of the agency, automatically transmitted by radio, picked up by receiving stations anywhere in the world, and automatically decoded and printed. Translation is of course still necessary and is done at the receiving end.

The required apparatus for receiving the Hell Service is leased to the various news agencies at very low rates. It can be installed on payment of only a few hundred marks, and three months' trial is allowed without payment of a hiring fee. The transmissions are in German and French. The service begins at 7 a. m. in German. At 7:15 the same message is sent out in French. Transmission continues thus throughout the day until half an hour after midnight. At present, the Germans claim, the newspapers of all European countries except Great Britain, France, and Austria are receiving this news.

The picture of Nazi Germany which this service presents is of course the picture which the German government wishes the outside world to see. This does not mean, however, that the service consists solely of propaganda pieces. Dr. Goebbels is shrewd enough to know that the foreign news agencies, and the newspapers which these agencies serve, would not buy a service of that kind. Indeed, in order to make the Hell Service attractive to foreign customers, the German News Agency occasionally offers items which are not to be found in the German newspapers. The same methods of suppression and emphasis are applied to the reporting of events in other countries, for the *Presseschreibfunk* offers a world news service. All day long thousands of words whitewashing Italy, Japan, and fascist movements anywhere, and subtly blackening the non-fascist countries—especially the U. S. S. R., the French Popular Front government, and Loyalist Spain—are poured into the news agencies of Europe and by them passed on, if in diminished quantity, to their clients.

The Germans hope, doubtless not without reason, to get the cooperation of the other European agencies in the development and extension of the Hell Service. According to Swedish newspapers, it was the principal subject discussed at the annual conference of the allied agencies held in Stockholm last year. Even the big French agency, Havas, subscribes to the Hell Service, as a check, it is said, on the news sent by its own Berlin bureau. Havas maintains that it does not circulate the Hell messages to its clients. In Poland, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Greece the *Presseschreibfunk* has served the Nazis well in preparing the ground for their push to the East. And it has given them a means of putting over Nazi sales talk which can only be countered by the supply of an even cheaper and faster news service. So far no such service is in sight.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON

London, November 5

Jingoes of 1937

Dear Sirs: Many of the 1917 anti-war liberals, pseudo-pacifists, and revolutionary defeatists have gone over to the jingoes in 1937. One of the most amazing developments of our age, it seems to me, is that the people one could ordinarily count on to fight for peace now cry for war, for that is what the agitation for collective security must lead to ultimately.

A realistic analysis of the respective roles of the fascist nations and the so-called democracies in present-day international politics reveals the hypocrisy of England and France, which, while proclaiming their desire for peace, carry on unremitting warfare against the "have-not" nations. Certainly the democracies wage war on the fascist nations. How else can one interpret their consistent denial to German, Italy, and Japan the right to outlets for the products of their industry and to access to raw materials? How ludicrous is the situation when a bloated British Empire, fresh from the slaughter of Indian, Irish, Afghan, and other colonial peoples, is hailed as the savior of the world's peace! The Soviet Union alone among the larger nations of the world seeks peace without ulterior motives.

Only united action by the real "have-nots" of the world—the workers, the farmers, the colonials—cutting across racial and national boundaries, against the "haves" of every country, can win for the world freedom from the savagery of war. Support of one bandit state, attempting to protect its booty, against another bandit state, anxious for a share in the loot, can lead but to disaster, as Mr. Stone should recognize.

BRENDAN SEXTON

New York, November 17

A Prisoner of Franco

Dear Sirs: My brother Edward was captured by Franco's forces on February 15 together with twenty other American volunteers. For all these many months no word has been heard from him, and my mother is slowly being driven crazy. Since the battalion records were captured at the same time, for months we did not even know what had happened to him. It was only recently that we learned through the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade that he had been taken prisoner.

We do not know now whether he is in a fascist prison camp or has faced a firing squad. I have written and cabled to General Franco, but to no avail. I have appealed to President Roosevelt and to Secretary of State Hull, but still no action.

I appeal to your readers to help us, by writing to President Roosevelt and

Secretary of State Hull insisting that they investigate the fate and whereabouts of my brother and his twenty colleagues. We feel that only the pressure of public opinion will force the government to act.

GRACE FREED

New York, November 16

Prevention Better Than Cure

Dear Sirs: I have been interested in the articles and letters in your columns on silicosis and especially in the program for labor that Mr. Kindner presented in your issue of November 15. It seems extraordinary that the whole matter of prevention is ignored although it affects many times the number of workers that his plan touches.

Foundries, mines, granite-cutting sheds, and other dusty places can be made safe by the installation of exhaust equipment. If labor would concentrate on a preventive program, Mr. Lindner's could be dispensed with, except that part providing for compensation of men already incapacitated. The *dust* should be removed, not the men. His suggestion merely means that where one diseased worker would be removed, another healthy one would presumably be hired to fill the job, and in turn become afflicted.

Some unions, the painters, for instance, have already made surveys of the hazards their member are exposed to. If this example were followed in other hazardous industries, labor would know what the risks are and what preventive measures have been developed to overcome them. With this knowledge as a basis, labor should see to it that preventive measures are adopted.

H. N. LAWSON, Managing Editor,
Journal of Industrial Hygiene and Toxicology, Harvard School of Public Health

Boston, November 17

California Liberals Meet

Dear Sirs: Submerging their differences and party affiliations, representatives of the labor, farmer, and professional classes of California met in conference at Fresno on October 16 and 17 and laid plans for a militant, permanent organization pledged to progressive social legislation. The conference was called by the California Committee of One Hundred for Political Unity in response to the desire of California liberals to find a means of expressing the needs of the people and facing the big issues of the day.

J. Stitt Wilson of Berkeley asserted in his keynote address that we could not separate our problems in California from the terrible world conflict in which the modern tyranny of fascism is ruthlessly assailing democratic rights. Analyzing the elections in California during the last six years, he came to the conclusion that liberals and progressives are no longer a struggling and baffled minority but now constitute a great majority of the voters of the state and are ready to avenge their defeat by the reactionaries that put Republican intrenched privilege in control of California.

There was general agreement on broad principles of policy, such as betterment of living conditions and vigilance against the forces that threaten our free institutions, but upon a definite procedure for the correction of abuses a spirited debate arose. The vision of a permanent organization whch would become an effective power behind elected representatives became the coordinating factor of the conference.

Machinery was set up for the calling of a convention in January or February of next year. The convention, seating as delegates representatives from progressive organizations and members of the enlarged Committee of One Hundred for Political Unity, will select a name, draw up a platform, indorse candidates, and create an organization to carry the campaign into the precincts.

FLORENCE RAGLE

Oakland, Cal., November 9

Material Wanted

Dear Sirs: The Society for the Psychological Study of Social Issues has authorized the preparation of a Yearbook entitled "The Psychology of Industrial Conflict." A responsible committee consisting of Theodore Newcomb, of Bennington College, Bennington, Vermont; Keith Sward, People's Press, New Kensington, Pennsylvania; and the writer (Teachers College, Columbia University) is interested in securing fresh, concrete field data or documents bearing upon this problem from workers, employers, public officials, and social scientists working in specialized fields. A tentative outline is available, and qualified persons who wish to cooperate in this enterprise either by submitting hitherto unused materials or by contributing to the writing of parts of the text should communicate with a member of the committee.

GEORGE W. HARTMANN, Chairman

New York, November 18

Station Wagon Needed

Dear Sirs: The New Theater League and the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy are considering sponsoring a nation-wide tour of a program of plays on Spain. The program will feature the one-act play "Remember Pedrosito" by John Loftus, the prize-winning script of a recent contest for plays on Loyalist Spain run by the New Theater League. At the moment we are seeking the loan of a station wagon which the players may use as their touring vehicle.

The tour would last from eight to twelve weeks, and responsibility for the return of the wagon in good condition is guaranteed by both sponsoring organizations. Any readers of *The Nation* who may know of an available vehicle are urged to communicate with the writer at the New Theater League, Room 212, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BEN IRWIN, Organizational Secretary

New York, November 18

CONTRIBUTORS

VIRGINIUS DABNEY, author of "Liberalism in the South," is the editor of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.*

M. E. RAVAGE has lived abroad, principally in France, for the past eight years. His articles on European politics and on current events in Paris have made him familiar to readers of *The Nation* and other periodicals.

LOUIS ADAMIC, one of our outstanding labor journalists, published this fall a new book, "The House in Antigua."

L. O. PRENDERGAST, a journalist living in Mexico City, has frequently interpreted Mexican events for readers of *The Nation.*

RALPH BATES is an English author who has lived in Spain for many years. After the civil war broke out he served for some months as an officer of the Fifteenth International Brigade. His most recent novel is "Rainbow Fish."

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The Shape of Things

✶

WHILE THE DESTINY OF EUROPE MAY NOT have been finally decided, as some correspondents have suggested, by the Anglo-French negotiations early this week, those talks will undoubtedly affect the reorientation of British foreign policy which appears to be under way. After years in which Britain has staked its existence on its alliance with France, the influential clique which has urged an alignment with Germany appears to be gaining the upper hand. Despite sensational press headlines, such developments are not likely to move rapidly. Officially, the Anglo-French entente will remain unaffected. There will be no immediate agreement between Britain and Germany. Instead, an attempt will be made to conciliate Hitler on the assumption that it is cheaper to buy him off than fight a major war. In practical terms this means that Germany must either be given a chance to expand in Central Europe or a return of its colonies or both. Fortified by a series of diplomatic victories in the last three years and by its alliance with Italy and Japan, Nazi Germany is not interested in minor concessions. And it is doubtful whether the demand for colonies, in view of their very dubious economic value, is more than a bargaining point. As Hitler definitely pointed out in "Mein Kampf," Germany's immediate ambitions lie in Czechoslovakia, Austria, and the Ukraine. In order to gain a free hand in this area, and the tacit support of Great Britain in any war which might result, Hitler appears to have assured Lord Halifax that Germany will at least postpone its colonial demands.

✶

JUST WHAT CONCESSIONS MAY BE OFFERED to Hitler as a bribe to keep peace in Western Europe is still a matter of rumor and speculation as we go to press. French suggestions of a redistribution of colonies seem to have been received coolly by Britain, while France has made it clear that changes in Central or Eastern Europe are unthinkable. Nor is it likely that Britain would approve drastic concessions in that region. It might, however, fall in with Hitler's proposal that full autonomy should be granted to the German section of Czechoslovakia, in which case the Nazis would encounter no great difficulty in taking the final step. Nothing is likely to be done about Austria as long as Mussolini's friendship is considered important by either Britain or

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Germany, but the British Tories may be expected to support Hitler in his immediate objective, which is the destruction of the Franco-Soviet alliance. Alarmed lest Chamberlain bring pressure in this direction, the Soviet Union has threatened to call for a special session of the League to invoke sanctions against Japan, a development which would be most embarrassing to Britain. While the Chamberlain government is unlikely to be turned aside by anything that Russia might do, Chautemps is in a very different situation. It is inconceivable that France, in order to conciliate the pro-fascist clique that now dominates British policy, will voluntarily surrender the support both of Soviet Russia, with its powerful army and air force, and of the Little Entente, which until now has been the keystone of French strength in Europe.

*

THE DRAMA OF PUBLIC-HOUSING POLITICS introduced in our last issue is growing more and more involved. Last week's act was depressing. The New York City Housing Authority showed an unexpected lack of independence, and Chairman Post, after accepting Housing Administrator Straus's invitation to an important conference of local authorities at Washington, reneged at the last minute under pressure of Mayor LaGuardia. The Mayor's natural persuasiveness was backed in this case by complete control over Mr. Post's official career. The Authority's counsel, Charles Abrams, however, did attend the Straus conference, resigning in order to do so. But his resignation was another defeat for the Authority, which has lost the services of one of the country's ablest housing minds. Meanwhile, the drive on Mr. Straus—which Mayor LaGuardia's attack brought into the open—gained momentum in Washington. Senator Thomas made it known on November 26 that he had been asked to call a meeting of the Senate Labor Committee to consider a protest against Mr. Straus's confirmation; but for reasons we should like to hear he refused to name the protestants or the charges against the new Administrator. All of which confirms the opinions we expressed last week. Housing authorities, both national and local, should be kept out of politics. And Mr. Straus should be given more than merely a fighting chance to prove his qualifications for the office.

*

IF THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE FARM BILL, AS reported out by the Senate, were really understood, there would be an outcry from conservative circles far greater than that which followed the President's program for reconstructing the Supreme Court. For what Mr. Roosevelt was proposing in the court bill was merely a shift in the political composition of the court comparable to that which has occurred a number of times in the past. The farm bill, on the other hand, is the entering wedge for a change which can only end in the elimination of laissez faire capitalism. Production of our major crops—wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco, and rice—is to be put into a strait-jacket with respect to both price and quantity. The emergency controls which have been enforced in several different ways during the last four years are to be incorporated into our permanent agricultural policy. Thus America's greatest and most individualistic enterprise—the production of basic farm commodities—is to be brought into a fixed, arbitrary relationship with industry and maintained in that relationship regardless of the interplay of normal economic forces. That this same type of control is fully as justified and necessary in other fields of economic life is a discovery that cannot long be postponed. For changes in technique or exceptional economic disturbances are bound to react with redoubled violence on the uncontrolled phases of our national economy. To us the trend toward national economic planning seems inescapable. But we must marvel at the facility with which old-line politicians, if they happen to be from agricultural states, are hastening to support a bill which permanently eliminates the possibility of returning to the world of their childhood, for which they displayed such unmistakable nostalgia three months ago.

*

"FOR HE'S A LOUSY GOODFELLOW!" IS THE theme song of the 250 Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* strikers, whose morale remains high after ten weeks on the picket line. M. Preston Goodfellow, publisher of the *Eagle* and the hero of the song, has already lost far more money through reduced advertising and circulation than it would have cost him to pay the wages the Newspaper Guild demanded—which suggests that he has embarked on an anti-union crusade that the American Newspaper Publishers would warmly approve. As we go to press, the New York State Mediation Board has called a public hearing at which the strikers and the management will be represented. It is just possible that Mr. Goodfellow will reveal an understanding that the workers and consumers of Brooklyn who have given the strike their support are or were readers of the *Eagle* and patrons of the stores that advertise in its columns. . . . Jersey City, the Hague-spot of New Jersey, has just put on another field day in which civil liberties and C. I. O. organizers were the victims. An attempt to distribute circulars was broken up by Hague's police; the circulars were confiscated; some of the distributors were escorted to the city limits by plain-clothes men who refused to show any proof of their authority; others are under arrest. Recently in Edgewater, a Ford stronghold in New Jersey, an ordinance which prohibited the circulation of leaflets without permission was declared unconstitutional by Justice Joseph L. Bodine of the New Jersey Supreme Court. The Jersey City ordinance is even more drastic, and therefore more clearly unconstitutional, than the Edgewater ordinance. The suppressed circulars advertised a meeting devoted to workers' rights to be held Friday evening in Jersey City. It is overdue. . . . In Detroit Judge Lester S. Moll dismissed one of the cases against the eight Ford employees who last spring beat up organizers of the United Automobile Workers. The case was dismissed for lack of evidence. Apparently the news reports of the hearing before the National Labor Relations Board in Detroit last summer and the vivid photographs of the affair which appeared in *Time* were all a typographical error. One thing at least is clear. Mr. Ford in this case had a friend at court.

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STRANGE THINGS APPEAR TO BE GOING ON in the French Republic. In the welter of plot and counterplot three more or less distinct threads are discernible. One is the manifesto of the Duke of Guise, announcing his intention to "reconquer" the non-existent throne of France for the Bourbons as King Jean III. Second are the revelations in the suit of Colonel de la Rocque that André Tardieu as Premier of France used secret government funds to bribe the fascist Croix de Feu. And finally there is the frustrated plot of the Cagoulards, the Hooded Ones, to stage a coup d'état with the idea of establishing a dictatorship, which in turn would pave the way for a restoration of the monarchy. Individually none of these developments appears to involve a genuine threat to the republic. No one takes Jean III seriously; the De la Rocque affair serves only to blacken both the Colonel and the corrupt government that preceded the Popular Front; and the Cagoulards would seem to be less than bright in looking to the Bourbons as the ultimate hope in a country that contains 50,000 royalists—something less than the number of Communists in the United States. Taken altogether, however, these weird fishing expeditions would seem to proclaim troubled waters, and in that perhaps lies their chief significance. No one, apparently, knows what is due to happen next in France, with the result that every crackpot in the country thinks his hour has struck. Nevertheless, the government, while issuing assurances of the republic's safety, is treating the plots with the utmost seriousness, and in doing so it is both shrewd and wise. Shrewd because the plots of extreme reaction can be made to serve as a cement for a loosening Popular Front; wise because vigilance against fascism is such a coalition government's only justification for existence.

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IT IS GOOD TO SEE AMERICANS AWAKENING to the despicable attacks on Jews throughout the world. The protest of two hundred American scholars, headed by Alvin Johnson, calling on their colleagues in Polish universities to stand firm against the ghetto-bench decrees for Jewish students should, along with similar statements by English and French educators, exert great moral force. The trouble is that the protests are addressed to groups that have been thus far impervious to moral considerations. The recent emergency conference in Washington of the American Jewish Congress was valuable in bringing into the open the extent and strength of anti-Semitic movements. The administrative committee's report was sound in its assertion that "anti-Semitism is the first step of all movements dedicated to the destruction of democracy." But what follows? Legal regulations are insufficient where a government has decided to evade them. The report points out that the clauses in post-war constitutions and treaties guaranteeing equal rights to the Jews have been reduced to a dead letter in Poland, Rumania, Danzig, Austria, and other states which have followed the pattern of the Nazi "Aryan paragraph," and that the drive against Jews is designed to bring about not only their political but their economic disfranchisement and their complete reduction to a ghetto status. Jews and non-Jews everywhere must understand that this is not a question that concerns one group alone—that the danger to Jews is a danger also to labor and to democracy everywhere. It threatens the world's cultural heritage and the entire range of freedom for the human mind that has thus far been achieved. The fight must ultimately be made by liberal, labor, and democratic forces, willing not only to protest but to organize behind their protest their massed political and economic strength.

The Herald Tribune's "Friends of Cuba"

FURTHER inquiry reveals that the New York *Herald Tribune's* celebration of Cuba and its dictatorship, which appeared as Section XII of the Sunday issue of November 21, was as cynical a piece of journalism as was ever perpetrated by a reputable newspaper. At the office of the *Herald Tribune* it was freely admitted that the special section, which appeared as an integral part of the paper, was advertising paid for at regular rates. The postal law explicitly provides that all matter that is paid for shall be plainly marked "advertisement." Such evasive legends as "This section, devoted to the Government and Industry of Cuba, is written and presented by the Friends of Cuba" do not fulfil this requirement. Yet the *Herald Tribune,* presumably aware of the law, flouted it. The penalty for such a violation is a fine of not less than fifty nor more than five hundred dollars. It would seem then that the profits would far exceed any punishment that might ensue from a violation. Moreover, first offenses usually bring no more than a warning, and the Post Office Department seldom indulges in publicity in such cases. Even if the *Herald Tribune* were required to print a statement admitting the mislabeling of Section XII, the effect of the statement, published many days after the event, in counteracting forty-eight pages of glowing text and pictures would be exactly nil.

In a word, the *Herald Tribune* has got away with the publication of paid propaganda at a nice profit. The money that swelled its advertising revenue came out of the hide of an oppressed nation, whose oppression was glorified in Section XII. We are not concerned for the moment with the use, presumably unauthorized, of photographs of President Roosevelt, Secretary Hull, and Secretary Roper in connection with paid advertising, although such use, aside from other considerations, would seem to constitute a clear violation of the civil-rights law. We are concerned with the broader implications. The incident is fairly typical of current journalistic ethics. It is a sign of the extent to which totalitarian morals and methods have penetrated public life, and indicates the tools that a fascist regime in this country would find ready to hand. It demands thorough investigation by the State Department.

We have heard that Lawrence de Besault arranged the whole affair in Cuba and is "well known" to the State Department; it is rumored that similar blurbs "selling" other Latin American dictators to the American public are under way. Something more than a private warning from the Post Office Department seems to be in order. We feel that this Latin American affair should be handled by Secretary Hull, not by Sumner Welles.

Program for Congress

CONGRESS is being asked to revise and repeal all manner of New Deal legislation in the interests of "business confidence." In that way, Congressmen are told, they will build a bridge once more between business and government. This, we gather, is to be the true Administration honeymoon with business, so frequently initiated, so often interrupted and postponed. But to think that a belated honeymoon will solve the problem of the business recession is to proceed on the theory that the problem is only a psychological one. There has been, we are told by Dorothy Thompson, a little misunderstanding between husband and wife, and each is waiting at the telephone for the other to call. One can only be dismayed at the thinness of such an interpretation. Is the problem, in reality, only a surface emotional one? Is it merely that business is nursing its bruised feelings, which have only to be assuaged by Administration reassurances? If this is true, then there is nothing intrinsically wrong with the industrial situation itself.

Our own analysis is quite different. The problem of the business recession is not wholly psychological. There is a lesion in the capitalist economy caused by its maldistribution of income. This lesion grows rather than heals. It is the province of the New Deal to meet it with increasingly heroic remedies. The Administration's course so far has been in the right direction, despite its mistakes in detail and its lack of an adequate personnel. It has involved large governmental spending, increase of mass purchasing power, and redistribution of income through a tax program and a strengthened labor movement. It is significant that when the Administration, confident that recovery had come, eased up on its spending, faltered in its pressure for a real housing program, and returned to an emphasis on budget-balancing, a downward turn followed. Other factors were undoubtedly at work. Prices and profits had increased more rapidly than wage rates, and purchasing power was further reduced by the social-security pay-roll tax. Business sought to improve its strategic position by large-scale sabotage in capital investment and replacement. But the government's role cannot be ignored.

The restoration of "business confidence" is certainly indispensable on any agenda for the immediate future. But as a psychological item, that is beyond the control of Congress. Business confidence, in the last analysis, is neither to be coerced nor wooed. The best thing that Congress can do is to turn itself, as has often been suggested, into a real "deliberative assembly," and pursue whatever course is best for the commonwealth without stopping to woo anyone.

What should such a program include? Our suggestions are as follows:

1. *Housing program.* The President's message on stimulating private building is satisfactory as far as it goes. But if we may judge by past experience in this field, the houses which he declares to be necessary are not going to be built by private industry. This is particularly true as long as the buying power of potential housing consumers is kept at a low level by the recession in general business activity. If houses are to be built, the government will have to do the job, which means that the proposed expenditures under the Wagner Housing Act will have to be greatly increased and the act revised so as to do away with the restrictions which have hampered the entire program.

2. *Government spending.* In addition to increased housing funds and the subsidies in the farm bill, Congress must be prepared to grant a supplementary appropriation for the WPA, in order to allow for the increased load of unemployment it will have to carry this winter.

3. *Tax revision.* Any program of tax revision should leave the capital-gains tax alone. It should revise the undistributed-profits tax by establishing a $10,000 ceiling below which any corporation, large or small, may be allowed to build up an untaxed surplus in any one year. If corporate tax revision involves a revenue loss, it should be made up by increased income taxes in the middle and upper brackets.

4. *Wage-hour bill.* This must be rescued from the Rules Committee and put to a vote. We prefer an independent commission to administration by the Department of Labor. But the essential thing is to get some sort of good bill through. If one had been passed last summer, the effect on purchasing power would already have been felt.

5. *Farm bill.* It is difficult, before the provisions of the various farm measures have been exposed to debate, to pass detailed judgment on them. The essential and perennial problem involved is an economic one—to maintain the farmers' purchasing power with the minimum restriction of production.

6. *Planning of resources.* The Administration's program for establishing seven regional authorities to plan and develop power resources should be pushed. Reduction of utility rates will increase consumption; it will mean new plant investment; and it will mean higher real wages for each family affected.

7. *Control of monopoly.* Congress has the duty of making clear both to the Attorney General and the Fed-

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eral Trade Commission that the Administration must proceed vigorously to curb or break up those monopolies which are raising living costs. If Congress is really actuated by a concern for the small business man and the consumer, there can be no two opinions on this question.

If the philosophy of the New Deal was ever valid, it is valid today. If it is valid today, the above must represent the main lines of Congressional action.

Is China Beaten?

THE past fortnight has been an anxious one for the millions of Americans who have been hoping against hope that China would be able to hold off the Japanese invaders until winter put a stop to hostilities. After nearly three months of unexpectedly stubborn resistance at Shanghai, the Chinese southern front appears to have all but collapsed. Although the Japanese are still many miles from Nanking, the loss of Wusih and Huchow may have sealed the fate of the capital. If a stand was to have been made, the short Wusih-Kiangyin line offered by far the best possibilities of defense. The capture of the important walled city of Huchow makes possible a detour around Lake Tai in case the Chinese defense holds along the Yangtze.

Nor is the situation particularly promising in the north. The Japanese claim that the fall of Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, is a matter of hours. Since the loss of Taiyuan there has been little evidence of resistance from the regular Shansi provisional troops. Having occupied the greater part of the five northern provinces to which they laid immediate claim, the Japanese are pressing for an early peace. While Chiang Kai-shek himself has shown no sign of capitulation, there has been renewed activity on the part of the pro-fascist elements which have consistently supported Japan's ambitions from within the Nanking government. It is known that this clique came within an ace of persuading Chiang to accept Hitler as a mediator. Failing in this, they have succeeded in stirring up internal dissension among the war lords and are urging an acceptance of Japan's terms.

While the situation is admittedly grave, it is not hopeless. In evaluating the day-to-day military reports, it is important to remember that since the capture of Shanghai practically all our news has come through the Japanese censorship. Occasional stories are still received from Nanking, but all the better-known correspondents are either in Shanghai or Peiping. The taking over of the telegraph and cable services in Shanghai means that even Nanking messages must pass through Japanese hands. No information is reaching this country from behind the Chinese lines in the north, and virtually none regarding the guerrilla activities of the former Communist troops comprising the Eighth Route Army. With this in mind, it is possible to derive a certain negative satisfaction from the lack of specific news from a number of the main fronts. At Tsinan, for example, the Japanese have claimed for nearly two weeks that they were on the verge of occupying the city, yet as far as we know they have not yet succeeded in crossing the Yellow River. The same is true farther to the west along the Honan border, where the Japanese have not been able to cross the river and cut the strategic Lunghai railway, which parallels the Chinese front for several hundred miles.

Even greater reassurance may be found in the few brief dispatches that have chronicled the activities of the Eighth Route Army. Details are almost wholly lacking, but it is apparent that units of this army have penetrated into widely scattered parts of Shansi and Hopei, where they have succeeded in organizing and arming the local peasants for guerrilla activities against the Japanese. A number of small Japanese detachments are reported to have been surrounded and annihilated, and a considerable supply of arms captured. The Peiping-Hankow railroad has been cut at a number of points, and a large portion of northern Shansi is said to be in the hands of the former Communist troops. Encouragement may also be derived from apparently trustworthy reports that small numbers of first-class Soviet fighting planes have been recently delivered at Lanchow after a perilous trip across Sinkiang, and that sixty modern British planes have arrived in Hongkong. A rehabilitation of China's air force would do more than anything else to restore morale and military effectiveness. Despite heavy losses, China still has an abundance of trained men and an adequate supply of small arms and ammunition.

The most acute problems before China, then, would seem to be political rather than military or economic. Internally, China is menaced not only by the machinations of the pro-fascist clique that would sell out rather than see the country come increasingly under the influence of the Soviet Union, but also by the age-old disposition of the Chinese to compromise when in a tight spot. While it is doubtful whether Chiang could retain power if he wished to capitulate to Japan, there is definite danger of a fascist coup supported by Japan. The chances are, however, that Chiang can hold out if he obtains a reasonable amount of support from abroad. Prospects of this are admittedly dark. The collapse of the Brussels conference indicates that the democratic powers are unwilling to assume the slightest risk to protect their interests in the Far East. There is even danger that they might bring pressure on China to accept a peace on Japan's terms.

Little is heard these days about Japan's economic situation, but the strain is undoubtedly severe. The task of supporting an expeditionary force of more than half a million men through the winter may be more than the Japanese economy can bear. In any event Japan can ill afford to keep its entire reserve force under arms during the spring planting when the labor of every man will be needed at home. It will take time before the unofficial boycott now under way in Great Britain, France, the United States, Mexico, and other countries becomes fully effective. But if Chiang can resist the temptation to compromise and if he gives his attention to the development of guerrilla tactics better calculated to harass the Japanese, a real possibility still remains that Japan will crumple before China is completely crushed.

Tax Cabal in Congress

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

THREE weeks of labor by the special session of Congress have brought forth a remarkable phenomenon. The President's four-point program—farm legislation, wage-hour regulation, government reorganization, and the "little TVA's" bill—is not much nearer enactment today than when the session convened. But in full tide is a furious push to relieve speculators and big business of taxes and to saddle the burden on consumers and lower-bracket incomes.

That is the real aim behind the hullabaloo for immediate revision of the capital-gains and undistributed-profits taxes. The reactionary press and business elements clamoring for such action know full well that Roosevelt and Congress are prepared to modify these taxes. But they know also that if the changes are made as part of a carefully considered general overhauling of the entire tax structure, their chances to do murder will be materially reduced. The Administration proposes to revise the two taxes only in the interest of small business. Its object is to remove proved inequalities and hardships but to retain in full force the sound fundamentals of the taxes. The reactionary cabal is not interested in such an effort. It weeps glycerin tears for the little business man and orates sonorously about its desire to help him. But that is just play-acting to cover up its true purpose. It is out to repeal the two taxes completely as of January 1, 1937, and to replace them with a sales tax. Senator Josiah Bailey, North Carolina tory, frankly admitted this in an exchange on the Senate floor with Senator Borah. Of course he prefaced his statement with pious disclaimers of any enthusiasm for a sales tax. But these protestations fooled no one. Bailey is notorious as one of the most sanctimonious reactionaries on Capitol Hill. He always invokes God, the flag, and mother when pulling off an axing job. No sooner did he reveal his purpose than other Old Guard hacks joined the chorus, among them Senator Walter George of Georgia, a member of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, Representative Bertrand Snell of New York, Republican floor leader, and New York's ineffable and irrepressible Senator Royal ("Carnation") Copeland.

The antics of the tax revisionists have been wondrous to behold. Not in a long time has the capital witnessed such remarkable exhibitions of inconsistency, demagoguery, and distortions of news and facts. At his press conference last Friday the President, in response to a trick question, replied that he wanted Congress to act on tax legislation as soon as it was ready to do so. With pointed irony he added that he had no desire to fly in the face of editorial opinion, which is constantly yammering about undigested measures being rushed through by a "rubber stamp" Congress. The obvious import of his remarks was that he was opposed to "shotgun" action on the capital-gains and undistributed-profits taxes. Yet two hours later the ultra-reactionary and extremely wealthy Washington *Star* appeared on the streets with a banner headline reading, "Roosevelt Seeks Tax Revision Now." The caption was an absolute misstatement of fact, and the story beneath it showed it up as such. But there it was in big type, a characteristic illustration of the kind of tactics being employed on a nation-wide scale in this fight.

After stalling around for a week Representative John O'Connor, Tammany's gift to the Rules Committee, took the floor of the House to announce that he had been unable to get his committee to release the long-stymied wage-hour bill. Then in the same breath with which he proclaimed this blow at labor, O'Connor demanded immediate tax legislation to "restore confidence to business." When later he was asked why, if he was so ardent a supporter of the wage-hour measure, he did not sign the discharge petition, O'Connor retorted, "I never vote to fire myself." And Senator Burton K. Wheeler, roaring into Washington two weeks after the session had convened, heralded his return and further confirmed his desertion of the liberal cause by issuing a newspaper blast demanding that the Administration "reassure the people that it is not seeking to destroy business." The Montanan had done his bit to promote confidence during the Congressional recess by defending a disbarred California race-horse owner and making speeches under the aegis of Colonel Frank Knox denouncing the President as a dictator.

There is little doubt that if the Senate had a free hand it would wipe out or riddle the two taxes in short order. But fortunately it does not have the initiative in the matter. That is a House prerogative—and there the President for the time being holds the whip hand. He owes his control to the fact that the chairman of the Ways and Means subcommittee that is formulating the new tax bill is Representative Fred M. Vinson, an able, enlightened Kentuckian who, besides knowing what the tax issue is all about, has just been appointed to a life job on the United States Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. Vinson sees no reason for haste in revising taxes. He is in complete accord with Roosevelt that modification of the capital-gains and profits taxes should be limited to relief for small business and that even such changes should not be retroactive. Finally, he is militantly opposed to the sales tax. In his strategic position as chairman Vinson can make his views stick. And being aggressive and forceful he is leaving no doubt that he intends to do just that. In the face of the uproar for immediate action he announced calmly that it would be several

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weeks before his committee would be ready to report to the full committee and that after that public hearings would be held before the full committee began its secret deliberations on the measure. It was unlikely, he added, that a bill would be sent to the House before January 15. What the nature of this measure will be it is still too early to say. It is certain, however, that it will be a general tax bill and not confined merely to capital gains and profits. This will make it difficult to single them out for special amputation. Unquestionably that will be attempted, particularly in the Senate Finance Committee, which is probably the most reactionary band of highbinders on Capitol Hill. But the longer action is delayed the better are the chances to beat off the tory attack. After the first of the year the shadow of the spring primaries will begin to loom over Congress, and more than one of the yowlers for vigorous knife wielding will pipe down or sound a different tune.

Pogroms or Partition

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

IN 1926 I spent four months in Palestine. This year I returned for a visit of three months. The changes which I noted convinced me of the necessity of partitioning Palestine. For in my earlier visit I traveled freely and without fear throughout the entire country. I visited Arabs in their homes, slept in their inns, even thumbed rides on their horses. I encountered nothing but courtesy and friendliness. There was some anti-Jewish feeling, but it was not widespread or intense or spontaneous. It was artificially fomented for the most part by self-seeking effendi. I remember one peasant asking whether it was true, as his landlord had told him, that the Jews under Einstein had designs on the mosque of Omar. It happened that he was working several months of the year for a Jewish farmer in Hedera and earning five times what he had previously received from the effendi. He had no grievance against the Jews, and therefore his feudal exploiter attempted to play upon his religious fanaticism. On the whole it seemed then that the benefits the Jews were bringing to the Arabs in the form of higher wages, improved living conditions, universal education, and the elimination of disease would ultimately form the basis for a peaceful life together.

I return from Palestine now with the melancholy conviction that this was an illusion; that, realistically viewed, the present aims of Jews and Arabs are irreconcilable. This time, too, I passed through Arab villages but always in haste and fear. Not once but scores of times Arab boys hurled stones at us and joined their elders in shouting the vilest epithets. In an Arab school near Jerusalem American Christian teachers told me that only by the sternest measures could they keep their pupils from mass attacks on Jews, and I am far from certain that they were altogether successful.

Anti-Zionist and anti-British sentiment has penetrated into every element of the Arab population. Not only the self-seeking, the unscrupulous, the professional agitators, but the rank and file, the youth, the idealistic are opposed to further Jewish immigration and land purchase. This is true certainly of all who are articulate. Undoubtedly there are considerable numbers of Arabs who are content and who would not willingly raise a hand against the Jews. But they dare not speak. For under the prevailing terror even moderation, publicly expressed, is an invitation to murder. I know educated Arabs who have gladly surrendered the security of government office for the insecurity of revolt. In the last two years Jews have seen their best friends among the Arabs, their business associates, their well-paid employees turn against them out of principle, or through fear, or for money. They learned to their sorrow in 1936 that little instigation was needed to change Arabs from gracious neighbors to savage enemies. Once the Arabs realized that violence works and that every pogrom evoked not the stiffening of British policy but further compromise and capitulation, the murder of Jews became a national policy. This hatred of Zionism and the British has grown to such proportions, has become so intense, so articulate, so widespread, and so well organized, that it is the fundamental factor in the situation.

Faced with such deadly hostility, Jews who had come to Palestine with the friendliest feeling toward the Arabs inevitably turned in bitterness against them. Today, although Jews are never the aggressors against the Arabs, they distrust and detest them, and are prepared to fight back with a vengeance. I repeat, lest I be misunderstood, that there is a fundamental difference between the conduct of Jews and of Arabs. Although Jews cannot walk in safety through any Arab town, Arabs can enter Jewish villages without fear of attack. In Tel Aviv I lived on Hayarkon Street, which is the main thoroughfare to the Arab city of Jaffa. Every day caravans of camels laden with sand and stones passed our door driven by nonchalant Arabs who knew that although a Jew riding through Jaffa would probably get a knife in his back they were perfectly safe in Tel Aviv.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the Jews now reciprocate the feelings of the Arabs. Children in the Jewish schools are developing a militant chauvinism. Since the plan for the new Jewish state was announced, the greatest ambition of many youngsters has been to join the Jewish army that will be formed. On the streets and playgrounds one sees drilling and games and exercises designed to develop a military discipline. The Jewish colonies are well armed; the men are trained for defense. Armed guards patrol the fields day and night, and even children's picnics which I attended were guarded by police with loaded rifles. The new colonies are built like stockades with thick walls to keep out bullets. Every village has its high tower with tremendous light projectors which search for prowlers at night and flash signals to nearby colonies. The Valley of Esdraelon, which the Jews have transformed from a swampy wilderness to a fertile garden, is a scene of peaceful beauty during the day, but at night it is like a battlefield, with armed men on guard everywhere and great lights flashing their signals back and forth to announce "all quiet" or to warn of impending attack.

Many factors have combined to make Palestine an armed camp. Some responsibility attaches to the Jews for introducing modern nationalism into a country which before the war was not a nation but only the southern end of Syria. Its ignorant and impoverished natives were conscious only of being oppressed subjects of Turkey. Zionism undoubtedly helped to make them politically conscious. Moreover, as the Jews raised the Arab standard of living; as they stimulated and supported universal education for Arab children; as their land purchases enabled Arab effendi to send their sons to universities in other Moslem countries, where nationalism was intense; as an increasing part of the tax moneys, raised largely from Jews, was given by the government to the Grand Mufti, presumably for religious and charitable purposes but actually to be spent for propaganda and arms against the Jews, Jews were actually contributing to the processes which ultimately made for their own defeat. It is not the weak but the strong who make revolutions, and the Jews have made the Arabs strong.

British weakness contributed further to Arab strength. I am not one of those who believe that Great Britain deliberately sabotaged the Jewish national home. But there is plenty of evidence to support that contention. The supineness of British officials in the face of Arab agitation and attacks, the lack of a clear-cut policy, the failure actively to promote friendly Arab-Jewish relations were certainly no fulfilment of the promise to facilitate the establishment of a Jewish national home in Palestine. Why did Britain not establish a firm, definite policy? The answer, in my opinion, is that it found itself faced with what it believed were insuperable obstacles in the conflicting aims of Arabs and Jews. Whether they really were insuperable or not is now beside the point. At present the only relevant fact is that the British government, supported by a public opinion sick of bloodshed and fearful of war, anxious about the other Moslems in the empire, frightened by the rising menace of the fascist nations and their new threats to its life lines, adopted a policy of compromise and vacillation toward Arab agitators which was rightly interpreted as weakness and defeatism. As murders were rewarded with concessions, they rapidly became pogroms.

The intransigent Arab minority was strengthened, too, by the rise of nationalism throughout the Near East. As Trans-Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Iraq, Syria, and Egypt were granted independence and autonomy, the Palestinian Arabs began to feel that they had been cheated. The fact that they were better off economically than their cousins in nearby lands, that their literacy rate was higher and their death rate lower, did not impress them. They simply did not want to be overrun or ruled by foreigners. They wanted to be free and autonomous like the other Arabs.

In such ambitions they have received encouragement and aid from Italy. Mussolini's treatment of the Libyans and the Ethiopians hardly qualifies him as a friend of the Moslems, but politics dictates strange alliances. In his determination to dominate the Mediterranean Il Duce could not overlook so obvious an opportunity to harass the British. From the Italian radio station at Bari comes incitement to rebellion, and from the Italian treasury come funds to arm the rebels. No one knows how much has been spent or how, but everyone knows that a handful of poor Arabs in Palestine were equipped with sufficient rifles, bombs, and machine-guns to keep several battalions of British troops at bay for months. It is a mistake, however, to think that the Italians are primarily responsible for the trouble in Palestine. The Arabs are responsible, though they have received help from outsiders.

Thus far the Jews have displayed a remarkable restraint. They have refrained from organized retaliation because they do not want sporadic riots to become open warfare. They want the world to understand that it is not war but pogroms that are occurring in Palestine. But they are prepared. They have the means with which to resist and retaliate. The Arabs respect their strength and never openly attack Jewish colonies. They limit themselves to ambushing unarmed Jews, burning hospitals and forests, bombing buses and babies' homes. On the few occasions when raiding parties have been discovered by Jews, they have been so thoroughly beaten that the Arabs have never returned to the attack.

Obviously this state of affairs is intolerable. Any situation in which domestic peace must rest on foreign bayonets and the building of a home on superiority in bombs is morally indefensible as well as precarious. The British have become sick of it. After the riots of 1936 they appointed a royal commission to study the problem and to recommend a solution. The commission proposed a clear-cut solution—the partition of Palestine. By the terms of its plan about two-thirds of the country, lying chiefly in the east and south, is to be given to the Arabs and to be attached to the kingdom of Trans-Jordan. A narrow strip along the coast, the Valley of Esdraelon, and the land around Galilee, a territory about the size of Delaware, is assigned to the Jews for an autonomous state. The British retain a narrow corridor from Jerusalem to the sea, also Bethlehem and Nazareth, ostensibly to protect the holy places. They also keep a temporary protectorate—which may very well continue indefinitely—over several large cities, notably Haifa, which is the western outlet of the Iraq oil line and is rapidly becoming one of the great ports of the Mediterranean. And they hold on to Akaba, which is destined

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to become the eastern terminus of a canal that the British plan to build parallel to the Suez.

What does this proposal mean to the three groups involved? Obviously the British have protected their imperial interests. They have surrendered nothing but their burdens. However valuable the extra foothold in the Near East which the Palestine mandate gave to Britain, its administration was a thankless task. It yielded little beyond the ill-will of Jews and Arabs. I believe the British would wash their hands of any further responsibility if they could. But they dare not face the loss of prestige in the East and the indignation of world Jewry and liberal opinion generally.

For the Jews the partition of Palestine is a major catastrophe. Since the Balfour Declaration was issued in 1917, they have needed not less land but more. The post-war nationalistic reaction and economic depression have intensified anti-Semitism everywhere. The tragedy of German Jewry has been most publicized because it was most unexpected. Actually the plight of Polish Jews is infinitely worse. There are more of them, nearly ten times as many. And they are much poorer than the German Jews. The Polish Jewry is being ground to dust and nothing can be done to prevent it. The situation of the 900,000 Jews in Rumania is becoming nearly as terrible. And as the tragedy of the Jews in Central and Eastern Europe deepens, the doors to the West are more firmly closed against them. Only a negligible number of Jews are permitted to enter the Western democracies, and the German refugees who found asylum in England and France are still not granted labor certificates. They are allowed to enter but denied the means of earning a livelihood.

The only land which opened its doors wide to the Jews, accepting more of them than all the other countries of the world combined, was Palestine. But Palestine in 1923 was reduced to one-third of its original size when Trans-Jordan was given to Emir Abdullah as a separate Arab kingdom. And now the remaining fragment is to be split into three, leaving for the Jews a tiny portion. Not only is the Jewish territory small but it contains 225,000 Arabs. If they remain, they limit still further the possibility of Jewish immigration and land purchase. If they are to be moved, it will be costly in money and ill-will. The Jews will now have to supply and finance all the agencies of government, including an army and police. They are also expected to contribute substantial sums annually to the support of the Arab state on the curious ground that the Arabs have become accustomed to Jewish subsidies and would be lost without them. Customs and trade barriers as well as zigzag frontiers and corridors, costly and difficult to patrol, will separate the states. The royal commission proposes that Jerusalem be included in the British territory, not the Jewish. This is a cruel and unwarranted blow, for 70,000 of its 110,000 inhabitants are Jews. The magnificent Jewish Agency building, which is the capitol of Jewish Palestine, the Hebrew University, and a whole network of hospitals, schools, and libraries are located there. The Jews have created the beauty and the prosperity of the new Jerusalem, and they should be permitted to retain it in a Jewish state under international guaranties which will safeguard the holy places of other religions. To put the Deganias, the oldest and most successful of the Jewish agricultural collectives, in the Arab state is another indefensible recommendation of the commission's.

For all the faults in the partition plan, the Jews must accept it. British opinion is strongly behind it. The Mandates Commission and the Council of the League of Nations have indicated their approval. No other nation is sufficiently concerned to interpose an objection. The Arabs will not permit a continuance of the present mandate. The fate of Palestine, at least until another major upheaval, seems to be settled.

However, the prospect is not as dark as it might seem. Dr. Weizmann, the head of the world Zionist organization, believes that two million Jews can be settled in the new Jewish state. Even if this estimate proves too generous, the intensification of agriculture and the development of industry and commerce will certainly enable at least one million to find homes there. Since in twenty years the Zionists have settled only one-third of a million Jews in Palestine, the prospect at its worst presents a task to challenge the generosity, the statesmanship, and the creative energies of the Jews for at least a generation. What will happen after that is in the lap of the gods. Perhaps after a period of peace the Arabs may be ready to sell to the Jews large areas of undeveloped territory, or, through events now impossible to foresee, the pressure against the Jews in Europe may be eased. In the meantime there is work to be done, and Jews will be free to do it under conditions more conducive to success than British rule affords. Jews will be able to regulate immigration and land purchase and to develop their economic life unhampered. At least they will be in a position to show the world what a Jewish state based on Jewish prophetic ideals can be.

The Arabs, for their part, will do well to accept the partition plan, as their best friends advise them. It gives them all the land which under existing conditions they could hope for. True, the Jews are granted some of the more fertile sections of the country. But the Arabs must not forget that these, too, were barren until the Jews made them fertile. Responsible Arabs will also recognize that the Jews are in Palestine to stay and that any plan which involves their elimination is doomed to failure. Not only fear of consequences in the way of much firmer British control but also enlightened self-interest should bring the new Arab leaders to make their peace with Britain and the Jews. For the Arab masses are sick of strikes and riots. They have suffered most during all the trouble. Tens of thousands have been reduced to destitution. The last strike ruined the city of Jaffa. Its shops are empty and its workers are unemployed. In my opinion, the Arab masses are ready to accept any plan that promises peace in Palestine and releases them from the fear of Jewish domination, particularly now that their intransigent and terroristic leadership has been eliminated. At the moment the only such plan that has any chance of success is partition.

Japan and Philippine Independence

BY JAMES S. ALLEN

OPENING the present session of the Philippine National Assembly early this fall, President Manuel L. Quezon proposed that the independence of the islands be advanced from 1946 to 1938 or 1939. When Quezon first announced his new program during a recent visit to the United States, his position on independence came as a surprise, and in the face of Japan's new offensive in the Far East his stand remains unintelligible unless related to the significant turn that Philippine politics have taken.

Crystallization of political ideas and programs and an alignment of forces with respect to Japan are the features of the present scene in the Philippines. A new "opposition"—or rather, a gathering of oppositions—has emerged to challenge President Quezon's Nationalist Party in the December provincial elections. The new political group, although it contains a number of discordant elements which must in the near future bring about still another realignment, is already powerful enough to command respect. It was principally this development that impelled Quezon to make his independence proposal.

The *Pagkakaisa ng Bayan*—which, translated literally from the Tagalog, means "Unity of the People"—has been referred to since its formation in September, 1936, as the Popular Front. Although it does bear some points of resemblance to the coalition in Spain, the Popular Front of the Philippines resulted from a basically different alignment of forces. The resemblance lies in the fact that the minority parties were compelled to seek some form of unity against the dictatorial measures of the Quezon administration during its first year. The inclusion of a pro-Japanese group, interested principally in creating opposition *per se*, has raised many obstacles to the development of a clear and constructive program, but, for all that, the majority of participating parties have given the coalition an essentially democratic, anti-clerical, and anti-imperialist tendency.

Leaders of three of the component parties of the Popular Front are veterans of the revolution against Spain and the United States. General Emilio Aguinaldo, who heads the National Socialists, is the honored hero of the Philippine revolution. Bishop Gregorio Aglipay, leader of the Republican Party, was vicar-general of Aguinaldo's revolutionary army and chief of the guerrilla forces in his mountain province. Pedro Abad Santos, head of the Socialist Party, was among the last to surrender to the American command and narrowly escaped death by court martial. These leaders and their followers are still bitter over American occupation and retain a strong distrust of American methods. Faced with the depredations of Japanese imperialism, they still find it difficult to make what appears to be a necessary revision of their attitude toward the United States. The Communist Party, which is included in the Popular Front, insists that the traditional nationalist view of the independence problem must now be revised, while Sakdalista leaders, for the present still friendly to Japan's pan-Asiatic program, preach the doctrine that Japan would make a far better master than the United States. To understand the present fluid political scene it is necessary to know something of the recent history of these minority leaders and parties.

After a long period of political retirement General Aguinaldo emerged in 1935 to carry on a vigorous campaign against Quezon for the Presidency under the new Commonwealth government. He received 180,000 votes as against the 690,000 votes which elected Quezon. The National Socialist Party, which was organized to support Aguinaldo's candidacy, is neither fascist nor socialist. It has a nationalist reform program which includes the demand for independence within a few years, reform in the civil service, minimum-wage laws and unemployment relief, and sale of the large landed estates on easy terms to the tenants. Even those skeptical persons who recall unsavory incidents in the General's past and think that he "has served his country sufficiently" are willing to forget the past if he remains loyal to the united front.

At the age of seventy-six Bishop Aglipay is one of the most vital and picturesque figures in Philippine public life. Four years ago he set out for the first time to see the world, traversed Europe and the United States, and returned with a renewed faith in his democratic, nationalist, and anti-Catholic principles. He is the high priest of the Philippine Independent Church, which was born in the revolution against the powerful propertied friars. The census of 1918 gave his church 1,500,000 followers; today he claims 4,000,000. Like Aguinaldo, the bishop withdrew from active political life after the victory of the American forces, not to appear again in the political arena until 1935. He revived the Republican Party, which had been dormant for a quarter of a century, and aligned it with the Socialists and Communists in the "Coalition of the Oppressed Masses." As the Presidential candidate of the new coalition, Aglipay stood upon a platform which held it "vital to organize a union of the small parties which are against the present leadership of Quezon." Its planks included "an independence which will make us all happy," tax relief for the poor, civil rights, labor legislation, and nationalization of the haciendas. About 150,000 votes were officially recorded for the venerable bishop.

Aglipay is the backbone of an indigenous militant liberalism. He has fought for authentic separation of church and state, freedom of assemblage, equality for

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women, trial by jury, an independent judiciary, and universal suffrage. When the fascist uprising occurred in Spain he offered the services of 100,000 Filipino volunteers to President Azaña. His office, he told me, "is full of spontaneous offers from youths, and even from women, who want to fight for the triumph of republican legality in Spain."

Apparently the most influential but also the most imponderable of the minority parties is the Sakdalista, which emerged as a political entity in 1933 and has had a rapid and stormy growth. This party places all its emphasis on one point, "immediate, complete, and absolute independence." It campaigned against both conditional independence bills, urged a boycott of the plebiscite on the constitution, and has in other ways obstructed the Commonwealth government, in which it sees the hand of American imperialism. On all other problems of the Philippines the directorate of the party is as indefinite as is the term *sakdal,* which generally means "complaint," "denunciation," or "accusation," but may also mean "perfection." To all queries as to how the party proposes to solve the pressing internal and international problems of the Islands, Sakdalist leaders have a stock reply: "Independence right now! Then we will solve our other problems."

The poverty of the Sakdalist program, which has created difficulties among the Popular Front adherents, may be traced in part to the fact that the real head of the organization, Benigno R. Ramos, is self-exiled in Japan. The belief that Ramos is an instrument of Japanese imperialism is substantiated by statements that have appeared in *Sakdal,* his publication in the Philippines. "The Occident for the Occidentals and the Orient for the Orientals" is a recurrent refrain in that newspaper, in which Ramos recently concluded a fervent apology for Japan's campaign of conquest in Asia with the admonition: "Beware, you Asiatic man—the mad dogs of the whites are on the rampage. Whichever gets you—capitalism or communism—you get the rabies and are lost to the coming glory of the Pan-Asiatic Union." And in an appeal to the Japanese people Ramos asked: "Can Japan be indifferent to the appeals and request of the Sakdalistas in behalf of the whole Philippines? . . . The Filipino people alone cannot compel America to honor her promise [of independence], but if Japan will intervene, as the legitimate leader of the Far Eastern people, America will be obliged to change her mind and attitude."

Sakdalism as a social phenomenon has more significant implications than the pan-Asiaticism of its leaders. The peasantry supplies the mass support of Sakdalism; for them independence means primarily freedom from the hacienderos, the caciques, the usurers, and the constabulary. In an agrarian economy which retains a feudal-colonial structure and where there exist no channels for the democratic expression of the peasants' grievances, insurrectionary tendencies are strong. This has long been a characteristic of the Philippine peasant movement, and it is this tendency which the Sakdalistas seek to encourage. Like the Tangulans before them, they have been nurturing among the Filipino peasants reliance upon Japan to furnish arms and supplies should they once start a revolt against the United States. It is true that the "Japanese ship" failed to arrive at the time of the Tangulan insurrection of 1931 and likewise in the Sakdal-led rebellion of 1935; but the Sakdalistas like to recall that Japan did send supplies and officers during the revolution of 1898.

To organize and give constructive direction to the peasantry, to save it from fatal illusions about Japan, are the major tasks of the Popular Front. Clear-headed leaders are hoping to solve these problems through provincial and municipal Popular Front organizations which unite the local peasant societies with the town workers and middle classes in support of a democratic program.

A stronger labor movement in the cities would exert a stabilizing and directing influence upon the peasantry. Unfortunately, the trade unions have been unable to build effectively on the narrow industrial base available. Many labor organizations exist, but few are really trade unions, and these few have been splintered into several separate federations. An attempt is now being made to create one central federation of trade unions and to unite the numerous small bodies in the same industry.

The limitations of the trade-union movement have necessarily affected the character of the Socialist and Communist parties of the Philippines. The Socialist Party was organized in 1933 by its present leader, Pedro Abad Santos, an advocate for many years of the united front. Its entire strength is practically in the home province of Mr. Santos, where it has a large following among the peasants, though it also enjoys some influence in other parts of the country, especially among the intellectuals of Manila. The Communist Party was founded in 1930 by Crisanto Evangelista, one of the outstanding labor leaders of the country, and has come to enjoy considerable influence among the industrial workers and the peasants. Since the imprisonment and banishment of the Communist leaders in 1933, the party has been considered illegal and until this year could function only as an underground organization. The conditional amnesty of last January included Evangelista and other Communists, but the party is still hampered and restricted by the strenuous sedition law. Nevertheless, it has been able to play an important role in the organization of the Popular Front.

It is only a year since the first conference of the Popular Front. During that year President Quezon has had to make important concessions in the direction of democracy, such as amnesty for scores of political prisoners, support of a campaign against landlord-dominated courts, steps toward the purchase of a number of friar-owned haciendas, and, most important of all, the announcement that the provincial elections, which he had arbitrarily postponed, would be held in December. His recent visit to the United States and his talks with President Cárdenas of Mexico have undoubtedly left their mark. Although he is still far from being a Roosevelt or a Cárdenas in his political philosophy, he has shown that he is susceptible of being moved in that direction. And if he is moving away from his pro-fascist and clerical support and turning in the direction of a democratic goal, that is largely due to the Popular Front.

Quezon's proposal for advancing the day of independence is likewise a concession to popular sentiment. The opposition to him has rested in large measure upon his acceptance of the ten-year transition period prior to independence. In adopting his new attitude, the President's chief motive is undoubtedly to take the wind out of the sails of the Popular Front before the next elections. Nevertheless, he has committed himself to a program of reform. Notwithstanding Quezon's recent feeler on dominion status, the pressure of events in the Far East may force some form of cooperation between the Popular Front and the government party as the most significant outcome of the December elections.

On his side Quezon has taken steps to assure Nationalist Party cohesion. The two factions, led respectively by Quezon and Vice-President Osmena, have now been fused into a united party. This fusion is significant because on the one hand it marks the passing of the old issues and the old groupings within the ruling party and on the other it reveals the strength of the Popular Front. For its part the Popular Front has been able to overcome differences among its component parties to the extent of entering candidates for provincial and municipal offices. A number of Popular Front electoral successes will go a long way toward breaking the single-party control of the country and will place the democratic forces in a better position to force some very essential reforms.

Regardless of the outcome of the elections, the dominant issue at this time is bound to be Japan. In so far as the elections accelerate the regrouping of political parties and factions they have important bearings upon this key issue. In this connection certain developments in the Popular Front parties portend a revision of the traditional independence thesis. While independence still remains the key plank of the coalition, the conviction that Japan and not the United States is now the chief obstacle to independence is beginning to gain ground. Japan's seizure of Pratas Reef, midway between Hongkong and Manila, its maneuvers at Hainan Island between Hongkong and Singapore, the strengthening of its position at Formosa, north of the Philippines, by the penetration of Fukien province in China, its presence on the mandated islands to the east, its successful penetration of the Dutch East Indies to the south—all these developments presage the isolation of the Philippines by Japan. In this situation Filipinos are turning to the United States as a matter of self-preservation.

Even the most adamant opponents of President Quezon are now friendly toward his independence program, including, as it does, his proposals for continued commercial and political collaboration with the United States. A number of Popular Front leaders have also revised their attitude toward his national-defense program, which had been the main butt of their criticism. They now favor a strong national defense, even with American aid, though they insist that the army must not be used against the people and that its fascist-minded officers be curbed. They are seeking some form of collective security for the peoples of the Far East which will at the same time assure the Philippines of autonomy and protection.

Why You Pay More for Food

BY RUTH BRINDZE

WHEN the price of meat began to skyrocket this fall, it was obvious that the packers would name God and the farmers as the scapegoats. Over a long period of years the packers have never lacked for an excuse to justify high prices, and this time they were providentially blessed. The drought, they said, caused the scarcity, which in turn led to the higher prices. Half-truths frequently make the most persuasive stories. The drought did in fact create a scarcity, but only in the two top grades of beef, which are fattened on corn. On the strength of this scarcity the packers have been able to raise the price of all grades of beef.

For those who were not completely convinced by the drought alibi the packers had a second story. The farmers, they said, were receiving higher prices for their stock. This also was true. But the packers failed to mention that the spread between the price to the farmer and the retail price of beef was greater in October, 1937, than it had ever been before. Each pound of beef sold in a retail store represents 2.16 pounds of cattle on the range. In October the farmer received 15½ cents for those 2.16 pounds, an increase of 2½ cents over the 1936 average price; the consumer paid 35.1 cents, an increase of 6.3 cents over the 1936 average. The cost of bringing the meat to the retail customer was 19.6 cents a pound, probably the greatest margin in the history of meat distribution.

Certainly neither the drought nor high farm prices can account for this increase in processing and handling charges, but for this also the packers have a ready-made explanation based upon another impressive half-truth. Last summer, they point out, there was a general rise in wages throughout the industry. Their own figures show, however, that the increased labor cost amounts to only .23 cents a pound. All other costs, including freight, being static, the inference is inescapable that the increased margin is largely increased profit.

The situation in the meat industry is significant because it typifies the economic pattern that obtains today in all the food industries. The recent rise in the price of milk to New York consumers is just one more instance of the increasing share of the consumer's dollar that is being taken by the processors and distributors. As the result of a farmers' strike the distributors granted milk producers an increase of 28 cents on 100 pounds of milk, that is, on 47 quarts, but the price to the consumers was increased by one cent a quart. In other words, the distributors collected 47 cents to cover the 28-cent increase granted the farmers. In New York City milk distributors now take 8.4 cents as their share of the retail price and allow the producers 5.6 cents. When the State Milk Control Act was in force, consumers paid 13 cents for a quart of Grade B milk, of which 6.2 cents went to the farmer and 6.8 cents to the distributors.

What is the source of the power that enables the processors and distributors to control farm prices on the one hand, consumer prices on the other? President Roosevelt a few days ago asked just that question, and in requesting an immediate investigation of monopolistic practices, he suggested the one answer which is consistent with all the evidence now available.

Two years ago the Federal Trade Commission was directed by Congress to report on agricultural income. The purpose of the investigation was not to discover why consumer prices were high or how they were fixed, but to reveal the reason for the dwindling income of the farmers. In the process, however, significant data on the monopolistic control of the food industries were brought out. The commission's report is an extremely valuable document, and it is unfortunate that it is not now available to the public. Although it was submitted to Congress in the spring of 1937, only the first two chapters have been printed, and the body of the report still remains in typewritten form. Through all the food industries—milk, meat, and bread—the report makes clear, the same process is repeated: small competitors are bought out or forced out and the big distributors are merged until control has been concentrated in a few hands.

Most brazen in the extent to which it has carried monopolistic practices is the meat-packing industry, which is controlled by four companies—Swift, Armour, Cudahy, and Wilson. In one year the first three companies sold 55.5 per cent of the beef produced in the country and 83.8 per cent of the veal. Swift was in the dominant position, controlling 25.1 per cent of the total production of beef, 37.2 per cent of veal, and 17.1 per cent of cured pork products.

In the meat industry legislation and legal action have proved ineffective as a means of control. The packers have increased their holdings despite the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, which was placed on the statute books in 1890 for the express purpose of restraining monopoly in their industry, and they have continued to have their own sweet way despite every subsequent effort to break the meat trust. Last August the Secretary of Agriculture issued a complaint against the big four and three of their subsidiaries. The old charges were repeated—that the packers had combined to manipulate and control prices. It is astonishing that the action was given so little publicity. During the meat strike in New York, when demands were made for a federal investigation, there seemed to be no recognition of the fact that the Secretary of Agriculture had already served a complaint.

The brazenness with which the packers have disregarded government curbs is best exemplified by Swift's continued ownership of the powerful canning company of Libby, McNeill, and Libby. In accordance with the terms of a decree handed down in 1920, the packers were to dispose of their interests in companies dealing in unrelated food products. Yet Swift and Company is listed in "Poor's Industrials" for 1937 as the owner of this company, which distributes everything from pickles to salmon.

The control of the packers extends also to the dairy industry. Two corporations, National Dairy Products and Borden, occupy the dominant position in the distribution of fluid milk, but the butter and cheese business is shared with the packers. In 1934 National Dairy sold 32.15 per cent of all cheese produced; Armour was second with 15.94 per cent; Swift third with 14.83 per cent; Borden fourth with 9.26 per cent. Swift sold 7.54 per cent of the butter supply; National Dairy only 5.06 per cent. In the cheese market we have a clear picture of how easily a product can be controlled by a few dominant corporations. The price at which cheese is to sell throughout the United States is determined at the weekly meetings of the Wisconsin Cheese Exchange. The formalities of a competitive market are observed. The auctioneer even says, "Going, going, gone," but the members arrive only ten or fifteen minutes before the repetition of the traditional formula and, according to the Federal Trade Commission, are already on the way out by the time the auctioneer is mouthing his stock phrase. Who should make the bids, and how much those bids should be, is apparently determined in advance by a few companies.

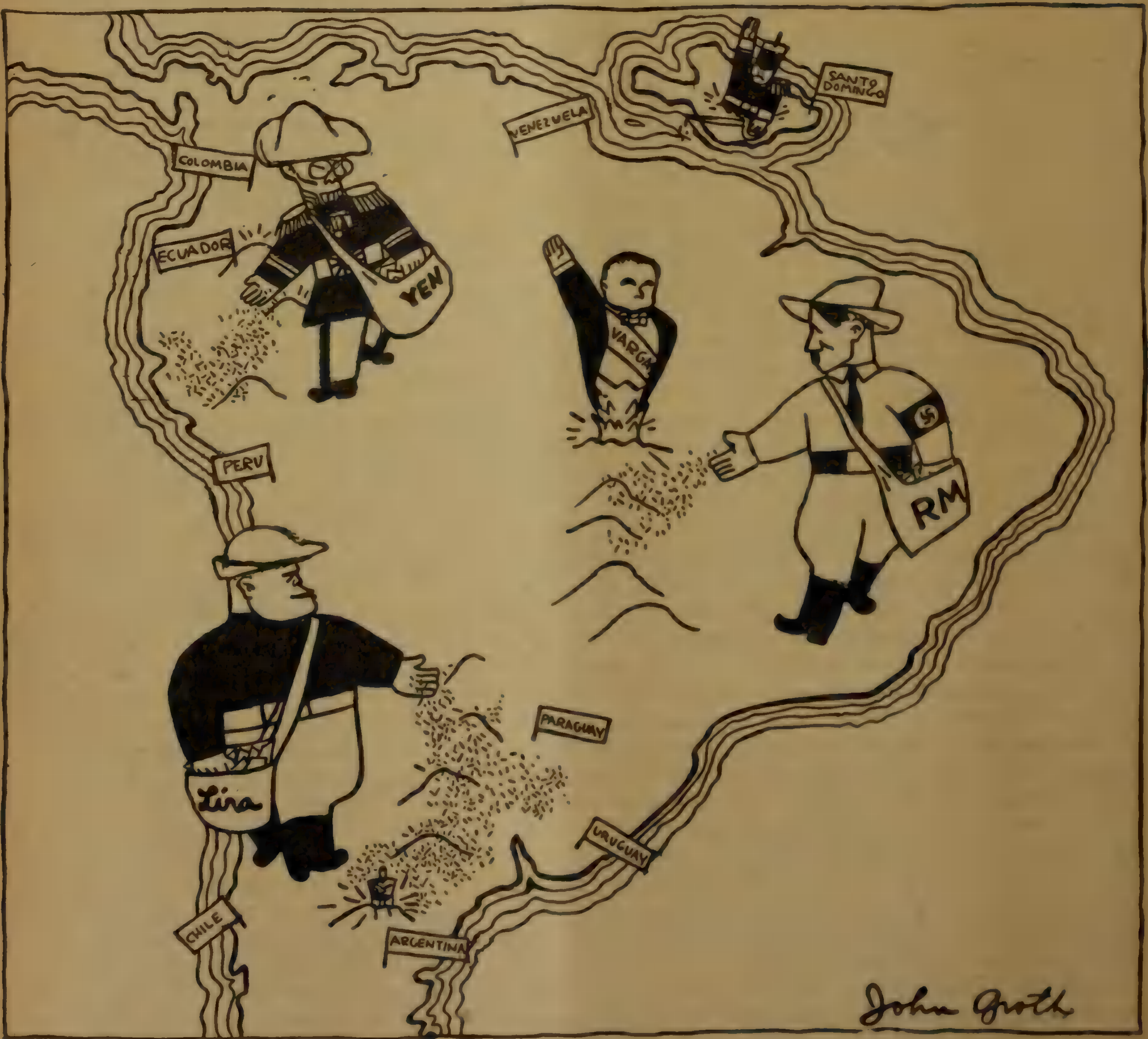
Concentration of control in the fluid-milk and cream business is not so great as in the other divisions of the dairy industry. Fluid milk is not a product that lends itself to centralized distribution. But in communities where National Dairy and Borden operate they manage to have a virtual monopoly. In New York City these two companies control 70 per cent of the retail business; in Baltimore the Fairfield Western Maryland Dairy, a subsidiary of National Dairy Products, handled in a single year approximately 55 per cent of the total sales to consumers. During the last twenty years National Dairy and Borden have developed their fluid-milk business by acquiring hundreds of distributors, through stock purchases and otherwise. In carrying out their program, they often buy not only the largest distributor in a city but also his closest competitor.

The same pattern has been followed by the big bakery corporations. Despite technological improvements, bread still remains a product which must be produced locally. The three big corporations—General Baking Company, Ward Baking Company, and Continental Baking Company—have therefore increased their total business by the acquisition of independent bakeries. The extent to which competition has been further eliminated in the industry by trade associations is indicated by the following note, which appeared last winter in the trade press:

> The Associated Bakers of California revised wholesale prices of bread and rolls upward on February 21, with higher prices on hearth bread effective March 1. Wholesale bakers are not to solicit the trade of competitors for thirty days and in the case of hearth bread not for sixty days. Prices for pies, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, and coffee cakes are being adjusted but have not been definitely settled. Retail bakers have made a general raise of 15 per cent on all their products.

How much the present monopolistic system of distribution costs consumers cannot be estimated. Official figures give only a vague indication of the costs in specific industries. The two biggest milk distributors in Baltimore, one of them, a subsidiary of National Dairy Products, reported in 1935 the comparatively modest net profit of 7.78 per cent on invested capital. But after the Federal Trade Commission's accounts had reduced capital to tangible assets used in the milk business, the companies' profits for the year reached the more impressive total of 19.27 per cent. Company reports on profits must always be carefully examined. In reporting profits to the Department of Agriculture Swift and Company showed an inventory price decline as an expense. In its report for the same year to the SEC it omitted this "expense." The difference amounted to the little sum of $6,500,000.

In response to the President's request the FTC will undoubtedly develop more material on the monopolistic control of food. The method of dealing with these powerful corporations is one of the gravest problems before the country, and the solution is not necessarily more anti-trust laws. A generation of experience with legislative and judicial control has proved them ineffective. Perhaps we shall have to recognize the existence of the food trusts and then control them as public utilities. The consumer should not be required to pay the cost both of monopoly and of a sham competition.



Promise of a Bumper Crop

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE news that Samuel Seabury has determined to bring proportional representation and a proposal for a one-chamber state legislature before the New York State constitutional convention which meets early next year is extremely gratifying. Not that I am quite convinced that proportional representation in a state is desirable, but that may be due to my ignorance. At least it is a matter for discussion. In the past these constitutional conventions have usually been in the hands of ultra-conservatives under the leadership of men of the type of Elihu Root. Now the opportunity is before the state to make some really radical advances. Mr. Seabury's name will lend great prestige to any suggestion that he may offer. One of the notable happenings in the mayoralty campaign was the enthusiasm with which he was greeted when he appeared at meetings. The crowds gave him more applause than they gave to Mayor LaGuardia. When he was not present and his name was mentioned, there was an instantaneous response. Apparently the New York City public had not forgotten his great services.

For many years I have been observing events in Albany, and during the twenty-one years that I conducted a daily newspaper I wrote constantly about the shadow-boxing that went on at the state capitol. For years it has seemed perfectly preposterous that the alignment in our state legislatures should be on the basis of the national parties. It is rare indeed that a legislature has to deal with national questions except to express an opinion, if the majority pleases, on some national policy or other. Of course legislatures must vote on amendments to the federal Constitution, and lately the participation of the states in the benefits of the social-security law has depended upon their passing corresponding acts. But in the main the issues that come before the state legislatures are purely domestic or related to economic policy, such as the preservation of natural resources and the utilization of water powers that have not already passed into private ownership. These are not matters to be decided according to the national Republican or national Democratic platform. They are questions of state housekeeping and management to be voted on according to their merits and not along national party lines.

The two-house state legislature was beautifully planned to aid grafters and corruptionists. Thus in Albany for generations "strike," or blackmailing, bills would appear in one house and usually go through that body. Then when they came up in the other the politicians would go around to the interests threatened and get their price for killing it. One such measure in the old days was a bill compelling the ferry companies in New York harbor to put toilets on their boats. Year after year this bill appeared with the regularity of the seasons, only to be killed at the last moment, that is, when the ferry companies finally "coughed up." The great advantage of a one-chamber legislature will be that it will be possible to focus the light of publicity upon a much smaller group, one chosen, perhaps, without party designation. It may even be something of a return to the old colonial idea of a governor's council. This does not mean an abandonment of democracy, for the election of the senators—if they are to be called such—will be just as democratic as the choice of senators and assemblymen today. It does mean that the ridiculously large legislature at Albany will be cut down to an efficient working body, not at all concerned, it is to be hoped, with keeping up party fences and preparing for Congressional or Presidential elections, but really free to concentrate upon state-wide issues. If proportional representation should also be established, it would at least have the merit of permitting men and women to seek nominations without having to go, hat in one hand and a substantial campaign check in the other, to a party boss in order to obtain a place upon a ticket.

It is of course obvious that no single-chamber legislature will of itself usher in the millennium. The only precedent we have is what has taken place during 1937 in the Nebraska legislature, and as yet no full summary of that has appeared, though it is reported that two studies are being made with a view to early publication. It was a great disappointment that, despite the influence of its creator, Senator Norris, this chamber voted against the child-labor amendment to the Constitution. But after all, an unbossed legislature has the right to make up its mind for itself, and reformers, after having forged a new piece of machinery, cannot complain if it does not do just what they desire. At least it has been a simple matter in Nebraska to follow what the legislature has done; any citizen interested in the vote on the referendum or any other measure would have no difficulty in finding out how each legislator voted. It is to be hoped that Nebraska will speedily prove that pure partisanship can be eliminated under the one-chamber system, and corruption, too, to the maximum extent.

What other changes the New York constitutional convention will consider we shall soon see—the initiative and referendum, let us also hope. This time, I venture to say, proposals which seemed like wild radicalism a few years ago will receive careful attention. In all the hurly-burly and confusion and discouragements of today it remains true, as New York City proves in a hundred different ways, that we are progressing toward a better and more efficient and more responsive democratic machinery.

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by Louis Untermeyer

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THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

by Leo C. Rosten

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

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THE AMERICAN IDES OF MARCH

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

IT IS one of the principal miseries of the modern world that the presuppositions have turned into prejudgments and that the whole of God's acre is ankle deep with rigid iron ruts. The writer who attempts to maneuver freely in that field is continually being bumped into the grooves and slots of the unarguable assumptions of his readers. Particularly will he be bumped into the grooves and slots if the course he attempts to follow is a cross-lots course which takes the current preconceptions at an angle.

The same rule holds for the producers and directors of plays, as the experience of Orson Welles in his present production of "Caesar" at the Mercury Theater indicates. The critics who wrote of that production did themselves proud. But the critics, both formal and informal, insisted on understanding the play in terms of the great contemporary system of ruts and ridges. They insisted that "Caesar" was either pro-fascist or anti-fascist. By which they meant that the opposing forces of the play were ineluctably those forces which are now assumed to divide the world between them: the fascist dictatorships at one end and the dictatorship of the proletariat at the other. That this assumption was entirely gratuitous seems to have occurred to no one. Several of the critics confessed that there were difficulties in the way of fitting the assumption to the facts. If, for example, the play was anti-fascist, who was the fascist: fallen Caesar or victorious Antony? And if the antagonists of the fascists were proletarians, how explain the fact that it was not against the proletariat that the fascists won? No one answered these questions. And the reason no one answered them was that no one could. The assumption was false. "Caesar" as produced at the Mercury is a deeply revolutionary play, but it is not an anti-fascist play in the accepted meaning of that term. It is a play upon a theme much closer to the actualities of the American situation than any such epithet would make it. It is a play of the tragic role of the liberal, the man of character, the man of principle, in a world threatened with fascist destruction.

The hero and victim of the Mercury "Caesar" is Brutus. And Brutus is a figure familiar enough in American ideology if not in American practice. He is the believer in moral law and individual liberty who values free institutions above all other ends. He is the scrupulous patriot who will defend himself only within the law regardless of the lawlessness of his attacker. He can be persuaded by those who play upon his patriotism and his republicanism to commit the patriotic crime of tyrannicide. But he cannot be persuaded to wring the most necessary supplies from the peasants of Sardis, even though the loyalty of his army and the preservation of his life depend upon it. He can be persuaded to rid his country of a potential king as men of character have been persuaded to oppose potential tyrants in other democracies. But he cannot be persuaded to deny to the real enemies of his country the right to speak at Caesar's funeral.

He belongs, that is to say, to the admirable and tragic class of those who will defend liberty by liberty or not at all, who will oppose violence by law or not oppose it, who will overcome deceit by truthfulness or let deceit prevail. He belongs in the courageous and noble company of those to whom liberties of thought and conscience are more valuable than the possession of power; those who will defend the right even of their potential murderers to speak their minds in public. He is great in the sense in which these attributes are great. He is weak in the sense in which these attributes are unworldly. His tragedy is truly tragic because it is the destruction of virtuousness by the logic of its virtue.

And for that reason also the Mercury production is profoundly revolutionary. For if it is true that the ideals of democracy can only defend themselves against violence and fraud by practicing fraud and violence of their own; if it is true that liberty is no defender of liberty—that civil rights are booby traps for their believers—then democracy had best be murdered by its friends rather than preserved for murder by the Mussolinis and the Hitlers who are always there.

Any man is free to refuse the hard logic of that conclusion. I for one refuse it. I believe, for whatever my opinion may be worth, that a free people resists by freedom; that there is no other stable defense for any society; that the reigns of terror in the tyrannies of Europe prove beyond question how suicidal is the attempt to fight force with force and conspiracy with conspiracy; that the remedy in the United States is not less liberty but real liberty—an end to the brutal intolerance of churchly hooligans and flag-waving corporations and all the rest of the small but bloody despots who have made the word Americanism a synonym for coercion and legal crime.

But nevertheless, and whatever one may believe or wish to believe of the world itself, the tragedy of Brutus as played at the Mercury is true tragedy and tragedy which strikes very close to the American nerve. It is not only the most vivid production of Shakespeare seen in New York in this generation. It is not only a greatly conceived and brilliantly executed play which will have a profound effect on the American theater. It is also a tragedy which comes nearer to the fatal currents of our time and place than any other I have seen.

BOOKS

New Europe in the Making

PLOT AND COUNTER-PLOT IN CENTRAL EUROPE. By M. W. Fodor. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

I KNEW HITLER. THE STORY OF A NAZI WHO ESCAPED THE BLOOD-PURGE. By Kurt G. W. Lüdecke. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

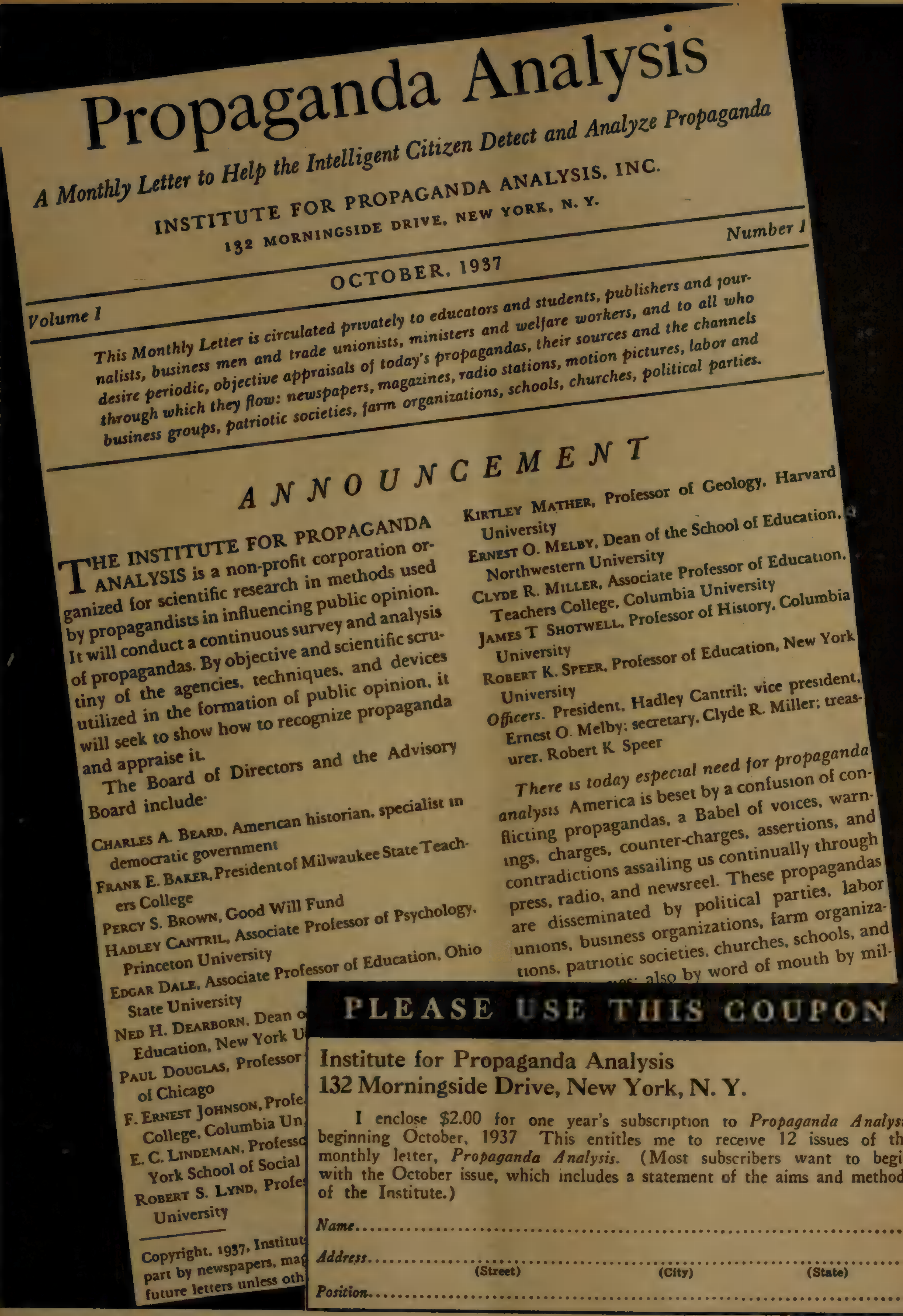
ONE is not obliged to share the opinion of John Gunther that "the fate of all of us may be decided in some Yugoslav village or Hungarian coffee-shop," as he suggests in his introduction to M. W. Fodor's remarkable post-war history of Central Europe. The murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand was not the reason for the first World War, the fate of the twenty million to be slaughtered was not decided in Sarajevo but in the capitals of the great powers. Another murder, putsch, or "incident" will not be the cause for the next wholesale massacre. King Alexander and Barthou murdered to order from Rome and Budapest, Dollfuss murdered to order from Berlin, fascist intervention in Spain, submarine pirates between Suez and Gibraltar—every day a *casus belli* but no world war as yet. (Never mind the good people who cry from morning to night "Wolf! Wolf!" and go to the alleged battlefields for pleasant vacations.) Fodor shows with knowledge and skill why we are still living in what will be remembered after the outbreak of the next world war as a period of peace. He enables us to look into the Hell's Kitchen of Europe, his volume bursts with exciting incidents, but the great value of his work is just this, that the reader becomes aware of the slow stream of history on which those surface sensations—the stock in trade of journalism and drawing-room conversations—are carried along and away. Fodor does not cherish the journalist's illusion that news makes history.

He starts with masterly sketches of the histories of all the Central European and Balkan states and proceeds to an analysis of forces behind events which in many respects is one of the best yet done. He seems to know every important person from Berlin to Ankara, from Warsaw to Rome. He is a keen and critical observer of their ambitions and intrigues, their material and spiritual backgrounds. It is a very complicated world in which he has lived and studied for a generation; he reports it with the insight of an objective, scientific, but by no means aloof mind, with the decency of an unsentimental humanitarian, and with a born journalist's sense for contrasts, for tragedy and comic relief. He describes the "isms" in Central and Southeastern Europe, the rise of the agrarian population so often overlooked, the decay of feudalism, the movements of the left, the birth of fascism and National Socialism. Fact is added to fact, idea to idea, and gradually the whole economic and political structure from the North Sea to the Mediterranean rises before the reader's eyes.

I should not like to miss one of Fodor's chapters but some deserve special praise. Fascism Organizes Civil Strife in Vienna is an exact report of the bloody February days. Dollfuss was at least on the way to a compromise with the conservative Socialist leaders when Suvich arrived (at that time he was Mussolini's Foreign Secretary; today he serves as Italy's ambassador in Washington) and in his master's voice insisted on the ruthless suppression of the most efficient social workers in the world. In Schacht's Journey Through the Balkans Fodor demonstrates how the economic wizard, only a new name for a very old character, made a system of three simple principles: "first, that the debtor and not the creditor dictates the terms if he knows how to do it; second, that if one lacks gold, purchases must be effected in countries which accept payment in kind; and third, one pays, if possible, with armaments because this makes the purchaser countries dependent politically on the land which supplies the arms." This chapter is a masterpiece of understandable economic reporting. That on the Italian Hamlet sketches the contours of a new Mussolini who has little in common with the iron-fisted cliché we have to swallow with every morning and afternoon paper. Of the closing chapters, A New Specter Looms on the Horizon discusses the possibility of a reconciliation between Hitler and Stalin; Anschluss or Danubia presents the alternative which confronts the central and southeastern European states. Either they allow Hitler to conquer Austria and submit to his whip or they cooperate to correct the stupidities of the peace treaties.

It is significant that what emerges from Fodor's book is the picture of a new Europe in the making rather than of a dying, suicidal Europe. These plots and counter-plots seem to be the action and pains of rebirth. The antagonism, fascism versus democracy, is not decisive, since both are only different political forms and methods of the same economic order. The Rome-Berlin axis has no stronger basis than the identical wish of both dictators to sell each other out. Whether Russia remains Germany's arch-enemy depends on the concessions the majority shareholders, France and England, are ready to make to the minority or "have-nots." Objectively Europe is only in the beginning of reorganization and rationalization after the failure of Versailles. Everybody recognizes the problem, but as the late John G. Hamilton, to whom Fodor dedicates his rich harvest, said to his pupil: "Fodor, never forget that the world is not dominated by brains. Keep in mind that politicians are almost always idiots, and you cannot go wrong. . . ." And this may as well lead us to a second exciting book, which gives from a quite different angle another view of the same Europe in the making. Its hero is Adolf Hitler.

Kurt G. W. Lüdecke, author of "I Knew Hitler," is an old member of the Nazi Party. Fodor will excuse me for bringing them together, for the things which a globe-trotting, polyglot storm trooper in tailormade clothes has to tell would interest him also. I read Lüdecke's 800 pages in one stretch. Here is a fascinating human document, the first important autobiography of an active Nazi, who was an intimate of the unknown fanatic of 1922, friend of the defeated putschist, adviser of the dictator *ante portas,* and finally close to Hitler the statesman. The relationship takes a typical Hitler course: a confused adventurer becomes a devoted admirer and follower of Hitler, who sends him as his first personal ambassador to Mussolini and to the United States to get money from the Italian renegade Socialist and from Ford. Lüdecke becomes the representative of the Nazi press in Washington, secretly helped by Dr. Kurt Sell, then posing as a democrat, and returns to Germany when Hitler surprisingly comes to power in his "legal" fashion, which means the end of many dreams for the Nazi rank and file. Lüdecke soon lands in one of the freedom-loving dictator's concentration camps, for no other reason, it seems, than annoying his hero with too much eagerness. He escapes with the aid of the notorious Röhm, who was able to save Lüdecke



Propaganda Analysis

A Monthly Letter to Help the Intelligent Citizen Detect and Analyze Propaganda

INSTITUTE FOR PROPAGANDA ANALYSIS, INC.
132 MORNINGSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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This Monthly Letter is circulated privately to educators and students, publishers and journalists, business men and trade unionists, ministers and welfare workers, and to all who desire periodic, objective appraisals of today's propagandas, their sources and the channels through which they flow: newspapers, magazines, radio stations, motion pictures, labor and business groups, patriotic societies, farm organizations, schools, churches, political parties.

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A UNIQUE CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOUR THINKING FRIENDS

but not himself from the blood purge of June 30, 1934.

It is not the personal history of the author which makes his book outstanding in the literature of German refugees. It is the detailed account of Nazism on the way to power, how it was defeated through lack of courage on the part of its supreme leader, and how in the very moment of its defeat Hitler got Germany as a present from a corrupted feudal-bourgeois clique. In return Hitler threw overboard whatever revolutionary ballast his party had. Against this background the whole inner Nazi circle of the time comes alive, and above all Adolf Hitler as a private person and as leader of the party.

Heiden and Olden, Hitler's left biographers, did not know him personally. Lüdecke has the advantage of intimate knowledge. He still seems not to have outgrown his affection for Hitler, and he nowhere repudiates the Nazi program, including the race theories and the Nordic cult. But to be a good photographer one does not need to be a thinker. There are candid camera shots of Hitler the politician, the dreamer, the liar, the comedian, which are priceless. And Lüdecke's ear records like a gramophone disk. The American reader will not be able to get the smell of certain Hitler words which are given in the original Austrian German. Untranslatable this: "Fetzen Sie aus Mussolini heraus, was Sie können!" (Rip out of Mussolini whatever you can), Hitler's last words before Lüdecke's departure for Milan. The Berlinese Lüdecke could never have made up this phrase. Hundreds of such episodes tell more about Hitler than long monographs. There is a vivid account of an automobile journey from Munich to Potsdam. There is a long discussion of the decisive question: Why not work together with a more and more nationalistic Russia which might liquidate the Third International? Included are many conversations with Röhm, Strasser, Rosenberg, Goebbels, Göring, Amann, the closest circle around Hitler (special mention for the picture of Putzi Hanfstängl, the clown), and accounts of visits to Mussolini and Gömbös. It is a large canvas, and I am convinced, after checking many details and listening carefully to the diction, which always reveals things a writer wants to hide, a fair picture. We get a deep insight into the fantastic part the German nation is pressed to play in Europe's great struggle—obscured by a thousand daily events—to achieve a modern organization. Whoever tries to understand the European Civil War should read Lüdecke's book.

As to the author: in his preface he expresses the hope that his new self, here beginning, will be better than his former self. Let us hope so, too. But he has much to learn. He must break with the ideology of the confused, half-educated, inhibited, ruthless rowdy who burns the Reichstag, tortures helpless prisoners, murders his friends, and has agreeable conversations with the English.

FRANZ HÖLLERING

Memoirs of a Diplomat

THE MEMOIRS OF SIR RONALD STORRS. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

THIS is a book of intense interest for a limited number of people. It is wholly superior to the reminiscences of most diplomats and is unique in the recent barrage of British memoirs. It is distinguished by its frankness, by seductive wit, by some remarkably clear writing on the Arab-Jewish question, and by the side light it throws on T. E. Lawrence.

In "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" Lawrence gives us his estimate of Storrs when he first describes Clayton's Arab Bureau. "The first of us was Ronald Storrs, Oriental secretary of the residency, the most brilliant Englishman in the Near East, and subtly efficient, despite his diversion of energy in love of music and letters, of sculpture, of painting, whatever was beautiful in the world's fruit. None the less, Storrs sowed what we reaped, and was always first, and the great man among us." This quotation the publishers have used as a blurb on his book and rightly. But Lawrence continued the paragraph: "His shadow would have covered our work and British policy in the East like a cloak, had he been able to deny himself the world, and to prepare his mind and body with the sternness of an athlete for a great fight."

Here one perhaps detects a trace of that ever so slightly censorious snobbishness, that political or moral priggishness, which is a less attractive side of Lawrence's greatness. What did Lawrence mean by "a cloak"? He may really have meant that Storrs was one of those devastatingly urbane, human, and civilized masters whose personal manners and morals become a fine art in dealing with servants and colonials, and who is continually seduced from some overwhelming purpose—Arab or British Empire or another ideal—by those isolated but creative impulses which do not directly affect the life and death of armies. It is hard to be friendly to English diplomacy today when writing strong letters to the *Times* is the apotheosis of its temporizing over Spain and Ethiopia, and perhaps Anthony Eden also reclines in moments of stress on fragrant fragments from his Ovid, his Henry James, or his Gerard de Nerval. If he does he merely shares the distinguished education of a ranking British diplomat. But in Ronald Storrs's great culture one feels no speciousness nor any escape. Americans are rendered provincial not by the lack of a vast body of such reference as his but only by their awe of it. Storrs presupposed familiarity with the treasure houses of the world's culture as a personal as well as a national spiritual property. Perhaps that is one facet of imperial politics. Nevertheless, Lawrence considered that this soft, luxurious enjoyment prevented him from being—what? Prime Minister? Foreign Secretary? There is no trace of envy in Storrs's book. As military governor of Palestine, as the governor of Cyprus, both during difficult days, he fulfilled supremely well the functions of a servant of his country. As such a servant he had the obligations and perhaps the ultimate lack of responsibility to Downing Street that Lawrence could never easily tolerate. Storrs was more modest. He never counted the world well lost as Lawrence in his confusion and brilliance continued to do, not because he was less proud but because he had a more equable temperamental balance.

The last photograph of Storrs in his stars and orders, with the Cross of Malta blazoned on his cape, as well as the one taken with King Husain, seems the type portrait of a British diplomat, just as Shelley, Gerard Hopkins, or Stephen Spender share the typical British poet's face, the same recurrent in every generation. But under it all, revealed in Storrs's writing, is a very remarkable and lovable man; he would have enriched the life of anyone who worked for him or with him, and it is impossible to read about him without feeling for him some of the sentiment he felt for Kitchener, Gorst, Allenby, Henry Cust, and T. E. Lawrence. Storrs's most profound experiences, as well as the final residuum of his wisdom, are those of the creative artist. These he permitted himself with real, humble, but never a modest abandon. The lack of strength to allow these activities liberal play killed his greatest colleague.

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THE BRASS CHECK CERTIFIED!

SIX WEEKS ago Upton Sinclair published a novel, "The Flivver King," giving the American people for the first time the truth about the Ford Motor Company.

The United Automobile Workers of America took an edition of 200,000 copies of this book; an event so unusual that it might have interested the press associations—but didn't.

200,000 men bit a dog and it wasn't news!

In his long life as an author, Upton Sinclair has employed a clipping bureau. A week or two after publishing a book, he has become accustomed to receiving fat envelopes, each containing a dozen or more reviews. But 40 days after publication, not one review of "The Flivver King" has come from any newspaper in the United States or Canada. (One and one-eighth inches from "Philadelphia Record" and the same from "Deseret News" just received!)

A triumph of the advertising department!

The "Christian Century" says: "Sinclair can write. Make no mistake about that. Because he writes with purpose and passion, he is often rated as a pamphleteer. So he is; but he is also a novelist—an abler one than some who have received Pulitzer prizes. This book looks like a pamphlet, and is priced like one, but it is practically a full-sized novel. Its purpose is to show what Ford had done to American industry and what success has done to Ford."

JACOB BAKER, formerly head of the Vanguard Press and now President of the United Federal Workers of America, writes:

"It seems to me that this book, almost more than any other that you have written, sets the seal upon the unique and distinctive contribution that you have made throughout your life—and are still making—to America and to its workers. I suppose that your friends from time to time have compared you to Zola or Victor Hugo or Dickens, and with reason. Thinking over your long and highly productive career, it seems to me that it cannot be compared with that of any other person. It stands out uniquely. You have turned your hand to every phase of social injustice in this country, and in every case you have improved the situation, at the same time that you have laid a basis for long continued work by others. Your material is drawn from living people and living situations, and your use of it creates a living structure that impels people to action. To have done this for as many years as you have, is not only remarkable as a personal accomplishment, but is the great good fortune of the nation and the world in which you live."

HENRY A. WALLACE, Secretary of Agriculture, speaking at the "New York Times" Book Fair, November 4, 1937:

"In the United States the most powerful novel of the century, not from an artistic point of view, but from a social point of view, is Upton Sinclair's 'Jungle.' From this book came much of the packing inspection and pure food work in which the Department of Agriculture engages to protect the American public."

SENATOR WILLIAM E. BORAH writes: "I read 'The Flivver King,' and you have told a splendid story. I am not sure just how much belongs to your healthy imagination and how much belongs to reality, but I am sure it is a magnificently told story."

"THE FLIVVER KING"
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IN *THE CHRISTMAS BOOK ISSUE* — a list of sixty outstanding books of the year, with notes, the gift suggestions of THE NATION'S editors, next week * * * *ANALYSIS OF THE FARM PROGRAM*—Mordecai Ezekiel, economic adviser to Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace, takes the plan apart and explains its mechanism, next week * * * *BEATING THE CHAIN-STORE TAX*— Helen Woodward dissects the campaign by which California chain stores put down the tax law in a state referendum, coming soon * * * and among *OTHER NOTABLE ARTICLES* we nominate for your attention Leigh White's "Dissension in Franco's Ranks" and James Wechsler's "The Need for WPA."

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Their Faces

YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES. By Erskine Caldwell and Margaret Bourke-White. Viking Press. $5.

FOR various reasons the Southern tenant farmer has emerged within recent years as the very symbol of exploitation in a country where the mechanism of capitalist relationships tends to be obscured by complex psychological and historic factors—his degradation is so abject and its causes so clearly lie in "the system." The tale of his rather sudden emergence as a national figure is full of ironies; but the most striking is the one whereby the liberal Roosevelt Administration in attempting to aid agriculture, though it helped the farmer as capitalist, drove a wedge between the owning and the non-owning farmer, worsened the plight of the latter, and has pretty much proved that nothing short of a socialist solution can assure anything like a decent standard of living for the farmer, as farmer, who most needs help. The crop-reduction benefits of the AAA, acting as catalyst, speeded up the transition of the share-cropper into day laborer, causing mass evictions that got into all the papers and resulted in such widely divergent events as the AAA purge and this book. The organizing work of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union and the Share-Croppers' Union—which Mr. Caldwell through some curious reticence forbears to mention by name—was, again, encouraged by the presence of a liberal Administration in Washington; but it intensified the clash between owners and non-owners and led to a terroristic regime by the landlords (who are in their turn victims) that aroused wide interest and a demand for legislation. So far the legislation proposed has been of the "forty acres and a mule" variety, when only some form of cooperative farming can lead to a rehabilitation of the people and the soil of the sick South, both of which have been badly eroded by generations of abuse.

Mr. Caldwell himself has contributed before now to the advertisement of the Southern tenant farmer. "Tobacco Road" was dramatized in 1933; and for four years Broadway audiences have not known whether to laugh or to cringe at its picture of a submarginal folk in a submarginal landscape. Many have laughed in spite of themselves—which only goes to show that humor, particularly folk humor, is not a simple compound and that it may have a very bitter taste. Note such lines in this book as that describing the little bait-seller, who has "caught so many crickets she's got so she sits like one." "You Have Seen Their Faces" may be regarded in one sense as the student's documentation of the artist's perceptions in "Tobacco Road."

Mr. Caldwell advocates an authoritative investigation by a government commission of tenant farming in the cotton country. But the report of the President's Committee on Farm Tenancy left no doubt of the low state of the tenant farmer—the problem is to force adequate legislation on the basis of known facts. This serious and simple account should at least advance the humanitarian argument for a solution of the problems of the South, neglected step-child of the North, which has now become so sick from its old infections of prejudice and poverty that it is a menace to the health of the nation. Many will see these faces; and the beautiful photographs by Miss Bourke-White are not so beautiful that the reader will miss the tragedy of worn-out faces and depleted soil—their texture, under the lens, is amazingly similar—or find more pleasure than pain in the lines and surfaces that make a woman share-cropper's face a triumph of photographic art.

MARGARET MARSHALL

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What We Do to Our Athletes

FIFTEEN-THIRTY. THE STORY OF A TENNIS PLAYER. By Helen Wills. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

THE football season is dying in an obscene orgy of Rose Bowls, Sugar Bowls, Cotton Bowls, and other bowls, but I make no apologies for commenting upon a volume about tennis because it is an important book—in another sense, one suspects, than either the author or the publisher intended. Briefly, here is the story of what America—or rather the United States—does to its celebrities. The story is related by word and picture, from the photograph of the charmingly unaffected girl in pigtails winning her first junior title to the manicured, mascaraed, and marcelled Hollywood beauty who adorns the frontispiece.

There is generosity in these pages. Miss Wills, as she prefers to be called when engaged in pursuit of one of the arts, is generous to the press, who have not always been generous to her, and extremely generous to her adversaries. She states that there is no hard feeling between Miss Jacobs and herself, and I for one choose to believe her when she intimates that this fiction was an invention of the newspaper sports writers. The book is also modest, at times so damned modest as to be nauseating. Miss Wills never considers that her vanquished opponents played their best, finds that she is lucky to be champion, and time after time discovers with astonishment that she is on the winning side. Of the tremendous courage which pulled her to victory against the best players of her sex for ten years one gets slight impression.

However, as the story builds up from junior champion to national champion, from Berkeley to New York and then from Berkeley to London, Paris, Berlin, and the Riviera, one does get an impression of the ceaseless grind of the competitive system in athletics. Nor is it necessary to read between the lines to see what the system does to its followers. Miss Wills is at pains to explain that tennis is a diversion and not a career, and then within three months of her marriage is charging off on the round which leads to Roland Garros and thence to Wimbledon and after that to Forest Hills. She enjoys explaining how much she loves the game and what fun it all is. Precisely, when one wins. But even her static style cannot conceal the fact that there is little fun in losing. So the champion takes good care not to lose, and after a few years of taking care comes the inevitable toughening process which makes people call her hard-boiled.

If you wish to win, and once you become a champion you wish to win very much indeed, you can't afford to waste time being a nice guy. You've got to know your way round town. You've got to be smart. Miss Wills is smart. In fact, the editor of a famous weekly told me years ago that of all the women in various walks of life with whom he had dealt, Miss Wills was the keenest business trader. These pages betray that strain—the whole cloaked with an air of attractive dumbness. As she puts it; "If you are totally helpless, everything seems to be done at once."

The system can so enmesh a human being that champions fool themselves. They really believe their newspaper articles on Paris fashions, mountaineering in Switzerland, and other inconsequential subjects are bought because they are writers and not because of their name. They imagine their paintings are exhibited on New Bond Street because they are artists. Nor is this hard to understand. When an art critic like Frank Rutter of the London *Times* devotes a column seri-

5TH ANNIVERSARY

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ously to exploring her efforts, one is inclined to ask whether there is any artistic integrity left. The champion managed to become so convinced of her ability that she was able to exchange an original Helen Wills for a painting of a famous French modernist without gagging.

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JOHN R. TUNIS

DRAMA

Flaubert Turns in His Grave

THE dramatic version of "Madame Bovary" (Broadhurst Theater) has considerable charm. To say that is to pay both the piece and the performance a genuine compliment, but it is also to indicate how far everyone concerned has wandered from the extraordinary novel which furnishes the point of departure. I doubt if anyone was ever so misguided as to call Flaubert "charming," for if it were necessary to choose, after his own fashion, a single *mot juste* which would describe everything he strove to avoid, that single word could certainly be none other than "charm." Probably Gaston Baty, who made the original French adaptation, did what he did deliberately; probably he felt that the icy and inclusive contempt of Flaubert would be intolerable on the stage. But in any event he has put everything through a transformation so complete that two works which included the same characters and some of the same incidents could hardly be more different.

It is not merely that he has made Emma Bovary a sympathetic character, a charming woman whose degradation is the result of an understandable lust for some happiness in life. All the characters are redrawn so completely that, for example, even such a depressing bore as the "enlightened" pharmacist (admirably played by Ernest Cossart) becomes a jolly rascal straight out of the pages of Dickens; and what is even more remarkable, the whole background of old-fashioned provincial life is rendered in terms of the agreeably picturesque. Flaubert undertook to demonstrate that at least ninety-nine out of a hundred human beings are incapable not only of success in life but of failing with dignity or even of suffering in ways other than mean. The society he describes is a society which has been created because it provides the most suitable possible environment for a race of creatures fundamentally incapable of ever being anything but dull and so constituted that if, by any chance, they rebel, they are doomed only to exchange one kind of vulgarity for another. Yet it is this society which reappears in M. Baty's dramatization as neither more nor less than agreeably quaint.

If it could be considered as an independent work, the dramatized "Madame Bovary" would probably be found to have not only charm but considerable power as well—even though it suffered, as nearly all episodic plays do, from the difficulty our imagination meets in attempting to fill in as many gaps as it is asked to fill. The fact remains, however, that one finds it nearly impossible actually to consider the play as an independent work. "Madame Bovary" happens to be a novel which a great many people have read and which few readers have ever been able to forget. Perhaps it is not as supremely great as is often assumed; perhaps there is a fundamental inconsistency implied in so careful an examination of a group of people who are, by premise, not worth examining. But it is an almost unforgettable one, and I found, as many other spectators must have found, that the memory of its tone haunted my imagination no matter how hard I might try to concern myself exclusively with the new Emma of the play. And that of course is fatal. The comparison is interesting; it results, even, in considerable admiration for an author who could reinterpret characters and events as consistently as they are here reinterpreted. But no work of art is fully successful if it does not lead one to forget, momentarily at least, all others, and that "Madame Bovary" does not succeed in doing. Different as it is from Flaubert's novel it is not quite different enough.

As Emma Miss Constance Cummings undertakes and carries off the most ambitious role she has ever played in New York. It must be a very long one; it carries the weight of the play; and it requires a great variety of mood as Emma passes by slow stages from the eager anticipation of her wedding night to the sordid despair of her suicide. Miss Cummings has conceived the role boldly and put the emphasis upon those scenes which are the most difficult as well as the strongest, with the result that nothing is shirked and that her virtues and her defects are plainly exhibited. That in itself is something rare enough to deserve praise, and on the whole she comes through the ordeal impressively. When she fails, it is through trying to do too much, and I suspect that the performance would be even better than it is if she would eliminate or tone down some of the "best" moments. One has, for instance, a temptation to say that the bit of business when she licks the poison off her fingers is good, and that means, of course, that it really isn't so very good, for the simple reason that one remembers it too easily as "a piece of business."

"Father Malachy's Miracle" (St. James Theater) is also a dramatization—this time from a recent novel by Bruce Marshall. The story concerns an innocent monk who, somewhat to his own surprise, succeeds in performing a spectacular miracle in Edinburgh and then discovers that he has got himself into a good deal of trouble, not only with the owners of a dance hall which he has moved some twenty miles through the air, but also with Rome, where the tendency is to hold that infidels may be converted equally well by methods involving less undesirable publicity. Such ingenious anecdotes as this usually make rather thin plays, but "Father Malachy's Miracle" is a good deal better than most, partly because of the ingenuity and dramatic effectiveness with which the incident is worked out, partly because of the humorous shrewdness of the characterization. Al Shean—he who was once of Gallagher and Shean—is extremely good as the monk, and though the play moves a bit slowly it provides an amusing evening for anyone. All but the most tender-minded of Roman Catholics will also regard it as a witty statement of their case.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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N12-37

FILMS

After Pirandello

THE tensions set up by Pirandello in any play he writes are bound to be either tightened or relaxed in a film which aims at reproducing the effect. The technique of the cinema permits expansion, yet it also, if less often, achieves contraction. "Late Mathias Pascal" (Cinéma de Paris) has, I should say, relaxed its original. The theme, as regularly with Pirandello, has to do with the mysteries of identity in a modern world calculated on the whole to destroy or at any rate to retrace with invisible ink the records of our individual existence. The individual in the present case, Mathias Pascal, returns from a brief absence to his dreadful wife and still more dreadful mother-in-law only to discover that he is believed dead and is even now being buried. Watching his funeral from behind a neighboring tombstone, he resolves to accept the liberty thus bestowed upon him. He goes to Rome as Adrian Meis, takes a room in a boarding-house, and falls in love with the proprietor's daughter. But he has no identification papers, he gets no mail, and he is unwilling to talk about his past; so that his rival for Louise's hand has little difficulty in scaring him away with talk of the police. Mathias returns once more to his family, disturbs them by his presence until they make it clear that they wish never to see him again, and solves the riddle of existence by illegally securing a new set of identification papers which bear the name Adrian Meis. Then he can return to Rome, knock his rival down a flight of steps, and marry Louise.

Pierre Chenal, the director of "Late Mathias Pascal," has deliberately scattered his original. I say deliberately because M. Chenal, who also directed "Crime et Châtiment," is beyond question an artist who knows what he is doing. His conscious desire in this case must have been to let air and sunlight into his story, to leave it somehow better-natured than it was. He has done so in the first place as any director might do it, by distributing intercalary scenes which show all the steps in the narrative as they are taken—the hero on a train, the hero lugging his suitcase through a park, and so on. But in the second place he has proceeded with subtlety to throw over the whole affair a very pleasant mantle of homely absurdity. His people, his story, and his manner of manipulating them are alike in that they seem in some attractive way old-fashioned, in some artful way awkward. He has taken down Pirandello's famous intensity several dozen pegs, but he has wanted to do this for the sake of another effect; and because, no doubt, he couldn't quite believe that Pirandello was as profound as he seemed. He has been at once critical and affectionate toward his material, moving in without apology and making himself charmingly at home among the episodes. The result is original and delightful beyond most films of France or of any other country.

M. Chenal had in Pierre Blanchar, who once was Raskalnikov, a first-rate actor for the leading role, and one furthermore who could relax with him. He had in addition Catherine Fonteney, who as the mother-in-law recalls her triumph as the mother of Poil de Carotte. And he has photographed in Le Vigan, Mathias's rival, one of the most offensive small villains I have ever watched smile. But he had above all his own art.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Letters to the Editors

Concerning Edmund Wilson

Dear Sirs: Can't something be done about Edmund Wilson? "Axel's Castle" a few years ago was a promising book of criticism and certainly entitled its author to a further hearing from serious-minded *Nation* readers; but don't you think his recent articles, particularly Escape from Propaganda in your issue of November 13, are rather taxing our patience?

The Soviet Union celebrates its twentieth anniversary, completes its second Five-Year Plan, formulates the most democratic constitution the world has known, develops a peace policy that is helping to save humanity from another world war—and Edmund Wilson can only say that it is going farther toward fascism. Fascist Italy celebrates this anniversary by formally joining the Berlin-Tokyo anti-Communist bloc; but on fascist aggression in Spain or China Edmund Wilson has neither written nor acted. While Hemingway, Cowley, and a thousand other writers are doing everything possible to support the Spanish and Chinese peoples' fight for democracy, Edmund Wilson stays home and sees fascism in the Soviet Union.

For this view he does not depend on those standard authorities of his, Fred Beal or Eugene Lyons, who have been published by such true friends of the revolution as the New York *American*, the *American Mercury*, and *Coronet*. Not even Victor Serge, a professional Trotskyist, goes that far. No, it is left for Edmund Wilson to conjure up that opinion out of his own fertile mind. He dismisses Lion Feuchtwanger's favorable account of the Soviet Union with, "It is curious that this professional novelist should include in his entire account scarcely a single piece of direct observation." As if Feuchtwanger's interview with Stalin, his attendance at the Moscow trials, his conversations with shock-workers, peasants, and intellectuals, his visits to collective farms, factories, and theaters were all accomplished with the aid of mirrors!

Or what can we say of an Edmund Wilson who concludes that the Radek-Piatakov trial was a frame-up because Feuchtwanger saw Radek smile in court, or who quotes Fred Beal about the visiting radical writers who drink vodka, worship Stalin, and hope "to write a best-seller or popular play about the coming revolution and settle down on a farm in Pennsylvania"? We can't take this stuff seriously. In the face of certain definite and incontrovertible achievements you've got to be pretty good to slander the Soviet Union convincingly. Lots of abler men, like Leon Trotsky and William Randolph Hearst, have been trying for a good many years without getting to first base. To convince us, Edmund Wilson will have to do a lot better than trot out the old nags—the second-hand rumors about G.P.U. torture chambers, famines in the Ukraine, and all the rest.

GABRIEL H. LEVENSON

New Haven, Conn., November 18

Dear Sirs: The present cult for discrediting the U. S. S. R., for example, Edmund Wilson's article, Russia: Escape from Propaganda, is based chiefly on testimony supplied by renegades from communism.

The motives of individuals furthering this cult are of course difficult to determine precisely. Certainly, as Marx advised, we do not judge individuals by their own consciousness of their acts. And that goes for Edmund Wilson. If we want to avoid error, we must assimilate Wilson's attitude to the class interest which it serves. From this point of view we cannot ultimately distinguish his attitude from that of the capitalist encirclement. His words, the now fashionable cant of serving the revolution, are different. His meanings in a materialist world are the same as Lippmann's.

In this connection I am very sorry indeed to notice that *The Nation* makes the clearest confession of a Cassandra attitude by selecting reviewers of books on the U. S. S. R. whose interpretations can be safely counted on in advance to be nagging and destructive.

WINSLOW WILSON

New York, November 21

"American" Goods from Japan

Dear Sirs: The reciprocity treaty between the United States and Cuba established a preferential on American products that greatly stimulated the purchase of American textiles by Cuba. Since then Japan, through a few American exporters, has shipped huge quantities of undyed fabrics to the United States, had these fabrics dyed or bleached in the United States, and subsequently shipped them to Cuba as of American manufacture. This fraud, with definite loss to American labor, reached such proportions a few months ago that the Cuban government issued a customs decree to the effect that Cuba would consider only such fabrics American as were woven in the United States. The State Department in Washington, for incomprehensible reasons, has sent a memorandum to Cuba indicating that this interpretation is not acceptable to it.

Should Cuba accede to Washington's request, practically all Cuba's importations of so-called American textiles will consist of goods manufactured in Japan and shipped to Cuba through the United States under highly questionable "drawback" privileges, the legality of which is now being disputed in several courts in the United States. The State Department's effort to have Cuba withdraw the customs decree can only further curtail work in the American textile industry and perpetuate the fraud of Japanese-manufactured goods entering Cuba as American. Decidedly, protests should be sent to the State Department.

WILLIAM ROBINSON

Havana, Cuba, November 12

Against a Boycott

Dear Sirs: With respect to your editorial The Case for the Boycott, in your issue of November 6, it seems to me that most of the nine objections which you answer with such finality allow for long study and remain moot questions.

To question 3, "What about the dealers who have Japanese goods on hand?" you answer that fortunately the stocks are small. Not only would I differ with you by saying that stocks are at least normal, but I want to add as one who knows that the stocks are the largest they have ever been.

To question 4, "What of the sharecroppers? Will the boycott not injure them?" you reply, "Temporarily, possibly; in the long run no." There is no question that "temporarily" they will be hurt and hurt hard—definitely, not possibly. As to "in the long run," all you should say is "possibly not," for your whole explanation is merely a surmise. It may take twenty years or more before cotton can be produced in North China.

It would take up too much space to disprove the other seven answers, but any intelligent high-school graduate could annihilate them convincingly and factually.

The boycott is too complicated to be undertaken without serious deliberation. Suppose Japan accomplishes its conquest and military hostilities cease, do you propose to continue boycott propaganda? Do you suppose that you could permanently stop the use of silk, or the importation of camphor and similar commodities? If you have in mind to make the boycott a temporary expression of disapproval, you will have generated too much hate for the damage to be undone quickly after hostilities cease. Indulging in a major economic disturbance merely to register a protest is an expensive adventure these days. HARRY ORTNER

Brooklyn, November 22

A Contented Redcap

Dear Sirs: In his article The End of a Redcap, published in *The Nation* of November 6, Cecil Hazell claims to have worked as a redcap "in one of the big railway terminals in an Eastern city." He paints a most gruesome picture. According to him, there were doctors, lawyers, preachers, convicts, crooks, and confidence men among the 400 redcaps employed; men with murmuring hearts, swollen ankles, and abdominal ruptures slaving under Negro officers who upheld the traditions of their overseer ancestors. He says he paid graft to get the job, that he saw station detectives receive protection money, that he saw redcaps forced to pay a second time for uniforms for which they held receipts, that the toilets and locker rooms were a menace to health. The only good feature of the job, he says, was the big money which was there for the taking. He himself made $14 on the first day!

It happens that I myself have been a redcap at the Pennsylvania Station for the last four years. There are nearly four hundred of us, some students, but no doctor or lawyer would discard his place in a lucrative and respected profession in order to become a humble bag-carrier, a man without even the right to bargain for pay. I have no hernia, no heart trouble, nothing whatever to slow me up, and from observation and comparison I am in a position to say that a redcap's daily earnings range between $2 and $2.50.

In contrast to the rotund and smirking protector of the cabal of grafters conjured up by Mr. Hazell, we have for our station-master a man who has earned the respect of everyone by his fearless sense of justice, a man with whom suggestions for the betterment of the service are always in order. From the ranks of the despicable group which Mr. Hazell portrays emerged our senior captain, a man who served during the World War and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. Another of our captains settles all disputes and breaches of discipline, and with the utmost fairness. Another captain went on a vacation the other day, and the fellows gave him a traveling bag as a token of admiration —or was it a mere ironical gesture?

I cannot forget the day when, after receiving my application blank, I tried to press some money upon the head of our department, only to have it gently but firmly put back into my palm. "I don't take money for these jobs, son," he remarked quietly. "That would be like hitting a man when he is down."

No crook, convict, or confidence man has a chance to be among our four hundred redcaps, for each of us is bonded in the sum of $500 and the surety companies are most thorough in their investigation of an applicant, who must produce references covering ten years of previous employment. We have no "stench-ridden, windowless cavern," such as Mr. Hazell describes, but sanitary locker rooms, toilets, and showers, kept immaculate by paid attendants.

So much more might have been accomplished by Mr. Hazell if he had enlisted his readers' interest in the following problems: (1) Why is a redcap not an employee? (2) Why does he receive no salary? (3) Who pays him when he rushes with a wheelchair to a sick passenger who is penniless? But if Mr. Hazell contemplates writing other articles on the redcap, I wish he would first investigate our organization, of which we are justly proud.

ALAN MCFEETERS, Redcap 373

New York, November 18

Socialism or Labor Control?

Dear Sirs: Permit me to express some surprise at your editorial paragraph on the new coal bill in England in your issue of November 20. You state at the beginning that it is a step in the direction of socialism. You close with the following: "If state ownership of the royalty rights can restore vigor and order in this anarchistic industry, it will be a genuine triumph." Yet you fail even to mention the implications of the new policy for British labor. When the state enters the control of an industry, the nature of that state should certainly affect the conclusions drawn. You will agree, I am sure, that the present government of Great Britain comes very close to being what Strachey so aptly called the "executive committee of the ruling class." So far as I know, there is no provision in the proposed bill for union representation on the board of control; if there is, it has been well hidden. Given that omission, do you not think that the "national interest" may be used to cover wage cuts and the like? The record of the last few Cabinets leads me to suppose such an outcome more than possible.

SIDNEY L. JACKSON

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., November 20

CONTRIBUTORS

ROBERT S. ALLEN is coauthor with Drew Pearson of "Nine Old Men" and of the syndicated newspaper column Washington Merry-Go-Round.

PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN is the rabbi at Temple B'rith Kodesh in Rochester and chairman of the committee on international peace of the Central Conference of American Rabbis.

JAMES S. ALLEN spent some time in the Philippines collecting the material for his *Nation* articles and a forthcoming book. He is the author of "Reconstruction: A Battle for Democracy."

RUTH BRINDZE, author of "How to Spend Money," is active in the groups now seeking a new deal for the consumer.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH is the author of "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" and "Conquistador." He is on the editorial staff of *Fortune*.

FRANZ HOLLERING, born in Vienna, had a distinguished career as a journalist in Berlin, serving as editor of the famous *Arbeiter Illustrierte Zeitung* and on the editorial staff of the Ullstein publications. He is now in this country.

JOHN R. TUNIS, author of "Was College Worth While?" is a well-known sports writer.

Correction.—An article in last week's issue, What Next in France? by M. E. Ravage, was erroneously attributed to Robert Dell in the table of contents.

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The Shape of Things

ANNOUNCEMENT THAT THE 1938 BUDGET will be balanced by cutting $500,000,000 from the appropriation for relief and $75,000,000 from that of the CCC camps would be a signal for another sharp break in the stock market if it were taken seriously. With unemployment rapidly rising, a substantial increase in relief funds will be necessary if consumer purchasing power is to be maintained. It is unlikely, however, that anyone in the Administration actually feels that the budget can or should be pruned in this manner. December and January are months in which burnt offerings are traditionally laid on the altar of the great god Economy. But budgets balanced at this season of the year have a habit of becoming unbalanced as Congress faces the political and social consequences of proposed cuts. We refuse to believe that an Administration which achieved extraordinary success in exorcising the last depression through stimulating mass purchasing power will abjure those tactics in the present crisis. Granting that the time has come to balance the budget, we recall the President's warning that the human budget must also be balanced if disaster is to be averted. Both can be accomplished by levying higher taxes on those who have more wealth than they need for current living and utilizing at least part of these funds for assistance to the millions who are unable to purchase everyday necessities.

*

WHILE THE OUTCOME OF M. DELBOS'S TOUR of the capitals of Central and Eastern Europe cannot be evaluated for some weeks, his stay in Warsaw was not without result. In backing Poland's claims for colonies, which are at least as plausible as those of Germany, M. Delbos astutely inserted a wedge in Polish-German relations which Nazi diplomacy will find difficult to extricate. It is also significant that the French, according to Frederick Birchall's story in the New York *Times,* have come away saying that Poland is not the near-fascist dictatorship that everyone has supposed it to be but a "dictatorship more or less rooted in liberalism." Although the evidence quoted by Birchall—the decline of extremism and the gradual moderation of anti-Semitism—does not seem to square with the known facts, there can be little doubt that in foreign relations, at least, Poland has steered a rather skilful middle course between Hitler and the Western democracies. On a number of points—notably Danzig, colonies, German militarism, and the hope of financial assistance—Poland naturally leans toward France and the democratic bloc, while on others—Czechoslovakia, the "threat" of communism, and anti-Semitism—it finds itself much closer to the interests of the Rome-Berlin axis. Presumably nothing that Delbos could offer would align Poland definitely with the anti-fascist powers, but if he has succeeded in preventing an extension of Nazi influence he will have achieved his immediate mission.

* * *

ASSUMING THAT MAYOR LAGUARDIA WAS both sane and sober when he "accepted the resignation" of Langdon Post, chairman of the New York Housing Authority, last week, we must put the whole incident down as either a major error of judgment or a political move of questionable character. When Mr. Post informed the Mayor that he could not resign from a position to which he had never been officially reappointed (his term ran out two years ago), Mr. LaGuardia reduced the affair to opera bouffe by swearing in his secretary, Lester Stone, as Mr. Post's successor. Informed by newspapermen that the Authority chose its own chairman, the Mayor, in a final burst of irresponsibility, announced that it would either accept his secretary or he "would get a new Authority." His belated explanation that Mr. Stone's appointment was temporary merely reduced the incident to a theatrical announcement that Mr. LaGuardia intended to have his own way with New York housing whatever the law or the consequences. These antics have brought down upon the Mayor blasts of editorial disapproval from almost every newspaper in New York, including his most sincere supporters. The position in which the Mayor has placed the Authority will not facilitate what he claims is his sole objective—prompt loans and grants for public housing in New York. In the meantime, the federal Administrator, Mr. Straus, is concluding arrangements with other city housing authorities at a second conference in Washington, and his opponents are continuing their attempts to prevent his confirmation by the Senate. We suggest that if an investigation is authorized, its scope be extended to include all the facts about the Anacostia site in the District of Columbia, which was acquired before Mr. Straus's appointment as Administrator. We understand that a secret report on the purchase of that site is now on file in the Department of the Interior and that its publication would yield dramatic and significant results.

* * *

WITH FEWER MEN GOING TO WORK EACH morning in the industrial centers of the nation, the attempt to find a formula for peace between A. F. of L. and C. I. O. becomes more important as hope of its success seems to grow more dim. Maury Maverick estimates that a million have been thrown out of work since September, and there is evidence that the C. I. O. in particular is acutely aware of the menace of unemployment to its membership and its effectiveness in the mass-production industries. It has advised its affiliates to set up unemployment committees, keep careful records of lay-offs, and make the local unions the most active agencies in obtaining relief for their non-working members. The mushroom growth of the C. I. O., its membership of mainly unskilled or semi-skilled workers who are quickly affected by the rise and fall of production, seasonal or cyclical, and its lack of machinery for taking care of those laid off make it particularly susceptible to the ravages of depression. These very factors seem to guarantee its good faith in seeking peace, on honorable terms, with the A. F. of L. By the same token the A. F. of L. bureaucracy, if not the rank and file, may feel that it is in a better position now to fight the C. I. O. than at any time since the Lewis committee was formed. Its most recent activities in New Jersey, where it has championed Mayor Hague at the moment when he is busy abrogating civil rights in order to defeat the C. I. O. drive in Jersey City, would indicate as much. What has stopped the peace negotiations, apparently, is the refusal of the A. F. of L. to merge with the C. I. O. on a democratic basis for the simple reason that this would mean sooner or later the end of power for some of the big frogs in the little puddle of the A. F. of L. executive board. Obviously it is not a price they care to pay for a unified and strong labor movement.

* * *

THE NEWSPAPERS HAVE BEEN MAKING front-page stuff out of so-called attempts of the NLRB to throttle press criticism. The board, in proceeding against the Weirton Steel Company, for instance, subpoenaed Hartley W. Barclay, editor of the magazine *Mill and Factory*, to submit all records and materials pertaining to a distorted account of the board's Weirton hearings. Such action has been attacked as interference with freedom of the press. Thus far there has been no such interference. What the board has been trying to do comes within its province. It is seeking not to intimidate publishers but to discover whether employers, in fighting trade-union organizations, have been deliberately using the newspaper articles and editorials by distributing them widely among workers in order to intimidate them. The board must be careful, however, to restrict itself to uncovering the relations of newspapers with employers; it has no power or function to proceed against them. Far more important than this clamor was an item almost unnoticed last week by the press—the decision of the NLRB in the Allis-Chalmers case. The majority held that while the workers in a plant could vote as a body, using the entire plant as a voting unit, separate craft groups could split off—in this case the firemen and oilers—and vote separately. Since the very fact that they split off indicates that these crafts will go A. F. of L., the board's decision may mean that when a plant as a whole votes C. I. O., separate small groups may be in a strategic position to paralyze the industrial union. The dissenting opinion of Edwin S. Smith, the first to be written in the board's history, points out this danger and marks its author as a realist.

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"HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME NOT," WALL Street has been saying in alternate fits of hope and despair, as it has watched the moods and moves of Chairman Douglas of the SEC. Since the sharp stock break of Black Tuesday, negotiations have been under way between the commission and the Stock Exchange for some sort of peace. But no peace has been made. Chairman Douglas's statement last week was a clear indication that he means to introduce a greater measure of democracy into the Exchange, breaking the oligarchic rule of a small group of brokers, and taking the Exchange leaders at their word when they say they want self-regulation. The only self-regulation that will protect the investors is one in which they would be represented, and one that would provide for the segregation of brokers from traders and specialists. This is a soundly conservative approach—so conservative as to seem radical to the Stock Exchange controlling group. The informal announcement that John W. Hanes and Jerome Frank are slated as the two new members of the commission is in line with the Douglas policy. Hanes is one of the Stock Exchange crowd, but he is the leader of the opposition to President Gay. Jerome Frank is one of the best minds in the New Deal, and his appointment would be second only to the chairmanship of Douglas in its importance for the future of the SEC.

*

YUGOSLAVIA IS PEEVED AT MICKEY MOUSE. The Belgrade government has just clamped a ban on a newspaper strip in which Mickey is portrayed as the double of a young prince. So popular is the double that the prince's uncle, the regent, becomes jealous and launches a military conspiracy against him. It happens that Yugoslavia has a boy king named Peter, and that Peter has a cousin, Prince Paul, who acts as Chief Regent. Perhaps the Yugoslav censors didn't like the idea of a mouse doubling for their king, or perhaps they found the plot entirely too suggestive. Whatever the grounds, Mickey will have to do his royal doubling elsewhere. We have no way of knowing how apt the cartoon was, but we are impressed with the power of Ambassador Mouse. If he can draw down on his head an official ban, he has an influence and a boldness that are no longer common in our diplomatic corps. When we think of Norman Davis weaseling around in Brussels, of State Department representatives cowed into attending Nazi party congresses, of American consuls sneaking out of loyalist towns in Spain—when we think of all these things, we ask ourselves: Shall we be represented abroad by mice or men? And the answer is—by all means, mice!

*

DESPITE CHANCELLOR HITLER'S ARROGANCE in international affairs, the Nazi regime is showing signs of great strain. The struggle with the Catholics grows sharper, and there is good reason to believe that large sections of the population feel bitter about the anti-Christian propaganda of the Nazi Party. But in a totalitarian state popular feeling is important only in so far as it affects the state's capacity to wage war and survive. That is why principal attention should be focused on the German General Staff and on the Economics Ministry. It has been known for some time that the General Staff does not regard Germany as ready for a war. But of even greater importance is the news published last week in the New York *Times* that the German army chaplains have protested against the anti-religious campaign and the widespread immorality of the Nazis and pointed out that a disaffected and demoralized army is of no use in war. As Dorothy Thompson remarks, this petition could not have been presented unless it had the approval of the General Staff, and it indicates a possible rift between the Reichswehr and the party. Pointing in the same direction is a pamphlet we have received, written by a member of the General Staff and printed illegally, attacking the German policy of aiding Franco as a waste of military resources and prestige. As for the economic situation, Schacht's resignation is only one of many indications of widespread gloom in German official circles over the financial weakness of the regime.

*

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES, A RELIGIOUS SECT, won its first major victory for religious liberty in Philadelphia last week—and lost a minor one in New York State. Federal Judge Albert B. Maris held that the requirement of a local school board that children salute the flag as a prerequisite to attendance at classes was a violation of both the state and federal constitutions. In a Suffolk County Court in New York State a jury convicted two members of the same sect whose child had likewise refused to salute the flag, although the justice in this case stated in his charge that it is not disorderly conduct for a pupil to refuse, on religious grounds, to participate in the flag-salute ceremony. In general, the courts have upheld the school boards. Judge Maris took a longer and more sensible view.

> If any individual sincerely bases his acts or refusals to act on religious grounds, that must be accepted as such and may only be interfered with . . . if it appears that the public safety, health, or morals or personal rights will be prejudiced by them.

Judge Maris has proved himself worthy of his Quaker ancestors in a way seldom encountered among the self-styled inheritors of American traditions. We hope his decision—and its implications for individual liberty in general—will have a salutary effect on various and sundry martinets both on and off school boards.

*

THE *NEW MASSES*, IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE, devoted several pages to an appraisal of *The Nation*. It was not an unfriendly one, considering the attacks of bygone days. The author, Granville Hicks, credited us "on the whole" with a disposition to be fair, however open to criticism from the point of view of Communist analysis. But our literary department he charged with consistent unfairness on questions of communism and Soviet Russia. He even charged that "some four years ago the book-review section seceded from the rest of the magazine" and has remained in rebellion. Only a rebuttal of equal length could take up seriatim the examples of alleged bias cited by Mr. Hicks. This we shall not attempt. But we want briefly and finally to repudiate the suggestion that *The Nation* is divided. Likewise the charge that we have deliberately selected anti-Communist reviewers for books dealing with Communist policy or the U. S. S. R. is entirely unjustified. We have tried, however, to avoid obviously partisan reviewers, and this means that we have deliberately chosen non-Communists to review such books. What earthly end could be gained by inviting "a party spokesman," as Mr. Hicks proposes, to review books on communism or allied subjects? The very phrase reveals the weakness of the suggestion; "spokesmen" are not critics. What *The Nation* wants is criticism by persons capable of independent thought about the book and its subject. Have we achieved that purpose? Not always, certainly. A few of the examples selected by Mr. Hicks prove that unwise choices were made; most of them seem to us wholly defensible in the terms we have set down. The fact is, the area of free criticism is narrowing around our feet. Those who do not write as spokesmen for the Communist line too often reveal themselves as spokesmen for some other—opposition partisans fully as biased, and therefore fully as untrustworthy, as critics. But there are writers who still remain outside the intellectual trade barriers that surround the various totalitarian camps, and in dealing with controversial books we shall do our best to choose our reviewers from among them.

Ceiling and Floor

THE wage-hour bill, called officially the Fair Labor Standards Act, has finally been dynamited from the House Rules Committee. It is ironic that the final batch of signatures necessary to discharge the bill from committee should have been secured only by the threat to delay or defeat the farm bill, a threat that spoke eloquently to the Southern tories. The whole episode has been an acid test of the progressive impetus in Congress to defeat the sabotaging attempts of the reactionary blocs operating within the committee system—with party lines crossed on both sides. It is another indication that party responsibility no longer exists and that a new party alignment may be in preparation.

Thus far we have viewed the struggle over the wage-hour bill mainly as a question of Congressional procedure and party responsibility. Now that the bill is out of committee, however, it must be scrutinized sharply in terms of its actual merits and dangers—considerations that were not before the Rules Committee at all.

There can be no doubt that the President's message of last May, in which such legislation was first proposed to Congress, laid down a far more liberal base for action than either the Senate or the House has since been willing to adopt. The President suggested that Congress set certain "rudimentary standards" in the production of goods entering into interstate commerce. These standards—minimum wages, maximum hours, and the elimination of child labor—would have to be established by legislative action, and applied nationally. They would not be, in any real sense of the word, "fair" standards, but would merely take the edge off exploitation. "Fair" standards would have to be approximated by further administrative action, and by the upward adjustment of the rudimentary standards to meet particular sectional and industrial conditions.

This whole conception has been scrapped. At last summer's session the Senate, under pressure by its Southern members, rewrote the bill. And in the process of rewriting, the rudimentary standards—originally conceived of as forty cents an hour and forty hours a week—became the fair standards. Instead of being set by Congressional action, they were to be set by administrative action. Instead of the wage minimum (forty cents) being a floor on which the administrators were expected to build, it became a ceiling beyond which they were not to go. And instead of the hours minimum (forty) being a ceiling beyond which the administrators could not let the employer push labor, it became a floor below which the administrators were not to be allowed to push the employers. Finally, the walls of the original structure, determining how much of unorganized labor was to be included in the scope of the act, were drastically contracted by revisions in the Senate and House committees. Agricultural workers and domestic workers were excluded altogether, and the cotton-processing and canning industries were excluded from the hours provision as seasonal industries. These clauses, it is estimated, would reduce the number of workers affected from about eleven million to less than four million.

Obviously, while a principle has been established by the bill even in its present shape, it is the wrong principle and a dangerous one. Its danger lies in the fact that it makes Congress function to protect business interests by setting bounds to administrative action, and leaves the administrative agency to protect the workers' interests as best it can locally and by industries. The original principle was the safe one: that Congress, being responsive to popular demands as the people's representative body, should set minimum standards to protect the workers, leaving the administrative agency, responsive to considerations of practicality and locality, to make small or large adjustments on a realistic basis. If what is wanted is the establishment of a principle, the bill must be recast to embody the right principle.

There are three other adverse criticisms of the bill, but we feel they lack weight. One is that it may involve a repetition of the mistakes of the NRA. We do not regard this objection as valid. What was vicious about the NRA was that both labor standards and fair trade practices were included in the same administrative structure and in the same codes. The result was that workers bargained away their interests as consumers, allowing high monopoly prices to be set and the price structure to become rigid, in return for wage and hour concessions.

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The wage-hour bill at least does not have this fault. The second objection is that it paves the way for government wage-fixing, and will thus freeze the wage structure. This too lacks point. It is based upon the outmoded and generally discarded theory of the A. F. of L. that all government action with respect to labor is necessarily hostile and interferes with trade-union activity. The new labor movement recognizes that government has a useful function in providing the machinery for collective bargaining, guaranteeing civil liberties for labor, and setting minimum standards. Within that framework of government action, the C. I. O. has demonstrated that there is room and to spare for labor organizing activity. As for the third objection—that the bill will put marginal firms out of business and therefore deepen the depression—the adequate answer is that prosperity does not come from exploitation wages and hours but from the increase of purchasing power.

Whatever bill is finally adopted, its success will hinge upon the nature of the administrators chosen for it. The real choice is not between an administrative board of five and a Department of Labor administrator, but between good and bad administrators, wherever they are located. If the President can find personnel like that of the present Labor Relations Board, we can safely intrust the act to them. One thing can be said with certainty: that the Department of Justice does not have the right administrators. The present bill, bad as it is, is preferable to the A. F. of L. Berry-Phillips bill, which would set certain fair standards and leave their enforcement to Attorney General Cummings. That would be limbo with a vengeance.

Bounty for Aggressors

IF WE can judge by press reports, the drive for a conciliatory policy toward Germany which was launched by Lord Halifax only a few weeks ago met stiff resistance in last week's Anglo-French conference. While the official statement issued at the close of the conference spoke of the necessity for a further examination of the colonial question by "a number of other countries," it may be assumed that for the time being no substantial concessions will be granted to Germany, either in Europe or in the colonial areas. It is not to be supposed, however, that this setback for the pro-Nazi clique in the British Cabinet will put an end to all efforts to conciliate the Third Reich. On the contrary, the fact that France has refused to accept any arrangement which would increase Germany's influence in Europe may only strengthen the determination of those who feel that in the long run Britain's orientation should be toward the Reich. Lacking the strength to force a break with France at the present moment, this group may be expected to work more intensively than ever for a program that would leave France wholly isolated.

Nor would it be wise to underestimate the popular appeal of this policy. Despite strong anti-Nazi sentiment in the Labor and Liberal parties, hundreds of thousands of Britishers will support a conciliatory program toward Germany on the ground that it is the only way of securing peace. It may be argued, with a fair degree of plausibility, that if Germany's immediate demands were satisfied and an international plan worked out which would relieve the present economic distress in the Reich, Hitler would find no need for a war of aggression. Certainly this is true as far as the immediate future is concerned. Hitler is unlikely to take drastic action to seize what is his merely for the asking. And the postponement of war is, to some minds, all that can possibly be achieved in the present crisis.

The policy of buying off a potential aggressor makes a strong appeal to two widely divergent groups—those interested primarily in preserving the present economic system and the absolute pacifists. The former are not disturbed by the fact that a conciliatory policy strengthens the fascist states. Many pacifists, on the other hand, not only feel that war is the greatest of all evils but insist that it can be averted by a spirit of conciliation and good-will.

That both groups are unwittingly defeating their own ends is seen by only a minority. Experience has shown that concessions to the fascist states, far from diverting them from their objectives, only strengthen their conviction that the democracies are impotent. British business interests may wake up to find, as they have already found in Spain and China, that fascist diplomatic and military victories are only a prelude to economic domination. Similarly, pacifists may discover that in their desire to maintain peace they have nourished in fascism a Frankenstein which will destroy the very concepts of law and justice on which peace must rest.

If Britain were the only democratic country paralyzed by fundamental divisions on policy, the situation would be serious enough, but unfortunately France and the United States are torn by similar dissension. In France the pro-fascist right is definitely in the minority, but it is not without influence on foreign policy, as republican Spain can testify. In the United States, as the New York *Times* so clearly pointed out in its editorial America's Aloofness, it is the isolationists and pacifists who, paradoxically enough, are the chief supporters of the war-makers. At a time when the very existence of international law and justice is being challenged, the National Peace Conference, representing some forty national "peace" organizations, is engaged on a long-range program for "economic appeasement" which, in effect, gives support to the war-makers' demand for the right of territorial expansion. This group has allowed the ideal of freer trade relations, which is utterly unattainable in a world dominated by totalitarian ideology, to stand in the way of any economic action for the prevention of war. In the hope of "keeping America out of war," several of these organizations have urged the application of a Neutrality Act which is flagrantly unneutral in the present struggle and which would make the United States a partner in the rape of China. Despite Mr. Villard's disavowal elsewhere in this issue, we firmly believe that the influence of these groups was at least in part responsible for the shameful showing of the American delegation at Brussels, when the world had every right to expect the United States to advance a positive peace program.

We welcome the *Times's* demand that the United States reassert its leadership in world affairs not because of any jingoist desire to see America great, but because experience has shown that there is no hope for peace unless this country accepts the responsibility which its wealth, trade, and economic prowess impose upon it. During the past six years the peace of the world has been endangered by four flagrant acts of aggression. Each could have been stopped by prompt collective, non-violent measures by the democratic powers. And on three of these occasions—the Manchurian crisis, the invasion of Ethiopia, and the present undeclared war in China—action on the part of the League powers was aborted by the failure of the United States, the world's chief commercial power, to extend cooperation. The collapse of the Brussels conference, following the succession of previous setbacks, makes any action in the present crisis extremely difficult. But we agree with the *Times* that it is not too late "to restore a will for peace in the world." Japan is far from achieving its goal in China, and it is still possible, by peaceful, non-violent means, to prevent it from profiting from its illegal invasion. Germany has not yet burst loose from its boundaries in Europe, and there is still time to create a system of law which would make it impossible for Hitler or any other would-be aggressor to destroy the peace of the world. But unless the democratic countries achieve unity of policy, both at home and in cooperation with one another, they are bound not only to drift into war but to be defeated in the effort to prevent worldwide fascist domination.

Political Surgery

SIX months ago Lillian Symes reported in this magazine that the findings of the $100,000 medical-economic survey financed jointly by the California Medical Association and the Works Progress Administration had been withheld by the association although efforts were being made to force its publication. The efforts resulted in something worse than failure. The valuable work of Professor Paul A. Dodd and his research associates, more than half of which was paid for out of tax funds, has been suppressed in large part; it has also been mangled almost beyond recognition.

Optimistic lay and medical liberals hoped that the publication of the Dodd report would inaugurate a brighter day for the organization of medical care on the Coast. But the medico-political weather in California has been most unusual this year. After repeated delays an amazing document has just been published under the joint sponsorship of the California Medical Association and the State Board of Health, and the occasion is scarcely one for rejoicing.

As submitted, Professor Dodd's report would have made about 400 pages, including text, tables, graphs, and appendices. As published, the original text is largely eliminated, and the residue of statistical tables and graphs is interpreted, not by Professor Dodd, but through "informal comments" provided by the California Medical Association's special Committee on Publication, consisting of Drs. William R. Molony, H. H. Wilson, Rodney A. Yoell, Robert A. Peers, and Alson R. Kilgore. This committee's comments are about as "informal" as the actions of a squad of Pearl Bergoff's "nobles."

The committee "does not wish to present controversial comment concerning the final report." It merely prepares Professor Dodd's expensively gathered statistics for burial by covering them with a pall of casuistry and flat-footed opposition to practically any form of medico-economic progress, especially health insurance. For example, after noting that between 1929 and 1933 the total national income decreased 42.9 per cent and the total net income of physicians and surgeons decreased 36 per cent, it remarks complacently that "this seems to indicate close adjustment to the paying ability of patients."

The committee prints a few excerpts from Professor Dodd's original introduction, interpolating triple question marks—and thereby inferentially impugning either Professor Dodd's competence or his integrity—wherever that hapless economist ventures to intimate that his statistical findings should be taken seriously. For example, at one point Professor Dodd remarks that the data obtained by questioning average families "may be a sufficient basis for inferring that the whole deficiency [of medical care] is very great—great enough to be a matter of grave public concern." The committee's parenthetical comment is "? ? ?."

At this point the suspicious reader is likely to consult Professor Dodd's sober tables, compiled in 1934-35. What are the facts that the medical hierarchy is so anxious to bury? We find that in the lowest income group, consisting of persons receiving less than $500 a year, only 42 per cent of those needing medical care, as shown by prior diagnosis by a physician, were actually receiving medical care. This percentage rises almost uniformly with the increase in incomes. To those that have money, shall be given medical care. The doctor's dilemma is also visible in Professor Dodd's statistics. In 1933 the average net income of California doctors was $3,572, while more than 37 per cent of these doctors earned less than $2,000 a year. Medical incomes as a whole moved up by perhaps 30 per cent during the recovery; now we are in another slump.

A copy of this butchered document has been sent to each of the 5,500 members of the California Medical Association, while 1,000 additional copies have been printed for other distribution. The full report will be made available only if Professor Dodd is able to procure a subsidy to pay the costs of publication. We hope he succeeds, not only for his own sake, but in the interest of the medical profession and the public and of honest standards of scientific research.

Rebellion in Rebel Spain

BY LEIGH WHITE

Barcelona, November 15

IT HAS been the Spanish government's thesis all along that Franco's regime will collapse at the rear no matter what takes place at the front. The incessant riots and rebellions, the increasing numbers of prisoners and deserters, and above all the stream of talkative renegades trickling into France have provided archives of evidence to support this belief. Franco's problem has been not only to keep the Spaniards from declaring war on the German and Italian soldiery, to say nothing of the Moors, but also to keep the Falangists, the Requetes, the military, and the plain civilians from flying at one another's throats.

The rebel movement has been marked by failures from the start. The first was the junta of incompetent generals which Mola set up at Burgos and naively expected to govern the entire rebel zone. Francisco Franco in Salamanca and Gonzalo Queipo de Llano in Seville, of course, ignored it. Franco, isolated from the insurrection's leadership, was already dickering with Germany and Italy to become their Spanish puppet and wanted to have no truck with a rival as renowned as Mola. And Queipo, who had made himself viceroy of Andalusia, wanted only to be allowed to rule his "island" in his own inimitable manner. Both of them set up their private general staffs, their ministries of justice and finance, and began to pass edicts and decrees to suit themselves.

Burgos was ridiculous. Not even the Requetes, Mola's own shock brigade, respected it. Instead, they set up at Toledo that amazing outfit, the Royal Traditionalist Military Academy, and proceeded to harass the civil population with endless investigations, searches, red-hunts, and seizures of private property, supposedly the crime of crimes. And the Falange Española, most potent body of them all, began to pass still other edicts and decrees and to enforce them with its local storm troops.

Thus the insurrection gave every sign of following the traditional Spanish pattern; and it is sad that it did not, for then the Loyalists would have been able to crush it within six weeks. But Germany and Italy, which had thus far kept in the background, were not interested in supporting an *insurrecto* movement. What they wanted was a fascist colony they could depend on for raw materials, and they were prepared to go to any lengths to create it. Having carefully observed Francisco Franco and mistakenly concluded that he was both malleable enough and able enough to carry out their aims, they declared him generalissimo, chief of state, and *caudillo supremo* (supreme leader) in October, 1936.

Immediately thereafter German and Italian munitions, aircraft, tanks, and infantry appeared on Spanish soil. The foreign invasion was on. Posters attacking Jews and Freemasons began to appear, along with gigantic portraits of Hitler and Mussolini. Demonstrations were organized, and the rebel militias were taught to shout imported slogans and to cheer imported speeches. About the only Spanish contributions in evidence were benefit bullfights, special masses, and posters berating women who exposed their arms or legs or who refrained from wearing veils. As if this cultural onslaught were not enough, the foreigners then began to pack the nationalist militias with their special agents and to unseat the veteran leaders. The inevitable result was popular resentment, first expressing itself in the disaffection of the Falange Española.

In spite of the death of Primo de Rivera, junior, its founder and guiding spirit—his execution by the Loyalists is still hushed up in the Franco camp—the Falange was still a potent body when Germany and Italy stepped into the picture. It was more nationalist and monarchist than fascist, however, and instead of attempting to win it over by judicious compromises, Franco installed as its chief an ambitious underling named Manuel Hedilla, and charged him with keeping the Falange from getting out of hand. His decision could not have been worse. Hedilla was known and hated as an *obrero enseñoritado* —that is, an upstart, a worker who had come up in the world by selling out—and immediately on taking office he surrounded himself with a coterie of yes-men and proceeded to do exactly nothing. His stupidity permitted Sancho Dávila and other veterans who were incensed at being ousted from control and disgusted with Franco's tactics to organize the very opposition movement that he was supposed to prevent. But Franco remained blind to where the rebels' power lay—in indigenous fascism, not something imported from Berlin—and persisted in supporting Hedilla despite the clamor of the rank and file. By June, Dávila and his followers had gained sufficient strength to mutiny. They besieged the Hedillistas in their headquarters at Salamanca and held off Franco's Moors with machine-guns, bombs, and even tanks. How many were killed has been kept a secret, but it is known that the Davilistas were only put down after the Moors had indulged in one of their characteristic massacres.

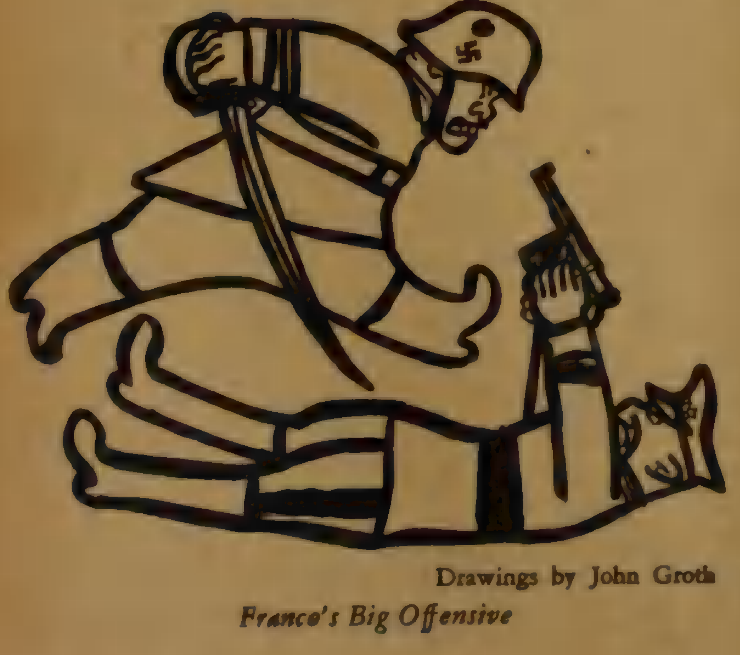
This rebellion within a rebellion, known as the *colisión* of Salamanca, was the gravest of the many crises that Franco had met thus far. It served as a pretext for the now famous Decree of Unification. This document, drawn up by the German embassy, had been held in abeyance until just such an incident should occur. It ruled that since the excessive independence of certain militias had allowed disruptive elements to endanger the nationalist cause, all militias were thenceforth to be consolidated into one great national body with Franco at their head. The new body was to be called Falange

Española Tradicionalista, but if the name was intended as a sop to the embittered real Falange, it was about six months too late. Organizationally, it was an artificial resurrection of the old Blue Shirts, or Jonsistas (Juventudes Obreras Nacionalistas Sindicalistas).

The Decree of Unification was supposed to be the strong-man touch, the strategic manipulation of crises so as to center, one by one, the sources of power in the leader, until leader and state should be one. Actually, it served only to antagonize the Falangists to such an extent as to render permanently improbable the acceptance of a leader, not to mention a fascist state, in rebel Spain. Franco soon showed he was no leader; everybody knew it, including Manuel Hedilla, who thereupon engineered a revolt and instantly landed in jail, together with all his followers.

The Carlist Requetes, the only rival of the original Falange, with an influence that extends from Navarre to León and Galicia, succumbed to the liquidation movement because of the very fanaticism that was once their source of strength. Composed as they are of primitive Catholics, their basic creed is blind obedience to their priests and to the military chiefs who bear the blessing of the church. This was the reason why Mola, thrice-blessed by the priests, was so successful in winning the north and gaining a reputation as a military genius. Bedecked with crosses, medals, and scapularies, the Requetes march to the Aragon and northern fronts as if on a holy crusade, much as did their spiritual forbears, the Knights Hospitalers.

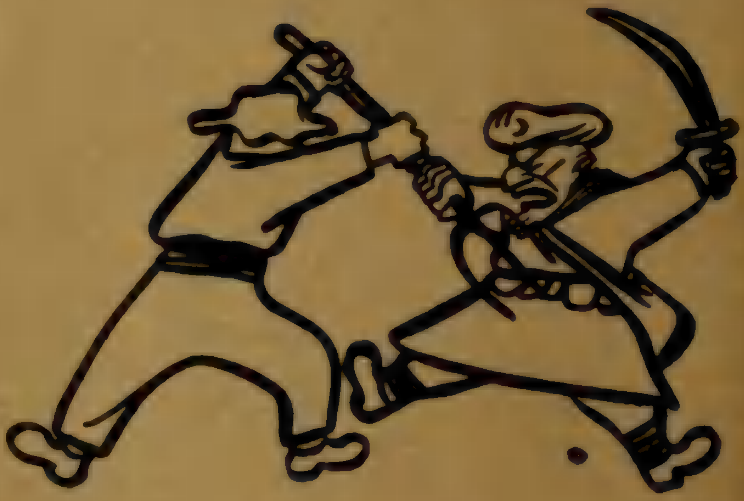
The remainder of the philo-fascist youth were an impotent if vociferous lot. First among them was the JAP (pronounced "hop"), the Juventudes de la Acción Popular, which never sufficiently recovered from the flight of their leader, young Gil Robles—now trying to recoup his honor as a spy—to offer any serious obstacles to liquidation. Next under the Franco ax was the Count of Rodezno's Renovación Española, the exclusive military club of the young aristocrats and *señoritos*. The Falangists called them *tomates sin madurar* (unripe tomatoes) because they wore green instead of red berets. Inasmuch as their main interest was parading in swank uniforms, packing automatics, and taking their *novias* riding in official cars, the liquidation probably extended rather than impeded their activities. The other youth movements, such as the local Guards of Truth and Guards of Order, thugs and lackeys mostly, useful in red-hunts and massacres but otherwise without importance, were swallowed up in a single gulp.



Drawings by John Groth

Franco's Big Offensive

Thus, at the cost of wrecking the Falange, the only body strong enough to have led a national movement, the Germans and Italians, through Franco's obliging offices, now have the youth as well as the army under their thumbs. They trust in their gangster methods to keep them there—and that is their third mistake. The first was their selection of Franco as commander, an obvious *efeminado* and no leader despite his military competence. The second was their inundation of the rebel zone with a lot of foreign claptrap that had little to do with the Spanish soil and still less with the Spanish soul. It is the third tactical error, however, the humiliating domination of every section of the rebel movement by foreign armies, that has brought the Franco regime to its present tottering state.



The monarchist mainstays of the rebel movement have yet to display concern at the compost to which their worm-eaten culture is being reduced. For one thing, there is always Mrs. Franco, Doña Carmen, to salve their sensibilities. What Franco lacks in virility and leadership his wife makes up for in those niceties of pageantry which so delight the reactionary soul. Doña Carmen is an extremely wealthy heiress who enjoys delusions of religious grandeur and is firmly convinced that she is God's appointed to lead Spain back to feudalism. She spends her time frequenting the more elaborate churches and has seen to it that she is received with the royal march whenever she appears in public. Not only the clergy and the aristocracy worship Doña Carmen. So do the present members of the Burgos junta. And it is well that they do, for she is the firmest link between the old Spanish reactionary classes and the rebel movement. Franco's affinity for Unter den Linden is so strong that he might long ago have replaced the junta's personnel with Germans, as he has done with his military staff, were it not for his wife's reminders that there are still rich Spaniards in the rebel zone.

The present bureaucracy at Burgos consists of wealthy or otherwise influential backers of the insurrection who have been rewarded for past or future loyalty with premature appointments to the central government—due to take power on the thirty-ninth fall of Madrid. It is a purely tentative body, therefore, and though its members have been drawing salaries from the start, they spend most of their working hours in the poor cafes of Burgos, licking their chops at the thought of the anise and coffee still to be had in Barcelona's *ramblas,* or in the *circulos* of the Calle Alcalá in Madrid. The mayor-to-be of Madrid, in fact, together with his special advisers, attorney generals, and public-utility functionaries, has already set out for Madrid a dozen times, with hot bread and wine in his paunch, only to learn at Avila that Madrid had not fallen and to have to return to Burgos with, as the Spaniards say, his "bread still hot."

About the nearest thing to a personality that the current junta can boast is the Minister of Commerce and Industry to be, Joaquín Bau, a Catalan, ex-deputy from Tortosa and former cacique of Tarragona. He is a millionaire olive-oil exporter, a member of the erstwhile Cambó, Ventosa and Company, whose president, Francisco Cambó, was chairman of the rightist party of Catalonia. The other functionaries are rather less picturesque. The Minister of the Treasury is to be a retired lawyer named Amado, who sits about drinking coffee and rum and carping at the paucity of his present salary. José Martinez de Velasco, formerly a follower of Gil Robles in the Cortes, is to be Minister of Labor. To head the Ministry of Justice there is a fat and genial Andalusian named Pepe Cortés, who used to be a magistrate in Madrid. His main qualification for the post he hopes to fill is that he befriended Franco when he was exiled in the Canaries.

So humbled have the original rebel leaders become that one might almost be tempted to sympathize with that genial, drunken monster Gonzalo Queipo de Llano, who still broadcasts loudly from Seville the latest details of his gory rule. If any of the *insurrecto* generals could have been a strong man it was Queipo. And perhaps, if the times had not been out of joint, he might have imitated the career of Gomez of Venezuela or one of the more recent South American dictators. But there are Germany and Italy to be considered, and Queipo hasn't the slightest comprehension of what fascism means.

Queipo himself will have to be liquidated before Andalusia can be incorporated with the rest of rebel Spain. Franco and the foreign fascists know this; but they also know that to attempt another purge like that of the Falange now, with the Spaniards in their present hysterical state, would probably mean the collapse of their shaky regime. Not even the southern army could be counted on, for it is teeming with intrigue in three languages. Its officers and foreign troops are so hated that a first-class civilian outbreak would be sure to involve the Spanish soldiers.

The most hated feature of the foreign invasion is the presence of the Italian infantry. In Valladolid the Italians have completely taken over the functions of the government. The sign over the gatekeeper's kiosk at the railway station has been taken down and a new one, reading *Corpo di Guardia,* put up. Italian troops patrol the streets, inspecting the *salvoconductos* of the pedestrians and raiding private homes. On entering a street car or a movie they usually refuse to pay, shouting "Italian army—savior of Spain!" In Seville last month, when a street-car motorman failed to stop, a group of Italians commandeered an automobile, overtook the car, and would have beaten the offending motorman to death had not the Spanish passengers prevented them. In Bilbao a group of Italians entered a cafe and on finding all its tables taken ordered the Spaniards present to leave. When some of them protested, one of the Italians took out his revolver and began firing into their midst. He shot two women and a waiter before the enraged Spaniards beat him to death with syphon bottles.

What the Italian army is to the man in the street the Germans are to the upper classes. The best hotel in Burgos, the Maria Isabel, has been taken over as barracks for German aviators. All the Spanish guests have been evicted and are permitted to return only for their meals. They must eat quickly and then depart. At the dances which the aviators hold at the hotel almost every night, Spanish women are perforce admitted, but Spanish men are banned.

If such humiliations were limited only to the civil population, the Spanish army officers might still accept matters. But they are becoming increasingly chagrined to find that their army no longer really counts. The foreigners are the darlings of the state. All Germans, with the possible exception of mechanics, hold the rank of captain or better, and both Germans and Italians are graded at least one rank higher than Spaniards filling identical posts. Italian privates earn ten pesetas a day, but Spanish recruits get only twenty-five centimos for spending money. The caste system is best epitomized in the regulation of prostitution. Of the four houses in Burgos, the two best have been reserved for Germans, the third for Italians, the poorest for Moors and Spaniards.

That such conditions are rapidly becoming intolerable is indicated by the following notice in the *Voz de España* of Santander: "By order of the military authorities the following chiefs and officials have been removed from their commands for disaffection to the nationalist movement. . . ." The names of eleven officers follow—a colonel, two lieutenant colonels, and a commander of the Civil Guard, a lieutenant colonel of artillery, two captains and three lieutenants of infantry, and a lieutenant of carabineers. When the military are disaffected, can defeat be far behind?

How to Swing an Election

BY HELEN WOODWARD

THIS is the story of how the great advertising agency, Lord and Thomas, caused the people of the state of California to repeal a chain-store tax. It is an object lesson to all political-minded people, and ought to be read carefully, with pencil and paper for notes, by naive radicals.

Right now there is a pest of little bills running through the legislatures of the country taxing the chain stores. Whether the chain store is a good thing or a bad thing, and whether the small retailer has a chance to fight it or not, these bills are mostly foolish and badly drawn. They are just a venture on the part of the small retailer. He is frightened. He doesn't realize that the sweep of the chain stores upon him is part of a historical movement, and if he did realize it he wouldn't care. He is fighting for his life. You can hardly expect him to say: "The world is through with me and I'd better just fold up and get out."

In the fight with the chain stores he is by no means alone. On his side he has some of the big distributors and manufacturers, and he usually has the state legislatures because he is a voter. The chains, often owned outside the state, are not voters. Hence the epidemic in various states of special taxes and license fees on retailers, so arranged that they will press more heavily on the chain stores.

The state of California passed a bill providing for such a tax. The bill was known as "22." The tax was insignificant for a single store under one ownership, but it rose as high as $500 a store for chain-store systems. Behind this bill were 80,000 independent dealers, highly organized. A thousand anti-chain people marched on Sacramento to encourage the Governor to sign it. He dared not veto the bill, but he remarked that it could be repealed by referendum if the people of the state wished.

It was at this moment that the Lord and Thomas Advertising Agency stepped in. This is one of the biggest advertising agencies in the United States, and is presided over by Mr. Albert Lasker, who played a large and patriotic part during the World War as chairman of the Shipping Board. The campaign conducted by Lord and Thomas to repeal the California chain-store tax was an astute piece of work.

First, Lord and Thomas raced around and got the signatures of 135,000 California voters calling for a referendum. Then they put this carefully aside while they did a little good ground work. For seven months if you had been in California you wouldn't have known that anything was happening. As Lord and Thomas explained to their clients, "It is not enough to be right; it is also necessary to seem right." During those seven months Lord and Thomas were carefully arranging matters so that their clients should "seem right."

All the information I give you here I got from a report sent out by Lord and Thomas to prospective advertisers. This report was a sort of boast. In it Lord and Thomas pointed out that the chain stores had as their natural allies three groups of people:

1. *Their employees.* There are 40,000 of these in California. But many of them were opposed to the chain stores because their pay was small, their hours long, and their treatment bad.

2. *The producers and processors* (processors are middlemen) of goods handled by the chain stores. Many of these were opposed to the chains because they too felt that they hadn't been fairly treated. They claimed that they had suffered from many an abuse which had forced down their profits and sometimes driven them into bankruptcy.

3. *Their customers.* These appreciated the low prices, but many of them knew and sympathized with the troubles of the employees and the producers.

Lord and Thomas went systematically to work on all three groups. Gravely they tell what they did about the employee group. First they said to the chain stores:

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"You've got to stop using numbers for your employees. You've got to call them by name." The clerks were numbers until the owners wanted their votes. After that, clerks "doffed their anonymity and put on neat badges giving names and titles." They were then entered on card catalogues with all kinds of personal data. Here and there a salary was raised, and here and there hours were cut. There was a sudden outburst of parties, picnics, glee clubs, orchestras, athletic games, and dances, "with the blessing and cooperation of the management." When a worker had a baby or a wedding anniversary, he got a pleasant letter from the boss. For an accident or illness or death in the family there was a letter of regret and sometimes even a little "practical help." Lord and Thomas say that the workers responded by a new interest in their employers' problems, including the tax. Among the festive preparations was a movie called "The Spirit of '36." You can imagine what that was like.

Endowed with a name instead of a number, the happy recipient of a form letter of sympathy, and member of a glee club, the employee soon came around to the boss's side. He then was trained to tell his friends and relatives the whole story so that they would line up for the referendum, or, as the report says, "the employee had facts and technique for presenting the problem to outsiders."

At the same time Lord and Thomas were working with the second of the natural groups of friends who were so unnatural as not to be friendly. In 1934 the grocery chains bought $229,000,000 worth of goods in California, the agency discovered. Each chain made a list of the sellers of these goods. Many were farmers, and some of these had also sold their products to the same chains outside the state. To these farmers Lord and Thomas sent men to make speeches, but that was a pretty obvious attempt to influence them. Not so obvious were the special chain-store drives, like that on canned peaches. As you probably know, California grows nearly all the peaches canned in the country. These drives were intended to show the farmer that the chains were stabilizing his market. The chain stores also had special sales of dried fruits and other farm products.

For the first time Lord and Thomas brought together the heads of the chains and the heads of marketing organizations and other groups to which most of the farmers belong. As a result of these conferences the chain stores gave up a number of injurious practices, such as unreasonable quantity discounts, loss leaders on agricultural products, and unearned advertising allowances. For instance, when a chain bought a certain amount of a product, it demanded a special discount which was to be used in advertising. Sometimes it was so used and sometimes it was not. The practice was seriously abused. The same thing occurred with unreasonable quantity discounts. (The Tydings-Miller bill stopped some of this abuse but not all of it.) These matters and one or two others were arranged in the conferences. On the whole the farmers were pleased with what they gained in these get-togethers.

The chain stores are often charged with indifference in local community-welfare work; so Lord and Thomas proceeded to teach the local managers "the importance of civic affairs and community movements," and "more frequently than ever," says the report, chain-store managers went to meetings of chambers of commerce, clubs, and other groups. Managers were allowed to give donations of money and merchandise on their own authority. And, perhaps even more significant, in dealing with landlords, bankers, real-estate and insurance agents, the chains became more polite.

A large staff of speakers was busy day and night with the farm groups, business men's clubs, and women's clubs. Any gathering could have a speaker for nothing. Sometimes by seven o'clock in the morning a speaker had already addressed three meetings. One of them began with a colored janitors' meeting at 4 a. m.

This ran on for seven months. Then suddenly newspaper advertising and a radio program burst upon the state. Each Monday evening on the radio came the California Hour. Politics was not mentioned; there was music and in each program a salute to some locality in California; also each program included a professional or amateur performer from that locality. In sixty minutes there were only three or four commercial announcements, and those brief. Prizes were given for essays on the chain-store situation. All of this was deftly done; the benefits of the chains were pointed out but not much was said about the tax.

Meanwhile, of course, the pro-tax people were keeping busy. But they were bewildered and at a loss. According to Lord and Thomas, the head of the pro-tax association said: "I wish the chains would come out in the open and fight. I'm afraid of this velvet touch."

The primaries were held in August. Between the primaries and the elections two months elapsed, and during those two months the chains "took off their gloves." The newspapers were deluged with material. Important people in chains had personal talks with newspaper publishers. The speakers' bureau began to talk about the tax itself.

Some of the advertising was slick. There's a chain in California which sells "See's Home-Made Candies." These are supposedly made or owned or devised or something by Grandma See. Is there a Grandma See? People whom I asked in California laughed at the question. But these anti-tax advertisements showed a picture of a lovely Grandma See, kind-faced, white-haired, and eighty-two years old, looking friendly and saying, "Do you want to put me out of business?" Through all this advertising ran a magnificent slogan: "22 is a tax on you. Vote no." For the chains were not relying purely on pity and sympathy for Grandma See, old and sweet though she might be, but were building on the surer basis of saving money for the customer. The organization as a whole didn't appear in most of these ads. They were signed by the separate chains.

Then Lord and Thomas got an accidental break. The supporters of the bill, the little stores, collected some money, and it turned out that the man at the head of the money-raising outfit took 40 per cent of all he collected. Lord and Thomas took good care to expose him.

During the last few weeks everything was speeded up. Extra radio talks came over the air. Double cards appeared in street cars and buses; outdoor posters, theater slides, lapel buttons, windshield stickers, bumper strips were dealt out. Other organizations turned out to help. Indignant protests against the bill came from the Commonwealth Club of California, the state Chamber of Commerce, the United States Chamber of Commerce, the California Consumers' Conference, and so on.

Mass-meetings two hours long were held in auditoriums. These were really shows. Most of the time was taken up with entertainment by professional talent. Handsome prizes, such as radios and waffle-irons, were given away at the door. The show was entirely free. Tickets were given out by the clerks of the local chain store. Fifty of these meetings were held in the Los Angeles area alone before election, and an average of more than 1,500 persons attended each one.

Lord and Thomas seem especially proud of the last meeting of the campaign. This was on November 2, the night before election, in the Central Avenue section (colored) of Los Angeles. It was called "East Side Mardi Gras," and had an all-colored program; master of ceremonies, speakers, projection operators, audience—all were colored. Some 1,800 persons came. In the same district, on the same night, two rival candidates for the office of district attorney of Los Angeles County spoke. Each attracted about 150 people, although this was a bitter fight.

Then came Election Day, but Lord and Thomas didn't sit back and wait. The chain-store employees made lists of their relatives and friends, and set to work on them. Many of the relatives and friends acted as volunteers. There was an intensive registration drive. Big-scale maps full of pins showed where the employees lived. They were organized on a military basis: one worker to each district (precinct, it is called in the report); one lieutenant for each twenty precincts; a captain for each ten lieutenants; a major for each five captains. On Election Day the employees were told to see every voter opposed to the tax and make sure he voted, take him to the polls if necessary. In Los Angeles County over 5,000 employees gave part of their day to this, and 60 per cent of all chain-store employees did some actual work on it.

Polls had been taken in the course of the campaign. In August only 39 per cent were opposed to the bill; in September, 54 per cent. On Election Day the bill was voted down by 64 per cent of the voters.

After it was over, Lord and Thomas interviewed the voters and got some interesting notes on why they voted as they did. The most effective argument with those who voted for the repeal of the bill had been that it raised the cost of living. On the other side the best argument had been that the chains were monopolies. More women than men had been moved by the argument about the rise in the cost of living, and more rural voters than urban voters. More men than women objected to monopoly in business, and more urban than rural voters.

That is how Lord and Thomas went to the people of California; only the people of California didn't know anything about Lord and Thomas, and don't now.

No Time for Economy

BY KEITH HUTCHISON

THE violence of the business recession during the past six months has been such that a comparison with 1929 is inevitable. What at first appeared to be purely a Wall Street setback is now reflected in every economic indicator, and fear is spreading throughout the nation that recovery, which, after all, never attained really impressive proportions, is about to be replaced by a depression comparable to the last. It is a moment of near panic in which cool consideration is the first essential. Yet in their desire for quick action the controllers of our economic destinies are threatening to repeat the performance of the Gadarene swine.

In any analysis of the situation a useful start may be made by comparing conditions with those obtaining in the summer of 1929. Then money rates were rising to fantastic heights—a sure sign of an overripe boom. Today money is cheap and the machinery is available for making it cheaper. In the months preceding the 1929 break there were indications of overproduction in many directions; stocks of commodities were accumulating in the face of unprecedented consumption; inventories were excessively swollen owing to the popular belief that Hoover and Mellon had discovered the secret of unbroken prosperity. Earlier this year, prior to the Wall Street collapse, stocks of many industrial raw materials were in short supply, and the fact that they are once more expanding is due to the sudden withdrawal of demand. That is to say, it is symptomatic rather than causal.

Another way in which the present situation differs from that of 1929 is its more local character. In the earlier year the decline was obvious in Europe several months before it set in here. Today there is very little sign of recession in other major industrial countries, and the recent decline in aggregate world trade has been traced mainly to American influences. Most important of all, we have at present clear evidence of a shortage of real capital, as contrasted with an excessive expansion of productive capacity in many industries in 1929. Then we were consuming too little and investing too much. Now consumption is certainly not excessive, but it is capable of supporting a much larger volume of investment.

The doctors of Wall Street and Washington are in general agreement that the root of our present malady is in the capital-goods industries and that a revival of investment is essential if the recession is to be checked. Since midsummer the new-issue market has been completely comatose, and the unanimity with which entrepreneurs have declined to engage in any fresh activity has not unnaturally led to the belief that we are faced with a "sitdown strike" on the part of capital. Certainly recent words and actions of representatives of business have lent color to this theory. A heavy and effectively aimed barrage of propaganda has sent Congress scuttling around in wild confusion, and everything has been done to build up the belief that only by drastic revision of the New Deal can confidence be restored and capital induced to function.

In spite of the abundant malice which business bears toward Washington—is it the hatred commonly engendered by the good friend who seeks to curb our vices?—I doubt if there has been any organized conspiracy. Rather there is at the moment an attempt to capitalize fear and snatch such advantages as can be gained from a situation which was not consciously created or desired by business. A similar drive was witnessed in Britain in 1931 when financial interests, seizing the opportunity afforded by the world crisis, attacked the pound sterling and broke the Labor government. If there is not a plot, what is it that has hit us? That question can best be answered by tracing briefly the economic history of the past twelve months.

A year ago the Administration's pump-priming theory seemed to be justifying itself perfectly. Private industry was taking up the load, and after many false starts recovery really appeared to be well on the way. There was a steady rise in all the economic indicators; employment was increasing; business generally was making profits. Although the New Deal policies, now denounced as completely destructive of business confidence, were then in operation, although the undistributed-profits tax was already in force, although the Securities and Exchange Commission was in active supervision of the market, although, in short, the economic picture, in so far as government regulation of business is concerned, was much the same as it is today, yet in the fall of 1936 business was freely planning renewals and expansion and finding no difficulty in persuading investors to put up the money.

Apparently the time was ripe for Washington to relinquish the pump handle to the reinvigorated grip of private enterprise. Indeed, before the new year was many weeks old, there were signs that recovery was getting out of hand. Wall Street was back at its old game of discounting profits for the next ten years on the basis of estimates for the next quarter. Commodity markets went hog-wild, following a sudden sharp upturn in world demand due in large part to rearmament. Stocks of industrial raw materials, particularly metals, were eaten into more rapidly than production could be expanded. So far as most of these commodities were concerned, this was a very temporary movement, since production could be, and was, speedily jacked up. However, Wall Street made it an excuse for further pyrotechnics, and Washington became alarmed. The President issued a stern warning against overspeculation; a new shot of deflation was injected by an increase in member-bank reserve requirements of 50 per cent (in addition to the similar increase in August, 1936); steps were taken to cut federal spending on recovery and relief with a view to bringing in sight that dim day when the budget was to be balanced.

In the fiscal year 1937 expenditure on recovery and relief, according to the Treasury returns, was some $445 million less than in 1936—a decline of roughly 12½ per cent. In the past four months this tendency has been accelerated, with expenditure for the four months July to October, inclusive, $430 million below the corresponding period of 1936—a fall of 38 per cent. But this is not the whole of the Administration's deflationary activity. There is also the matter of the pay-roll taxes which are being employed to build up the social-security reserve, already amounting to over $400 million. This money, taken directly out of the consumers' pockets, instead of being invested in real assets, is placed week by week in government securities. True, this permits the release of equivalent funds to private bondholders, mainly banks, but since the banks are tending to reduce their holdings of government securities without increasing private loans to the same extent, the net result is a definite reduction in national purchasing power.

Meanwhile, what of private enterprise? Has it released from its reservoirs a life-giving flow of capital to compensate for the reduced stream from the federal dam? On the contrary, no sooner were the government sluices closed than private enterprise followed suit. At the beginning of the year, when federal expenditure was still at a fairly high level, new corporate bond issues were averaging over $100 million a week. There was a sharp downward turn in mid-March, and since then the tendency has been an irregularly declining one up to the present point, where new financing is practically at a standstill. According to *Barron's*, bond and stock offerings for the first ten months of this year totaled $3,602 million, compared with $5,147 million in 1936. We have had, then, accompanying a sharp reduction in public investment, an even more severe decline in private investment.

We may well ask: What went wrong in the spring of this year? Why should capitalist confidence, that tender plant on which our destinies depend, bloom in December and wither in June? Our industrial and financial giants had begged and demanded that the budget be balanced. Why, then, should they wilt when the fulfilment of their prayers seemed on the way? The answer, I think, is that the real force behind last year's recovery was a belief that inflation, if not just around the next corner, was not more than a few blocks away. Hence it was better to hold goods than money, better to exchange liquid resources for real assets. This argument received apparent support from the sudden upsurge in commodities, which, as has already been suggested, was due to temporary maladjustment rather than to any long-term shortage of supplies. When the President, outraged at the relapse of Wall Street into drunken habits, snatched away the bottle, inflationary dreams vanished. It is not safe to deprive those dependent on alcohol too suddenly of all stimulant, and in this instance it was all the more dangerous in that the contents of the bottle were not nearly so potent as everyone thought. There was, in fact, very little danger of real inflation and hence good rather than harm in a belief that it was on the way, lacking a better method of promoting long-term investment.

The first response to the Administration's campaign for greater sobriety was a severe correction of Wall Street values. That in itself did little harm to anyone save over-extended speculators. What was damaging to the economy of the country as a whole was the reaction of the managers of industry. Their immediate problem was not serious, for order books were in good condition; but the prospects for the future, on which plans for renewal and extension of plant depended, suddenly looked bleak. Costs had risen, which would not have acted as a deterrent if the outlook had suggested a rise in the price level. But the deflationary determination of the Administration made this improbable. Consequently business executives began to think of retrenchment rather than expansion, canceled capital commitments where possible, and refused to consider new ones. Perhaps if entrepreneurs' decisions were really based, as they are in the economic textbooks, on cool calculations, more weight might have been given to the abundance of cheap money and the rising trend of purchasing power. But as J. M. Keynes has pointed out: "Enterprise only pretends to itself to be mainly actuated by the statements in its own prospectus, however candid and sincere. . . . Thus if animal spirits are dimmed and the spontaneous optimism falters, leaving us to depend on nothing but a mathematical expectation, enterprise will fade and die; though fears of loss may have a basis no more reasonable than hopes of profit had before."

Last July there was a brief revival on Wall Street, based apparently on the way business had been maintained during the summer. But well-informed operators were not impressed. They knew that insiders were using the upturn to lighten their holdings; that new investments were not being planned, and that as a result the heavy industries would be checked as soon as orders in hand were filled. Before the end of August the news began to seep through to the general public and the market broke in earnest. Now the managers of industry, whose drooping spirits had started the slide, saw in the behavior of Wall Street a justification of their worst fears. Rapidly the boundless optimism of the early spring was forgotten; gloom became melancholia; and melancholia passed into hysteria—a highly infectious disease.

Rationalizing its terrors, business has no difficulty either in tracing the cause of the decline or in naming the cure. No reference is made to the government's deflationary measures. Indeed, how could there be, since these are things for which business has clamored? The loss of confidence is blamed on high taxation and on government regulation of and interference with industry. A more or less complete surrender of the New Deal is asked before business will consent to resume its functions and save the country from depression. It is as if the most violent inmates of a lunatic asylum demanded the right to prescribe a course of treatment as the price of good behavior.

Nevertheless, there is the gravest danger that the blackmailing tactics of business will be successful. If they are, President and Congress may as well abdicate their powers to a Soviet of Economic Royalists under the chairmanship of Morgan, for it will have been demonstrated that whatever the people of this country may vote for, no progressive law may be passed if it disturbs business confidence; that the future pace of the army of democracy must be that of its most reactionary capitalist.

Are other methods of halting the recession open to the Administration? I believe they are. Unlike the British Labor government, its hands are not tied in the monetary field, and it can easily reverse the engines of credit deflation. There is no serious danger of a flight from the dollar, for, let the owning classes wail as they will, they know there is no safe bolt-hole outside the United States. Already something is being done to pump additional credit into the system by a release of a part of the sterilized gold reserve and by the Federal Reserve Board's resumption of open-market purchases of government securities. The steady pursuit of this policy, to the point where interest rates were definitely lowered, would encourage industry to borrow new capital and purchasers of tax-free bonds to seek higher-yielding investments.

Cheap credit alone will not turn the wheels of industry, particularly if the demand for consumption goods is falling. One way of helping to maintain purchasing power would be to halt the decline of government work relief. Congress should appropriate additional funds. Investment in public works should be enlarged and speeded up.

One concession to private enterprise might be considered. The principle of the undistributed-profits tax ought certainly to be retained, but it might be wise to suspend its application to certain industries, for example, the railroads and the utilities, where there is clearly both a need for new plant and a special difficulty in raising new funds on the open market. Naturally exemption should be conditional on the retained profits being invested in real new assets. Amended in this manner, the tax might well become a valuable weapon of social control, assisting the direction of investment into the most desirable channels.

It may be objected that this program would remove to the distant future the balancing of the budget. Perhaps; but so would the concessions demanded by business, and so, still more, would the continuance of this recession until it becomes a depression. It may also be said that the program enhances the danger of inflation. That is too long and involved a matter to be argued here; but I would suggest that at present inflation is utilized far too much as a bogy. Personally I would prefer to see it used as a carrot to stimulate the progress of the reluctant capitalist donkey.

The Left Prepares for War

BY LUDWIG LORE

"MR. STALIN understands and fully approves the national-defense policy of France in keeping her armed forces at a level required for security." With this simple, matter-of-fact statement the joint communiqué which announced the conclusion of the Franco-Russian Non-Aggression Pact in May, 1935, prepared the parties of the Communist International for the reversal of its official position on armaments and war. There had been signs and portents of the coming change for some time. In May, 1934, Litvinov had startled the world by declaring in the Disarmament Conference that the League must be enabled to give aid to any nation threatened with aggressive attack by another, "whether such aid be moral, economic, financial, or otherwise." The implication that the peaceful nations must arm against all would-be aggressors was obvious and Moscow did not deny it. "If we may believe Litvinov," the New York *Times* commented at the time, "the Russians are now prepared to give up their revolutionary propaganda in other countries and to associate themselves with the leading nations . . . to work out together the joint problems of civilization."

The Communist parties themselves were the last to recognize or accept the new state of affairs. They were accustomed to discounting such statements from Moscow as gestures made for political expediency, though they roundly condemned anyone who dared suggest that this was the case. As a consequence of this mental "double bookkeeping" they were totally unprepared for the open shift when it came. The *Daily Worker* in New York was taken so unawares that it accused the capitalist press in general and also the writer of this article of having falsified Stalin's statement, and even went so far as to print a class-angled, expurgated version of the Moscow communiqué. When the truth could no longer be denied, there was an avalanche of explanations and rationalizations, with much quoting of Lenin and berating of Laval and the French capitalists, in the Communist press here and abroad.

The late Vaillant-Couturier, editor of *l'Humanité*, for instance, expressed himself thus in his paper:

> Does this mean that we are about to revise our position on national defense? No! Will we halt our struggle against the munition makers? No! Will we cease voting against war credits? No! Will we discontinue our defense of the soldiers against the fascist cadres in the army and against their counter-revolutionary pressure? No!
>
> The bourgeois state and the army of the bourgeoisie remain the instruments of oppression over the people which we wish to smash in order to set up the dictatorship of the proletariat and to win the country for Soviet power.

Maurice Thorez, general secretary of the Communist Party of France, took a more realistic attitude. At a mass-meeting celebrating the conclusion of the Franco-Russian pact he explained the party's new policy as follows:

> If Hitler goes to war with the U. S. S. R., what action will the Communist Party take? Will it act in accordance with its slogan and "turn war into civil war"? Emphatically, no! For in this case we should not be fighting an imperialist war but an attack on the U. S. S. R.

This new conception of class relations which regards the capitalist state as the ward of the labor movement was quickly accepted by Communists everywhere. In Holland the central organ of the party, the *Tribuna*, published this appeal on July 11, 1936:

> For the unity of the Dutch people! For the inviolability of Holland's borders! For the independence of the Netherlands! . . . Guard the militant defenses of the Netherlands as the price we must pay for peace and security.

Rude Pravo, the organ of the Czechoslovakian Communist Party, on November 27, 1936, burst into this hymn of praise for the Czech army:

> Today no honest worker in the republic can be against the army and armaments. Our soldiers deserve the best we can give them. We must all be prepared to take weapon in hand against threatening fascism. We want these weapons to be the best money can buy. We want enough of them. We must all sacrifice for the army.

For a while the executive committee of the Czech C. P. opposed such outbursts as deviations from the true line of communism. Then official opinion underwent a sudden change, and a number of prominent party members who refused to conform to the new "strategy" were expelled.

In this connection it may be of interest to recall the resolution on militarism and armaments adopted by the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International in August, 1935:

> The Communist parties of all capitalist countries must fight against military expenditures, for the recall of military forces from colonies and mandated territories, against militarization as conducted by their imperialist governments, especially against the militarization of women, youth, and unemployed.

This resolution was never withdrawn, but there is not a Communist Party in Europe that follows its dictates. Wherever the party does not vote openly for armament budgets, it gives a negative consent by refusing to vote.

The Socialist parties fell into line with only a pretense of reluctance. Most of them had representatives in their respective governments and were already bound by their participation to vote for military credits. This was the case in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Germany (before Hitler). Indeed, most of these parties had supported their governments so completely and without reservations during the World War that it would have been difficult for them to do otherwise later. There were serious differences of opinion only in the Socialist Party of Switzerland, where the Socialists had always been militantly anti-militaristic, and in England, where the Labor Party had been under the influence of pacifist leaders of the Ponsonby-Lansbury school. In the Scandinavian countries, where the workers' and peasants' organizations had always been strongly pacifist, the labor governments were forced to carry on an active campaign for increased armaments, in which they pictured the dangers of a German fascist invasion in its most distressing aspects.

In England the Trades Union Congress decided last August to support the government's military program, and four weeks later the Labor Party followed suit. Its group in the House of Commons had dodged the issue by deciding to abstain from voting on the armaments bill, for it felt that voting against increased armaments was no longer consonant with the interests of the workers it represented. The rise of fascism in Europe and the war-readiness of the German and Italian governments seemed to make a change in the party's position on national defense imperative. On the other hand, the cold-blooded foreign policy of the Conservatives who calmly betrayed the high ideals of the League of Nations in Abyssinia, Spain, and China rather than endanger their imperialist and class interests made the wisdom of draining the nation's resources to defend these aims a debatable matter. Both congresses came to the conclusion, however, that the fascist danger was the more immediate. They decided that Britain's imperial interests would force the Tories to back the fight for democracy against fascist aggression even against their own wishes, and adopted resolutions supporting the government's armament program with overwhelming majorities.

Offhand it seems axiomatic that labor should take an anti-militarist, anti-war position, for in the last analysis it is labor that pays the bill in life and human progress. The Socialist parties of Europe deserted this position during the World War, it is true, but repented when the great crisis was past. In post-war Germany "Nie wieder Krieg!" was the chief slogan of the Social Democracy during the entire Weimar period. In England all sections of the labor movement were pledged to a militant pacifism. A poll conducted by the British League of Nations Union in 1935 showed that a peace policy was wholeheartedly supported by British Laborites and by an overwhelming majority of the British people. In France the Socialist Party voted against military appropriations and denied the obligation of the working class to provide for national defense. Léon Blum wrote in 1930, in his book "No Peace Without Disarmament,"

> International peace could be assured if we would all banish distrust and lay down our arms. The united efforts of the working class will bring peace to the world.

That sounds hollow and ineffectual now, but it was the accepted position of world labor before and after the World War.

If the last five years have taught us anything it is that such intransigent absolutes are too brittle to withstand the pressure of reality. Radicals and progressives have been choosing between impossible alternatives ever since the fight for progress and democracy began. In the French Revolution Robespierre strenuously opposed war with Austria until the counter-revolutionary armies of the European monarchies invaded French territory. Then the Jacobins joined their political opponents at home in a common front against the foreign foe. They did not, however, establish a "civil peace," but fought the French bourgeoisie on every important national issue. Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels admitted more than once that the experiences of the French Revolution influenced their own evaluation of the question of war and national defense. In the early years of their political activity, during the revolutionary period of 1848, they called on the German masses to defend their fatherland in the event of a Russian invasion, not by subordinating their interests to their feudal and bourgeois oppressors, but by mobilizing the masses against all oppression. The bourgeoisie might proclaim a war with Russia; the lovers of liberty would be fighting not Russia but czarism, wherever its manifestations might make themselves felt—czarism, that is, at home as well as abroad.

There is no parallel to World War conditions in the present situation. Italy's announcement that it has joined the German-Japanese anti-Communist alliance and Germany's cooperation with Italy in Spain and the Mediterranean must convince even the most skeptical that the coming of fascism has imposed on every country and every person in the world the duty to take a stand for or against authoritarian rule. In this connection we may differ in our evaluation of Soviet Russia's new democracy, but in any event the Soviet Union has been and will be for many years to come a powerful force for world peace. The center of gravity of its economic system still lies in the masses, while fascism represents the last stage of economic concentration in the hands of a capitalist imperialist state.

There has always been a basic difference between the anti-war attitude of the pure and simple pacifist and labor's opposition to war. The pacifist condemns war because he condemns all violence in human relationships. Socialists and Communists also abhor war but recognize that under certain conditions war may be the only defense against intolerable oppression. The rise of fascism makes this a question which, sooner or later, every thinking human being will have to decide. I faced the issue for the first time in the fall of 1933, six months after Hitler's coming to power. Traveling through Central and Western Europe, I found that working-class leaders were preoccupied almost to the exclusion of every other issue with the question of what was then called a "preventive war." Germany was making an open bid for Austrian Anschluss. The Saar, Memel, and Danzig were all burning issues. As yet Germany was unprepared. Should the democracies wait until it would be ready to meet them on equal terms? The governments of Europe were ready to strike; if the British approved, their armies would march. As was to be expected, London refused. The plan of a preventive war died in birth, and Germany was able to continue its rearmament undisturbed.

I was deeply shocked at the time, less by the idea of another war, which in the nature of things would have been a brief one, than by the obvious disappointment of European radicals when the war failed to materialize. Liberals, Socialists, and Communists alike had looked forward to a punitive expedition against the Third Reich as the only way out of an intolerable situation. They had counted the cost and thought it not too great to save the world from immeasurable degradation.

Last summer I went to Europe again. The first horror over the coming of Hitler had subsided. Refugees had adjusted themselves to their status. Conditions in the Reich had achieved a certain stabilization. It was natural to expect resigned submission to the inevitable. Instead I found the masses everywhere prepared for the worst. The millions who for decades had fought a stubborn, unceasing battle against militarism now supported the arms program of their respective governments. The equivocal position of their anti-militarist stand had been brought home to them when they clamored for sanctions against Italy and again when they urged their governments to come to the aid of the Spanish republic. In Denmark I was told by Mr. Alsing Andersen, Socialist Minister of Defense:

> We have been pacifists too long. Our comrades have learned their lesson so well that the liberal democrats must hold them back. The government has increased the war strength of our army from 10,000 to 67,000, and our own friends want even more.

Dr. Koht, Foreign Minister of Norway, who visited the United States a few weeks ago, told much the same story:

> If the Norwegian Labor Party had one function in the past, it was to fight against armaments. Now we are all agreed that there will have to be a showdown before things can get better. We are prepared. There is no other way.

Dr. Pauli, editor of Stockholm's largest daily, the *Socialdemokraten,* spoke of the coming war with the same resigned acceptance of the inevitable:

> Europe will have to fight its way out of this mess. Swedish workers were pacifists. Today they are up in arms, for even the children know that Hitler has his eyes on Sweden's rich natural resources.

I found this spirit wherever I went—in France, in Belgium, in Holland. Socialists and Communists no longer talked of revolution. They discussed military problems and weighed the pros and cons of diplomatic alliances. "Why discuss war as if it were inevitable?" I asked. "Why not try to find ways and means of preventing it?" "That," they replied, "is futile. We have our eyes open. Perhaps we see things clearly for the first time."

> Nobody doubts [Marcel Pivert, of the left wing of the French Social Democracy, explained] that Germany is looking for an opportunity to attack. It cannot afford to wait too long. Keeping an army at war-time efficiency is bankrupting business. Besides, armaments become outmoded very rapidly. Unless you keep them up to the standards of your opponents you are licked from the start. What are the class-conscious workers to do? There was a time when we thought that the general strike was the answer. All wars were imperialist wars! We would so organize and educate the international working class that the workers of the warring nations would turn capitalist wars for profit into civil wars for the social revolution. It seemed as simple as that. . . . Fascism has set new problems. If Germany were to invade France today, the French worker would be defending not only his country but that freedom which is the basis of all human progress and human happiness. . . . We know our French reactionaries and we know the British Tories. They have not changed. They are as selfish and as reactionary as they were in 1918. But we have learned. In 1914 we were French patriots. In the coming conflict we will be workers first, fighting against a common enemy and acutely aware that our own reactionary rulers will betray us if it seems to their advantage.

"Do you believe that another European war will end in a social revolution?" I asked S. Grumbach, Socialist vice-chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the French Chamber of Deputies. He answered:

> I no longer speak or think in terms of social revolution in connection with these questions. One does not work out plans for a castle in Spain when the roof is burning over one's head. What we need now is a powerful, united labor movement, so firmly rooted in the soil of our democracy that no fascist whirlwind, from within or without, can sweep it off the face of the earth. How can we build for the world revolution when our labor movement rests on shifting sands and we know that any day may bring the storm that will tear the ground from under their weak foundations? Frankly, I cannot see how the workers anywhere can hope to wage a successful fight against the capitalist system as long as fascism holds Germany in its power.

These men speak for the European working class. They are not nationalists. They speak and think in terms of the international labor movement, though they realize that the fight against fascism will, in the nature of things, emphasize national rather than international problems and will be fought on national rather than international lines. The international working-class movement recognizes that fascism will force war on a peace-loving world and that a victory of the bloc of fascist nations would be a deathblow to democracy and to labor.

By adopting the neutrality legislation the United States tried to stay out of European and Asiatic quarrels. It succeeded in the case of Spain, though that was not particularly to its credit. Now that the Japanese are invading China to get control of Chinese commerce and finances, American financial and industrial interests are demanding intervention. Labor's stake is not of that sort. It sees its progress toward better living and working conditions endangered by fascist victories and knows that it must fight for its most vital rights.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IN AN unusual editorial called America's Aloofness, divided into three parts, the New York *Times* on November 30 railed against the "isolationists and pacifists in Congress and their vociferous supporters in the country" who are "chiefly responsible" for the loss of leadership in world affairs by the United States and the impotence of the Nine-Power Conference in Brussels. These wicked pacifists and isolationists believe, it seems, "that we can stay out of any world conflict," and they oppose any strong peace measures by this government "even though to abstain from such might mean the loss of freedom to those who regard it as highly as they themselves, and an impairment of liberty to men and women in this very hemisphere." In recent years, the *Times* declares, these miscreant Americans have seized upon every occasion when our government was "seeking to express its scruples of conscience against treaty-breaking and aggression, to proclaim that in no circumstances would this people do anything effective to restore moral standards among nations." The *Times* asserts that as far back as when Japan seized Manchoukuo these pacifists and isolationists gave notice that it was the fixed future policy of the United States to keep out of war "however clear the threat to our own institutions."

The editorial then attacks the Neutrality Act, which, it seems, serves notice to the world that the United States is only out to save its own skin and will stand by and see the world remade on fascist lines without interference and "without understanding that this would mean anything dangerous to us at all." But in the third section the *Times* is frightened by its own boldness and says that "this is not a preachment for war measures. The people of the United States are set against military expeditions, and rightly so." And then it goes on to list some effective peace measures short of war, like a trade treaty between England and America, public and private cooperation between the two countries, and understandings on trade, money, and credit which "will serve as certain weapons against treaty-breakers." If our government will only publicize the fact that we will stand sympathetically with the great democracies in measures short of war, "without resort to the substance of sanctions or war," all will be well. "Treaty-breakers and dictators will then take prudent council among themselves."

To me this is one of the most inconsistent and ill-informed editorials I have ever read, but the *Times* announced the next day that it had met with great acclaim in Washington. Now as one who is pretty close to the peace movement in this country I want to ask the *Times* what all the shooting is about. The bulk of the peace movement as I know it is entirely for measures short of war *which will not lead to war,* and it will heartily welcome the accession of Mr. Finley and Mr. Sulzberger of the *Times* to its ranks. The only split in the peace movement is over the question of what measures short of war may be utilized without actually precipitating hostilities. If the *Times* could throw some light on that it would give us a worth-while editorial. Most of the peace movement, I know, is ready for measures of non-intercourse with outlaw countries, such as the *Times* suggests; the dissenters are only those who feel that this might lead to war. It is true that the peace movement is absolutely opposed to any hard-and-fast alliance with Great Britain, but I know no pacifist who is not willing to have this country tell the world again and again and again that morally and spiritually it stands with the democracies abroad, and that it will aid them in their fight against fascism if they are sincere about it—which the recent course of the British government renders highly doubtful—provided always that we, as the *Times* demands, are not drawn into war.

The *Times* flatters the pacifists and isolationists enormously when it tells them that they and not President Roosevelt and the Congress are formulating the foreign policy of America. But here I want to impart a piece of news to the *Times* which is quite fit for that newspaper to print. It is that the American people are overwhelmingly opposed to any measures leading to war; in my long experience as a journalist I have never seen public opinion so united on any other question as on this. The politicians in Washington know it, and if they strengthen the neutrality law at the coming session of Congress it will be for that reason and not because of any influence of the pacifists and isolationists. The *Times* might even ask the Postmaster General, who certainly has "both ears to the ground," why he recently made a speech at Portland, Oregon, giving the most positive assurances that this Administration would take no step whatever to put us into war. Honestly, John Finley, didn't that have a much greater effect on the fascist nations than any of the pronunciamientos of our peace societies that you so deplore?

A sad thing about all this, as the *Times* will soon find out, is that its editorial will not satisfy its English and French friends. They will be content with nothing less than a promise that if necessary we will go to war for them, as we were persuaded to do in 1917. London and Paris will wail when they read that, so far as war and overseas expeditions are concerned, the *Times* has gone over to the pacifists.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

THE PORTRAIT OF A PARADOX

BY MARVIN LOWENTHAL

EVERY few years Heinrich Heine persuades someone to write or publish a book about him in English—not dull or purely scholarly studies but breathing and living portraits. Yet there is no great European author probably less read in English-speaking circles. It is easy to see what has attracted such recent biographers as Lewis Browne, Elsa Weihl, Ludwig Marcuse, and Antonina Vallentin; for Heine the man is as fascinating and perplexing, as gay and pathetic a character as ever walked—and danced—and stumbled—across the stage of literary history. Just why the public has not sufficiently fallen under the spell of this fascination to turn from reading about the man to enjoying the author is harder to understand; for, as Fritz Mauthner once said, Heine's writings do not yet belong to literary history—they are still *alive*. It is as though Heine too were still alive and not content until he had stung an admirer into introducing him successfully into the English world.

The latest and, I can't help feeling, the most promising candidate is Louis Untermeyer.[*] In one volume he gives us Heine's life and in another original translations of some five hundred of the poems. The biographical details and the poetry are selected to complement one another, to depict what is undoubtedly Mr. Untermeyer's major interest in the subject, and consequently to present a unified portrait. As in all portraits we therefore see but one pose.

"Paradox" is the term Mr. Untermeyer uses for the posture in which he has caught and painted Heine the man. Indeed, it offers contradictions of character and circumstance to fill many volumes. The boy Heine was born in 1797, of Jewish parents, in a German city while it was under French rule. He was educated in a Jewish *cheder* and then in a Catholic school run by "liberal" Jesuits. His mother hoped to train the romantic day-dreaming lad into a diplomat, a general, a banker, into anything but a poet. Before his teens were over, he had seen the fall of Napoleon, and with it the vanishment of equal rights and humanitarian ideals, and Germany returned to grim reaction, and her Jews to an accompanying blast of anti-Semitism. Unrequited love—for a rich cousin—came to him too early, and the wound of it stayed too late. His father's bankruptcy forced him to work at a variety of uncongenial jobs, from storekeeping to studying law, and threw him into permanent dependence upon a cantankerous millionaire uncle who was bedeviled and bewildered to the end of his days by having a genius in the family. All together, Heine's formative years were enough to train and fix his innate talent for appreciating as well as exemplifying the paradoxes of life.

Adroit details drawn from every available source—works, letters, table-talk, contemporary accounts—enable us to follow the manhood of this Quixote-Sancho, Jew-Hellene, aristo-democrat, forever at war with the world and himself. He fought for a German republic, yet believed that the Germans could never become republicans. An impassioned lover of his country, he ragged his countrymen without mercy and spent almost half his days in exile. Struggling for peace between Germany and France and therefore for peace in Europe—"it was the great object of my life"—he nevertheless foresaw and foretold the great wars of nationalism that are still raging and even the world revolution that is to follow. At an early age he quit his spiritual home in Judaism, as a prodigal son "tended Hegelian swine," wandered through the "far countries" of Catholicism, Protestantism, Spinozism, paganism, Saint-Simonism, atheism, and communism, and in the end returned to Jehovah the Father without even the reward of a fatted calf. It was blessing enough, he said, "to know there is someone in heaven to whom I can complain." The greatest of the Romantic poets, he slew romanticism with his arrows of wit and reality, well knowing both that he was killing the thing he loved and that he loved the killing. The most exquisite love-lyricist of his age, he was as unlucky a lover as ever sighed—reduced to pick-ups for a night or a week, and then to lasting and therefore all the more incredible marriage with a shrewish nobody. A man whom on his own word and deed Europe thought to be the incarnation of health and hedonism, the "freest German since Goethe" and the "great pagan number two," he was plagued most of his life by syphilis, which tortured him with its endless masquerades and laid him seven years upon a painful deathbed.

Mr. Untermeyer presses the last ounce of drama, both tragic and comic, from this lifelong paradox. With the skill and divination which his own poetic nature provides he relates each episode in Heine's life to its expression in Heine's poetry. The result may be partly fiction, for no one can wholly penetrate beneath another man's skin. Cool consideration makes one doubt that the poet's disappointment in his puppy love could poison, though it may have colored, his entire career. In retailing the tantrums, squabbles, and weathercock shifts of the daily existence, no provision is made for the long, arduous, and disciplined hours, for the integrity of mind and purpose, that produced ten volumes of enduring prose and verse. Heine's faults, genuine enough, are not given the perspective of being placed against the general weaknesses of mankind, and especially of its poets. Twice, for the moment, he probably sold himself, in his relations with Ludwig of Bavaria and with the French government. But what of Goethe who sold his whole adult life for the title of privy councilor to a minuscule duchy?

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[*] "Heinrich Heine: Paradox and Poet." By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two Volumes, $6.00 (Volume One: The Life, $3.75; Volume Two, The Poems, $2.75).

But it is convincing fiction. We live and laugh and weep with Heine, once from his birth to his death in 1856, and again—feeling we have caught all their secrets—in his deathless poems.

The poetry has been given every value a translation can evoke. Mr. Untermeyer is fair enough to tell us that when he deals with sheer songs and lyrics, with poetry as poetry, his translation "is little more than the libretto and that Heine's music can be heard only in the original." So, too, it is only fair to tell Mr. Untermeyer that, for the remainder, when he deals with "narration, wit, and satire," he is superb. And in Heine that remainder accounts for almost the bulk of the verse. The "fan" will wonder at the omission of "Im Hafen" from the North Sea cycle, and of some of the finest stanzas of "Jehuda ben Halevy." But Mr. Untermeyer has created, for many years at least, the definitive English garb of the German poet.

The great gap, obviously deliberate, in treating both the man and his work, is the omission of any proportioned treatment of the prose writer, the journalist, the intuitional thinker and seer. So far as this is intentional—and no one volume can compass the versatility of Heine—it calls for Mr. Untermeyer to return to his desk and do a second book. But as the present job stands, it is strange to see five pages devoted to "Shakespeare's Girls and Women," admittedly a piece of hack work, and only one paragraph to "The Romantic School" and "On Religion and Philosophy in Germany," which are dismissed with the remark that they are "two of his greatest prose works." It is inadequate merely to mention Heine's journalism, his almost daily article over many years, now gathered in "Lutetia" and "The Salon," and not at least remark that for wit, fancy, and political and aesthetic insight he was the father of all modern feuilletonists and columnists—a father who still towers above his offspring. And it is misleading not to dwell on Heine's revolutionary influence over his huge public.

In fact Heine's prose, as something either to be read for joy or studied for a criticism of life, embraces a field so much larger than his verse that its enjoyment or study will give a totally different pose and therefore portrait of the man. What Mr. Untermeyer sees as paradoxes produced by torment become contradictions born of an extreme and wide sensitivity to the clashes and complexities of life itself. In this respect—without the need for bringing in unhappy love affairs, disease, Judaism, or other personal misfortunes—Heine takes his place with an Emerson, a Shakespeare, or a Montaigne. His inconsistencies and his warring views become the measure of the accuracy with which the mirror of his mind reflected the actual world.

"My life work," he says and, like every world spirit, he professed any number of life works, "was the defense of the individual." The individual in and against the universe—this was Heine, not the neurotic, not the self-mocking romanticist, but one of the last men of the Renaissance. It is right that, as now in Germany, he should be damned by the return of an anti-individualist totalitarian age.

STALIN, TROTSKY, AND WILLI SCHLAMM

BY EDMUND WILSON

THE report of the Trotsky Commission* is a remarkably interesting document, which makes one realize the inadequacy, if not frivolity, of the newspaper accounts of the Mexican hearings.

In regard to the question of Trotsky's guilt on the charges brought against him at the Moscow trials, these hearings made public a great deal of material which helps to establish his innocence. As is already well known, the Oslo airdrome reported that no foreign planes had arrived at the time of Pyatakov's supposed visit to Trotsky; and the Hotel Bristol in Copenhagen, where Trotsky's son was alleged to have met Holtzman, no longer existed at that time. The Stalinists later discovered a Bristol Cafe; but Holtzman had testified that he had *stopped* at a Hotel Bristol, and subsequent investigation on the part of the Defense Committee showed that what actually existed was a Konditori Bristol, which had a Grand Hotel with its cafe several doors away.

It is asserted that in a photograph of these buildings published in *Soviet Russia Today* the door of the cafe was blackened out in order to make it appear that the pastry-shop directly adjoined the cafe, and that the words "Konditori" and "Grand" had apparently been suppressed on the signs. Trotsky gives a detailed chronology of his movements and activities during the time when he was supposed to have been conspiring to overthrow the Soviet Union, and a record of his relations or lack of relations with the persons with whom he was supposed to have conspired.

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* "The Case of Leon Trotsky: Report of Hearings on the Charges Made Against Him in the Moscow Trials by the Preliminary Commission of Inquiry." Harper and Brothers. $3.

"The Stalin School of Falsification." By Leon Trotsky. Pioneer Publishers. $2.50.

"Stalinism and Bolshevism. Concerning the Historical and Theoretical Roots of the Fourth International." By Leon Trotsky. Pioneer Publishers. 10 cents.

"Letter of an Old Bolshevik: The Key to the Moscow Trials." Rand School Press. 25 cents.

"Diktatur der Lüge: Eine Abrechnung." By Willi Schlamm. Verlag der Aufbruch: Zürich.

It is always open to the Stalinists to maintain that the conspirators have covered up their traces, that all the persons who have furnished statements and all the members of the commission are Trotskyists and all the documents which emanate from them forgeries. But what seems to me of overwhelming impressiveness is the review of Trotsky's whole career which is presented in the course of the proceedings. The real argument for Trotsky's innocence is indicated by him in answer to a question as to whether it is not conceivable that his desire "to achieve" his "motives" might not have led him to involve himself with Hitler:

> I write articles and letters [replies Trotsky] absolutely hostile to Hitler, to fascism, and to the Japanese militarists. But in secret I enter into relations with Hess. My work, however, according to that opinion, signifies that ninety-nine or, more, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of my time is devoted to camouflage. My whole life is a camouflage, but my real work and action take only one or two hours. . . . I am alleged to have found Hess and discussed with him the manner of the dismemberment of the Soviet Union. After the discussion, I write a new article, in effect contrary to my supposed real work.

No doubt it is true at the present time that the only people outside Russia who swallow the Moscow trials are naive persons who cannot believe that Soviet officials would do such things as would be implied by the frame-up of the old Bolsheviks, persons so ignorant of Russian politics and history that they are disqualified from holding an opinion, and fanatical or job-holding partisans who, if they do not belong to either of the other categories, take the position that all methods are permissible for the maintenance of the Stalinist power. But if there is anyone who is still puzzled by the trials, he should compare the official accounts with these hearings. He should also look into "The Stalin School of Falsification," an old book now first translated into English and important for students of the revolution, which includes documents on the last days of Lenin, suppressed by the Stalinist authorities, and the suppressed minutes of a Bolshevik committee meeting of 1917, and shows the continual plastic surgery on past events which has been going on since Lenin's death.

What is perhaps most shocking in this whole affair is the abysmal degree of credulity assumed by the official caste on the part of the worker population. The widening gap in the Soviet Union between the insiders at the top, who have access to information never allowed to reach the masses, and the public which reads the boiler-plate propaganda unloaded on them by *Pravda* and *Izvestia*, is a fact which gives the key to many happenings likely to seem incomprehensible to an American.

Aside, however, from the light that it throws on the charges of conspiracy, the report of the Trotsky Commission is one of the greatest political interviews ever printed. The commissioners managed to cover in the course of their questions an enormous amount of ground—Trotsky's personal career, the politics of the revolution, the history of the Comintern, the present condition and prospects of the world, and the general philosophy behind Trotsky's opinions. Many of the questions that one would like to ask Trotsky if one were able to subject him to an unlimited interview were asked him in the course of these hearings; and I am not sure that from the point of view of the ordinary non-Marxist reader Trotsky's world-view is not here presented more impressively and more effectively than in his pamphlets and other writings, where the technical language of Marxism sometimes gets between us and the events.

The Soviet Union in its present disturbed phase has become, as Trotsky says, more completely cut off from the outside world than perhaps any great Western nation has ever been. The document called "Letter of an Old Bolshevik," which reaches New York by way of Paris, where it was published by the *Socialist Messenger,* the organ of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, purports to give the political developments inside the Communist Party which have resulted in the propaganda trials. If the document is authentic—and it sounds as if it were—it is of great interest to everyone interested in Russia.

At the end of 1932, says the author of the "Letter of an Old Bolshevik," the situation in Russia was critical. The effects of the famine were so terrible that the workers, with almost nothing to eat, seemed no longer to be capable of producing. Inside the Central Committee and the Politburo there was a strong and predominant feeling that Stalin ought to go out with his program, which had hopelessly antagonized the rural population, and a counter-program was even prepared demanding the abolition of the collectives and granting the peasants economic self-determination. Stalin got hold of a copy of the program and set the G. P. U. on the author and those who had circulated it. There was at this time a growth of terrorist sentiment among the young people of the Komsomol, who had been taught to regard the political assassins as heroes in the struggle against the Czar and who had decided that they were now confronted with an officialdom of the same obdurate kind. Stalin, on his side, with Oriental suspicion connecting these tendencies with the movement inside the party, insisted that the opposition program was practically a provocation to take his life; but Kirov, the president of the Leningrad Soviet, dissuaded the Politburo from condemning the author to death.

Then the harvest the next year turned out abundant, and Stalin, acutely conscious that his political future hung in the balance, saw to it that the peasants brought in the crop. The party—the Russians are always overawed by displays of executive energy—decided that he had justified himself, and there was no longer any question of removing him; but a struggle now began among cliques as to who was to have his ear and control him. In the meantime, at the end of 1933, a genuine Nazi conspiracy was uncovered. The Russians were forced to abandon their expectation of a revolutionary Germany next door and to look for support to the democratic countries; the Soviets entered the League of Nations and created the Popular Front in France. A movement in the

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direction of democracy was thus in order in the Soviet Union, and this movement was led by Kirov, a loyal follower of the Stalinist line but a relatively independent individual. He advocated conciliation with former political oppositionists, tried to make Leningrad an intellectual center. He was made a secretary of the Central Committee, with complete control of the party "ideology," a post which would have brought him to Moscow. His popularity began to rival Stalin's.

Then suddenly Kirov was shot. The motives of his assassin remained a mystery; the man, who was neurotic and exalted, seemed to have acted entirely on his own. But he had been babbling indiscreetly about the necessity of someone's "sacrificing himself"; and yet nobody had restrained him from his crime. He had been able to go straight to Kirov, with no hindrance from the Smolny guards. It was certain that the group around Stalin, the group which Kaganovich headed, had no reason to welcome Kirov to Moscow. They cared nothing about ideologies; they only wanted to hang on to their jobs; and they were afraid of the new movement toward liberalism, which would certainly have cost them their places. Kaganovich, says the author of the "Letter," though able, is a man of no principle; indeed, with the hypocrisy imposed by the lack of democracy inside the party, principle has pretty much gone by the board. And Yezhov, another leader of this group, is the perfect type of the self-seeking informer who fattens on suspicious despots.

The whole development went into reverse. Yezhov, playing on the worst instincts of Stalin, proceeded to clean up on the old Bolsheviks, who had persisted, though with entire futility, in grumbling about the repressions of the government and whom he had his own reasons for disliking. The officials of the Commissariat of Home Affairs who had been responsible for Nikolaiev's reaching Kirov were let off with easy sentences, but a persecution was started by Yezhov against the former political oppositionists, who were accused of having inspired the crime. The dissidents now fell in with the sycophants in a great carnival of flattery for Stalin in the hope that his fury would subside. But the "best disciple of Lenin" now gave rein to all his vindictive instincts; the moral code of the Georgian mountains evidently resembles that which prevails among the feudists of Kentucky. Stalin now even refused to see Gorki, who had sometimes been able to restrain him; and Gorki not long afterward died. The butchering of the old revolutionaries began.

The Kamenev-Zinoviev affair had been prepared without the knowledge of Yagoda, the head of the G. P. U., and when he objected, he was arrested himself. Yezhov briskly stepped into his place and stands today at Stalin's right hand.

But now we come to something new and quite distinct from the type of old Bolshevik, whether Kamenev or Trotsky or Stalin. We come to Herr Willi Schlamm, the author of "The Dictatorship of the Lie." Herr Schlamm is an Austrian Socialist, the former editor of the *Weltbühne*. Herr Schlamm is trying to find a new political base—he is, I am told, in his middle thirties—and he feels strongly the necessity of cutting himself loose not merely from Stalinism but from the whole tradition of Russian Marxism. His book is not a political program, nor is it properly even a manifesto. It is rather in the nature of a sermon. But it may be that what socialism needs at the moment is a few sermons like this of Schlamm. Certainly "The Dictatorship of the Lie" is one of the most bracing and air-clearing documents which have yet come out of the crisis of the left.

It is impossible to do it justice in a summary, because its power depends on its eloquence and on its tone of moral candor. Herr Schlamm believes that the Moscow trials have played a catalytic role, like that of the Dreyfus case, in precipitating a division of opinion. The time has come for genuine Socialists to throw off all pious hopes and pretensions and face the fact that the government of Stalin has no longer anything to do with socialism. Stalin himself and his associates no longer represent anything much different from what Hitler represents; his example is an encouragement to Hitler, and he may very soon be Hitler's ally. What is the point, then, of raging against the repressions of Hitler after the horrors of the Moscow executions? (I am not sure, however, that Herr Schlamm is right in believing that the trials were anti-Semitic.) Why should the Marxist assume that historical forces will eventually break down the lies of Hitler and at the same time expect that the lies of Stalin can direct the eventual development of Russia? Not so can the Marxist guide history. "History does not read the newspapers—certainly not those of the Comintern."

At the time of the degradation of the old Bolsheviks, the Soviet government imported to Russia expert perfumers from Paris—the author of the "Letter" discussed above asserts that there was a deliberate attempt to associate the political terror with the idea of a more luxurious standard of living—but all the expert perfumers in the world will be powerless to sweeten the moral atmosphere. What kind of a new socialist humanity is to be expected from the tutelage of a regime, which, after making abortion impossible for the poor in a country overrun with parentless waifs, subjects children from twelve up to the death penalty, and trains the inmates of its asylums for the homeless to subscribe to bloody manifestos demanding the deaths of the original Socialist leaders? And why should the workers of any country be expected to be delighted at the prospect of having "Herr Vyshinsky's Grand Guignol" perform in their midst?

But what is really behind all this, says Schlamm, is the elimination of moral principles from socialism. What are the claims to moral authority of an advance guard of social regeneration which has shown itself to be devoid of the primary human virtues of kindliness, fair-dealing, and veracity? There is no morality in the "Dialectic": from a more or less useful philosophical instrument it has been turned first into an incantation and then into the vulgar patter by which the salesman of the "correct line" succeeds in unloading his goods on the stupid. The left intellectual who exploits it is a tick in the sore flesh of the working-class movement. An intellectual, he provokes pogroms against intellectuals. He courts the work-

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ers because he hopes to manipulate them, and he despises them because he sees they can be deceived.

And they, on their side, have no "historic role" which will stimulate them inevitably to struggle. Nor does our social science of Marxism take us far. In that field our scientific knowledge is in reality still very meager, and the little we have succeeded in acquiring can never do duty for human initiative and human character. We must recognize that society has to be saved, not by the processes of a mystic dialectic, but by the influence of human beings who are self-respecting and morally sound.

"The Dictatorship of the Lie" has already had its repercussions in certain quarters. Trotsky himself has just published a pamphlet—"Stalinism and Bolshevism"—which is partly devoted to answering Schlamm (as well as some Anarchists, who have seized the occasion to raise their ideological heads). From Trotsky's point of view Willi Schlamm is dealing in "moth-eaten metaphysical absolutes." The disasters in Russia are not due to Marxism but to the backwardness of the country. Herr Schlamm is trying to return to pre-Marxist socialism in its "German" and "most sentimental" form. Trotsky seizes on the fact that Schlamm's tract has been welcomed by the organ of Kerensky and more or less tries to drown him by tying him and Kerensky together—thereby, himself the victim of many "amalgams," being guilty of a bit of an amalgam himself.

For Herr Schlamm, who pays his respects to Trotsky, the latter represents the Leninist tradition, but he regards both Lenin and Trotsky as obsolete. Herr Schlamm is well aware, he says, that his opinions will cause him to be branded as a "Trotskyist": "Poor wretches! That is all they can do. For them, the whole great world of thought and spirit comes down finally to a Politburo, in which a couple of factions squabble." But he is really on another tack.

It is not clear to me that Schlamm, as Trotsky says, has completely repudiated the class struggle. On the contrary, he speaks in one passage as if he assumed it as an elementary fact. It is true that he asserts later on that the great ideas which move and mold humanity are "incorporated in true and strong individuals" who may be "workers, peasants, intellectuals, women, or bourgeois." But does this reject the class view of society? Certainly, Schlamm has not as yet got very far in formulating his social philosophy. But I believe that the reaction he represents is more important than Trotsky supposes.

Colophon

BY BEN BELITT

In heats that drew the freshet up
And moved in iron through the grove,
A conscript and a burning cup
I keep; but not in love.

A harder dearth compels the word:
It will not merge in blood or wine,
But brims denial, like a gourd,
And names the toast in brine.

BOOKS

A Great Edition

HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE REVEREND WILLIAM COLE. Edited by W. S. Lewis and A. Dayle Wallace. Yale University Press. Two Volumes. $15.

HORACE WALPOLE wrote most of his letters with an eye on the future. An antiquary himself, he determined to provide a rich store for the hobbyists who should follow him, and he achieved the immortality he obviously hoped for. Possibly he guessed that posterity would not take many of his activities seriously, that his "Gothic romance" was sleazy stuff and that the show place at Strawberry Hill was too foppish to endure. But he chose his correspondents with care, and through them he addressed to posterity packets of information concerning his antiquarian researches and, more importantly, concerning events of the day. These accounts were at once laborious, scrupulously accurate, and sprightly. Literary historians have found it hard to forgive him for brusquely dismissing a young man who had attempted to deceive him with some forged antiquities, but it was partly only his misfortune that the young man turned out to be Chatterton and there is no good reason for holding the unfortunate incident too strongly against him.

Just how well he succeeded in keeping the interest of posterity is witnessed by these first two volumes of a magnificent new edition of his letters and the replies they drew. When complete some years hence, the edition will contain about six thousand letters to and from Walpole, including about three hundred from the latter which have never so far been published and a good many more of which only inaccurate transcripts have appeared in print. "There are," say the editors, "three good reasons for a new edition of Horace Walpole's correspondence: to give a correct text, to include for the first time the letters to him, and to annotate the whole with the fulness that the most informative record of the time deserves." The first two volumes indicate that the edition will leave little to be desired.

The present volumes are devoted to the correspondence with one William Cole, a clerical antiquary who wrote Walpole in 1762 concerning the recent publication of the latter's "Anecdotes of Painting in England." He was a fanatical collector of antiquarian information who bequeathed 114 folio volumes to the British Museum, and Walpole adopted him as the man with whom he would carry on that part of his correspondence which dealt with the matters of interest to them both. Though they met infrequently, the interchange of letters continued for twenty years until Cole's death, and fills here more than seven hundred pages.

Subsequent volumes will contain more of interest to the general reader. In the present one there are brief references to the Gordon riots, for instance, but most of the letters consist almost exclusively of fragments of information about persons, places, and customs already remote from the curious inquirers concerned with them. The new edition is not, however, intended primarily for the general reader. Its purpose is to provide, with all the conveniences of index and annotation, a collection from which all students of the eighteenth century will want to draw. When complete, Walpole will be "available" in a way he has never been available before.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Noble Art

THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING. By Lin Yutang. Reynal and Hitchcock: John Day. $3.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF LIVING" treats of the philosophy of good living, not philosophy in an academic sense, for Mr. Lin acknowledges he has no use for that, but a philosophy derived from the observation of ordinary life, one which owes more to conversation with an *amah* or a colored maid than to Hume or Berkeley. The book is a glorification of the tramp—scamp is Mr. Lin's own word—a glorification of the pagan and sensuous life. "Pork is superior to poetry," and "beside the noble art of getting things done, there is a nobler art of leaving things undone."

Chinese literature has always been a leisurely occupation for the leisured class, which perhaps accounts for both its excellence and its limitations. While the influence of Confucius has been in the sphere of political and social activity, it is the spirit of Lao Tze and Chuang Tze which has conditioned Chinese art and poetry and has shaped to a large extent the personal character of creative artists. The cardinal doctrine of Taoism is "Wu Wei," or do nothing. Probably advanced first by the masters as a satirical corrective to the Confucian school's excessive zeal for social reform, it was later seized upon by the artistic temperament as the justification of an exquisite idleness.

Mr. Lin is still celebrating this cult of idleness, which he assumes, somewhat arbitrarily, does not cost any money. "A well-filled stomach is indeed a great thing." But how about the man who has to work fourteen hours a day or starve? Many in the Orient work hard and cannot get two humble meals a day. It is easier to agree with his observation that "macaroni has done more for our appreciation of Italy than Mussolini. . . . That is because in food, as in death, we feel the essential brotherhood of mankind." Perhaps Mr. Lin does not mean all that he says in this book. I know of no busier man in China than he. He edits a magazine and contributes to a number of periodicals and is a most prolific writer.

To me one of the best parts of "The Importance of Living" is its criticism of the conventional type of scholarship, as it is found in the West and even in the East since westernization set in. "Miserable indeed is a world in which we have knowledge without understanding, criticism without appreciation, beauty without a warm heart." And "I am sure a candidate would have no difficulty in getting a Ph.D., providing he made the whole thing sufficiently abstruse and tiresome." There are charming selections from Chinese literature throughout the book, many of which have never been translated before. Mr. Lin writes simply and naturally, and is always entertaining. For example:

> A scholar's writing consists of borrowings from other scholars, and the more authorities and sources he quotes, the more of a scholar he appears. A thinker's writing consists of borrowings from ideas in his own intestines, and the greater thinker a man is, the more he depends on his own intestinal juice. A scholar is like a raven feeding its young that spits out what it has eaten from the mouth. A thinker is like a silkworm which gives us not mulberry leaves but silk.

In "The Importance of Living" Mr. Lin has truly and zestfully explained many aspects of the Chinese mind which have bewildered Westerners. He does not explain the mystical riches in the true doctrine of passiveness which have made it as great a factor in the integration of the Oriental soul as the self-abnegation at the basis of Christianity; but perhaps this mysticism is by its nature inexplicable. For as Lao Tze says, the truth may not be told, only the untruth.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Life and Art in Bali

THE ISLAND OF BALI. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE juxtaposition of the last earthly paradise, according to steamship prospectuses, and of an artist who is one of the cleverest and most penetrating satirists of our day might be expected to produce almost anything except this particular book. One suspects either that the fact that he was in Bali on a grant from a foundation lay heavy on his conscience or that his contacts with the various anthropologists whom he found working there filled him with a determination to prove that he could meet them on their own ground. The reproductions in color, the clever sketches of natives in action, and the superb album of photographs by Rose Covarrubias constitute a sort of façade behind which lies a sober, detailed, and at many points decidedly technical study of native history and ethnology. This study is even provided with footnotes, references, and a bibliography worthy of a distinguished Ph.D thesis. It is a sound piece of scientific work, a real contribution to knowledge, and will probably be the standard English work on Balinese culture for years to come.

Unfortunately this scientific success has been purchased at a price. The author has felt it necessary to adhere to the long-established conventions of ethnological reports. He has used their stereotyped divisions of culture content, described a great number of ceremonies in minute detail, and tried so hard to maintain scientific objectivity that he has kept himself out of the picture to a quite unnecessary degree. There is even a whole series of meticulously exact drawings of native tools and utensils, which contrast oddly with his ordinary summary style. All through the book there are flashes of keen insight and amazingly concise description. It would be hard to better this on the Balinese physical type: "Small but well-developed bodies with a peculiar anatomical structure of simple, solid masses reminiscent of Egyptian and Mycenaean sculptures: wide shoulders tapering down in unbroken lines to flexible waists and narrow hips; strong backs, small heads, and firm full breasts." Such a passage does more to bring the Balinese before the reader's eyes than a dozen tables of anatomical measurements. However, such flashes are rare. The whole book suffers from a certain flatness of perspective. It is an anatomical sketch of native culture rather than the spirited picture of native life which might have been drawn with the help of a little more abstraction.

By far the most interesting sections of the book are those which deal with native aesthetics and with the reactions of the natives to European contacts. The treatment of Balinese art is especially good, but even here the scientific conventions are given undue weight. There is a learned discussion of the origins of the art, with a listing of ancient statues and buildings, but by no means enough about the reactions of the artist or his relations to society. What there is, moreover, is not always consistent. Thus we are told that the artist is always "an amateur, casual and anonymous," that his work is "an expression of collective thought," and that "his only aim is to serve his community." These conclusions are quite in line with the theories of one school of anthropologists re-

A ✓ List of New Books for Nation Readers

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EDITED BY ROBERT PENN WARREN

A collection of the finest contemporary short stories by Porter, Faulkner, Gordon, Caldwell, Wolfe, Bradford, Saxon, O'Donnell and others. $2.50

Omnibus

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Chiefly Feminine

Chinese Women Yesterday and Today

FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

An informal history of women in China, showing what they were like in older days and what has happened to them in modern times. Illustrated. $3.50

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EDITED BY RUSSELL LORD

An anthology of country poems by farming people that adds one more touch to our portrait of living America. With an introduction by Carl Van Doren. $2.00

Chinese Folk Poetry

Books of Songs

ARTHUR WALEY

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M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

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Henry Clay

BERNARD MAYO

"The book is in every respect a brilliant performance . . . thorough, accurate, impartial, well balanced, unfailingly interesting . . . Clay emerges with extraordinary vividness." — *Henry Steele Commager in the New York Times*. Illustrated. $4.50

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Plot and Counterplot in Central Europe

MARCEL W. FODOR

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Self-Portrait

Dear Theo

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF VINCENT VAN GOGH

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RAMON SENDER

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

garding the aesthetics of "primitive" people in general. In support of them the author cites the fact that native artists did not sign their work until they came under European influence and that two or more artists may collaborate on a single carving. At the same time we are told that skill in all the arts is an expected part of every nobleman's accomplishments and that, lacking these skills, he should at least be a patron of artists. There is also frequent mention of schools conducted by artists. Lastly, Balinese art is described as a constantly changing, flexible whole, highly receptive to both foreign influences and individual innovations. If such a condition is a product of "collective thought," the collective mind of the Balinese community must have extraordinary qualities. The author seems to forget that prestige need not be a matter of economic profit and that in the small, closely organized communities which are the primary units of Balinese life the work of particular artists needs no signature for identification. The fact that everyone engages in some aesthetic activity need not mean that the superior artist is lost in the mass. It may only provide him with a sympathetic and intelligent audience, a group whose critical respect is the more worth having.

The section on the future of Balinese culture is also highly suggestive. The Balinese have never been isolated. In the course of their long history they have been conquered again and again and have received and absorbed all sorts of racial and cultural elements. However, they have been able to keep their individuality because the conquerors came primarily as collectors of tribute. The closely organized village life which was the foundation of native existence was never broken down. Today foreign manufactures, good roads, and the automobile and bicycle are disrupting these units. New and artificially stimulated needs and a money economy strike at the roots of the old family and village communism. A collapse of the present native culture seems inevitable, and those who wish to see it should go quickly. RALPH LINTON

Ends and Means

ENDS AND MEANS. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

WITH unerring insight Aldous Huxley has addressed himself to the basic moral problem of our times. His latest work is the moral credo of a passionate and distinguished intelligence. It is written primarily for professionally miscalled "intellectuals" who have taken positions on how society is to be saved but who lack the wit or sensibility to test their positions by the means used to advance them. The historical record shows an impressive unanimity about the purposes for which human beings are to be saved. It also shows that the unanimity is largely verbal. The real differences appear when we check principles by the concrete measures adopted to realize them. In politics, even more than in the circus, it is necessary to watch the performers' hands. Where human well-being is at stake nothing is "merely" a matter of means. For means are always integral with ends. This may be a philosophical commonplace, but the trouble is, according to Huxley, that it has remained a *philosophical* commonplace. Most political and social thinking is carried on independently of it. Who does not know the man who "believes that tyranny will somehow result in democracy, enslavement in the liberation of the individual, concentration of political and social power in self-government all around"?

With this ethical text as a point of departure, Huxley roams over the fields of education, war, government, religion, and social reform. The discussion proceeds more by way of a series of brilliant asides than by straightforward argument. But the most hackneyed of themes comes alive under his treatment. There is hardly a topic, from the training of the young to the League of Nations, upon which he does not comment in illuminating and arresting fashion. Against those who would save democracy by waging a war against fascism, he points out that this involves "inevitably the transformation of democracy into fascism." Against those who would further the ultimate truth with immediate lies, counterpose to the uncritical worship of a leader an even more uncritical worship of a bigger leader, combat fascism with the methods of fascism—all on the ground that the end justifies the means—Huxley replies: "The end cannot justify the means for the simple and obvious reason that the means employed determine the nature of the end produced." The true Utopian is not he who criticizes society by the light of his ideals, even if he goes down to defeat; it is the self-styled realist who imagines he can realize his ideals by using methods which are bound to achieve their precise opposite.

When Huxley offers his own positive solutions and wanders into metaphysical speculation to support them, his writing has less cogency and persuasiveness. The evils of this world are to be met by the voluntary organization of non-attached men and women, non-attached to political dogma or to material things. Two fundamental values, charity and awareness, are to direct their continuous efforts for piecemeal reform. Only the most necessary social reforms will be undertaken and never against widespread opposition and violence. Methods of change will be those with which people are already familiar from other fields and of which they approve. And the non-attached themselves will be living centers of wholesome ethical contagion.

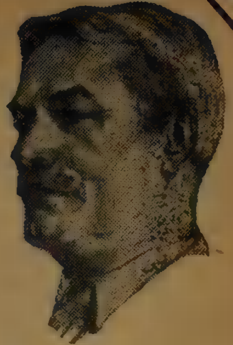
There is much wisdom in this, but it is difficult to see how in any crucial situation here and now these ideals can be made effective without political implementation; how, even from a long-time point of view, the strategic posts of influence, so necessary for social change, can be won in the face of indifference or active opposition. It is hard to understand why Huxley, instead of answering these difficulties, should have felt it necessary to devote so much space to developing the metaphysical assumptions of the good life. He asserts that it is impossible for any part of the world to be meaningful unless the universe as a whole has meaning. This conclusion, whose very syntactical meaning is open to question, is defended by the curious argument that just as the human craving for explanation has been fulfilled by the proof of the orderliness of nature, so there must be some cosmic meaning in things to justify the human craving for righteousness. Huxley recognizes this as wish-thinking but tries to confound his critics by making a virtue of it. His express statement to the contrary notwithstanding, the author's metaphysics is completely irrelevant to his moral and social insights. The latter are compatible with a number of mutually opposed metaphysical assumptions. They therefore cannot be entailed by any one of them.

Despite Huxley's rational mysticism and his reliance upon questionable non-resistant techniques of social change, only fanatics and dogmatists will fail to be impressed by his discussion of ends and means. He belongs to the perpetual out-élite who have taken to heart the implications of Lord Acton's dictum, "Power always corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely," and must perforce remain outside the arena of

"It is history in the grand manner."
–Samuel Eliot Morison in the North American Review.

THE COLONIAL PERIOD OF AMERICAN HISTORY

By Charles McLean Andrews



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YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Connecticut

Publishers of

THE YALE EDITION OF HORACE WALPOLE'S CORRESPONDENCE active politics. Their function is essentially critical, and they are assured of nothing save universal abuse. But since there are degrees of corruption, the possibility exists that their work may bear fruit even in politics. The only alternative to their view that political means must not be dissociated from the ideal of the good life in the good society is the conception of politics as a grab game of "who gets what when," and of social philosophy as a set of rationalizations to conceal the fact. True, many of Huxley's formulations are unfortunate, and even his discussion of means and ends is marred by an ethical absolutism inconsistent with his emphasis upon the importance of intelligence or awareness in ethical analysis. It is history and expected consequences which enforce caution when fire is to be met with fire and violence with violence, not the absolute prohibitions of Tolstoy or Buddha. But his central ideas are timely and valid.

One carries away from this book the impression of a refreshing intellectual vitality that grows all the stronger when contrasted with the writing of literary "intellectuals" whose thinking ends where their politics begin.

SIDNEY HOOK

"Feats on the Fjord"

LETTERS FROM ICELAND. By W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. Random House. $3.

THOSE people who wish young poets to be deadly serious and all of a piece will be annoyed and baffled by Auden's travel book, written with a new collaborator. These letters, rhymed and unrhymed, are consistently amusing and frequently brilliant, but they do not repeat the tone of books written by emotional travelers, philosophical travelers, trippers, or escapists. Both Auden and MacNeice are on to the kinds of attitude which can be struck by the English, whether poets or not, in strange landscapes. They have chosen to stick to an amateur and detached standing; as travelers they have skirted the ranks of explorers, old Etonians of the Peter Fleming tradition, and Wordsworthian nature lovers. When, in the northern wilds, they came upon a real professional English traveler, "handsome, sunburnt, reserved, speaking fluent Icelandic," they were more amused than abashed.

Auden, having contracted to do a travel book on Iceland (he was drawn to that country because of his Icelandic name and a childhood interest in the sagas), spent the summer of 1936 on the island, at first alone and later in the company of MacNeice and other friends. Rejecting from the first the idea of the necessity to brood and moon over Ultima Thule, or to indulge in romantic *poésie des départs,* he was rather at a loss how to begin. Iceland had been visited by other men of letters and had produced some great native prose. It offered to the view glaciers, waterfalls, geysers, a volcano, and many rocks coated with sphagnum moss. One traveled through it by bus (in which conveyance Icelanders are always sick, Englishmen never) or on horseback. Auden learned to ride, stayed at inns and farmhouses, and struggled to be offhand about the scenery. ("One waterfall is very much like another.") He soon succumbed to a certain "effect of travel, which is to make one reflect on one's past and one's culture from the outside." He had brought along a volume of Byron, and he began to cast into the Don Juan stanza, with light-verse freedom, the thoughts and part of the life-history of an English poet of twenty-nine, then isolated at the top of Europe, where modern roars and squawls penetrated but faintly. This Letter to Lord Byron, which makes up five chapters of the book, is always a remarkable technical *tour de force,* and in spite of its tendency to slip into rather self-preening triviality, has its moments of insight. Through this disused stanza form Auden once more helps to break up the limiting measures which have hardened around modern poetic expression, forcing poets into stock attitudes, usually of pomposity or gloom. This stanza can accommodate the casual mention of everyday experience, as an example written after Auden's return to England shows:

Autumn is here. The beech leaves strew the lawn;
  The power stations take up heavier loads;
The massive lorries shake from dusk till dawn
  The houses on the residential roads;
  The shops are full of coming winter modes.
Dances have started at the Baths next door
Stray scraps of MS strew my bedroom floor.

Louis MacNeice, a poet of Auden's time at Oxford, who has brought a special kind of North of Ireland talent into the younger English group, joined the amateur expedition. Things went on much the same. The friends played rummy in the evening and traveled through the severe and ungrateful countryside by day. MacNeice's serious contributions to the book—three poems—do not suffer by comparison with Auden's fine introductory poem, Journey to Iceland. His lighter contributions are extravagantly funny. The two noticed different things. The spectacle of a whale being torn to pieces by winches gave Auden "an extraordinary vision of the cold controlled ferocity of the human species." MacNeice was impressed by children singing "The Music Goes Round and Round" in their native tongue.

The authors have not shirked the factual side of their job. The book has maps, charts, and guidebook information on food, transportation, money, etc., as well as quoted accounts of historic events, a bibliography of books on Iceland, and a set of Icelandic proverbs. Nor have Icelandic arts and letters or the character and habits of modern Icelanders been neglected. The photographic illustrations are excellent.

A good many readers must still exist who hope that bleak landscapes have an elevating influence on the human spirit, who believe that the uplift element in glaciers must be considerable. To them this book will be a disappointment. It will also disappoint those who, in their secret heart of hearts, expect portentous statements from serious and gifted young poets. Auden and MacNeice often sound, it is true, a tiresome schoolboy note. Their continual determination not to be taken in by cant makes them sheer away from emotion. The Last Will and Testament at the end of the book, for example, spirals up through sheer brilliance into a region where only *Coterie-sprache* can breathe. On the other hand, it is a sign of health that both young men are capable not only of humor but of hilarity. And they never project individual fear and frustration out into current blanket hatreds. Their will and testament ends:

We leave our age the quite considerable spark
Of private love and goodness which never leaves
An age, however awful, in the utter dark . . .
And to the good who know how wide the gulf, how deep
Between Ideal and Real, who being good have felt
The final temptation to withdraw, sit down and weep,
We pray the power to take upon themselves the guilt
Of human action, though still as ready to confess
The imperfection of what can and must be built,
The wish and power to act, forgive and bless.

Auden went to Spain, after having seen Iceland. His hope, from there, is much the same.

LOUISE BOGAN

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2nd Printing

LITTLE, BROWN & CO. PUBLISHERS, BOSTON
1837 1937

Pictorial History

THE UNITED STATES: A GRAPHIC HISTORY. Text by Louis M. Hacker. Pictorial Statistics by Rudolf Modley. Statistical Research by George R. Taylor. Modern Age Books. 75 cents. Special Edition Bound in Cloth. Random House. $2.50.

THIS book requires a double judgment: as a contribution in its own right to the understanding of American economic history, and as the first of a series the purpose of which is to bring competent workmanship in the social sciences to what Mr. Hacker calls the "new adult literate group in America."

Nowhere have the basic quantitative aspects of American life, past and present, been brought together in so compact and clear a form. Many historians slur over or ignorantly mishandle statistical material—for some reason it is not considered necessary for historians to have any training in statistical method. By contrast the authors of the present work know both the sources of quantitative data and how to use them. They have made their seventy-six charts and diagrams the very backbone of the book. Around this core, moreover, Mr. Hacker has written a text which provides the reader with a mature analysis in terms of a conscious and integrated theory of historical processes. Dramatic incidents of personal and party conflicts are entirely omitted, but the reader who has some knowledge of these things will find that they lose their seemingly accidental character and fit naturally into the pattern which Mr. Hacker has so skilfully outlined. And America's relations with the rest of the world are seen not in terms of "foreign policy" but rather in terms of the growth of capitalism and the world market.

The importance of these points of view scarcely needs to be stressed to readers of *The Nation.* But the question may well be raised whether the book succeeds in its own avowed purpose, namely, in bringing its message within reach of the mass of literate Americans. I really don't know the answer, but I shall set down a few impressions for what they may be worth in planning future works in the series. In the first place it seems to me that some sections of the book require a very considerable prior knowledge of how the capitalist economy functions. This is particularly the case where the problems of money and banking are mentioned—for example, Section 44 on Bank Failures and Section 69 on Loans and Investments of All Member Banks—but it is also true in other cases, though to a lesser extent. Passages might be cited which would be the despair of many a proud possessor of a B.A. Perhaps this is unavoidable, but I think the authors could have reduced the problem to minimum proportions by devoting a little more space to the mechanism of processes which are to be interpreted. Secondly, Mr. Hacker has a tendency to use terms which are likely to be only vaguely comprehended by anyone with no training in the social sciences. In most cases this difficulty could be overcome by a more careful selection of words. In the same connection, it seems to me that the use of such phrases as "bourgeoisie," "petty bourgeoisie," "finance capitalist," "proletariat," etc. is misguided. The average American either does not know what they mean or else he views them with considerable suspicion. Finally, there are quite a few pictorial charts in the book which one can only appreciate by mentally reconstructing the table from which they were originally drawn. The plan of the work makes this impossible to avoid, since any set of data important enough to warrant a section must also be put into a chart. I think it would be better in the future to have a somewhat more flexible arrangement, using pictorial statistics only where they clearly aid the understanding of what they seek to portray. There are cases in which the abstraction involved in a few summary numbers is easier to grasp than that involved in a lot of little symbols.

A slip occurred in the preparation of Section 39. There the authors have used a table prepared by Berle and Means ("The Modern Corporation and Private Property") as a basis for a chart and discussion of the assets of the 200 largest as compared with all non-banking corporations. The conclusion is reached that the 200 largest had something over 60 per cent of the total in 1929, and smaller proportions in earlier years. But Berle and Means point out, none too clearly to be sure, that this table does not show *total* assets for all non-financial corporations, but only "cash, inventory, land, buildings, and equipment." The result is, of course, that the percentage owned by the 200 largest is considerably overstated. Berle and Means a few pages earlier had given their estimate as 49.2 per cent for 1929, a fact which should have made Messrs. Hacker, Modley, and Taylor somewhat suspicious of their chart. The fact, however, that this appears to be the only serious statistical error in the book indicates the high standard of scholarship which is in general maintained.

In conclusion I cannot too strongly urge everyone, whether he knows anything about American history or not, to get this book and study it. In a broad sense it throws a vast amount of light on what is going on today, and that, in the final analysis, is its purpose. The fact that Modern Age has put out a beautiful book at the very moderate price of 75 cents is merely an added inducement, though certainly a strong one.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

The Romantic Genius

THE JOURNAL OF EUGENE DELACROIX. Translated from the French by Walter Pach. Covici-Friede. $7.50.

THAT painters are better seen than heard is a by-word to which there have been exceptions from the time of Leonardo and Michelangelo to that of Hogarth, Reynolds, and Constable, but it remained for the nineteenth century to produce what are without doubt the two greatest personal documents yet written by painters—the notebooks of Delacroix and the letters of Van Gogh. Van Gogh's testament has already taken its place as a classic expression of the artist's personal ordeal, and Delacroix's journal has long been recognized as one of the foremost expositions of romantic aesthetic, a document that ranks with the criticism of Schiller and Coleridge in its disclosure, from the artist's own viewpoint, of the sources and concepts of modern art. Mr. Pach's excellent translation now makes about half of the 1,500 pages of the French edition of Delacroix's work available to English readers, and no one will wish to dispute the claims of his preface or his publisher. It is quite true that this journal is "the most important intimate record by a great artist since 'The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci,' " and that it exceeds Leonardo's manuscript in its richness of personal and historical detail. Delacroix was an eminent model of high and inexhaustible creative enthusiasm among artists. He worked, apparently without interruption, throughout his life, producing thousands of paintings and drawings, writing his copious journal, carrying on a huge correspondence, and mixing widely in that world of dramatic events and feverish activities that forms a transition from the eighteenth century to our own age. Mr. Pach's translation comes late but it comes opportunely. It refreshes our attitude toward the period in which Delacroix worked—the age of romantic art toward which renewed scrutiny and interpretation have been directed during the past decade; it casts fresh light on the styles and technical innovations of the modern art that grew out of Delacroix's experiments; and it serves as a necessary basis for the revaluation of his own achievement that has been in progress for the past two decades.

That achievement and the fluctuations of Delacroix's reputation form one of the most significant chapters in the history of modern art. From the hour of his first triumph, with the "Dante and Vergil" in 1822, he has been alternately praised and condemned, a rebel who never sank into the ease of an accepted favorite. From the start he was hailed as a pioneer of romanticism, but no label was less congenial to him. He led his youthful contemporaries in their revolt against the classical dictates of David and Ingres and raised the ensign on which was inscribed "Qui nous delivrera des Grecs et des Romains?" Yet he studied the classic models as reverently as his great enemies and wished to be considered the inheritor of Phideas and Raphael. He won the "magnificent defense" of Baudelaire, yet even Baudelaire's words have been quoted against him by modern critics—Clive Bell for one—who condemn Delacroix for his literary tendencies and anecdotal subject matter. To the impressionists he was a bringer of light, but to the post-impressionists, returning to formal designs and structures, he appeared chiefly as an artist whose overheated imagination blurred his intellectual forces and as a painter of repellent violence and sentimentality. At the height of his success in the middle years of the nineteenth century, his dramatic canvases, swirling with Oriental chargers and impaled tigers, were favorites among collectors, but half a century later they were a drug on the market. His spacious imagination and Oriental tastes have ranked him as a Byron among painters, and his reputation has curiously followed Byron's in its rising and falling fortunes, until now, after the severe formalism of Ingres has had its hour of worship among modern painters and critics, Delacroix is once more reclaimed as a source of the vital energy that underlay modern painting through its complex developments of the past century.

It is this energy that is the clue to Delacroix's genius, and his journal defines and illustrates every use he made of it. It appears not only in the abounding vitality of his character, its enthusiasm for original talent, its keen response to the natural world and social influences, but in the rigor of his discipline and the endless research he spent on his subject matter and on refining the designs of his canvases. He was fully aware that his generation stood at the crossroads, and that the time had come for decisive action in enlarging the scope of painting, extending its technical means, and enriching its materials. One of the first to recognize the innovations of Constable, Bonnington, and the English school, he disputed the dictatorship of salons and academies and inspired painters to search beyond the artifices of the eighteenth-century schools or the routine decorum of academic classicism. His visit to London in 1825 and his trip to Morocco in 1832 were the two deciding events of his career. From them he brought both a fresh technical attitude and a vitalizing subject matter into his pictures, coupling these with his enthusiasm for dramatic motives and mobile forms.

To a less disciplined talent these heady novelties would have been ruinous, and Delacroix's natural facility was a constant threat to his genius. But everything he says about human character or aesthetic integrity shows how strongly he recognized the dangers of license and self-indulgence. He expresses a continuous contempt for men in art or society who take triumph too easily, who do not "fortify" themselves against first impressions or commonplace success, and who translate the wealth of nature and sensation into vulgar ideas and shoddy art. Though he was an enemy of improvisation, he could agree with Corot when he said that "despite my desire to systematize, instinct will always have the upper hand with me"; but to Delacroix "instinct" must submit to so severe a control that when an expression of it emerges it will have both the impetuosity and the authority of a mastered design. The "Journal" serves, in fact, to correct one popular notion of romantic art, for Delacroix, the supreme example of romantic imagination in his age, talks with the austerity and reproving discipline of the severest taskmaster among the classicists, without, at the same time, losing his sense of the need in art for invigorating attitudes and methods. And when Mr. Pach quotes the well-known anecdote which tells of Ingres and Delacroix, the sworn and lifelong enemies, suddenly, by a common impulse, clasping hands on the steps of the institute, he implies that "classic" and "romantic" can no longer be considered exclusive terms, and that a painter of Delacroix's scope and mastery stands beyond the limitations of a school or formula.

It is not only for Delacroix's ideas about art that the "Journal" is distinguished, though in this respect alone it is an indispensable sourcebook, including as it does innumerable notes on colors, designs, and methods, as well as his project for a complete "Dictionary of the Fine Arts." His book contains, as fully as the journal of the Goncourts and without their faults of triviality and bias, the record of an age, its conflicts, personalities, and ambitions, and behind these it presents a portrait of Delacroix himself, a character who had the ambition and the scruples that make not only a great painter but such a man of "honor and life-giving knowledge" as he wanted to be. His paintings, with their great variety of quality and stylistic effects, show the artist; his "Journal," one of the richest and most conscientious books of its kind ever written, reveals the man, and shows him to be one of the focal personalities of his century.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Food Through the Ages

MAN, BREAD AND DESTINY. By C. C. Furnas and S. M. Furnas. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.

THE authors of this book will doubtless write others, but they cannot hope to achieve again the colossal error which appears in the first paragraph of this one. Here is the thought: "Freud to the contrary, the Great Motivator of the human race has been the empty stomach. . . . Mark Antony gave his cook a city because he had prepared a meal that pleased Cleopatra." If the empty stomach was the motivator in that episode, then Shakespeare has cruelly misled us.

The book ranges in its contents from a fantasy on prehistoric man's food, through the dietary essentials—proteins, carbohydrates, fats—to opinions on the cooking of Oscar of the Waldorf, with the spice of sex thrown in under the heading of "Gullible's Travels." In any department accuracy is at a low level. Here is a prize-winning specimen: "Phosphorus is to calcium as thunder is to lightning; the two together are required to make our bones and teeth."

The whole book is characterized by the tendency, fre-

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quently carried to extremes, to jettison truth in favor of the spectacular. Another striking example is to be found in a discussion of the function of the stomach.

> In 1782 it led one Doctor John Hunter to bombast pompously, as only an Englishman can: "Some Physiologists would have it that the Stomach is a Mill; others that it is a fermenting Vat; others again that it is a Stew Pan; but in my view of the matter it is neither a Mill, a fermenting Vat, nor a Stew Pan—but a Stomach, gentlemen, a Stomach." This was Doctor Hunter's greatest contribution to science.

John Hunter, be it remarked, was a Scotch surgeon, founder of the famous Hunterian Museum (of anatomy) in London, and author of numerous contributions in a variety of scientific fields (see any encyclopedia).

The increasing amount of space given to science in our newspapers and periodicals, as well as the frequent use of the word to bolster up advertising claims, has at last impressed some of our less able minds with the demand for "popular" science literature. They approach the job with little writing ability, less knowledge of their subject, and a minimum of comprehension of the basic principles of the scientific method. It is one thing to simplify a concept so that readers without technical knowledge can grasp it; it is another thing to distort for dramatic effect. Able writing in any scientific field must come from men with knowledge of the fundamentals of their subject and a willingness to say that here and here science has not yet explored and that we do not know. It would be a great tragedy if the scientific discipline which has led us so far in the past hundred years were to be debased and discarded, as it well might be, through the abuse of the word "scientific" and the popularization of exaggerated discoveries by those who do not comprehend them.

HUGH H. DARBY

Pope and Politics

POPE PIUS XI AND WORLD AFFAIRS. By William Teeling. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50.

THE author of this biography of the reigning pope is an English Catholic with old family connections with the papal court. Being an English Catholic he is disquieted by the alliance between the Vatican and fascism, particularly Italian fascism. He thinks the Pope acquired his strong anti-Communist bias while serving as nuncio in Poland, and that his Italian patriotism is reinforced by the fact that Mussolini gave him $80,000,000 worth of Italian government bonds when the concordat with Italy was signed, and stipulated that they could not be sold for years to come. Consequently the Vatican has a stake in Italian imperialism.

Since Teeling is a Catholic of the more or less inner circle, he is able to reveal many of the tensions between various schools of thought and national movements within the church about which less critical Catholics never speak. A sprightly journalistic style and the inclusion of many interesting anecdotes out of papal history make the book interesting reading. Yet it lacks the importance ascribed to it by many reviewers. The author's analysis of basic issues is too superficial to justify these estimates. His naivete is nicely revealed in a word on the Catholic position on divorce. He writes: "The church considers that if a married couple are not happy and would like the marriage never to have taken place, that couple have a perfect right to inquire if by any chance they are not married

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according to the rites of the church. If they are not, the church says—so much the luckier for them. The church does not want people to remain together if they are not happy, but a union that is made in heaven cannot be dissolved. If it has not been made in heaven, then, from the church's point of view, it does not exist." REINHOLD NIEBUHR

DRAMA

"Oh, Hell, Said the Duchess"

JOHN STEINBECK'S "Of Mice and Men" has been lifted from between the covers of his book and set down upon the stage of the Music Box Theater. Very little change in even the order of events proved necessary, and what one gets in the theater is almost the total effect of the short novel plus the additional vividness of fine, imaginative sets, expert direction, and highly accomplished performances. No wonder, then, that the play is already established [illegible] the solidest dramatic success of the season, for the novel itself was something of a sensation and the dramatic version now contributes additional elements of obvious appeal. Little remains for any critic to say upon this level of criticism, and it is hardly worth discussing either novel or dramatization any farther unless one is willing to go on to ask how genuine either the one or the other really is. Many critics have already found in both a combination of high imagination, stunning reality, and a most ineffable tenderness. I found, I must confess, only great adroitness and a sense, so acute as to constitute genius of one particular kind, of what a particular public wants at a particular moment. "Of Mice and Men" puts its author in the topmost class of popular writers. It does not, I think, lift him out of that class.

Unfortunately, so far as the effective presentation of my own case goes, it is difficult to tell the story without seeming to be doing it a deliberate injustice. It is, [illegible] doubtless most of the reading public already knows, concerned with [illegible] strange friendship between two migratory harvest workers, one of whom is a witless but amiable giant given to fondling all soft and helpless things with a hand so unintentionally heavy that, sooner or later, he infallibly breaks their necks. The theme is tenderness taking strange forms in a brutal environment, and the dramatic tension arises out of our foreknowledge of the fact that at some time and for some reason the heavy hand will be laid with fatal results upon the camp's only member of the female sex—a pathetic little nymphomaniac married to the boss's cruel son. All the grotesqueness inherent in the tale is emphasized rather than concealed (we first meet the strange pair when the giant is being unwillingly deprived of a dead mouse he has been keeping too long in his pocket), but the skill of the writing is such that the whole is carried off far better than one could well imagine and that success is absolute in so far as it consists merely in forcing the spectator to take the whole with perfect seriousness. The only question is the question whether he is right so to take it, whether what we are presented with is really a tale of eerie power and tenderness, or whether, as it seems to me, everything from beginning to end is completely "literary" in the bad sense and as shamelessly cooked up as, let us say, the death of Little Nell.

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After all, Dickens, as well as thousands of his readers, sincerely believed that Little Nell was the real thing, and there lies a fascinating but largely unexplored field ready for any psychologist-critic who wishes to examine the reasons behind the demand of every age that sentiment be served up according to some formula the peculiar charm of which no previous age would have recognized and which every succeeding age finds patently ridiculous. Your Victorian was ready to weep over the fate of any sentimental monster if that monster could be described in sufficiently convincing terms as "innocent." Today nothing arouses the suspicions of any audience more infallibly than either that word or that thing, but a tough Little Nell, thoroughly familiar with four-letter words, would be a sensation on any stage, and the moronic giant of Mr. Steinbeck seems real because all the accidents of his character and surroundings are violent and brutal. Mr. Steinbeck, as I have already suggested, writes with great technical adroitness. But neither that adroitness nor all the equal expertness of staging and acting exhibited in the performance of his play would avail if the whole were not concocted according to a formula quite as definite as that proposed in the story current a decade ago and recalled in the title of this review. It is not exactly aristocracy, profanity, and sex which is called for at the present moment, but it is toughness, violence, and just the soupçon of social criticism which Mr. Steinbeck supplies. Flavor your sentiment with those and the public is sure that it has got the real thing at last.

Many times during the past few years I have been accused of pretending an aesthetic disapproval of various left-wing plays when what I really disliked was only the "lesson" these plays were attempting to convey. I am very glad, therefore, to be able to say of Sidney Howard's "Ghost of Yankee Doodle" (Guild Theater), first, that I have complete sympathy with the thesis of his play, and, second, that it seems to me unsatisfactory as drama for exactly the same reason that so many Communist plays have seemed to me unsatisfactory before. The trouble is not that I think Mr. Howard's point either false or not worth making. I believe as he does that the liberal pacifist may very likely see all his efforts neutralized by economic forces, and, naturally, I believe like him that even so something may be said for the liberal's place in this or any other world. The trouble is merely that little is added to the clarity or cogency of the argument by stating it as it is stated through the specific characters of this particular play, and that it is probably not susceptible of better treatment in any fictional form for the simple reason that fictional form is suitable only to those arguments in which some relevant consideration eludes presentation as direct statement and can be presented only by the creation of characters who are more than embodiments of some tendency or point of view expressible in abstract language. It avails little that Mr. Howard has told a love story parallel to his main story. Neither does it avail much that he has attempted to give his characters some individuality in addition to the characteristics they must possess to serve as figures in his argument. The fact remains that the main interest of the play is an abstract argument, and that whatever individuality the characters may possess is not essential to the development of the argument. It is something that he has made them creatures of flesh and blood, but the theme is not one to which their individuality is actually relevant. And that is another way of saying that the theme is not a dramatic theme, for there is no real point in creating characters unless it is only through character that a given idea can be presented.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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RECORDS

ONE of the first things I did when I got back was to hear what had been recorded by the best jazz musicians, particularly Benny Goodman and Teddy Wilson; and what I heard was not only disappointing but disquieting. It is not with the spontaneously and superbly inventive performances he recorded a few years ago for Columbia that Goodman is packing them into the Hotel Pennsylvania and making best-sellers for Victor; it is with arranged brilliance and noise. The performances of today may provide good material for the feuilletonist (what doesn't, for the good feuilletonist?); as music, however, I find them uninteresting. And now to the effect of commercial success is added the effect of artistic pretentiousness—the sort of pretentiousness that is responsible for Duke Ellington's "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," for example. Goodman's attempt at Significance, which has them open-mouthed at the Pennsylvania, is "Sing, Sing, Sing," in which the players, in their evening clothes, prance and yell around an electric log fire for ten minutes. It is on one of the four twelve-inch records ($5.50) of Victor's "Symposium of Swing"—the other contributors being the equally uninteresting large bands of Tommy Dorsey and Bunny Berrigan, and the Fats Waller six-man group which does the only playing in the album I find worth listening to.

In the same way it is not some of the performances of the earlier Goodman Trio but those of the present quartet that are stampeding the Pennsylvania crowds these days—the quartet meaning the exhibitionism of Lionel Hampton, and with this his vibraphone, which in the recent "Man I Love" is like the custard that floods English desserts. What is disquieting in this record is the lack of inventive power in the playing of Goodman and Wilson—disquieting because one finds it in Wilson's playing on other recent records, those of his own recording band and quartet. What one hears—in the quartet's "Just a Mood," for example—is something at once tortuous and arid.

For the Wilson piano playing at its unsurpassed best—and for excitingly beautiful work by Johnny Hodges on saxophone and Berrigan on trumpet—one may turn to "Willow Tree" (English Parlophone R2201), which is to be had at the Commodore Music Shop, 144 East Forty-second Street, New York. This place now also keeps a sufficient stock of that other masterpiece, "Blues of Israel" (Parlophone R2224), with its astounding bass playing by Israel Crosby and its beautiful solo work by Jess Stacey, piano, Joe Harris, trombone, and Nate Kazebier, trumpet. And "Tillie's Downtown Now" (Parlophone R2210) offers superb playing by Claude Thornhill, piano, Bud Freeman, saxophone, and Berrigan, among others.

Among several important Columbia releases is Beethoven's last string quartet, Opus 135 (three records, $5). Sullivan speaks of the remote spiritual content of those last quartets—of the "strange seas of thought" in which Beethoven discovers "unsuspected islands and even continents." Not all these regions are equally accessible to me; and I feel that I do not wholly grasp a great deal of Opus 135; but the slow movement, with its stammering middle section, I find one of the most affecting things in all Beethoven; and unfortunately it is this movement that is marred, at the end of its first side, by sounds that seem to originate in faulty recording. This is

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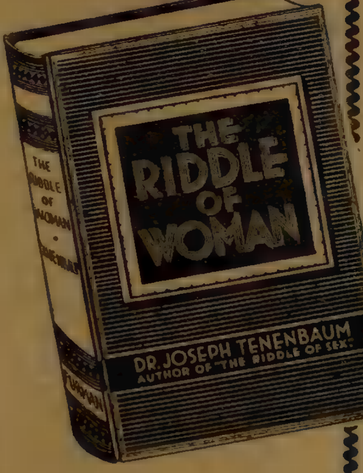

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the only fault; and the Lener Quartet's performance is vastly superior to the earlier one it replaces.

Brahms's Variations on a Theme of Paganini, in a Columbia two-record set ($3), are one of his finest achievements, and Egon Petri plays most of them well; but I am not satisfied with what he makes of some of them. Another two-record set offers Hagen's "Hier sitz' ich" and his call to his vassals from "Götterdämmerung." The magnificence of the orchestral part as played by the London Philharmonic under Beecham compensates for the inferior singing of Ludwig Weber, among other things. On a Decca single (75 cents) you will find Hagen's call sung much better by Emanuel List with a fairly good orchestral performance led by Mörike. Four of the seven records in the Delius Society's Volume I ($14) are devoted to "Paris" and the closing scene of "Koanga," which are among Delius's better works; the other three offer "Eventyr," some of the music for "Hassan," and a couple of songs, which I find inferior. I was struck, as I listened to these records, by the beautiful sound of the London Philharmonic under Beecham as recorded two or three years ago—struck because of the sharpness and harshness of recent recording not only of this orchestra but of all. Perhaps the higher frequencies of higher fidelity are being overemphasized. Stokowski's "Boris Godounov"—for it is not Moussorgsky's—calls for discussion at greater length than is possible in this article. Next time.

Until now I have attempted to deal with every record that I thought was of interest to readers of this column. The number of new records is now so great, however, that if I go on doing this my articles will be no more than checklists of records; and on the other hand if I write at length on some records I shall have to omit others—for example, those which I think not worth buying, except where the importance of the work or the artist makes a warning desirable. It is the readers of the column who must be pleased; will they tell me what they would prefer?

B. H. HAGGIN

Notable Books of 1937

SELECTED BY THE EDITORS OF THE NATION

BELLES-LETTRES

The Goncourt Journal: 1851-1870. Edited and Translated from the Journal of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Biographical Repertory, by Lewis Galantière. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50.

The Journal of Eugene Delacroix. Translated by Walter Pach. Covici, Friede. $7.50.

John Jay Chapman and His Letters. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Freud, Goethe, Wagner. By Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.

The Notebooks and Papers of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Edited with Notes and a Preface by Humphry House. Oxford University. $7.50.

A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English. By Eric Partridge. Macmillan. $12.50.

The Letters of Fanny Brawne to Fanny Keats: 1820-1824. Oxford University. $3.

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The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth: The Middle Years (1806-1820). Arranged and Edited by Ernest de Selincourt. Oxford University. 2 vols. $14.

The Agamemnon of Aeschylus. Translated by Louis MacNeice. Harcourt, Brace. $1.75.
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On This Island. By W. H. Auden. Random House. $1.50.

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Letters to the Editors

"Protecting" Skilled Labor

Dear Sirs: At the risk of being called a 100 per cent American, who counts aliens instead of sheep, I rise to warn labor to keep an eye on the immigration laws of the United States. This warning is based on statements appearing in the September issue of the *Index,* a publication of the New York Trust Company.

The *Index* suggests, quite innocently, that a more flexible policy for the replenishment of our supply of unskilled labor might be in order. It says: "Without question, cutting off the reservoir of alien laborers on which the country has always so greatly relied, as already demonstrated in the case of domestic servants, will force up the wages of unskilled labor generally and compel widespread readjustment of costs, affecting the entire country, not excluding labor itself—especially skilled labor."

This solicitude for the welfare of skilled labor interested me. I wondered if some other considerations besides a fear of a "readjustment of costs" might be prompting the *Index's* actions, and I found a clue in "Middletown in Transition," by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd. Surveying industrial conditions in Middletown, the Lynds state: "Of the new workers added in Middletown's manufacturing and mechanical industries during the decade of the 1920's, the types of workers who may today be classified as 'skilled' have increased only approximately two-thirds as fast as have the 'semi-skilled'. . . . What we appear to be witnessing in Middletown is an industrial scene, particularly in the predominating larger plants, consisting increasingly of a small group of highly skilled mechanics, a heavily numerically dominant group of semi-skilled operatives, and a small group of laborers." Concerning this development the authors write: "By diminishing the worker's continuing identification with any single craft group it lessens his inclination to look to the existing type of craft union for a strengthening of his morale and bargaining power."

To strengthen the morale and bargaining power of our growing army of semi-skilled operatives is the admitted purpose of the Committee for Industrial Organization. Industrialists, failing to check the unionization drive of the C. I. O. with violence, are turning to other more subtle means. The *Index* is pointing the way. In calling for a lowering of immigration barriers it hopes to depress the labor market. It pretends to worry about the possible leveling off of the wages of skilled workers, but it conveniently ignores three important facts: (1) that the dividing line between skilled and unskilled workers is becoming more and more blurred, and that greater mechanization in industry calls for more semi-skilled workers and fewer skilled men; (2) that the gap between the wages of skilled and unskilled workers is narrowing; (3) that "laborers," as such, are disappearing, moving over into the classification of semi-skilled operatives. This third point is most important because this growing army of semi-skilled operatives is filling up the C. I. O. unions.

The *Index's* demand for lowered immigration barriers is an amusing example of how the industrialists play both ends against the middle. After wringing profits from foreign laborers, they were confronted with the depression years of the 1930's. Reversing themselves, they immediately called upon the government to cut aliens off the relief rolls and "ship them back where they came from." Now they are prepared to let the immigration bars down in order to "protect" skilled workers, of which we have a decreasing number.

No one would dispute the fact that we need reasonable immigration laws which will give us a supply of aliens that can be absorbed into the population at a wholesome rate. But we should guard against all efforts to use increased immigration as a club to hammer down wages and smash unionization.

FRANK B. LATHAM

New York, December 2

A Menace to Democracy

Dear Sirs: The injunction recently issued by Vice-Chancellor Eagan of Jersey City restraining members of the Hudson County Newspaper Guild from picketing, discussing their strike against the Bayonne *Times* Publishing Company, and finally from even going on strike was a dastardly blow at the very root of our constitutional right of civil liberties. It clearly indicates the "I am the law" attitude of Frank Hague and his political appointees. Later, yielding to a wave of public indignation, Mr. Eagan, a lifelong member of the Hague machine, withdrew the clause in the injunction prohibiting the newspapermen from organizing a strike.

Such acts by public officials should arouse progressives everywhere in a united clamor for the end of Hagueism and its fascist terror. It is time that the spotlight of publicity be supplemented by national action in driving from power an individual and a system that are a menace to democracy and a hindrance to progress everywhere.

The passage of an anti-injunction law in the New Jersey legislature this year seems imperative. But more important at the moment is the question whether or not New Jersey is still part of the United States and still governed by the Bill of Rights.

JOHN R. LONGO, Secretary,
Hudson County Citizens' Committee
Jersey City, N. J., November 24

Praise for Group Practice

Dear Sirs: James Rorty's article, Organized Medicine Sees Red, in *The Nation* of November 6, commenting upon the extension of group medical practice in America is of interest to all. During the past year organized medicine, or perhaps I should say the politicians of organized medicine, seem to have changed their method of attack upon the pioneers in group practice. They are now endeavoring to have it declared illegal, either by such a strict construction of existing laws that group practice will be held to violate the insurance acts or by the passage of new laws permitting only groups incorporated under the insurance acts to give this type of service—the joker, of course, being that doctors cannot incorporate under existing laws.

It is my opinion that the Washington Group Health Association will succeed in spite of opposition. The usual attacks will of course be made upon it—ostracism, attempts to prevent wholesale houses from furnishing it with supplies, and a whispering campaign about its inefficiency. I am convinced, however, from three years' experience in group medical practice in the most reactionary city in the United States, Philadelphia, that group practice gives service which

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Philadelphia, November 23

The Earl Favors Franco

Dear Sirs: Your readers may recall that in my article entitled The Capitalist International in *The Nation* of September 25 I mentioned the famous Rio Tinto mining interests as prominent among those British interests which have joined with the fascists in backing Franco. The Earl of Denbigh, a prominent Rio Tinto director, has recently spoken his mind on the humanitarian issue of the Basque children. In the House of Lords he said: "Bringing all these children over here [was] part of a specious and cunning piece of propaganda put out by the Red Party in Spain. . . . If only people would realize more the way in which the trouble began in Spain they would have less sympathy with the so-called government. . . . I would like to see direct encouragement given to General Franco. I sincerely hope that General Franco will win." ELIOT JANEWAY

New York, November 27

Who Said "Right to Work"?

Dear Sirs: The independent steel companies are reported to have contributed 130,000 persons to the 1,000,000 newly unemployed as a consequence of the "Roosevelt crash" of October. Did somebody not long ago say something about "the right to work"?

FERDINAND LUNDBERG

New York, December 2

CONTRIBUTORS

LEIGH WHITE went to Spain with the first contingent sent by the Medical Bureau to Aid Spanish Democracy and drove an ambulance for some months. At present he is in Barcelona acting as a translator for the Loyalist government.

HELEN WOODWARD is writing a book on the advertising business entitled "O Paradise," of which the present article is a chapter.

KEITH HUTCHISON was formerly on the London staff of the *Herald Tribune* as a specialist in economics.

LUDWIG LORE contributes comment on European affairs regularly to the New York *Post* in a column headed "Behind the Cables."

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of *The Nation*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., December 11, 1937.

STATE OF NEW YORK } ss.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Hugo Van Arx, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Nation*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

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2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) The Nation, Inc., 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.; Freda Kirchwey, 20 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HUGO VAN ARX,
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of December, 1937. R. B. COUSINS.

(My commission expires March 30, 1939.)
(Seal)

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

THE SINKING OF AN AMERICAN GUNBOAT by Japanese bombs, and of three other American ships containing American refugees, will be exploited to the utmost by groups urging divergent policies on the United States. Supporters of the Neutrality Act will seize upon the incident as final proof of the desirability of withdrawing our naval forces from China, and will ignore the plain fact that the gunboat was being used to evacuate American citizens from the Chinese capital. Professional patriots, on the other hand, may be expected to call for armed retaliation against Japan's unjustified attack. We are confident, however, that the Administration will be wise enough to resist pressure from both extremes. Application of the Neutrality Act under such circumstances would imply abject surrender to Japanese arms; war is not only unthinkable but would be the height of folly. If the United States has a quarrel with Japan, it is one that is shared by all civilized peoples and is based on a common hatred of lawlessness and aggression. But lawlessness and aggression can only be stamped out by the creation of an effective international mechanism for the enforcement of peace. Instead of provoking the growth of either isolationist or war sentiment, the Nanking incident should serve to arouse American public opinion to the need for joining the other powers in collective economic action to restrain aggression.

*

ITALY'S WITHDRAWAL FROM THE LEAGUE IS significant chiefly as a symbol of the ever-widening breach between the fascist powers and the rest of the civilized world. The League has perhaps never been very effective as an agency for the enforcement of peace, but it has represented the collective aspirations of mankind for a warless world. Italy and Japan have withdrawn, not because the League was weak, but because it tried, however ineffectually, to live up to the ideal for which it was created. From a practical standpoint Mussolini's gesture will have no immediate effect. Italy has had little to do with Geneva since the League denounced the invasion of Ethiopia two years ago, and its withdrawal was foreshadowed months ago. Friends of the League, however, cannot but regret that the organization which was intended to serve all nations has been forced into a position where it represents one of two conflicting factions.

Yet in so far as the League is an attempt to extend the principles of democracy and law to the international sphere, it is only consistent that it should be repudiated by the governments which have turned their backs on democracy at home.

* * *

THE LEGISLATIVE MILLS ARE STILL FAR TOO slow in their grinding as the special session of Congress comes to an end. Only the wage-hour bill is likely to pass, and that in a form even worse than the one we commented on last week. Mrs. Norton's new proposal, which vests power seemingly in a Department of Labor administrator, but actually in committees of workers, employers, and consumers, is a throwback to the dark NRA days when labor and industry horsetraded at the consumer's expense. The farm bill, discussed elsewhere in this issue, is likely to hold over to January, and the chances are that it will be pretty much the House version that will emerge from conference. This means soil-conservation payments and loans at first, then parity payments and penalty taxes for exceeding market quotas. We wish the present session godspeed, and we hope the new session will come to grips with the basic economic problem of the relation of price to volume of production. Let us hear more about the Federal Trade Commission and the anti-trust suits of the Department of Justice. It is time the Administration made the attack that Mr. Roosevelt has been promising on the high cost of living.

* * *

A DIPLOMATIC SHAKE-UP, AMOUNTING TO something like a revolution, is taking place in our legations. New envoys are slated to go to Berlin, London, Vienna, and probably Moscow. One of these changes we regret deeply—the resignation of William E. Dodd as ambassador to Germany. The Nazis have been making life miserable for Mr. Dodd, who, as a humanist and a genuine believer in Jeffersonian democracy, was a continual barb to the Nazi conscience and an insurmountable stumbling-block in the path of their attempts to woo America, as they have been wooing England. We shall watch Hugh Wilson's tenure of the post carefully for any sign of "pacification" of the Nazis. The coming appointment of Joseph P. Kennedy to the London post vacated by Robert Bingham is a net gain. Like Mr. Villard, in his comment elsewhere in this issue, we dislike millionaires in American embassies. Nevertheless, if you must have a millionaire, Mr. Kennedy is better than most. He has proved himself to have personal tact, political astuteness, and a grasp of economic realities. He is no liberal, and his ability has been over-ballyhooed, but he will make a good ambassador. As for Mr. Davies, if he goes to Vienna he will be getting away from what must seem to him the wasteland of Moscow, closer to the social centers of the Continent. Together these three transfers must be regarded not as accidental but as a sign that the Administration is jittery about the foreign outlook and wants to strengthen its diplomatic outposts.

A NEW MARTYR WAS ADDED TO THE CAUSE of freedom of speech as interpreted by the anti-labor newspaper publishers when Hartley W. Barclay last week defied the subpoena of the National Labor Relations Board. We have seen a copy of the eulogy of Weirton composed by Mr. Barclay and printed in *Mill and Factory,* a trade weekly. The copy we have is a reprint, and 25,000 of them—on smooth paper with photographs—would cost a pretty penny. The Weirton one meets in its twenty pages is not the dreary town one descends to by actual road through the hills of West Virginia. It is a smooth-paper town where workers "earn average daily wages of $15, $18, $23, and on up to $30," where 80 per cent of the homes are owned outright, "most of them without mortgages" by employees who are as happy as larks. The Hatchet Gang which has terrorized Weirton workers for years does not appear in this account, but the C. I. O. and the N. L. R. B. are subjected to comment as slanderous as it is inaccurate. It is, in a word, the kind of story a millowner opposed to unionization would like to see widely distributed. The N. L. R. B. has not raised the question of the right of *Mill and Factory* to print such an article. We quote from the actual record of the board inquiry, from the statement by the board's counsel:

> We are not concerned here with whether or not what appeared in this article is or is not true, . . . The issue is whether the board's exhibit 670 [the *Mill and Factory* reprint] was the creation of the Weirton Steel Company directly or indirectly, whether or not it was created for the purpose, Your Honor, of being circulated and distributed among the employees, for the purpose of interfering with the rights of those employees, contrary to the National Labor Relations Act.

This should be explicit enough to rid any mind of fears that the freedom of the press is being threatened. The board is concerned not with Barclay—nothing can happen to Barclay—but with Weir and the Labor Act.

* * *

NEW YORK'S COURT OF APPEALS HAS HANDED down a decision which labor and employer alike have awaited with some anxiety. The question at issue was whether or not a court could restrain persons from picketing a retail store for selling the products of a manufacturer involved in a labor dispute. Labor maintained there was no other way of calling the dispute to the attention of the public, since the retail store is the public's only point of contact with the manufacturer's product; employers, on the other hand, shouted "secondary boycott." The decision of the state's highest court is fundamentally a victory for labor. It upholds an injunction granted by a lower court against the pickets but so modifies the order as to make it meaningless. Specifically the decision recognizes the legality of picketing a retailer not involved in a labor dispute, provided the picketing is directed against the product and not against the store itself, and provided there is a "unity of interest" between the manufacturer and retailer, which, as far as the court indicated, means that they must be "in the same line of business." A considerable body of *obiter dicta* accompanied the decision, attempting to define "peaceful picketing" and urging that illegal picketing be "sternly suppressed by the police," but as these observations were not an integral part of the decision, they are not regarded as binding in the sense of legal precedent. Unfortunately the decision resulted in no clear-cut definition of secondary boycott, and from the concurring and dissenting opinions it is apparent that the court itself is of several minds on that important point. An encouraging aspect of the opinion is the recognition that New York's counterpart of the federal anti-injunction law is applicable even in cases where a picketed party is not himself involved in a labor dispute.

* * *

AN AMENDMENT TO THE STATE INSURANCE law has been proposed by Louis I. Pink, New York State's progressive Insurance Commissioner, to legalize cooperative organizations that furnish their members with medical and hospital care for small fixed weekly or monthly payments. Providing practice by a group of doctors, with common laboratory and X-ray equipment, the plan, highly successful in other states, makes possible professional competence which the individual doctor can never achieve, and at the same time relieves doctor and patient of financial hazards. In spite of its obvious advantages to both the public and the medical profession, the New York State Medical Society and the five county medical societies of New York City sent representatives to a legislative public hearing last week to urge that only such organizations be permitted as would give "free choice of physicians" to subscribers. This would, of course, rule out "group practice." During the hearing the chairman of the legislative committee, Assemblyman Piper, made the astonishing admission that "no measure opposed by the medical societies has a chance of passage at Albany." It is high time the public made it plain to the legislature that it has more votes than the reactionary medical bureaucracy, and that it has a better claim than the doctors to decide how medical service shall be organized. After all, the patient stakes his health and often his life on the contract for medical care—and he also pays the bill.

* * *

MRS. FLIBBITY AND MRS. FLAHERTY ARE two cleaning women. One works in a district relief office and one in a child-welfare bureau, both of which, surprising though it seems, are presided over by Mrs. Caroline Slade, who also writes books and things and so must be excused for not keeping very regular office hours. Mrs. Flibbity and Mrs. Flaherty would have liked to become social workers themselves, but since they hadn't gone to college, they were cleaning women instead. The amazing thing is that both of them decided to take a flier in social work almost simultaneously. In Mrs. Slade's absence from her desk, Mrs. Flibbity put down on paper in frank and ungrammatical detail all the miserable fortunes of Mrs. Jones, an applicant for relief; Mrs. Flaherty, more ambitious, reported on the complicated troubles of Mrs. A., Mrs. K., Mrs. J., Mrs. L., and Mrs. Y. Both left with their reports charming notes to Mrs. Slade explaining their flights into the higher values of case history, surprisingly similar and synchronized, and Mrs. Slade sent the two documents to different weekly magazines. Imagine Mrs. Flibbity's and Mrs. Flaherty's surprise last week when they saw themselves in print, one in the *New Yorker* and one in the *New Republic*—with Mrs. Slade's name rather unaccountably attached to each effort. They must have been pleased to death because it all goes to show that you don't need to have no college education to get your writings printed in the magazines. You don't need nothing but a little gall.

* * *

ALFRED P. SLOAN'S TEN-MILLION-DOLLAR gift endowing a foundation for research in "basic economic truth" is one more manifestation of what amounts to an epidemic of business generosity and civic-mindedness. We have been noticing recently that all sorts of upstanding vice-presidents of banks and chairmen of industrial boards have been popping up in the newspapers as heads of hospital drives and other philanthropic movements. This puzzled us until we found out that one of the leading public-relations firms, specializing in big-business clientele, had evolved this new technique for changing the business man from a black symbol to a white one in the public mind. The technique seems to have broadened into a campaign. If we were a hospital or a symphony orchestra or some other sort of deficit institution hungering for a financial sponsor, we should know that now is the time to make hay.

* * *

EVIDENCE THAT THE BOYCOTT AGAINST SILK goods is gaining support all over the country continues to come into our office. At Cornell University a careful poll showed that three-fourths of the faculty and four-fifths of the retired professors favored a consumers' boycott of Japanese goods as an immediate practical step for curbing aggression. . . . New York staged an anti-silk parade on December 11 in which nearly a thousand friends of peace participated. . . . Frances Farmer, leading lady in Clifford Odets's latest play "Golden Boy," is said in the program to be wearing lisle hose, an example which has been followed by the cast of "The Women," another New York hit. . . . Several firms, including the Priestley Knit Goods Company, have recently announced the manufacture of full-fashioned hose made of rayon and other synthetic silks. . . . One of the leading chemical firms of the country has retained the services of a noted scientist to work on a new substitute for silk. . . . A group of undergraduates at the Johns Hopkins Medical School recently instituted a secondary boycott of their own; they won't go out with nurses who wear silk stockings! . . . Most striking of all was the poll taken by the *National Consumer News* among families with incomes of less than $2,500. Of those approached 83 per cent said they would refuse to buy Japanese goods even if they were cheaper and better than competing lines.

A World the Farmer Never Made

THE special Congressional session, called primarily to pass a farm bill, will undoubtedly end in the Christmas holidays without having completed its job. The House and Senate will each have passed its own bill. But the divergences between them are so great as to leave a good deal of ironing work for the conference committee, which will carry over to the January session.

It is a basic paradox of the capitalist structure that the harder the farmer works and the more he produces, the smaller his own income is. The depression hit the farmers more than a decade before it hit the industrial areas. A combination of factors accounted for this: first, a loss of the world export markets for American farm products; and second, an improvement in agricultural techniques which heightened the farm yields and brought a glut of production. These factors caused a price drop immediately after the war which sent the farmer's income spiraling downward. And the lower the spiral dropped the more feverish became the farmer's efforts to combat it by the device of increasing his production—a device that caused an even sharper price dip. When the industrial depression merged with the farm depression at the end of the twenties, another factor was added in the form of a decrease in the purchasing power of the working masses. The iron ring around the farmer drew even tighter when the ups and downs of farm prices were accentuated by the activities of speculators in the commodity markets. And the cycle was completed when soil erosion, drought, and exhausted fertility, without solving the problem of the general glut, reduced the smaller farmers and the tenants and croppers, especially in the South and West, to abject poverty. The farmer was a tragic victim of the impersonal forces of the capitalist market, helpless in a world he never made.

The last two decades have seen a whole series of attempts to relieve his condition—first, through cooperative marketing; second, through the McNary-Haugen export-subsidy plan, twice vetoed by President Coolidge; third, through the catastrophic operations of the Federal Farm Board, which spent hundreds of millions pegging cotton and wheat prices in the open market, with a liberality which benefited the farmers less than the speculators; and finally, through the crop controls and the domestic-allotment plan of the AAA, which achieved higher farm incomes at the expense of consumers. Whatever else may be said of the AAA, there can be little doubt that it came closer to being farm relief than any of its predecessors.

Of the two versions, the House plan seems to us far superior to the Senate bill. It has been drawn with greater care and ability and is less restrictive. In its eighty-six pages, without the amendments that have come thick as hailstones, it sets up a series of marketing-quota procedures for the five major crops—tobacco, field corn (linked with the whole livestock market), wheat, cotton, and rice. The Secretary of Agriculture is given wide and flexible powers at the opening of each crop year to fix a marketing quota for the crop, to set up machinery for apportioning it among states and counties, to set aside a surplus for the ever-normal-granary carry-over from year to year, to reward the farmers by crop loans and benefit payments for living up to the control plan, and to apply legal penalties when they violate either the marketing or surplus quotas. The plan as a whole distinguishes between crops, it sets up an effective enforcement machinery, and it gives latitude for flexible administration to the Secretary. The Senate plan calls for more restriction of both the farmer and the farm administration.

Both plans, however, suffer from basic weaknesses and contradictions. They are presumably based on the principle of seeking to effect a balance—between the crops, between seasonal peaks and valleys of production, between farm prices and industrial prices, between the domestic and the world markets. In this respect the House bill is significant, because the goals that it sets for itself are the goals that all economic planning must set—of an adjusted balance arrived at through administrative flexibility of control. But there are two glaring defects. First, the balance is set in a scarcity economy rather than in an economy of abundance, and does not look forward to anything except a scarcity economy. Second, the controls operate chiefly in the interest of the larger farmers and accentuate the existing inequalities of income within the farming population itself.

It was left to Senator Borah to expose most effectively in the Congressional debates the paradox of legislating agricultural scarcity in an economy in which the working masses need the very products that are being curtailed. Senator Borah suggested that the government buy up the farm surplus, instead, and use it for feeding and clothing the people. All praise to him for having the courage to reveal the weakness of the whole plan. But what Senator Borah refuses to face is that the government cannot legislate an economy of farm abundance without premising an industrial economy of the same sort. If the government were to buy up the cotton surplus of some 13 million bales or the wheat surplus of some 150 million bushels, it would not only have to make huge expenditures, but it would have to face the problem of making cotton cloth or bread. If it left that to private enterprise, the cost spread would be four or five times the original cost of the crops. Only a socialized industrial system could tackle the job. And only a government that had the courage to socialize industry could resolve the contradiction of crop limitation in a time of need.

Because the whole farming industry has got a raw deal under capitalism, progressives have had a tendency to favor any plan that raised farm income. But it is now time to recognize that all benefit-payment schemes favor the large landowners and sharpen the disparity between them and the underlying farm population. For the farm benefits are apportioned not according to need but according to amount of land withheld from cultivation. And that means that the poorest farmers and sharecroppers get the least government aid. The present farm plan does not dare do anything else, because it does not dare disturb the system of vested interests in farming.

A rational farm plan today would include crop controls and the ever-normal granary, despite the absurd charges of dictatorship that always come from the right. But it would use the minimum amount of money for crop benefits. It would divert the largest share of the funds to direct farm relief, in proportion to need. It would exempt the small farmers from land taxes and would lower for them the interest rates on loans. It would put the apportionment of farm benefits into the hands of local groups in which the poorer farmers had express representation. It would seek to build larger export markets by lowering tariff rates. But such a plan would finally depend on the widening of the domestic market through the socialization of industry.

Organized Hatred

THE National Association of Manufacturers met in New York City last week in a "Congress of American Industry." If this wishful title had a sound reminiscent of the corporative system of industrial representation in Mussolini's Italy, the raven remarks of various keynote speakers were even more so. Virgil Jordan, down-in-the-mouth president of the National Industrial Conference Board, croaked of "another" inflation. "Whether the outcome," he groaned, "will be the fascist or communist form of collectivism, no one can be sure." By comparison the speech of Lammot du Pont was a chirp of hope. He asked only that the labor situation be stabilized and that tax uncertainties be ended. "As long as the law-making mills grind, the fog of uncertainty mocks the industrial planner." As for unemployment, he saw the possibility of creating 3,000,000 new jobs in industry, and seemed to feel that an ultimate solution would be found in a fall of population!

Just how the legislative grinding is to be stopped in a democracy, Mr. du Pont did not say. But he and all his friends in the N. A. M. had very positive ideas on how the labor and the tax situation were to be stabilized. They were outlined in the plan the N. A. M. issued—which turned out to be the same old plan. Needless to say, it began with Encouragement of Private Initiative, which in fact states the theme of the whole congress. And it was a foregone conclusion that the two sections of the plan on which the planners seemed to have spent the most loving care were those pertaining to labor and "sound government policies."

What business wants in the way of sound government policies is neither new nor surprising. Its program for labor relations surpasses all former efforts and is a direct response to the rise of the C. I. O. Appropriately enough, it was adopted at a session presided over by Walter T. Kohler, at which E. T. Weir was a principal speaker. And its eighteen points, if they were put into effect, would put labor in a vise that would fulfil the fondest dreams of Tom Girdler, who was also present.

In its elaborately detailed program, the N. A. M. advocated that the National Labor Relations Act be amended into complete ineffectiveness; it condemned the closed shop and the use of the check-off under any circumstances; advocated "preventative" justice in labor disputes in the courts, through injunction; suggested that the Byrnes Act be amended to include the banning of "strike-makers," that is, organizers who move from one state to another; and stated that the government's primary obligation is protection of the right to work. This program of specific recommendations for the curbing of labor was larded through with bland statements of the good-will and excellent intentions of management toward employees, of which our favorite is the solemn recommendation that *whenever practical* adequate advance notice be given to employees of any change in the schedule of hours of work.

In the face of the present strength of labor, the recommendations of the N. A. M. might be dismissed as the unrealistic utterances of reactionaries who have learned nothing in the past few years. It is much more sensible to regard them, along with the cries of doom of the Jordans and the Weirs, as a measure of the N. A. M.'s organized hatred of organized labor.

China's Hope

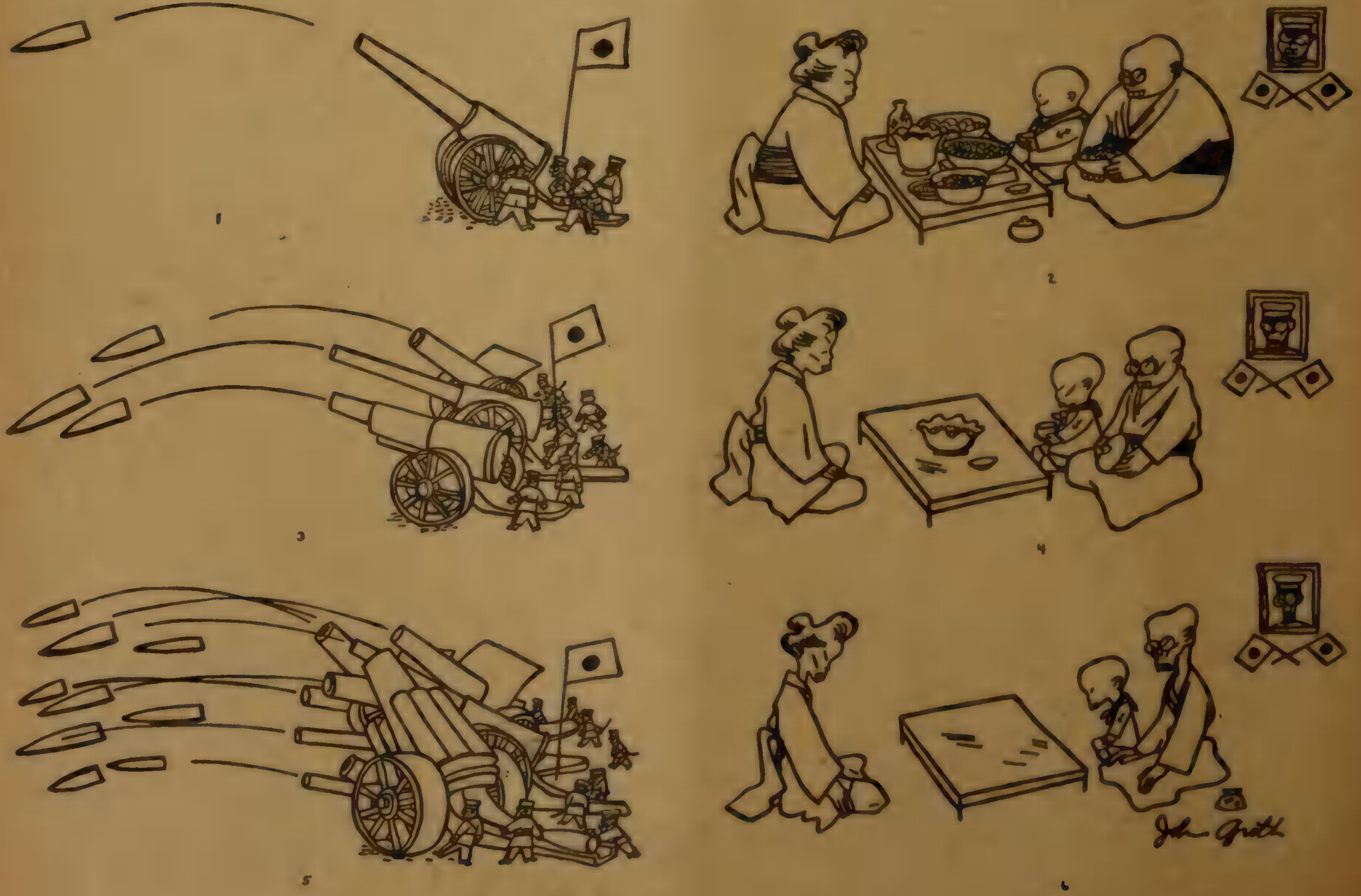
THE flight of Chiang Kai-shek from Nanking has revived rumors of his early retirement and the establishment of a government which would be more "sympathetic" with Japan's ambitions in China. Although the rumors are entirely plausible in that they specify men long notorious for pro-Japanese activities as the probable heirs of Chiang's power, the fact that they come to us from Tokyo, Shanghai, and Berlin makes them suspect. Not a word has come out of the territory controlled by China which can be construed as indicating Chinese surrender. Even the Japanese papers, moreover, have carried reports that Chiang was preparing secondary defense lines as far up the Yangtze as Nanchang and Kiukiang. And if Chiang plans to submit, it is scarcely likely that he would permit Nanking to be destroyed and thousands of Chinese lives to be sacrificed.

The loss of Nanking will temporarily strengthen the hands of men like Wu Ting-chang, until recently Minister of Industry, Chang Tso-pin, the new governor of Anwei, Chang Chun, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, Wang Ching-wei, the present Foreign Minister, and Ho Ying-ching, the War Minister, who are known to favor a compromise with Japan. But important as these men are in Chinese political life, it is doubtful whether they could maintain a government, even with the support of Japanese arms. Private letters and confidential reports from the interior of China stress the remarkable unity of the country in opposing Japanese aggression. And all the evidence indicates that the determination to resist has been increased rather than diminished by the Japanese capture of Shanghai and the attack on Nanking. Although a few military leaders are somewhat uncertain in their loyalty, the overwhelming majority—including all the more distinguished generals, such as Feng Yu-hsiang, Pai Chung-hsi, Li Tsung-jen, Chang Fa-kwei, and Tang Sheng-chi—have exhibited a unity unprecedented in recent Chinese history. Moreover, the Communist leaders, who have been foremost in urging resistance to Japan, are apparently gaining in influence.

The Japanese criticism of Chinese military strategy in the south, as expressed by Hallett Abend of the *Times*, seems justified. Largely for the sake of "face," the Nanking generals carried their resistance at Shanghai and Nanking to the point of endangering their entire army. But in the north the guerrilla tactics of the former Red Army, while not so spectacular, are bearing fruit. During the past month the Japanese have made no gains, and in some instances they have been forced to withdraw from areas previously occupied because of threats to their lines of communication. Columns of the Chinese Eighth Route Army are known to be operating within forty miles of Peiping. Even if the Japanese should succeed in establishing a puppet government at the former capital, its rule would be limited to the cities and railway zones which are directly under Japanese military control.

While the rising prestige of the Communist leaders—Chu Teh, Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, and Lin Piao—may not be widely recognized among the masses of the population outside the former Soviet areas, it is a bulwark against a possible coup by the pro-Japanese clique. It also increases the possibility that Chiang may tear a leaf from their notebook and develop guerrilla tactics in the south. But Chiang's problem is not merely one of shifting from positional to semi-guerrilla warfare; he must also arm and train the masses to supplement the regular troops in defense. In the north the Eighth Route Army, without a large number of troops at its disposal, has greatly strengthened its position by organizing and directing the peasants to harass the enemy lines of communication. This is a task which calls for skill and experience, an experience which only the former Communists possess. In order to win, Chiang must swallow his pride and call upon the assistance of those who were formerly his bitterest enemies.

There is every reason to believe that he will do this rather than surrender. Prominent Chinese newspapers have been urging such a shift in tactics. And if the Japanese army carries out its threat of advancing on Hankow, 600 miles up the Yangtze, the opportunity will be too obvious to miss. If the Chinese blundered in attempting to defend Shanghai under the guns of the Japanese fleet, the Japanese would be equally foolish to carry their attack to an interior city a thousand miles from their base of supplies. Yet modesty has never been a characteristic of the Japanese military leaders, and the Japanese passion for "face" may prove their undoing. China has not yet begun to tap its full resources for defense. The primary cause for concern, therefore, is political: can China rid itself of traitors and settle down to a war of endurance, in which it will have every reason to hope for ultimate success?



Roosevelt's Next Move

BY MAX LERNER

Washington, December 11

I DON'T know how long it will take Mr. Roosevelt to swing left again, but there are some signs that such a move is in the offing. What is chiefly vague is the timing—always important with the President. Thus far, in coping with the depression, his courage has been tentative and wary. He has played a shrewd game, which is very different from saying it has been a wise one. A President with a firmer grasp of economics and a clearer social philosophy would have acted more decisively. A President with less courage and strength would have yielded and turned the country back to the Wall Street Indians. Mr. Roosevelt did neither, nor has he rejected either as a possibility. If you will examine what has been said, not for, to, and about him, but by him, you will find that he has been careful to make no actual concessions or threats. Instead, the Washington air is cluttered with trial balloons, streaked with every color in the political rainbow and filled with every gaseous mixture in the political laboratory.

Actually Mr. Roosevelt has been shrewd enough to keep both roads open—that of further conciliation of business and that of drastic governmental action. It is beginning to look as if he might in time take the second. To my mind the most important element influencing his decision will be the figures revealed by the unemployment census made under Mr. Biggers, which promise to be shocking. The totals have not yet been revealed, but I learn from reliable sources that they are far higher than anticipated. Biggers has had their accuracy checked by a house-to-house canvass in fifty sample areas.

Another factor is the sharp reaction here to the fantastic stupidities of the speeches and resolutions at the convention in New York of the National Association of Manufacturers. Nor have the business promises of increased expenditures and employment materialized. Instead, the lay-offs have gone right on. And Congress, which had been adjured by the tories of finance and press to declare its independence of the Executive, has shown a complete lack of competence and direction.

The best opinion here holds that the President is waiting for certain trends to crystallize before taking action. He is waiting for a sense of the Congressional futility to sink in on people. He is waiting also for reactions to his newly acquired austerity about budget-balancing. He would prefer to have the demand for spending imposed on him rather than impose it. That demand has already come from the progressives. It is beginning to come from Congress. This is the meaning of the President's insistence that the agricultural subsidies be limited and the road-building funds curtailed. He has struck there at the two most vulnerable points in the Congressional armor. And finally, the demand for spending is beginning to come from business circles. I mentioned in my last dispatch that a split was to be expected in business sentiment about budget-balancing. I learn now from a source in the Treasury that business men are writing in to question the wisdom of Mr. Morgenthau's rigid devotion to the budget. And even the *Wall Street Journal* is calling for larger expenditures, on the ground that the country associates economy with bearishness.

It would not be surprising if Mr. Roosevelt were to take occasion early in the session of the new Congress to point out to the country that new hope can lie only in renewed social energies. He might say that he had yielded to the pressure for budget-balancing and had withdrawn executive control from Congress, giving Congress all the rope it could use, and that both moves had failed; that the same fellows who ran us into the trough in 1929 were still in command in the strategic centers of finance and had learned nothing in the interval; that since a small handful of men still control the financial structure, "business confidence" means merely the confidence of these men that they will get what they want; that what they want is complete economic power, which we cannot give them without giving up our democracy; that the unemployment figures and the record of recent business activity show that business will cooperate only on its own autocratic terms; and that if the alternative is government spending, and government action to break the grip of the big corporations on price and volume of production, such an alternative must be faced.

All of which may or may not happen; the course of events and the nature of Mr. Roosevelt's mind are both too undependable for prophecy. Whatever the President does, however, the administrative demoralization in Washington has gone far. The hard fact is that if he ever decides to renew the vast administrative efforts of the early New Deal he will not have the personnel to do it with. He made his big mistake when he announced after the elections in 1936 that there would be no changes in his official family. This came as a surprise even to the Cabinet, several of whom were expecting a shake-up. As things stand now, the Cabinet picture is dolorous. Woodring, in the War post, is of small caliber, and Roosevelt knew it when he gave him only a temporary appointment. Swanson, in the Navy, is a sick old man. Roper is a pathetic case of a rickety Cabinet annex to big business. Cummings is a weak and good-natured politician, ridden by less scrupulous political favorites. Farley is thinking mainly of retiring and mending his fences. Morgenthau is conscientious but a misfit, and has no conception of the power the Treasury could wield in the present crisis. Miss Perkins has done a better job than her enemies credit her with, but she has not the confidence of either side in the labor struggle—and that is fatal. Wallace is intelligent and earnest, but he is now primarily a candidate for 1940. Ickes is honest, militantly progressive—and riddled with pettinesses. Hull is a prisoner in a State Department that is split between liberal and reactionary groups. Never has a President faced so huge a task with so mediocre a Cabinet.

The Kennedy build-up has been a very instructive one. If Joe were not a Catholic, he would have Presidential chances, since he has the reputation of being an economic trouble-shooter. His chief job in his new London post will be not only the trade pact but two other economic items. One is the need for negotiations on the inroads that the British have made into the American carrying trade; unless we can win a quota from them, our plans for a merchant marine must founder. The second concerns the raids that the London Exchange has been making on our own Stock Exchange, which demand the establishment by comity of rules that both groups will observe. Because of his Maritime Commission and SEC experience, Joe became the logical man for the post. As an Irish Catholic, he should derive extra satisfaction from the appointment. It will be the first time one of his faith has represented America at St. James's, and Joe's pride in his origins is not wholly dormant.

Incidentally, the story of why Ambassador Davies didn't get either the London post, which he has been panting for, or even Berlin, seems to center around Sumner Welles. When Davies was a lawyer in Washington, he represented Trujillo, the Dominican President, and once went over Welles's head to Secretary Hull—and got what he wanted. Welles has never forgiven him, and Welles is a power in the Administration.

There is one additional reason why Mr. Roosevelt may have to move left and seek to energize his administrative staff. A clue to it is to be found in a remark which John L. Lewis made to "Cissy" Patterson, but which did not appear in the interview she published in a Washington paper. "If the sixty families won't run this system," Lewis told her, "the hundred million will." Mr. Roosevelt cannot afford to let Lewis steal his political thunder. The trouble, from Lewis's standpoint, is that he is too preoccupied with labor peace to think of political thunder. The principal stumbling-block in the negotiations has become the A. F. of L. Executive Council, which has taken the reins from its committee of three and from William Green himself and is determined to smash the C. I. O. even at the risk of smashing the whole labor movement. I have learned that in the conversations between Green and Lewis, Green was reasonable until there was a meeting of the Executive Council; then he became intransigent. Green has become the mouthpiece of Hutcheson, Wharton, Tobin, Rickert, and Frey. Unless labor unity is achieved, the decisions and indecisions of Roosevelt, and the maneuverings of all the movers and shakers in Washington, become meaningless.

Record of the "Boondogglers"

BY JAMES WECHSLER

I

THE issue of government relief is destined to provoke a momentous battle in Congress. No one, of course, will demand cessation of all federal aid to the unemployed. But reaction, while genially prepared to tolerate older—and much cheaper—methods of benevolence, is determined to scuttle federal work relief. The future of the Works Progress Administration is at stake.

Since its inception this agency has endured remorseless attack. Its critics endeavored from the first to present the unemployed as a shiftless, lazy, inept throng beaten in fair competition. "Boondoggling" was the inflammatory epithet for their activities that went echoing through the Union League Club. Newspaper photographs of men yawning luxuriously while leaning upon their shovels represented the subtleties of such criticism, the burden of which continues to be that WPA is wasteful, that its program is nourishing parasites, and that the nation cannot profit from work relief. The fact is that in an atmosphere of distrust and humiliation WPA workers have fashioned a monumental record. As the handiwork of their first thirteen months, these "parasites" could boast of 29,000 miles of new roads, 1,099 school buildings, 1,440 recreational centers, and 3,350 miles of new trunk and lateral sewers—a construction record which will be greatly augmented when the current inventory is completed. WPA has recaptured, out of the despair of depression, some of the daring and vitality usually identified with an era of expansion.

This survey will neither evaluate the role of a work-relief program in stemming the economic crisis nor dwell upon WPA's significance for the unemployed. It will concentrate on the record, for WPA deserves to be weighed in terms of the enduring service which the unemployed have rendered to the country. By March of this year 136,000 WPA projects had been put in operation. Approximately three-fourths of these ventures can be roughly defined as construction, the remainder being in the spheres of art, recreation, and research. Engaged in these far-flung enterprises at their peak were 3,840,000 people; invested up to last March was $4,000,000,000. What is the tangible return?

ROADS, HIGHWAYS, STREETS

Thanks to the economic breakdown most communities of the United States in 1935 viewed new roads as an unthinkable luxury. Even modest improvement programs, hard enough to sustain in good times, had been abandoned. In little more than a year—from July, 1935, to September, 1936—WPA completed 93,500 miles of road repairs in addition to the 29,000 miles of new construction. Sixty-one thousand miles of neglected dirt road, uncomfortable to the traveler and a deadly handicap to rural communities, were salvaged. WPA's attack on these "farm-to-market" roads is a dramatic endeavor which will be memorable for generations.

In 1935 Tennessee had more than 70,000 miles of county and community roads, only a small number of which had ever been adequately drained or surfaced. Although the state agreed to set aside part of the gasoline tax for road building, the average county could afford only $60 a mile for the work. In July, 1935, WPA agreed to furnish labor and part of the materials for a large-scale program. Early in 1936 eighty-six of the state's ninety-five counties were participating in a road-improvement program designed to permit all-year, all-weather traffic, to open every mail and school bus route, and to link every farmhouse with its nearest market. In that interval more than 20,000 miles of rural roads were widened and repaired, including 3,000 miles of new grades. Hundreds of treated timber bridges were constructed, and several thousand untreated timber culverts and bridges were installed, clearing thousands of miles of right of way. Similar was the exploit in Monroe County, West Virginia, where it was discovered that the route from Rock Camp to Greenville was virtually impassable in severe weather; even in good weather two cars could barely pass each other along this road, which provided the single means of egress for several hundred farms. It remained for WPA to end the blockade and to insure at least mail delivery under all conditions.

In Oregon, thanks to WPA, Portland will soon have two new and valuable outlets to the sea. When the Wilson River and Wolf Creek projects are completed, the distance between Portland and Tillamock, center of a rich dairy and farming community, will have been reduced by more than thirty miles, and swift access will have been made possible to a rich timber area which was almost destroyed by fire in 1933. Both highways attain a height of more than 1,200 feet above sea level, and along their routes are box-like canyons and hills demanding costly excavation and fill. But the work will bring fruitful returns in commerce, in recreation, and in the preservation of timber against devastating forest fires.

The Lake Shore Boulevard project in Cleveland, to consider another example of WPA accomplishments in this sphere, will give that city a four-mile, non-stop highway connecting the heart of the business district with East Cleveland and enabling autoists to avoid miles of traffic-clogged streets. Parallel with the construction of the highway, elaborate park projects will transform the appearance of the area. In New York 433 miles of highway had been repaired or improved by last July. In the whole country 46,000 road, street, and highway projects were under way by June 30 of this year. Along these "farm-to-market" roads and super-highways whole aspects of American life are being altered. The rejected blueprints of decades are being turned into reality. Without WPA assistance they would still be gathering dust in neglected archives.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, EDUCATION, AND RECREATION

During the early years of the depression many persons pointed with horror at America's steadily dwindling educational facilities. Educators lamented the plight of remote communities where "universal education" received lip-service in ancient, cramped rooms which grimly resisted light, could not be adequately heated, and were topped with leaky roofs. Besides building more than 1,000 new school buildings from July, 1935, to September, 1936, WPA was responsible for renovations in 7,176 schools, accommodating nearly 3,000,000 pupils. Happy Valley, Tennessee, was a characteristic settlement in the Southern highlands with a schoolhouse where shivering children were taught not to expect too much. At a cost of only $3,000 WPA replaced the old building with a reasonably modern structure that is now the pride of the valley. In Danbury, Connecticut, the school committee wistfully agreed that school facilities in the Beaver Brook area were shamefully meager; a single, crowded frame building groaned from age and ill-treatment. No funds were available to remedy conditions. A new, well-equipped school now testifies to the "wastefulness" and "uselessness" of WPA. Happy Valley and Beaver Brook in 1935 were symbols of a grave problem about which masters' theses were glumly written. In 1937 they typify the contribution of a federal works program to the nation's welfare. At the end of last June 24,106 projects, costing $475,000,000, were transforming America's educational scene.

Perhaps even more meaningful than WPA's construction projects in the field of schooling is its nation-wide experiment in adult education. No more sweeping war on ignorance and illiteracy has ever been waged in the United States. Up to the end of last May more than 4,000,000 students had attended classes in 600 different subjects, taught by 100,000 unemployed instructors. The teachers invaded rural communities, remote mountain valleys, and city slums, salvaging nearly 1,000,000 people from illiteracy. Workers' education received unprecedented encouragement; more than 120,000 people participated in this aspect of the program. Classes were even held at midnight to accommodate mill workers of the night shift. This phase of WPA activity gains in significance when viewed against the background of a democracy in which 32,000,000 people have received less than an eighth-grade education. Recognition must also be bestowed upon the intelligently managed forums which WPA has sponsored and which frequently have brought debate and an awareness of contemporary problems to areas in which free discussion had long been a shabby myth. These meetings have invariably been thronged. In a period of demagogic raids upon a distressed population the value of such sessions is obvious.

The newest health center in the United States—the Carrie Tingley Hospital for Crippled Children at Hot Springs, New Mexico—was dedicated last May. The building, covering 1.8 acres of floor space, is constructed in Spanish colonial style and boasts the most modern facilities. It is a WPA project. On the crest of a Louisiana hill, settled amid pine trees, the G. B. Cooley sanitarium ministers to tuberculosis victims who cannot afford regular hospital fees. It is an attractive, forty-four-room building, and there can be no doubt that it meets an urgent community need. It was made possible by WPA. Throughout the country similarly needed public buildings can be attributed to WPA. Since 1913, when Big Horn County, Montana, was separated from Yellowstone, its officials have been housed in rented office space. Now, after twenty-four years, they possess an imposing $95,000 native-stone county courthouse. At Ohio State University WPA workers are completing another section of the Tower Club, a low-cost, cooperative dormitory for selected students of limited means. An early national inventory disclosed that 155 new hospitals and similar social institutions had risen in underprivileged communities with WPA aid and that 870 old structures had been renovated or rebuilt.

In the wake of every "crime wave" there is an outcry against America's poverty in recreational facilities, yet local indigency rarely fails to block any significant construction. It took WPA just one year to remodel more than 3,000 recreational centers, while 1,440 entirely new edifices were also built. This enterprise cost the nation $335,000,000 in 1936. Its service to national health and morale is incalculable. Jones County, Georgia, to take a typical situation, contained about 8,000 people, living in farmhouses sprawled throughout a broad area. Community life was barren; recreation implied a difficult expedition to the city. Now a 115-acre tract of rolling woodland is being converted into a public recreation center, with a seven-acre artificial lake, community house, athletic fields, and picnic grounds. In Collingswood, New Jersey, a dangerous "old swimming hole" has become a 1,200,000-gallon pool, accommodating many bathers. A new public golf course has been opened in Washoe County, Nevada. In 1933 there were 164 playgrounds in New York City; today there are 313. For all of which, chief thanks is due to WPA.

The most startling advance in provision of recreation, however, is registered in gymnasium construction. The new buildings which have sprung up throughout the country with the help of WPA funds and labor usually combine athletic space with auditorium facilities. In many areas such centers are without precedent. Children are participating in intramural sports for the first time in their lives; and adults who can't afford to be clubmen have a refuge for meetings and cultural activity. When the ancient gymnasium in Fossil, Oregon, was condemned, the inhabitants were deprived of their lone recreation hall; WPA helped to replace it. In the state of Indiana such buildings are finished or under way in about fifteen cities. Four community centers and three gymnasiums are being constructed in West Virginia. This revolution in public recreation was doomed to generations of delay until WPA came to the rescue.

BRIDGES AND AIRPORTS

Until 1936 farmers of Highland County, Ohio, were traditionally compelled to ford Rattlesnake Creek with their horses and wagons; automobiles, school buses, and mail trucks, unable to perform that feat, were forced to detour ten miles. A 160-foot steel span, which the locality had never been able to subsidize, now crosses Rattlesnake Creek. The wooden bridge at Jericho in Monroe County was creaking at the age of seventy; at White Oak Creek a span ten years younger was plainly too narrow for modern traffic. Throughout Ohio such relics are rapidly being replaced, and it is WPA that is doing the replacing. Last May Ohio officials reported that 9,295 bridges and culverts had been constructed through WPA funds. And the Ohio record merely typifies WPA accomplishments in this field throughout the nation.

Through last June 940 WPA projects had been launched at 567 airport sites, resulting in the construction of new landing fields which cover 4,000 acres. More than 100 airport runways have been built and 500 municipal airports have been extended and improved. These projects were undertaken at a time when air traffic was reaching new proportions under acute, often perilous limitations. Many of the country's 2,500 landing fields were pleading for modernization when WPA began this work. Others were too small for traffic needs. In the first eleven months of 1935 Cleveland's municipal airport handled 29,522 planes, an increase of 2,000 over the previous year. With space sharply limited, the possibility of disaster was serious. The city, unable to finance improvement, considered curtailment of air traffic. Then WPA stepped in, extended the size of the port to 1,040 acres, and built a large asphalt landing, giving Cleveland perhaps the best equipped field in the country. Similar progress was recorded at the Newark airport. Dramatizing its emphasis upon safety in the air, WPA by last June had placed 7,701 signs and indicators along air-line routes.

"PREVENTIVE" CONSTRUCTION

In March, 1936, flood damage in Haverhill, Massachusetts, was estimated at $1,550,000. During the same month the major area of Lowell was miraculously saved from tragedy by "Francis' Folly," an old gate which barely stemmed the surging waters. Other territories have been less fortunate. For when the present is shadowed by depression, "preventive" enterprise is normally forgotten. But it need not be forgotten. Through the winter of 1937 WPA workers toiled at danger points in the Merrimac valley to safeguard populous centers from disastrous flood conditions. Frail barriers like the old Francis Gate were replaced. Whether present plans for protecting the Merrimac and Connecticut valleys attain permanent effectiveness depends upon the continuance of WPA, for no other angels are in sight.

Elsewhere in the nation such projects have already reached notable dimensions. In thirteen months construction of new levees and embankments on rivers which habitually overflow their banks reached a total length of 107 miles. About 207 miles of old levees were strengthened and enlarged. Records reveal that Kansas is always in danger of receiving less rainfall than the crops require. WPA has made notable progress in a water-conservation scheme which may effectively ward off the drought danger. It was long recognized that lack of an adequate water supply threatened Birmingham's industrial expansion. Now plans for a vast industrial water system are approaching reality through the joint efforts of WPA and PWA. Ley Creek sewer in New York State had imperiled the health of 10,000 people for a quarter of a century because of an unsanitary disposal system. With WPA aid this menace is being fought by installation of a more modern system. In this field the national program created in a single year 3,350 miles of new trunk and lateral sewers, more than 107,000 service connections, and 1,155 sewage-disposal plants. Striving to combat malaria by extensive drainage, WPA has cleaned 492 miles of ditches in Virginia, affording protection to 150,000 people. In Hocking Valley, Ohio, a group of WPA workers was designated to combat a blazing fire in the heart of one of the richest coal fields in the world —a fire had been burning continuously at New Straitsville for fifty-two years. Rat-extermination projects have frequently been lampooned by WPA's critics, but in Chicago, where the Board of Health is sponsoring WPA effort along these lines, rats cause $7,000,000 damage to property every year.

The activities of the WPA are indeed varied—more varied than this brief survey can show. Its workers ply houseboats on the Yazoo River in Mississippi in order to bring books to inaccessible, remote communities, serve hot lunches to school children, probe traffic disasters in a campaign to make the highways safe in Kentucky, and build new flax-processing plants in Oregon. A panorama view of the WPA adventure cannot reveal its full human background nor properly establish the continuity of effort; it can only suggest the breadth of the program and the imagination behind it.

No partisan can pretend that all has been sweetness and light in the fulfilment of the projects. So sweeping an enterprise was doomed to suffer from bureaucracy and confusion. But the enemies of work relief do not protest primarily against flaws in execution. What they fear is the impact of a dynamic federal program which, without the stimulus of private profit, has nevertheless registered sober achievement. They cherish the notion that the unemployed are really unfit or unwilling to work. And above all, they recognize that work relief is both more costly and more ennobling than a niggardly dole. Through WPA the unemployed have redeemed the idea of work relief; the "boondogglers" have made good. Their future is up to Congress.

[*In the second section of this article, to be published next week, Mr. Wechsler will survey the record of WPA in the fine arts.*]

A Catholic Speaks Her Mind

BY MARY M——

NON-CATHOLICS in America who are not familiar with the ways of the Catholic church and have regarded with dismay the apparent unanimity with which the church is backing the fascist rebellion in Spain should be advised of several important points. They should understand that resort to war by secular authorities does not call for infallible ex cathedra pronouncements. The war in Spain is not a matter of faith or morals. It is a political and social conflict. True there are religious repercussions. But as Jacques Maritain, leading Catholic philosopher, put it: "The war does not thereby become holy; rather it runs the risk of causing that which is holy to be blasphemed" (*Nouvelle Revue Française*, July, 1937). The political views of the hierarchy, or even of the Pope, are not binding upon individual Catholics. Indeed, it is generally admitted that in the past popes have often been wrong, terribly wrong, in their political decisions. One need only recall Dante's struggles with Boniface VIII, or St. Catherine of Siena's vivid picture of the church—impoverished, bloodless, and anemic, because her priests, her supporters, her bishops were draining her blood, feeding upon her, and growing fat to her loss.

The political views of the authorities of the Catholic church are scarcely intelligible unless one remembers that they are men charged with the administration of vast wealth in the form of schools, hospitals, and churches, not to mention real estate and even stock investments. The Vatican was one of Wall Street's heaviest losers in 1929. The church has gone into business; to protect her wealth and her charitable institutions she is forced to compete with other capitalists, to go through the same financial maneuvers; and she experiences much the same sensations as they do in the face of a rising market or a lower rate of interest. It is not surprising, therefore, that the political outlook of the church should reflect to a certain extent her material interests. "For where your treasure is, there will be your heart also."

No one can deny that the Catholic press is conservative. It displays far more interest in the preservation of existing social values than in the rooting out of evil ones. As Dom Virgil Michel, Benedictine monk and economist of note, has pointed out, "the injustices suffered by sharecroppers, the gross discriminations against Negroes . . . , economic oppressions of all sorts, crying court injustices, violent vigilante antics . . . go on, with hardly a prominent Catholic voice raised in protest. How the church fathers of old would have made the welkin ring with the righteous indignation of the Lord. . . . They knew of no compromise between Christ and the world" (*Orate Fratres,* December 27, 1936).

Sometimes one gets the impression that the church's activity in the social sphere is confined largely to labeling as Communist anyone who is making a really positive contribution to social progress. For example, John Brophy, director of the C. I. O., who is a Catholic and who has a son studying for the priesthood, has been pictured by certain Catholic papers, particularly *Our Sunday Visitor,* as a bewhiskered agent of Moscow. Father E. Harold Smith, writing in the *Commonweal* on January 1, 1937, warned us that in Europe "the church has lost the working class; in the United States, she has not lost them—as yet. There is very little of a concrete and practical nature to which we can point as the accomplishments of Catholics for social justice." Another writer, in the same Catholic weekly, complained as follows:

> Hardly a Catholic periodical appears nowadays without at least one vituperative denunciation of communism, and few denouncers seem to know precisely what they are denouncing. . . . I have become painfully aware . . . of our professional denunciators, who throw verbal bombshells against dastardly communism and from cloudy heights fling about quotations from the encyclicals—without ever getting down into the streets and actually doing something about them. The old misconception of the church as reactionary is not only not dissolving but adding the picture of her members as platitudinously windy and inert (February 26, 1937).

It would be hardly fair to mention, in this connection, Father Coughlin with his "ballots or bullets" talk, or Brooklyn's Father Curran, who is able to appear on the same program with "Three-Feet-of-Hose" Harvey and give him a good run for his money. They are extreme cases. But it is a fact that many Catholics pay tribute to the Hearst newspapers for their "signal service" on behalf of "truth and justice" in combating communism.

The picture of American Catholic authorities supporting General Franco's regime in Spain is not very pretty. For if the church in America has not altogether kept clear of the web spun for her by the capitalist system, the Spanish church has not yet resigned herself to the passing of feudalism. European Catholics, by reason of their proximity to the scene of conflict, are perhaps better equipped to recognize this situation—and they are not all blind to it. Thus the Austrian Catholic weekly, *Christliche Standestaat,* has this to say about Spain:

> The Popular Front government in Spain was a liberal, bourgeois government. . . . Juan March and the Royal Dutch Company financed the uprising. . . . This government was not well liked by the small minority of large landed proprietors because of the division of their land. . . . Nor was it liked by that part of the clergy which possessed large agrarian wealth. . . . One should not permit oneself to be deceived by the excesses of an unchained populace in the large cities . . . the Spanish employer is characterized in a manner unique in Europe by his lack of social sense. Today he still misses the good old days of the military dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, who once too often shot down workers out on strike (March 14, 1937).

And the Jesuit organ, *Dossiers de l'Action Populaire,* last February spoke out with equal frankness:

> With rare exceptions the Spanish clergy . . . had regrettably neglected social action on behalf of the working class; even further, through seeking, with a disconcerting . . . lack of conscience, relations . . . of friendship with those privileged by fortune, they had given rise to the accusation that they had become . . . the accomplice of capitalist abuses.

In view of these sober Catholic interpretations of the Spanish conflict, it seems incredible that His Eminence, Cardinal Goma, Archbishop of Toledo and Primate of Spain, could say, as he did in the London *Universe* of February 12, 1937:

> It is a war of love for religion against hate for religion. . . . Love of God . . . has put arms into the hands of half the Spaniards. Hate has armed the other half against God.

One finds it difficult to put much faith in the pastoral letter of a hierarchy led by the author of so false a statement about the rebels, so uncharitable, so unchristian a statement about the Popular Front government.

It would be nice to be able to say that the church in America is siding with the rebels out of naivete and an esprit de corps which knows only that churches were burned and priests killed. Unfortunately, this is untrue. Statements have appeared sporadically in the American Catholic press itself showing that the character of the revolt and the attitude of the Spanish church were clearly recognized. In August, 1936, an editorial in *Commonweal,* which has since become ardently anti-loyalist, declared:

> Spanish fascism will be the antithesis to the radical social demands made by the revolutionists. Superficially it will also oppose anti-clericalism. . . . But it will not liberate creative Catholic social energies . . . even if it wanted to it could not.

George N. Shuster, until recently managing editor of the *Commonweal,* in the issue of April 2 cited Father Ludwig Veit, conservative German historian, to show how the Spanish church had become dependent "upon a state hostile to even elementary demands of social justice," and characterized the Franco government as "a reactionary militarist regime which has sent Moors to smash the organizations of workingmen and peasants." Father Wilfrid Parsons, S. J., former editor of the Jesuit weekly, *America,* wrote in the September, 1936, issue of *Columbia*:

> The great tragedy of Spain was that in the nineteenth century the working classes apostasized from the church. . . . It was poverty, destitution, and injustice

> which made them apostasize. They got to hate the church because they hated the friends of the church, who exploited them and whom the church did nothing to rebuke or correct.

Father Smith, writing in the January 1 issue of *Commonweal,* went still farther:

> For many years now the Catholic church has been the last refuge of . . . those keeping watch at the deathbed of dying social systems. To the poor and the workers in these countries the church has come to be regarded as a vested interest, her bishops landed grandees, and her work to minister to the spiritual needs of those who because they have the means to support her, have also the power to control her. For socially minded and progressive citizens in any country, therefore, to look to the church for aid or guidance in laying the foundations of a more just social order has been made to appear absurd.

Non-Catholics should not make the mistake of assuming that all Catholics have lined up with Franco at the snap of the ecclesiastical whip. Catholics in America do not have to go to Spain to know which side is theirs. Most of us found the Spanish pastoral letter very familiar. We have heard the same story so often from our own leaders. It was the same old bogy: Joe Stalin and his cohorts were about to take over the government and exterminate every trace of religion. Remember how they used it to kill the child-labor amendment—which even Herbert Hoover supported?

But while thousands of us are openly for the Loyalists, other thousands would like to be for the Loyalists but are afraid. They are not able to distinguish clearly between the political and the religious. They need to be told that they are not repudiating the Church of Christ when they repudiate politically the hierarchy.

What is so agonizing is that while the Catholic masses are casting about eagerly and praying desperately for the one thing they lack—vigorous, clear-spoken leadership—most of those who know the answers to their questions must perforce remain silent. This writer, for example, knows that to sign her name to this article would be to commit economic suicide. Even that would not be too bad if only something could be accomplished by it. Too often, however, we have seen Catholics rise in revolt only to fall back again completely discredited. Surely it is a shameful thing that upper-class Catholics have appointed themselves a committee to judge the catholicity of anyone whose truths they are unable to refute. This writer knows how they will reply to her. They will rack their brains to find some small slip, and they will harp on that. But above all they will "smear" her as being a poor Catholic, cowardly and disloyal.

These charges are not true. I love the Catholic church. That is why I have spoken up. For I believe that I can best render a service to Holy Mother Church by making it clear to all—Catholics and non-Catholics alike—that the Catholic church is the Church of Christ not because of the tyranny of a corrupt and autocratic hierarchy but in spite of it.

Hitler and Halifax

BY ROBERT DELL

Geneva, November 25

PRIME MINISTER CHAMBERLAIN has taken control of British foreign policy out of the hands of Sir Robert Vansittart, permanent Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and is going too fast to please the Foreign Office. It was not the policy of the Foreign Office to tell Hitler that he could have a free hand in Europe east of the Rhine, or to bargain with him on that basis. The policy of Vansittart was to go on talking about a general European arrangement including Germany, without any hope of getting one but with the hope of putting off the evil day. For Vansittart does not desire to give Hitler such a free hand but regards it as ultimately a disagreeable necessity.

Neville Chamberlain sent Halifax to Berlin to prepare the way for a bargain by which Germany would be given the right of way at least in Austria and Czechoslovakia in return for an undertaking to abandon or at least postpone the demand for colonies. The Prime Minister and his envoy made a diplomatic blunder in thus blowing the gaff, as Vansittart and the Foreign Office recognize. The reality about British policy must now be evident except to those who refuse to see what is before their eyes. Unfortunately, there are many of these, especially in England. The following quotation from a private letter that I received from a friend in England a few days ago accurately describes the situation:

> British public opinion is not really pro-fascist, but when this is said, it could not otherwise be worse than it is. The middle classes, while uncritical and ignorant of foreign affairs, are shell-shocked with the cowardice of true decadence. The word "war" makes them quake; yet they resolutely refuse to heed any evidence that war is likely to be forced upon them by the will of other states. They insistently believe, because they are determined to do so, that these states, especially Germany, can be bought off; and they disbelieve obstinately that it is possible for the rulers of any country to love violence, to practice gross injustice, or to harbor designs against British territory.

The choice of Halifax for the mission to Berlin was a humiliation for Eden, who has now almost ceased to count. Halifax has for some time past been for all practical purposes super-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Neville Chamberlain and Halifax both belong to the powerful group in English business and "society" who have fascist sympathies because they realize that fascism, as Professor Brady says in his valuable book on German fascism,* is no more than the politically conscious phase of what he calls "control capitalism"—as opposed to laissez faire capitalism—and is the only means by which the capitalist system, which has broken down, can be saved from final ruin. The Astor family belongs to this group; hence, the pro-German policy of the London *Times* and the London *Observer*, in both of which members of that family have a controlling interest.

The majority of the rank and file even of the Conservative Party would probably be opposed to Neville Chamberlain's policy if they understood it, and certain members of the Cabinet, including Eden, are opposed to it. But the opposition of the minority of the Cabinet can be successful only if they are ready to resign if they are overruled. It is difficult to hope that Eden will resign in any circumstances. Had he had a true conception of his own political interests, apart from any other consideration, he would have resigned his post as Minister for League of Nations Affairs in 1935 rather than agree to the betrayal of Abyssinia. As it is, he has gone on carrying out policies with which he did not agree and has allowed himself to be used as a decoy duck, for it is his presence in the Cabinet more than anything else that has blinded people in England and elsewhere to the true nature of British policy.

Before Halifax went to Berlin, Hitler's demands were known to the British government. Hitler declared that Germany would return to the League of Nations on the following conditions: revision of the Covenant; suppression of Article 16, providing for sanctions; abolition of all connection between the League and the peace treaties; suppression of Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles (the war-guilt clause); revision of the minorities treaties; recognition by Great Britain of Italian sovereignty over Ethiopia. Hitler demanded that Great Britain should agree to the "reorganization" of Czechoslovakia on the lines of the Swiss federal system and should undertake to give no diplomatic, political, or military aid to the Austrian government. Hitler agreed not to raise the colonial question for six years if Great Britain would undertake to help Germany recover its colonies at the end of that time, and not to make naval or military bases in the former German colonies. He further promised to do his best to restore peace in Spain, on condition that the British government recognized Franco, and also to do his best to restore peace in the Far East.

By sending Halifax to Germany, therefore, Neville Chamberlain accepted Hitler's program as a basis of discussion. This does not necessarily mean that he was ready to agree to every point in it. No doubt Hitler in the last resort would be prepared to accept less than he asked, and it was clearly Neville Chamberlain's intention to try to arrive at a compromise on the basis of Hitler's proposals. It will be seen that Hitler offered nothing at all in return for the concessions that he demanded, and Chamberlain will no doubt try to obtain a *quid pro quo* for sacrificing Czechoslovakia and Austria and agreeing to destroy the League of Nations. For the conditions demanded by Hitler would mean the destruction of the League, which would be deprived of any power of preventing or punishing aggression, and some of its members would never agree to such conditions. Incidentally, Germany could not be given a permanent seat on the Council except by a unanimous decision of that body, which would never be obtained.

In the House of Commons Chamberlain refused to give any information about Halifax's conversations, following the latter's return, but said that his visit had encouraged the desire of the two countries for closer cooperation. It is therefore clear that he wishes to continue negotiations. He also said that no pledges had been given and no commitments had been made, and that the government would make no commitments without first consulting Parliament. Edward Grey more than once made similar statements to the House of Commons in the years before the war. Yet he made grave commitments without the knowledge of the House of Commons, of the English people, or even of some of his own colleagues in the Cabinet, and on August 4, 1914, the Manchester *Guardian* said in a leading article: "Sir Edward Grey's speech last night . . . showed that for years he has been keeping back the whole truth."

The question now is whether and for how long Neville Chamberlain and his fascist friends will be able to go on humbugging the British public. They will be able to as long as the majority of the English people refuse to believe that anything disagreeable can possibly be true. Never was the refusal to recognize the real nature of Nazi Germany more evident than in speeches made by members of the Labor and Liberal parties in the House of Lords on November 17 and 18 and in the speech made by Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons, at a public meeting in Manchester. Sir Archibald Sinclair said in the course of his speech:

> We want to welcome Germany back into the League as an equal in the fullest sense. . . . Once Germany rejoins the League and agrees to a measure of general disarmament and the international supervision of armaments and undertakes to abide by conciliation or arbitration in all international disputes, there is no price for her friendship that our League obligations permit, that justice and equity demand, and that third-party judgment assesses that we should be unwilling to pay. Such are the aims of Liberal policy. It is based not on fear—fear of foreign competition, fear of Mussolini, fear of socialism—but on faith.

Sinclair's definition of faith seems to resemble that given by the legendary candidate for holy orders in his examination paper: "Faith is a grace given us by God which enables us to believe what we know to be untrue."

Lord Sankey, who was Lord Chancellor in the last Labor Cabinet, is likewise willing to accept Hitler's conditions for the return of Germany to the League. In a speech in the House of Lords on November 18 he said that the most important thing for the League of Nations to consider was whether it was to have the United States and Germany in the League or whether it should retain the article on sanctions (Article 16) in the Covenant. He thought that it would be better to have the United States and Germany in the League and Article 16 out of the Covenant. The illusion that the United States would at once join the League if Article 16 were taken out of the Covenant is entertained by many people in England, but Lord Sankey ought to know better.

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* "The Spirit and Structure of German Fascism." By Robert A. Brady. Viking Press.

Perhaps the most brilliant suggestion was that made by Lord Samuel, a prominent Liberal, in the House of Lords on November 17. As part of an all-round settlement, Lord Samuel proposed, Russia should give a pledge not to interfere in the affairs of other nations. "If that were done," he said, "Germany could be expected to stop breathing fire and slaughter against her." If Lord Samuel were an imbecile, one could believe this suggestion to be sincere. If there is a country that should be asked to give a pledge not to interfere in the affairs of other nations, it is Germany. At the very moment that Lord Samuel was speaking the British government knew that Hitler demanded the right to interfere in the affairs of Czechoslovakia and Austria. He has interfered in them already without asking anybody.

And now it has been revealed to the world that Hitler and Mussolini have been repeating in France the tactics that they pursued in Spain and aiding a plot for the overthrow of the French Republic. Fortunately, the plot was discovered in time, but will the present French government have the courage to bring the responsibility home and probe the matter to its depths? For my part I doubt it, for it was the weakness of the French government and its policy in regard to Spain that encouraged the plotters to embark on their adventure. About a fortnight ago certain members of a reactionary organization in a French town at no very great distance from Geneva said that as there was certainly going to be a Communist revolution, the "Nationals" were determined to forestall the Communists. When it was suggested that their opponents might prove to be stronger than they were, they replied that they counted on German intervention "to restore order" and were convinced that the British government would adopt a policy of non-intervention. The French government knows that the Roselli brothers were murdered by Italian police officers who had been allowed to enter France on the pretext of watching over the safety of an Italian royal personage on a visit. The French government knows that the riot at Clichy, a working-class suburb of Paris, was started by German agents. The French government knows that the explosion in the rue de Presbourg, Paris, was traced to the Italian embassy in Paris. In each case investigation has been stifled and the criminals have gone scot-free.

The decision to send Halifax to Germany was made, as Eden admitted in the House of Commons, without any consultation with the French government. The situation is grave, for Hitler is dictating terms as if Germany were a victor imposing its will on the vanquished. There is only one way in which the countries threatened by Hitler are to be defended. That is by a general European pact of mutual assistance—the Geneva protocol of 1924, with whatever amendments may be necessary, restricted to Europe. The present British government will never agree to join in such a pact, but the pact might still be possible if the British government undertook to fulfil its obligations under Article 16 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, should the occasion arise. Even that is too much to expect from Neville Chamberlain, and it is much to be feared that Chautemps and Delbos will once more yield and consent to continue negotiations with Hitler. In that case one can but hope that the French Socialists and Communists will at last have the courage to turn Chautemps out of office.

Hague—Worried Dictator

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

A MIGHTY nervous man these days is the usually dapper and unperturbed Mayor of Jersey City, Frank Hague. He hurries from one conference of his lawyers and advisers to another, on both sides of the Hudson. Supposedly immune to newspaper attacks, he berates the New York correspondents for their stories about the doings in his domain. At the same time his large pack of trained seals on the Jersey City papers are urged on in their efforts to make it appear that between the innocent Jersey citizenry and the invading hordes from Moscow, via the C. I. O., stands the fair, white, sixty-one-year-old body of Mayor Hague.

All this exceptional excitement comes from the Mayor's declaration of war upon the Committee for Industrial Organization. It will be recalled that the Democratic Hague's Republican ally, Harold Hoffman—soon, praise God, to be the ex-Governor of New Jersey—was the first to announce that the C. I. O. was not wanted in his state. That was nearly a year ago, and ever since C. I. O. organizers have been signing them up right and left. Distressed at the ineptness of his pudgy political partner, Hague decided to show his clients among the labor-baiting corporations and the runaway shops that infest New Jersey how a he-man delivers the goods. Announcing at a dinner attended by applauding admirers, "I am the law," the Mayor repeated his instructions to his police department to keep all "undesirables" out of Jersey City.

It was hardly necessary to stress this warning. By now the police of Jersey City know well enough what is meant by "undesirables." An undesirable is a union organizer, either A. F. of L. or C. I. O., who comes to Jersey City in an attempt to raise the wretched wages and improve the working conditions of that open-shop Utopia. This definition was strenuously applied to A. F. of L. organizers as far back as Hague's successful attack on the proposed New Jersey anti-injunction bill. At that time the *Voice of Labor*, official publication of the state Federation of Labor, asked, "Shall New Jersey be the dumping ground of cheap coolie labor, the last refuge of toryism and reaction in America?" This blast the A. F. of L. organization quickly followed up with a red-hot attack on Hague and his chancellor, Luther A. Campbell, who had put off the ermine long enough to write a piece for the papers damning the bill. Today the high officials of the state federation—but not the rank and file—are standing back of Hague in his roughing of the C. I. O. organizers. Bill Green is picky about whose ox is gored.

Hague's declaration of war was promptly taken up by the Jersey C. I. O. Through the dawn-gray streets of Hague's miniature Reich on November 29 moved a group of stalwarts carrying leaflets announcing a meeting of the C. I. O. in Jersey City. They were members of unions affiliated with the C. I. O., the Workers' Defense League, and the American Civil Liberties Union. Instantly they were surrounded by siren-screeching police cars and their hysterical occupants. A policeman came up to little Sidney Hertzberg of the Workers' Defense League shouting, "Why don't you behave like a gentleman?" and thereupon struck Hertzberg in the face. Another grabbed David Clendenin, of the same organization, by the seat of his pants and flung him down a flight of stairs in the headquarters of a local union. Clendenin picked himself up and remarked, "I know that you wish to dissemble your love, but why do you kick me downstairs?" In all, five C. I. O. organizers were thrown into the local bastile and thirteen were thrown into the Holland Tunnel.

"It was a famous victory" for Mayor Hague, but a Pyrrhic one. It aligned against him forces beyond his Grove Street horizons—the resources and fighting machinery of the C. I. O., for example.

New Jersey labor is fortunate in its C. I. O. organizers. One is the quiet-spoken, hard-hitting Carl Holderman, dynamic energizer of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee and the founding father of Labor's Non-Partisan League of New Jersey. Holderman's background is strikingly like that of Debs. His father was an Alsatian. At the tender age of thirteen Carl went into the railroad shops at Hornell, New York, his birthplace. After working as a fireman for two years, he got into textiles, soon becoming an executive in the United Textile Workers' Union. Whatever Mayor Hague may think, Holderman belongs to no political party.

The C. I. O.'s chief of staff for New Jersey is William Jennings Carney, a stocky, perky little proletarian who has learned his way around from long experience in organizing men and women into unions. One of the rank-and-file leaders in the now famous Goodyear strike at Akron, Ohio, Carney has kept the faith bequeathed him by his father, a militant member of the United Mine Workers of America.

When Holderman and Carney received Hague's ultimatum, they stripped for action. Presiding at a convention of the Non-Partisan League at Newark, Holderman asked for the formation of an American Labor Party in New Jersey. His demand was enthusiastically indorsed by 369 delegates from 137 locals, representing New Jersey workers from shipbuilders to needle tradesmen. An executive committee numbering some sixty members, with many representatives of the A. F. of L. as well as of the C. I. O., is now drawing up plans for the intensive organization of a Jersey A. L. P. Within the next six months another conference will be called to draw up a platform and general program.

Hague looks across the river, where Tammany, on whose pattern he has built his Hudson County machine, has gone down beneath pluralities obtained for the fusion movement by the oncoming American Labor Party of New York. He looks morosely at the returns of the last Jersey election, in which his man Moore was elected governor by the distressingly slim margin of 45,000. And he wonders if he is slipping. These pestiferous C. I. O. people are a much tougher crowd than the A. F. of L. They are imaginative and waspish. On Hague's desk is a mimeographed sheet addressed to His Honor from Bill Carney's office. It is entitled "An Elementary Correspondence Course in Americanization for Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City." It contains definitions of democracy with special reference to Jersey City and prescribes the reading of the Bill of Rights as home work. The New York papers carry a statement by Morris Ernst, of counsel for the C. I. O. and an ardent defender of the New Deal, to the effect that the C. I. O. contemplates buying property in Jersey City on which speakers will promulgate the forbidden union doctrine. Suits against Hague's cops are pending.

Hague's answer to attacks in the past has been the usual one of the badgered boss—contemptuous silence. Now, however, he is talking, and the more he talks the more he exposes to the country at large the peculiar workings of the dictator mind. In answering a letter of protest against his usurpation of civil liberties signed by twenty-six progressive Congressmen, Hague blustered: "I can assure you that everything is under control. There is nothing for you to be disturbed about that I can see." And when a New York legislative committee asked him who decided whether or not a group could organize in Jersey City, he pounded himself on the chest and shouted, "I decide. Me. Here." These outbursts are a source of pained astonishment to his public-relations counselors and of joy to his opponents. Out of his own mouth he is confirming every charge leveled against him and alienating the most conservative papers of New Jersey.

All in all, being a dictator even in Jersey City is a hell of a headache.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE resignation of Ambassador Dodd had long been expected. The press statements that it was due to his having become *persona non grata* to the Nazi government tell only part of the story. From my point of view no ambassador in Berlin ought to be *persona grata* to the Nazis, save in the correctness of his diplomatic conduct. He ought always to let it be clear that we can feel no real friendship for a dictatorship which is actively trying to undermine our institutions. If, as some dispatches hint, Hugh R. Wilson's appointment to succeed Mr. Dodd is "a pacification move," it will be a misfortune. The American republic cannot and must not strike hands with the dictator. At all times it should let it be known here and abroad that its sympathies are with the democratic states in their opposition to totalitarianism.

Mr. Wilson's appointment will commend itself to the diplomatic service because he is a "career man" and a very able one. He has been in the department since 1911, serving in Portugal, Guatemala, Buenos Aires, Germany, Austria, and Japan. He has also been Minister to Switzerland and is now Assistant Secretary of State. Certainly if a long and varied training means anything—and knowledge of the language of the country to which he is assigned—Mr. Wilson is completely qualified for his new post, which is the most important job in the entire diplomatic service today, with the possible exception of the ambassadorship to Japan. That another outstanding European post is to be filled by a professional diplomat will cause rejoicing throughout the service. No one who is not in touch with it can realize the intense discouragement of its members when they read of the appointment of a Joseph Davies to Russia.

What outrages all the career diplomats is the flagrant sale of high positions to outsiders because of their large contributions to party funds—"sale" and not "award" is the proper word. The career men ask why they should be expected to equip themselves for a life of diplomacy if they are to see the prize posts given to multimillionaires or politicians. There are many very competent men in the lower grades who have come in, after most rigid tests, since the permanent service was established. If the avenues to promotion are constantly blocked by the choice of men like Claude Bowers, who has sat so comfortably in Hendaye since the war in Spain began, or John N. Willys, the automobile millionaire, who misrepresented us in Poland, the service cannot be expected to attract men of ambition and high quality. I do not mean to imply that all the highest positions should be filled by career diplomats. As the English service has shown, a permanent diplomatic service runs the danger of becoming formalized, ultra-conservative, and out of touch with popular thought at home. Red tape and bureaucratism are always the enemies of efficiency in a government service. It would be well to keep perhaps 15 per cent of the highest jobs for men of special equipment, just as England, in violation of all precedents, sent James Bryce as ambassador to Washington because he was the best Englishman available for the place.

Today the State Department is the stepchild of Congress. The most important of all the departments, it is always being starved. Thus for the fiscal year 1935 it received only $15,860,779, and for the fiscal year 1936 only $16,816,356. For the current year it gets around $18,000,000. This is just about *two-sevenths* of the cost of one of the two new battleships authorized by Congress. The Army and Navy departments between them are to receive $1,300,000,000 in the current fiscal year —and the first line of defense gets $18,000,000! Was there ever anything more preposterous? A minister in the diplomatic service gets only $10,000 a year, with a slight expense account. Writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal* last August, Dorothy Thompson said: "Mr. Hugh Wilson, our minister to Berne, is an exceptionally able diplomat, regarded as such by his colleagues. They [the career diplomats] have brought the United States inestimable values, but they are rewarded by relief wages, literally. They get barely what it costs them to live and no more." She too dwelt upon the fact that "we spend more in one week for the United States navy than we spend in a whole year for our entire diplomatic and consular service, plus the State Department at home. We spend more, officially, in one week to prepare for eventual war than we spend in one year on our entire representation charged to promote the peace!"

I personally know able younger men in the service who would get out tomorrow if they could. They hold the rank of first secretary of legation or embassy, but they see nothing ahead. Having no private means they do not wish to be appointed ministers unless they can go to a small South American republic, for they know that they cannot live on their salaries and do the necessary entertaining and provide for the education at home of their children. I hope that in the next year or two this condition will be changed, and I cannot understand why the President has not insisted upon the doubling of the State Department's appropriation. Now that George S. Messersmith, lately our able minister in Vienna, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State with the duty of dealing with Congress, I am hopeful that he will be able to convince that body of the gross injustice done to the country by its incredible niggardliness.

A NOTE ON A. E. HOUSMAN

BY LOUIS KRONENBERGER

SINCE Housman's death much has been written in the form of memoirs concerning a personality that had earlier seemed closed and inaccessible.* All of us knew Housman's poetry; some of us knew a little about his scholarship—had dipped, it may be, into the prefaces to the "Manilius" and both relished and recoiled from their just but unmerciful and even needless excoriations. None of us knew more about the man than might be contained in a page of "Who's Who" eked out by half a dozen possibly apocryphal anecdotes. The man remained remote; and after reading what has been written about him since he died, one concludes that he was remote from almost everybody who knew him. He was not inhuman: he had an epicene sense of fun, a delight in good drink, a need though not a capacity for friendship, a delicate family sense; he had grieved over the death of his mother, and he must have known some more private grief which, we are half promised, will some day be explained. But he not only withdrew from what we loosely call the world; he withdrew hardly less from that smaller world of dons and scholars in which he made his home. I have neither the data nor the intuitions to trace out here the psychological reasons which caused him to live so inwardly: I want to speak only of the poet, and of those aspects of the man which the poet somehow revealed.

Housman's death, though it meant something sentimentally to those who had been brought up on his poems, meant almost nothing to the life stream of poetry itself. For what he wrote bore no acute relation to our own times; and though he had imitators, what they imitated was not new and was not susceptible of becoming new in their hands. "A Shropshire Lad" has a slight period air about it and seems, if it belongs anywhere, to belong to the 1890's; but that is quite a different matter from the strict relationship of creative activity to a particular age, and of that strict relationship Housman's poetry never partook at all. At its first appearance it was already a minor classic, not simply because it was faultless in its kind, but also because it adhered to a few unchanging moods, a few emotional rather than intellectual truths.

As a result, and in keeping with the nature of such poetry, we have ourselves responded to Housman wholly by way of the emotions. Much has been written about his verse, but very little that was more than a way of expressing pleasure in it—very little, that is to say, which was really critical in method. A knowledge of his limitations perhaps tempered but never extinguished the emotional enthusiasm of those who wrote; and after all, how much was there to say? One could hardly tie him in with anything very original concerning life itself, or explain at great length a philosophy that was almost self-explanatory, or find special meanings in him that the rest of the world had neglected to find. When one has said that Housman was plainly a perfect poet, and just as plainly not a great one, one has gone far toward characterizing him. As time passes, it is not so much with men like Heine and Hardy, whose feeling he shares, that he will be grouped, as with men like Campion and Marvell, whose charm of artistry he recaptures.

A few things, however, remain to be said. Not much concerning his art, since all that has been said before. Still, to maintain perspective, one must say again of his art how delicate and evocative it is, how scrupulous and sometimes magical in its use of diction, rhythm, and cadence; how austere when there is reason for austerity. But, to pass on, something might be said about Housman's aloofness and something about his reaction to life—as they are revealed in the poetry itself—since to assess them is to come closest to assessing his scale of values, to discovering what his stature is as opposed to his style.

His aloofness was, of course, a condition of temperament and persisted long enough to harden into a condition of mind. He lived what passes for an austere life because he enjoyed a few fine and simple pleasures intensely, and the others not at all. He had a severe, or at any rate a fastidious, taste, which means that he would have protested against most of life because it seemed contaminating before he would have protested against most of life because it seemed unsound. His rejection of first-hand living must finally be set down to too much aesthetic sensibility, to a kind of squeamishness. It kept him, as a poet, whole, but it also kept him undernourished; his purity survived at the expense of his humanity. The familiar moods deepened as he grew older, the 'cello note which is fugitive in his first book is much better sustained in his later ones; but we are simply made conscious of an older man and a maturer artist, not of a profounder thinker or a more experienced human being.

This aloofness, this sealed personality, of Housman's has cost him some of our adult allegiance: one's delight in his poetry is apt to be in some sense a hangover, a sentimental prolongation from one's youth. Those to whom he means the most are people, I should guess, of facile emotions and too little toughness of mind: even people whose feeling for literature, though sensitive, borders on the superficial. For the rest of us he has been much more of a pleasure than a need. As a poet he has remained magnetic, but as a philosopher he has been increasingly less persuasive.

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*"Alfred Edward Housman." Recollections by Various Hands. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

T. S. Eliot has discussed the question of how far we can acquiesce, for the sake of the poetry, in a poet's ideas which on other grounds we should disavow. The point is apposite with Housman, whose sentimental fatalism does not always ring true to begin with, and is furthermore too indulgently and even gratuitously applied. When we are young, the overwritten pathos in Housman seems the most tragic thing in the world; but as we gain experience of life, it seems—so self-inflicted, so almost graceful it has become—scarcely tragic at all. (What seems tragic is the suppressed emotion in the poet, but that is another and purely inferential matter.) When I read Housman today, particularly "A Shropshire Lad," I find so many lads lying in so many graves and so much mortal beauty doomed, page after page, to fade, that sometimes it is more than just unconvincing; it is a little distasteful. Then Housman seems dangerously thin, which is very different from seeming minor. It is only the graver mood of some of the later poems, where a note is struck at once ironic and moving, that restores my faith in the poetic soundness of his philosophy.

Poems such as these best ones show the mark of true poetry, which must always be an equipoise of sound and sense, and which is another and better thing than true lyricism. At such times Housman transforms a way of thinking about life into a way of experiencing it, so that in the grip of a strong emotion—to revert to the point raised by Eliot—you simply ask no questions. These best poems have the perhaps accidental virtue of being impossible to parody or imitate, whereas the lightfoot lads, the young men hanged by moonlight, the crowns and pounds and guineas, are easy to parody—not just because of their lilt or their simplicity but because they constitute a manner of poetry rather than poetry itself. Whenever Housman rises from the sentimental to the elegiac, from the rueful to the stoic, his philosophy and his feelings both regain their dignity, and are helped on their way by a very great tradition; he has ceased to write, however skilfully, the kind of verses schoolgirls sigh over.

> The troubles of our proud and angry dust
>   Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
>   Bear them we can, and if we can we must.
> Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

There you have Housman's whole outlook upon existence—the pessimism, the stoicism, the cynicism all compact; what to expect from life, what response to make, and in what manner to make it. At least the first two lines of this are fine poetry; but a note creeps in in the last two I could wish left out, a faintly British note of playing the game and not giving in on the job, an equally British note of asking no questions about it all, of going in for that mindless and stolid acceptance of things which diminishes suffering by ignoring it. No doubt this is a Spartan or Roman attitude; it also smacks a little of Sir Henry Newbolt;[*] and it does not save Housman, for all his fine sensibility, from a kind of soullessness. It is not like Hardy's pessimism, but rather like Browning's optimism turned inside out.

But a more formidable objection lies in the general meagerness of the philosophy itself. It speaks, not of the suffering of someone who has striven as a person and fought desperately and failed, but of defeatism tied neatly with lyrical knots and bows. From the immense height of Housman's aloofness it would be almost comforting to see everything foredoomed. That is the unintentional, as opposed to the conscious, sentimentalism in Housman's work, and the result is that after much iteration we take it intellectually with a grain of salt. It has become as much a habit with him as a conviction.

His stature, then, is not great. By virtue of a certain poetic accent he comes close at times to the mood of great poetry; but he never plunges us into a world more spacious than our own, never breaks the graceful lamp that guards the naked flame. His real place is perhaps less with the poets I mentioned earlier than with the epigrammatists of the Greek anthology. Like them, he is intense but remote, pathetic but impersonal. The revelations of greater poets who stand rooted in a sense of reality which Housman feared and so came to disdain, the insight and audacity of those who were men before they were poets—of these things Housman gives us nothing, because he had nothing to give. His is a special charm, very potent of its kind; but it must be seen in its proper perspective.

BOOKS

William Once the Second

THE KAISER ON TRIAL. By George Sylvester Viereck. Preface by James W. Gerard. The Greystone Press: New York. $3.50.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK is no newcomer in America's world of letters—he wields a prolific pen, and the long list of his published works covers practically every form of writing, from the political and historical essay to poetry, drama, and fiction. And knowing Mr. Viereck's past, one does not expect him to be objective or impartial. He has always been frankly pro-German. He claims relationship with the house of Hohenzollern. He has been for almost two decades the acknowledged contact man between the ex-Kaiser in Doorn and the outside world. He pays annual visits to William Once the II in his Dutch St. Helena; is, in fact, the only journalist having access to that once mighty ruler. If he remembers the author's antecedents, the intelligent and discriminating reader will get from Mr. Viereck's latest work an interesting review of an important and exceedingly complex segment of our modern times.

To the younger generation the idea that one could force an aggressor to face an international tribunal may be slightly comic. Not so in 1918. Paragraph 227 of the Treaty of Versailles demanded that the Emperor of Germany be brought to justice as the guilty aggressor. Lloyd George fought and won a British election in 1918 with the slogan "Hang the Kaiser!" Wilhelm was never tried, for Holland refused to surrender the royal refugee. What Mr. Viereck gives us is an imaginary trial, with the ex-Emperor in the docket and outstanding statesmen, generals, and members of imperial and royal houses, dead and alive, on the witness stand. In the end he absolves the jury of twelve men and women from the responsibility of a verdict and leaves it to the reader—and posterity—to decide.

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[*] It is interesting to note (and I have noted it only *after* writing these words) that during the war Housman was a vigorous patriot, and gave every cent of his savings to the government.

To the uninitiated it may be news that those who opposed the war vigorously while it was in progress were much less inclined to hold Germany's titular head responsible for its outbreak than were the liberals and pacifists who supported the war and the statesmen who dictated the terms of the Versailles treaty. In the judgment of the Socialists and radicals the World War was the direct result of economic rivalry between Great Britain and Germany, with the Kaiser a contributory but not the moving force. Wilhelm's ambitious dream of German naval supremacy produced a premature crisis, and his support of Austria's extortionist practices against the Serbian government forced France and czarist Russia to become participants in a war neither was ready to fight. That the Emperor could have prevented the war and is therefore not entirely guiltless even Mr. Viereck is forced to admit.

Wilhelm received the news of Austria's ultimatum while on a Northland cruise. Mr. Viereck represents him as tortured by doubts. "No nation can accept such conditions." Nevertheless he made no move to check the Austrians. He waited and became an accessory after the fact. He had another chance when the Serbians accepted Austria's arrogant demands with a few minor reservations. "The Kaiser," says Mr. Viereck, "draws a breath of relief. In large characters he scrawls in the margin of the dispatch: 'A brilliant achievement in the brief space of forty-eight hours. This eliminates every reason for war.' 'Plessen,' the Kaiser calls to his aide, 'send a telegram to von Moltke. Tell him that Austria now lacks any pretext for war. Serbia has complied with all the demands of Vienna.' "

Had the telegram been sent to Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg, war might have been averted. But it went to the chief of the general staff, who was powerless to act. When Wilhelm arrived in Potsdam on the following day he learned that Austria had broken off relations with Serbia. He tried to localize the fight by a personal appeal to the Czar, but it was too late.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book presents Wilhelm's conflict with Otto von Bismarck, who aspired to be to his *young* Kaiser what Mussolini became to King Victor Emanuel thirty years later. Viereck gives a graphic portrayal of the events that led to Bismarck's dismissal, though William II seems to me distinctly miscast in the role of people's tribune.

One can forgive the author for taking Wilhelm of Doorn at his own valuation; after all, that is the purpose of his chronicle. But on what evidence does he base the not too fastidious story of what happened in that sealed coach which, sanctioned by General Ludendorff, sped Lenin and his "twenty-nine intellectual vagabonds" toward the Russian border? What bearing has the tale on the Kaiser's guilt? Is it possible that Mr. Viereck included this nasty story about "Ludendorff's protege" and the "Austrian deserter Radek" (Radek is a Russian Pole) as a gratuitous slap at the hated Communists? "Germany," writes Mr. Viereck, "violated her own spirit and tradition when she dispatched Lenin to Russia; it was the sin against the Holy Ghost. She sinned again when she trafficked with a government she considered the enemy of mankind. It is at this instance, not at the beginning of the war, that she became 'guilty,' even though—like the hero of a Greek tragedy—she sinned unwillingly and unwittingly, driven by forces beyond her control."

Mr. Viereck has undoubtedly accomplished what he set out to do: leave the world at large with a friendlier picture of Germany's World War emperor—Wilhelm the uncomplaining martyr, Wilhelm who could write his own story for a world press hungry for sensations but forgoes this privilege lest he add to the dissensions of a world staggering on the brink of another holocaust, Wilhelm the misunderstood. What an appealing portrait! But why stop there, Mr. Viereck? Why not say also that millions of Germans today would welcome Wilhelm II with ringing of churchbells and dancing in the streets because, with all his sins and failings, he was so immeasurably better than the present ruler of the unhappy Reich.

LUDWIG LORE

The Civil War

THE CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION. By J. G. Randall. D. C. Heath and Company. $5.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR: AN INTERPRETATION. By Carl Russell Fish. Edited by William Ernest Smith. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

IN MANY ways J. G. Randall's big book is the outstanding historical work of the year; and this reviewer, for one, will not be surprised if it receives the Pulitzer Prize. "The Civil War and Reconstruction" contains all the customary evidences of careful scholarship. A lifelong student of the period as well as the director of a seminary at the University of Illinois which has turned up much useful information of a specialized kind, Professor Randall has written a work which will be admired—and justly, too—for its utilization of many hitherto unused manuscript collections and learned monographs and articles. Also, there will be many who will hail it as an outstanding example of what has come to be recognized as recent American historiography's contribution to historical method, the so-called scientific or objective type of analysis. Indeed, Professor Randall himself has stated his claims to objectivity in the following words in his preface: ". . . a cautious historian may well choose to record the event, not indeed without interpretation, but without committing himself to a particular formula of determinism, or, indeed, to any hypothesis."

There is such a disarming note of candor about many sections of this book that the author is likely to be accepted at his word in many quarters. Nevertheless, it must be said at once, and this despite the author's protestations, that this is one of the most obviously prejudiced historical works of recent years. Not only is Professor Randall's whole frame of reference false, but both by a conscious selection of materials —or, rather, omission of relevant facts—and by a scarcely concealed hostility toward the most important actors of the piece he has ended by presenting a thoroughly distorted view of the purpose, nature, and outcome of a historical event which is to be ranked with the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution among the greatest in modern times.

Why has the author bent and twisted this period beyond all recognition? Why has he failed to catch its great historical import?

The explanations are to be found in his underlying assumptions. According to Professor Randall, during the 1850's in particular the two sections of the South and the North—not two classes struggling for the control of the national state—were beginning to stand for separate nations in the cultural sense. The South, the seat of the plantation system, was filled with estates where living was based on an orderly acceptance of obligations and rights. (In a general way, the author's analysis is much like the idyllic description of the feudal manor. Hence, Professor Randall naturally underestimates the number and influence of the Negro slave revolts, just as apologists for feudalism soft-pedal the serf and peasant risings of the late Middle Ages.) So, at one point, Professor Randall says: "Much of the ideal of the Old South could be expressed in terms of an ordered society with well-defined classes, each living a self-sufficiency existence, free from excessive preoccupation with competitive struggle. It was a society . . . where slaves should not hate their bonds." And he quotes an authority who claims that this ideal was being realized substantially. While at another point Professor Randall characterizes the slave system as a "species of agricultural and patriarchal feudalism." On the other hand, the North was beginning to gravitate toward industrial production; hence the operations of the profit motive were much more sharply in evidence. The two nations might have continued living side by side in amity had not hot-heads in both camps pointed up artificial differences and neglected to stress the enduring bonds of union. The activities of these irreconcilables the author constantly brands as "irrational." So, he says: "On both sides there was irrational inference: misrepresentations that beclouded the air seemed more potent than essential realities which the people were not permitted to understand."

The political struggle over the organization of the territories played into the hands of the irreconcilables. The tragedy of the Civil War is to be found in the fact that had these impatient ones only been prepared to wait, time itself would have blotted out all differences, for slavery could not have endured for very much longer. It was incapable of moving into the territories; it was productively (no evidence is presented) an inefficient system; and the blacks in due time and as a result of the understanding care of their masters would have been converted into free men with useful social functions.

But because the irreconcilables were in control of the South, secession was forced. While in the North Lincoln's wise and temperate program of gradual emancipation, compensation of the slave lords, and the immediate readmission of the seceded states was wrested from his hands and twisted into the "vindictive," "vengeful," "hateful," "denunciatory," "coarser" program of the radical Republicans. One typical passage will suffice to indicate the author's emotional prejudices toward that party whose bold measures assured the success of the Civil War: "In emancipation as in other quarters radicalism was to find its war-born opportunity. Beneficent measures, albeit with an excess of righteous unction, might result from this opportunity. Once loosed, however, the forces of radicalism were likely to display other tendencies. Vindictive in effect and partisan in motive . . ."

One single fact, however, scatters this neat little theory of the impermanence of the slavery controversy to the four winds; and that is to be found in the continuance of the plantation system right into our own day. As an economic mode of production, the very heart of the plantation system is to be found in the necessity for preserving the labor supply in an unfree status: and it matters very little whether the laborers are indentured servants, slaves, or share-croppers. Only contemporaneously is the plantation system slowly in process of dissolution; for unfree laborers, who had to be kept unfree because of a labor-scarcity market, can now be replaced by free wage-laborers because a great labor reserve has sprung into existence. In other words, it took not a few years for the plantation economy to break up but almost a full century.

Hence, despite the fateful economic, class, and political consequences of the Civil War, the whole period has no meaning for Professor Randall. Men were irrational; so was their conduct; so were the results of their labors. The Civil War gave us but one heritage—a burden of hate. That it achieved one of the greatest triumphs of modern times—the release of American industrial capitalism from its bondage—Professor Randall cannot see; and in thus failing he has only shrouded in confusion the significance of the greatest epoch in American history.

The late Carl Russell Fish's "The American Civil War" is only a fragment pieced together from notes by a devoted former student. Professor Fish's language, when he speaks of the radical Republicans, is more temperate than Professor Randall's, but he has added little to a proper understanding of the character of the struggle, despite the fact that his editor calls this incomplete essay an "interpretation."

LOUIS M. HACKER

Consumer's Progress

THE SHOPPING GUIDE. Edited by E. B. Weiss in Collaboration with Maurice Mermey. Whittlesey House. $2.50.

HOW TO BEAT THE HIGH COST OF LIVING. By Ray Giles. Simon and Schuster. $1.

40,000,000 GUINEA PIG CHILDREN, By Rachel Lynn Palmer and Isadore M. Alpher, M.D. Vanguard Press. $2.

POISONS, POTIONS, AND PROFITS. By Peter Morell. Knight Publications. $2.

THE progress of a movement can be gauged with a nice degree of accuracy by the literature it inspires. Muckraking is characteristic of the first stage; people must be aroused to the dangers. Next come unsensational guidebooks charting the methods of reform.

According to this standard, the consumer movement has now moved forward. Of the new crop of consumer literature, three out of four books are in the "how to do it" classification. But proof that the movement has really made progress is more concrete. Business has now turned from derision to boring from within. As evidence we submit "The Shopping Guide," which purports to enlighten the buying public on tricks of the trade. The eighteen authors who collaborated on this encyclopedia should know whereof they write, for all of them are at present employed as department buyers in retail stores.

A magician may demonstrate how he pulls the rabbit out of the hat, but he is coy about publicizing his more subtle tricks. A department buyer, who after all must be something of a magician to arrange so many special sales where one dollar will buy merchandise worth two, is similarly inhibited from divulging the tricks of his trade. This, plus the fact that even a professional buyer may be ill informed, results in such misstatements as "The most popular fabric for underwear is silk, either from the silkworm or of synthetic fibers." Maybe this is the reason why quite reputable stores continue to sell rayon as silk. It must likewise be remembered that the buyer's title is a euphemism; his real job is to sell, to build sales and profits. It is therefore understandable that in the discussion of furs we are informed that "the important question for you is, not 'Can I buy a fur coat?' but 'What sort of fur coat shall I buy?' " And on the subject of men's hats, that "really, a man ought to have from six to twelve hats in his wardrobe. . . . Don't wear the same hat too long. Don't try to get the maximum wear out of it, for scarcely any good hat will completely wear out. . . ."

This book should fool only the unwary. Yet it would be a mistake to dismiss it too lightly, for it represents a very real threat to the success of the consumers' campaign. Having failed to regain consumer confidence merely by calling the guinea-pig writers muckrakers, business has become cooperative to the point of preparing buying manuals for consumers. It is the same method that has been used to fight labor organization. The danger here is that unorganized consumers may easily fall victims to the company book.

A far better investment than "The Shopping Guide" for over-the-counter buyers who want to get more for their money is Ray Giles's booklet, "How to Beat the High Cost of Living." At least half of Mr. Giles's suggestions for saving money are obvious; many others, such as his statement that the best value in furniture can be obtained at the highly dramatized February and August sales, quite erroneous; but this still leaves several hundred others from which anyone should be able to find a few practical ways of reducing living costs. Mr. Giles's chapter on housing is excellent, and his checklist for prospective home-owners should be carefully studied by everyone who thinks that some day he would like to own a home of his own.

If proof is needed that the chief concern of business is not the well-being of its customers, little or big, it will be found in "40,000,000 Guinea Pig Children." The book is related to the guinea-pig school of literature only through its title. Names are named where necessary, but the authors' purpose is not to titillate or shock but to instruct. They do not merely list products that are harmful and overpriced; they offer constructive advice on the care and feeding of children. More than one-third of America's children are undernourished, and of this number many live in homes where there is a radio in the living-room, a chicken in the pot, Vitamin D milk in the refrigerator, and a half-dozen boxes of nationally advertised cereals on the pantry shelf, anyone of which is supposed to make little Jimmy the strongest boy in the class and the captain of the football team. Parents who are really interested in making Jimmy strong, even though they are not unduly concerned with his prowess in athletics, should read this book.

Peter Morell has been far less successful in making a real contribution to consumer literature. "Poisons, Potions, and Profits," is a book about the radio—the bad shows and, at greater length, the worthless and dangerous patent medicines and foods which are hawked through them. Unfortunately, the products Mr. Morell names are also advertised in our best newspapers and magazines, and therefore have been exposed by almost every other guinea-pig writer. Mr. Morell brings some of this material up to date by drawing freely from the records of the Consumers' Union, but practically he has added little to what has been said before. The subtitle of his book "The Antidote to Radio Advertising" seems over-optimistic. More than a new food-and-drug law is needed if the radio is really to be operated in the public interest. Mr. Morell should have considered causes as well as results. As it is, he has merely rehashed old stuff, even in the special section at the back of the book described as "startling new material" and inclosed in a band which the buyer may not break until he has purchased the book. This is certainly forcing the consumer to buy a pig in a poke—a good enough merchandising idea but not one that Mr. Morell would be expected to advocate.

Consumers' Union material is used far more effectively in the short movie "Getting Your Money's Worth" now at the Filmarte in New York. How to buy shoes, how Grade B milk compares with premium-priced Grade A, and similar subjects are briefly and interestingly visualized. The picture is presented as the first of a series. It merits, but unfortunately probably will not achieve, wide distribution in the movie houses of the country, for, according to reports, shortly after its first showing in New York certain important business men indicated their dissatisfaction with the frankness of this consumer-sponsored shopping guide. RUTH BRINDZE

"Anacreon" Moore

THE HARP THAT ONCE. By Howard Mumford Jones. Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

THE MINSTREL BOY. By L. A. G. Strong. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.75.

HERE are two well-printed and brightly jacketed biographies of Tom Moore, both written in a style called "readable" or "informal" and yet both requiring persistent effort to bring the reading of them to a decent close. It may seem curious to find sprightly "Anacreon" Moore uninteresting and flaccid, his lively figure seeming even smaller than before. And I do think it is surprising to find two biographies, both with a cheerful title, rather more than slightly dull. I suspect the first difficulty arose with the mistaken attempt to give Moore stature if not greatness, to assume that the dull society of fashionable London during the Regency had a standard for literature worthy of respect, and that therefore Moore's wide popularity should be perpetuated with affectionate regard. This strange assumption lies at the heart of both "The Harp That Once" and "The Minstrel Boy," but in all fairness it should be said that Mr. Strong's defense of Moore's behavior and poetry is far more sophisticated and far more wary than Mr. Jones's. Yet Mr. Jones has painstakingly collected more information than Mr. Strong, so much so that the opening paragraphs of his chapters are cluttered with the kind of facts that one encounters in H. G. Wells's "Outline of History," a grand medley of what is happening in Europe and America as Moore finds a rich patron or sings a song. In his analysis of Moore's poetry Mr. Jones has the entire history of early nineteenth-century poetry floating on the page; so it is perhaps not at all extraordinary that he sees a resemblance in Moore's Anacreon Ode XLIII to "Kubla Khan," reading its short lines as equivalent to the subtle, interwoven music which is the marked distinction of Coleridge's best style. But his most liberal claim for Moore's excellence is on page 111:

> The brief quotations given from "Irish Melodies" offer the trained ear a wealth of prosodic invention, a treasury of technical resources, which neither Byron or Wordsworth ever acquired, which as sheer craftsmanship must place Moore on a plane with Shelley and Coleridge and Keats in technique, and which in the management of metrical fingering within the line sometimes goes beyond anything that any other romanticist has to show.

Mr. Jones remarks elsewhere that it is useless for criticism to protest that Shakespeare and Shelley—who somehow seem grouped together in Mr. Jones's mind—can "better this writing." He is referring to "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms"! Mr. Jones could have saved himself much future embarrassment by reading Gerard Manley Hopkins's commentary on the three schools of nineteenth-century poetry: "The third was the sentimental school, of Byron, Moore, Mrs. Hemans, and Haynes Bailey . . . [they] had the most untrustworthy and barbarous eye for nature; a diction markedly modern; and their keepings any gaud or a lot of Oriental rubbish." And I am still uncertain as to what Mr. Jones means when he speaks of "metrical fingering." Is it musical notation or something far more esoteric? I suspect he means no more than the plain truth that Moore's training at semi-private singing and pianoforte recitals had made him sensitive to the sound of words as they are written within a song, a song sung by himself or a song that John McCormack now performs with such tenor sweetness on twenty-year-old Victrola records. This may well have been an art that pleased the lords and ladies of George IV's dinner parties, or failing that immediate circle, found favor at the great Whig houses of the period, or amused the worldly Byron, or charmed Leigh Hunt. Yet the gift, however significant it may have been in defining the lack of taste displayed by the generation that discovered the aspidistra as an exotic plant imported from the Far East, remains quite as Hopkins saw it.

Nor was Moore's political adventure less shrewd or more worthy than his drawing-room popularity. He not only "loved a lord" but knew how to make a lord love him, and though his position as a Whig swung leftward, though he angered the very Regent whom he once hoped to win as patron, one knows only too well why Robert Emmet spared him the necessity of sharing political secrets when Moore was a young Dubliner. The portrait of Moore in both biographies has remarkable consistency: the lack of deep emotion or genuine insight played its successful part in lampoons of Thomas Jefferson and the painless and bathetic elegy regretting Robert Emmet's death. His associates were amused, flattered, or entertained by his facile gifts of singing, casual conversation, and smoothly flowing verse that carried within it the faintest echoes of Gaelic melancholy, accompanied by the tinkle of the harpsichord or music-room piano.

Moore's life, seen with the cool eye of Peter Quennell in his "Byron: The Years of Fame," could have been made to seem as interesting and as significant as any phenomenon of its kind in literary history. We could then have seen clearly the early and sudden rise to fame, followed by the writing of inept satires and hack biographies, the death of Moore's children, and last, the slow decline into idiocy. The incident of the burning of Lord Byron's "Memoirs" is not a pretty story, yet it fits into the character of Moore's later years and is hysterical action of a kind that prepares for the last scenes of his life. These scenes are less tragic than frightening, for their moral of what happened to a Dublin grocer's son who had become the favorite of London society is all too clear. His lively talents brought with them no ability to mature, and his shrewdly fostered literary fame paid its generous reward in its own coin. His fits of weeping, his loss of memory, his dining at dinner parties where he was not invited are all part of the fading picture. He had been the histrionic laureate of the bourgeois Regency. The story of Tom Moore as the chief drawing-room phenomenon of the society which had made him popular and perhaps immortal is the book that has yet to be written by an intelligent biographer.

HORACE GREGORY

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Shorter Notices

REHEARSAL IN OVIEDO. By Joseph Peyré. Knight Publications. $2.

When Joseph Peyré received the Goncourt Prize in 1935 for his novel "Glittering Death," the French public found its Ernest Hemingway. Peyré deals in violent action and depicts a distinctly masculine world. "Rehearsal in Oviedo"—which, by the way, is a far better title than the original "Homme de choc"—relates a miner's experiences during the bloody Asturian revolt of October, 1934, and the unsuccessful attempt to take Oviedo. After seeing the miners capture the Civil Guard barracks in the hamlet of Arenales under the leadership of Morenú, we must follow them in their march on Oviedo. There we witness the slow destruction of the town, as each surging attack on the cathedral, which the Civil Guard have made their stronghold, falls back in desperation. Morenú's blind faith in the cause suffers from his pity for its victims and from his recognition of its leaders' stupidity, and the end is charged with an implied bitterness. The adjectives tense, stark, robust, powerful, all apply to this novel. Although we know very little of them, the few main characters are alive, the men, as with Hemingway, better realized than the women. One feels that one has been an eyewitness of certain of the scenes—the airplane bombing the town, the dynamiters swinging their rope belts to scatter the crowd, the interior of the hospital, the night patrol. Only remotely a topical novel, "Rehearsal in Oviedo" could be appreciated by those on either side of the present Spanish barricades. The translation by R. H. Torres is excellent. Probably its only flaw is the occasional use of the terms "loyalist" and "rebel," since in 1934 they meant exactly the opposite of what they do today.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

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"There is expressed for us an authentic impact of life on art . . . his book can at its best be solid and even brilliant."—STARK YOUNG in the "New Republic."

132 plates $3.75

HARPER & BROTHERS

THE SHARE-CROPPER. By Charlie May Simon. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

Why should a novelist tell the truth and insist it is fiction? Mrs. Simon's story is a thinly veiled account of the brutality visited on members of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union by the planters. The cotton-choppers' strike, the system of peonage practiced by the authorities in the town of Earle (disguised in the novel as Duke), the disappearance of Frank Weems (rechristened Ephe Darr) after being beaten into unconsciousness, the raid on the home of the union lawyer, C. T. Carpenter (called Abner Young), the mobbing of union attorneys in Forrest City (concealed as Prairie City) are all retold. Yet Mrs. Simon asserts in the foreword that "no living person is referred to in these pages." The author has a great deal of sympathy for the oppressed tenant farmer, and her book is all the more impressive because it is written by a daughter of the South. It is to be regretted that in her didactic paragraphs she reveals no understanding of the economic forces that have victimized the tenant farmers and brutalized the planters. But perhaps that is too much to exact from a novelist when even the federal government shows appalling ignorance in dealing with the landless peasantry of Dixie. Mrs. Simon is too generous in her praise of the Red Cross relief to share-croppers during flood periods, which this reviewer had a chance to observe in the same area early this year. Nevertheless, her story is an honest and fairly successful attempt to report the struggles and hopes of the men and women who make possible the clothes we wear.

AARON LEVENSTEIN

FILMS

Boy Bites Man

A FEW minutes after the beginning of "Nothing Sacred" (United Artists) a strange thing happens. It is not absolutely strange, because it is seen at once to harmonize with its context, and later on indeed it will become the symbol through which the context is remembered. But it is strange in the sense that no spectator could have predicted it; it expresses its context, in other words, so much more perfectly than one would have supposed anything could express it as to come with a shock of delightful and justified surprise. It takes but a few seconds, and it employs no words. It is simply this: a little white-haired boy runs out of a gate past which a man has walked, catches up with him, seizes a trouser leg, turns his head sideways, savagely bites the leg, turns, runs back, scuttles into the gate again, and disappears from the film for good.

The little devil disappears, but he has left his mark on the film, and if it is the clearest of many strong, clear marks left there—for "Nothing Sacred" is among the best films of the year—there must be a reason. I hope I have already hinted the reason by saying that the episode is brief, noiseless, and surprising, and that it expresses a great deal more than itself. It expresses, as a matter of fact, Vermont. The man bitten (Fredric March) is a New York newspaperman who has ventured into a Vermont village in search of a sensational story which will put both himself and his paper —their recent sensations have been exposed as fakes—once more on their feet. A girl who works in a watch factory (Carole Lombard) is supposed to be dying of radium poisoning, and the paper must make a lot out of the case—bring her down to New York, maybe, and keep her in the headlines as brave little Moribunda until she dies. Mr. March's reception in the village has been cool up to this point; the "Nopes" and the "Yeps" of the citizens have done a fine job of expressing Vermont's contempt for the metropolitan press, a contempt which, to put it mildly, is shared by Ben Hecht, the author. And the audience has laughed constantly. But the "Nopes" and the "Yeps" are as nothing when the diabolical boy gets to work. Suddenly it is as if the entire film had turned on its hero, or rather as if Mr. Hecht (or William Wellman, the director) had hit upon the one gesture capable of discharging all the venom accumulated in his heart through years of impotently hating newspapers. It is of course not Vermont that the gesture expresses. It is Mr. Hecht, or—more important—the whole of the fable he has set out to tell. How the fable goes after this point, and whether the mood of insane and angry laughter is sustained by Mr. March and Miss Lombard in love, are further questions. Suffice it to say that the first half of "Nothing Sacred," brilliantly unified and successful as it already is, discovers in the boy a perfect device wherewith to sign itself as a work of art; a device, too, which would be usable in no other art than that of the film, the peculiar genius of which has called it forth.

The gaiety of "A Damsel in Distress" (RKO Radio) is of a gentler and more juvenile sort, with no mentality about it to add a dash of bitters. The story, involving chiefly Fred Astaire and Joan Fontaine but also Gracie Allen and George Burns, is misty with many silly lovers' misunderstandings, and does not matter. It is the end that matters; for Mr. Astaire, unable to express his joy at getting Miss Fontaine, runs to nine conveniently arranged drums and beats a wonderful rhythm on them with hands, heels, toes, knees, elbows, and several percussive tools whose names I do not know. There could be nothing better than this, either as poetry or in itself.

MARK VAN DOREN

DRAMA

Laughing Gases

PROFOUND meditation upon the subject of Ed Wynn and upon the esteem in which I have always held him has led me at last to a problem which I submit to the students of aesthetics. Why is it, I wonder, that one's taste in low comedy seems to be so much more arbitrary, so much less clearly related to any consistent complex of tastes or convictions, than one's taste in any other art? With some degree of assurance we can predict what any friend will like in poetry or music or serious drama; with equal assurance we are likely to pass judgment upon any unknown on the basis of such likes or dislikes as he may chance to exhibit; but few would be so rash as either to predict the reaction of a friend to any particular clown or summarily to condemn a fellow-creature for not laughing at an antic which one happens oneself to find laughable. Personally, I should find it hard to respect anyone who did not think "Hamlet" an interesting play. His boredom would tell me too much about him; and wit affords a test almost as sure as tragedy. But even if, as hap-

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pens, I am driven into paroxysms of mirth by the sight of steam emerging from Mr. Wynn's two ears, I can and must admit the right of a certain few of my friends to be unamused, and in theory, at least, am compelled to tolerate their opinion that Eddie Cantor is really funny. We disagree as we might disagree over a liking for garlic, not as we should over a liking for Eddie Guest. One taste seems to imply nothing beyond itself, and the other a great deal.

In the particular instance at present under discussion the majority of the public seems to be on my side, and it is pleasant to report that Mr. Wynn has never been funnier than he is in "Hooray for What" at the Winter Garden. At least it is safe to predict that anyone who has ever liked him before will like him here, and a heavy load of apprehension lifted from my heart when he demonstrated, as he very quickly did, that the years of ungrateful struggle on the radio had left no traces. All the old eagerness is still there; so also are the old earnestness and the old genius for committing the worst blunders at the very moment when he is trying hardest to get through a room or a sentence with the minimum of mishaps. Perhaps he does not giggle as much as he used to in the old days, and certainly he does not giggle as much as he did on the radio; but it is in any event a mistake to suppose that he laughs at his own jokes—or at least at any except the very bad ones. The best slip out despite what appears to be his determination to prevent anything of the sort, and the essence of his method is in his apparent absorption in what he is trying to say or do. Puns and bulls perversely happen in the midst of the general helpless incoherence, and he has always the air of being at least as surprised as the audience is.

The book of the show—by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse—is admirable for its particular purpose, and Mr. Wynn seems never to have been happier than as the inventor of various strange gases which the wicked war lords are determined, against his will, to turn to purposes of destruction. Everything about the production is lavish, with first-rate performers like Paul Haakon to fill in the relatively few moments when Mr. Wynn is not busy, and the whole thing is delightfully brisk, irresponsible, and high-spirited. There is a touch of fine patriotism in the celebration of the greatness of America—with our Rocky Mountains and our Rudy Valleys—and a touch of not too weighty satire on the peace conference as a source of better wars; there are also some ingenious lyrics by E. Y. Harburg—especially the one in which the professional female spy, trying vainly to reconstruct her fall at a diplomatic party, wonders

> Was it the Hennesse
> Made me lose my je ne sais
> Quoi?

But of course the thing which really counts is Ed Wynn back again where he belongs on a stage which has sadly missed him.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"Pins and Needles" (Labor Stage) is as delightful as it is a surprising experience in theatergoing. Produced and acted by members of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, it is as refreshing as only a good amateur performance can be. It has effective direction and a wealth of fine satire and lively lyrics. "Sing Me a Song of Social Significance," "Four Little Angels of Peace," "One Big Union for Two" should bring Harold J. Rome, the composer and lyricist, to a prominent place among Broadway song-writers. The whole show is reminiscent of the wit and charm of the old Grand Street Follies and Garrick Gaieties.

M. G.

Letters to the Editors

Treatment or Prevention?

Dear Sirs: The flood of anti-venereal-disease propaganda which has engulfed us during the past six months shows no signs of abating. Clubs, forums, churches, magazines, books, lecturers, and radio programs, both lay and professional, tell of the terrors of syphilis and gonorrhea. Families and friends talk of it at meals. Couples about to be married have blood tests made. But why, in this huge program of diagnosis and treatment, is so little said about preventing venereal disease?

Both syphilis and gonorrhea are easy diseases to prevent. Let me quote from "Military Preventive Medicine" by George C. Dunham, published at the Medical Field Service School, Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania:

> The *Trepnonema pallida* [the syphilis organism] is readily killed by exposure outside the body. It can survive for only a short time in body fluids deposited on dishes, drinking glasses, towels, and similar articles. It is easily destroyed by drying and by weak disinfectants, including soap.
>
> The gonococcus is a delicate organism and is easily destroyed by drying and by weak disinfectants . . . ordinary soap, a solution of mercuric chloride, calomel ointment, and a silver salt solution, usually protargol. . . .

If it is a fact that the germs of venereal diseases are easily destroyed, why not call attention to that fact pointedly and give prophylaxis its due? Is it true that health officers and medical men are afraid of being charged with immorality and encouraging sexual promiscuity? If so, then our young people are paying a terrible price, since venereal disease in any form is very damaging physically, very uncertain of absolute cure, very long and expensive to treat.

By all means diagnose and treat the afflicted but also take the logical step of educating to prevent syphilis and gonorrhea in those exposed to infection.

JOSEPH P. RENALD

Chicago, December 4

Why Not Radio Reviewers?

Dear Sirs: Considering the great influence of radio on American thought and life, it seems to me that very little space is devoted to it in newspapers and periodicals. Though it reaches ten thousand times as many persons as the stage, radio goes merrily along without the slightest criticism. It seems almost incredible that there is not one real radio critic in the country, not one professional critic of something which goes on twenty-four hours a day and is heard by most of the population. I wonder how long the stage was in existence before drama criticism developed. An amusing thing is that I tuned in last night and heard somebody reviewing plays. The drama reviewer and the book reviewer are on the air, along with everybody else, but the radio itself is not reviewed.

Though so little is written or published criticizing radio programs, the newspapers are showing a tendency to play stooge to radio. For one thing, they are hiring radio names. Eventually, if this trend continues, the newspaper will be a minor branch of the radio industry.

R. C. O'BRIEN

New York, December 7

Epstein Mutabilis

Dear Sirs: After hearing Abraham Epstein's attack on the Social Security Act, the Social Security Board, and others who are not in full agreement with him at the Colorado Conference of Social Work in Denver, I wonder that *The Nation* should have jumped to his defense editorially in its issue of October 30. At that time you raised the issue of academic freedom because after Mr. Epstein's first lecture in a course on social security at New York University, someone from the New York office of the Social Security Board suggested that his views be supplemented by a speaker representing the government's position.

If Professor Epstein's classroom teaching was like his recent convention talks, it had little of the quality of his scholarly book, "Insecurity: a Challenge to America." Much as the layman may sympathize with his point of view on many social-security problems, Mr. Epstein is not the consistent authority he claims to be. In his testimony before the House committee on January 31, 1935, he asserted that "the old-age provisions are happily all right." Yet the old-age-insurance plan which he then indorsed contained the very pay-roll tax which he now blames for all our economic ills. It is true that the tax rate was afterward increased, but the principle of the pay-roll tax was staring him in the face even as he told the Senate committee on February 6, 1935: "The entire program as presented by the President is the most outstanding and courageous program that has ever been attempted in the history of the world." Later in the year, after the appointment of the board, he referred in the December *Harper's* to "the economically unwise and socially menacing contributory old-age insurance plan."

L. ALLEN BECK

Denver, Col., December 6

Help Underground Germany

Dear Sirs: The growing aggressiveness and prestige of Germany have tended to obscure the importance of the opposition forces within the Reich. But the underground movement has not been crushed by the Nazis. Indeed, the conditions of life created by fascism are building an opposition more surely than oppression or terror can destroy it.

The C. I. O. and the growing militancy of American labor are playing an important role in strengthening the illegal trade-union movement in Germany. The International Relief Association has made possible the publication in Germany of John L. Lewis's anti-Nazi speech delivered at Madison Square Garden last spring, and over 20,000 copies of the pamphlet have been distributed through underground channels. Its effect is testified to in a letter just received by the I. R. A. from the illegal Metal Workers' Union:

> Nothing can describe our satisfaction when we learned that the leader of one of the most important American unions had spoken so vigorously against the bloody Nazi regime. . . . Some of the copies fell into the hands of the Gestapo, but that made the remaining ones all the more precious. We distributed them widely among our colleagues. This voice from our friends in America was the most heartening and encouraging message we have received since the advent of Nazism.

We ask readers of *The Nation* to become members of the International Relief Association (20 Vesey Street, New York City) and thus make possible the wider distribution of this pamphlet and also the provision of aid to the families of imprisoned trade unionists. By helping underground Germany you are striking a blow at fascism.

STERLING SPERO, Vice-Chairman,
International Relief Association

New York, December 9

Heroes Take Chances

Dear Sirs: As a friend of the loyalist cause in Spain, may I express my regret that *The Nation* gave space to the appeal of Grace Freed asking readers to bring pressure on Secretary Hull to obtain the release of her brother, a loyalist volunteer captured by the rebels. Our State Department has unfortunately hindered Americans from enlisting for loyalist Spain—because it feared that people like Grace Freed would move heaven and earth to entangle the United States in behalf of their relatives if anything went wrong. If it weren't for their activity, Americans could be free (unhampered by their government) to fight for heroic causes. It is questionable whether these volunteers themselves would want to run to Secretary Hull for protection.

MARGARET DUFFIELD

New York, November 27

Money, Goods, and Bankers

Dear Sirs: Your issue of November 20 contains a letter which points out the quite obvious fact that our banking system is permitted to create new money in the form of loan-deposits and to destroy it, when it suits the interests of the bankers, by withholding or calling loans, regardless of what the needs of the nation or the capacity of industry may be or in what dire want consumers may find themselves. The writer fails to go farther, however, and mention the equally obvious fact that what the banking system is doing when it allows loans to be used as a money system, by means of checks drawn against debt-deposits, is to monetize and demonetize at will the *real* credit of the whole nation, that is, its ability to produce and deliver goods and services.

Money itself, regardless of what it is made of, is quite valueless unless it is based on this real credit. If we have more money tokens, in any form, than we have goods and services or the ability to produce and deliver them, we have inflation and rising prices, with a lower standard of living and impaired security. On the other hand, if we have more goods and services or the ability to produce them than we have money symbols to command their delivery, we have deflation and ruinously low prices—also with a poor standard of living and little security. You can have your choice of two evils.

Clearly, a balanced economy would be one which would plan to equalize goods and services, actual and needed, with real buying power in the money distributed to final consumers, and thus make possible a system of "production of plenty for use." But until our collective intelligence and energy become sufficiently active to take this all-important function away from the private banking system and vest it in an agency which shall serve the entire body of the people, bankruptcy for business and industry, and destitution for the masses, will be a constant menace.

ARTHUR GAW

Atascadero, Cal., December 7

Chicago Women Shoppers

Dear Sirs: The League of Women Shoppers has recently organized a unit in Chicago. The state of freedom of the press is such in this city that we were unable to obtain one line of publicity, even so much as to announce our meeting, in any regular newspaper. Only the *People's Press,* our non-partisan labor weekly, which has given freely of its space, has mentioned us.

Those who are interested in fair conditions for labor, who want to aid the organization of women as buyers of 85 to 90 per cent of the consumers' goods in America, and who are willing to aid us in building up a real economic pressure group in this community are asked to communicate with our secretary, Mrs. Jessie Lloyd O'Connor at 455 Birch Street, Winnetka, Illinois, or with me at 5539 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago. If Roosevelt could beat our newspapers, so can we!

ESTHER J. MOHR,
President, the League of Women Shoppers of Chicago

Chicago, December 1

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INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

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THE *Nation*

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The Shape of Things

*

DETAILED REPORTS ON THE PANAY SINKING make it clear not only that the attack was deliberate but that it was instigated by the extremist wing of the Japanese militarists for the purpose of advancing the fascist cause within Japan. The possibility of a "mistake" no longer exists. Survivors have testified that after the Panay had been bombed, the nine Japanese planes dived so low that they could not possibly have failed to recognize the American flag and machine-gunned the ship and the small boats carrying those attempting to escape. It has also been established that a Japanese motor boat fired on the Panay and that officers from the boat boarded the American craft before it sank. Although at first there seemed to be no possible motive for a deliberate attack on an American naval vessel, it is now evident that the attack was planned by a group headed by Colonel Hashimoto, one of the leaders of the 1936 military coup in Tokyo. The extremists with whom Colonel Hashimoto is associated have long been restive under what they consider the excessively "timid" policies of the elder military leaders, and doubtless hoped to utilize the Panay incident as a springboard for the seizure of greater power. The fact that Colonel Hashimoto has not been disciplined for his part in the affair may testify to his correct appraisal of the present political situation in Japan.

*

EXTREMISTS WITHIN THE JAPANESE ARMY also appear to have been responsible for the wholesale atrocities and vandalism committed by the Japanese after the capture of Nanking. Never in modern times, with the possible exception of the Italian massacres in Ethiopia, has an army worked such havoc. F. Tillman Durbin, the New York *Times* correspondent in Nanking, reported the wholesale execution of all soldiers and men suspected of being soldiers, and asserted that "civilian dead were to be found on every street." He added that "the Japanese looting amounted almost to plundering of the entire city." Whether the Emperor and the military leaders who advise him can reassert their authority over the army remains to be shown by the events of the next few weeks. Meanwhile there is real danger that the United States in seeking to play a lone hand will become involved in a futile but heated controversy over "national honor" and the "rights" of American citizens which may lead to war. To avoid this risk, immediate steps should be taken toward cooperating with the other powers to "quarantine" the plague of lawlessness which is daily becoming more threatening to world peace.

*

WE DO NOT LIKE THE LUDLOW RESOLUTION proposing a constitutional amendment for a national referendum on war. The Congressmen who voted to get the resolution out of committee were acting in response to a highly laudable impulse—the impulse to place every possible barrier on the road to war. But their action was a gesture that fitted in with the whole atmosphere of isolationism that has shrouded the discussion of foreign affairs like the fog of a never-never land. The thing to remember is that while Congress has the formal power to declare war, conduct of our foreign affairs is in the hands of the Executive. We can, if we wish, take it out of his hands, or we can leave it there; we cannot do both. We cannot leave with the President the legal power to conduct our foreign affairs and at the same time tell him that he must act as an agent without power to represent his principal. Our criticism of the democracies has been that their foreign policy is weak. Surely, if the President is to keep our own foreign policy from being brushed away with contempt by the world's dictators, he must speak with authority. The Ludlow resolution makes the basic mistake of assuming that foreign policy is determined at the point of the declaration of war. It is actually determined long before that, at every step in the sequence leading to the decision about war and peace. To achieve its purpose the resolution should call for a referendum at every step. If it were adopted—which is extremely unlikely—the result would be to demoralize American foreign relations or else, as Mr. Buell argues elsewhere in this issue, to cause a President to act first and then set the propaganda machine in motion to win the popular referendum. This is an open invitation to irresponsibility plus propaganda.

*

ECONOMICS IS SPLITTING AMERICA'S MAJOR political parties. That is the lesson to be learned from the fate of the wage-hour bill. The House sent the bill back to committee, which is in effect to shelve it indefinitely. The line-up against the measure joined Republicans, Southern Democrats, Tammany Democrats, and A. F. of L. followers in an unholy alliance. This is a startling forecast of what the future holds for legislation which challenges the owning class. The bill was by no means the best that could have been drawn. But while that fact was a matter of genuine concern to progressives, it was used by the reactionaries merely as a screen behind which they throttled any chance we may have had for wage and hour decency. This experience emphasizes once more the desperate need for labor unity. The farmers, keeping their ranks relatively unbroken, were able to get their bills through both houses. Thus Congress, refusing to establish the principle of a federal minimum wage for industry and the elimination of child labor, nevertheless embarks on a program of farm control representing a far greater degree of governmental regulation than the wage-hour bill ever embodied. The housing bill, passed by the special session, must be viewed as a token measure—a gesture to show business that our efforts to restore prosperity will put profits above everything else. Its actual effect on recovery is dubious, and the interest rate of 5½ per cent is by any reckoning excessive. Thus ends the special session. Its record should convince anyone that the clamors for Congressional independence were the stalking-cries of those who wished only to sever Congress from the New Deal. If representative government is to mean anything in the economic world of today, it must combine party responsibility with cooperative effort on the part of Congress and the Executive.

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ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF THE STEEL WORKERS' Organizing Committee were reviewed with justifiable pride at its policy-making convention in Pittsburgh last week, in which 1,000 delegates took part. Philip Murray, its chairman, reported the establishment of 1,080 lodges with nearly half a million members—and less than two years ago the Amalgamated Association had 7,000. The S. W. O. C. has gained a foothold in a sector of American industry hitherto considered impregnable, and minimum wages have been increased from 47 to 62½ cents an hour. It is a magnificent record. But even as the S. W. O. C. recounted its victories it showed its full awareness that its strength is about to be severely tested. In August steel production stood at 80 per cent; today it is below 30. As a result, 28 per cent of the steel workers have been laid off, 57 per cent are working from one to three days a week, and only 15 per cent are working five days. Moreover, the increasing mechanization of the industry will throw other thousands out of work. Within a few weeks the S. W. O. C. will begin negotiations for the renewal of contracts. Despite the decline in production and the fact that "little steel" has not given over its efforts to win "big steel" back to open-shop orthodoxy, the S. W. O. C. expects the contracts to be renewed. What is far more difficult is the problem of providing for the thousands who cannot have work in the mills because there is no work to be had. The obvious, indeed the only, answer is to press Congress for greater public works, especially housing, more adequate social insurance, and measures to stabilize hours and wages.

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THE CAPTURE OF TERUEL RANKS EASILY AS the most important government victory since the beginning of the Spanish civil war. Except for Brunete, it is the first instance in which the government has successfully planned and carried through a major offensive—the victory at Guadalajara consisted merely of a highly successful counter-offensive. Moreover, the drive was carried through with precision in the face of incredible weather conditions. For five days the loyalist troops closed in, sector by sector, despite a bitter wind and a heavy snowstorm. Airplanes, tanks, and artillery were coordinated with a skill hitherto unknown in the Spanish conflict. While Teruel itself is relatively unimportant as a city, its possession by the rebels was a constant threat to the all-important line of communications between Barcelona and Valencia. Its capture at a moment when the rebel propaganda factories at Hendaye and Gibraltar were speaking of Franco's "final" offensive, which was to drive a wedge between the two cities, is significant not only as high strategy but as a commentary on the type of reporting we have been getting in recent months. The inability of the rebels to follow up their northern victories or to withstand the Loyalist thrust at Teruel may be taken as fairly convincing proof of the accuracy of recent rumors of dissension within Franco's ranks.

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WHILE M. DELBOS'S TOUR OF CENTRAL Europe yielded nothing tangible in the way of alliances, it appears definitely to have strengthened France's position in all the countries visited except possibly Yugoslavia. Poland was found to be less pro-Nazi than was commonly supposed. Although the pull of the Rome-Berlin axis on Rumania was painfully evident, immediate abandonment of the pro-French orientation of the Little Entente seemed unlikely. In Yugoslavia a trade treaty was signed, but the visit was frankly disappointing as far as governmental policy was concerned. It revealed, however, that the majority of the Yugoslav people are unequivocally opposed to the pro-fascist trend in the government's foreign policy. As might have been anticipated, Delbos's visit to Prague partook of the nature of a triumphal entry. Without doubt the trip, coupled with the London conversations, has served to check the alarming decline of French prestige in Europe. Whether the lost prestige can be regained depends on a revival of the realism and courage which characterized French foreign policy in years past. Of that there has as yet been little evidence.

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THE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY WHICH GREW out of the Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky presented its "verdict" the other day at a meeting in New York and simultaneously published a detailed summary of its 80,000-word report. The commission, although hampered by limited resources and much opposition, worked hard to assemble evidence to support its preliminary findings published seven months ago, and the document which has resulted from its labors is both an impressive defense of Leon Trotsky and an attack on the Soviet trials which resulted in his "conviction." It shows many damaging discrepancies in the charges against Trotsky; it shows the inherent improbability of his complicity in the crimes charged. But the same objections which were raised against the preliminary findings weaken the effect of the final report. These objections are basically sound: the evidence presented to prove Trotsky's innocence cannot be confronted or tested by counter-evidence in possession of the Soviet government, nor can Trotsky's testimony be subjected to cross-examination; and the commission itself is at least partly suspect as a partisan body committed in advance to a belief in Trotsky's innocence. It goes without saying that Trotsky has not been proved guilty by any process that could be acceptable to a dispassionate observer; but *ex parte* and extra-legal proceedings, however thorough, cannot prove his innocence. At the most they can produce an amplified restatement of the case for the defendant; it was a mistake to call it a "verdict."

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SOFINA IS GIVING THE SEC A HEADACHE. Those of our readers to whom Sofina means nothing in particular are referred to an article on the Capitalist International by Eliot Janeway in our September 25 issue. Mr. Janeway was writing about the Société Financière de Transports et d'Entreprises Industrielles, better known as Sofina—an international public-utility and electrical-engineering trust, with farflung holdings all over the world binding together powerful capitalist interests in England, Germany, France, and Italy. It is the identity of interest of these groups which has thus far been the most powerful force bolstering Franco's cause in Spain. Now Sofina is trying to extend its business empire in America. It has already bought into the Middle West Corporation, the remnant of Samuel Insull's former glory, and wants to buy more of it. The SEC, which until recently has passed on foreign holdings in American securities when they exceeded the 10 per cent limit, has just decided to make the limit 5 per cent. It must now decide whether it shall allow American utility stocks to be bought up by a powerful international combine whose interests lie heavily with the fascist powers. We can understand that the SEC would welcome someone with ample capital who would put the Middle West Corporation on its feet. We all want these utilities rebuilt. But we don't want them rebuilt fascist style. The SEC will do well to turn a cold eye on Sofina and all its works.

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THE DEATH OF GENERAL LUDENDORFF IS not an event of major importance. In his declining years Ludendorff was not a living force; he was a memento of Germany's past. The world was interested in Ludendorff chiefly because he represented a significant type of German—stalwart, honest, religiously devoted to duty, humorless to a fault, but divided against himself and therefore falling short, always, of ultimate greatness. As a soldier Ludendorff was much more able than his associate and competitor Hindenburg. He was the brilliant tactician, the acknowledged brains of the Germany army. Yet it was Hindenburg who became the hero of Tannenberg and the President of the German Republic, because he understood human nature and appealed to the public's simpler emotions. In post-war politics Ludendorff worked side by side with Hitler for several years against the Weimar Republic, but it was Hitler who went on to fame and greatness while Ludendorff retired to his villa in Titzing near Munich to brood over his grievances. As the worshipful disciple of Dr. Mathilda Kemnitz-Ludendorff, the fanatical, anti-Semitic Wotan-cultist who became his wife, he founded the movement for anti-Christian, anti-Semitic radicalism in the Reich, but the National Socialists took even that fight out of his hands and left him, ranting and ineffectual, on the sidelines.

America Must Choose

IN THIS issue we carry two important statements on American foreign policy. The first, by Norman Thomas, twice Socialist candidate for President, is a stern warning against what he feels to be the danger of collective action for peace under present circumstances. The second, by Raymond Leslie Buell, president of the Foreign Policy Association, contains an equally vigorous admonition against the dangers inherent in the isolationist position which Mr. Thomas partially reflects. That two leading opponents of war can take such conflicting positions on this issue is indicative of the cleavage which runs through the country on the question of American foreign policy.

Yet despite this sharp divergence of opinion, the country must somehow make up its mind between these two policies. An attempt to follow a middle course between isolation and collective security would be the most dangerous of all. Vacillation and inconsistency only lead to fiascos such as the Brussels conference and the shameless conduct of the democracies toward Spain. The United States must either withdraw from the world, economically and politically, and rely on "the advantages of our geographic and historic position," to quote Mr. Thomas, or aid in the creation of an international system of law which will prevent war. Thus far this country has sought to enjoy all the privileges and advantages of its world position without sharing in the responsibilities inherent in those privileges. And to an extent which few Americans like to admit, the present state of world anarchy is the result of this policy. The utter lack of responsibility which so bewilders foreigners attempting to appraise American policy must be attributed almost entirely to isolationist sentiment.

While professing to believe in collective security in principle, Mr. Thomas asks precisely at what nation it should be directed. According to our understanding of the term, collective security cannot be directed at anyone. Therein lies the all-important distinction between collective security and a system of alliances. Collective security implies an agreement between a group of nations, which is open to all, by which each nation undertakes to bring pressure on any other which resorts to war in violation of its pledge. The United States has never entered such an arrangement, although its signature to the Nine-Power Treaty and the Kellogg Pact may be interpreted as imposing certain obligations.

It is highly important, however, to note that collective security does not imply necessarily the use of military force. The task of eliminating war from the world is largely one of developing non-violent substitutes for military force, to be used, when necessary, for the enforcement of international law and order.

But what if economic sanctions fail? Are we then to resort to military force to check fascist aggression? It is at this point that Mr. Thomas and many other pacifists draw back, assuming that there is some occult force by which economic sanctions are automatically transformed into military action—and war. We do not consider this a fair assumption. Economic and financial sanctions cannot fail if they are honestly applied. No country, least of all Japan, Italy, or Germany, can carry on war and maintain its population if cut off from all assistance from the outside world. Moreover, the application of collective economic pressure does not in any way imply or prepare the way for subsequent resort to military force. To take an extreme case, if a desperate, impoverished Japan seized the Dutch East Indies to get oil, economic sanctions, as Mr. Buell points out, would ultimately bring it to terms since it would still be unable to obtain adequate supplies of iron ore, cotton, wool, antimony, magnesite, manganese, tungsten, chrome, bauxite, tin, lead, nickel, and a number of other raw materials which are essential to modern industry, and without which no country could hope to wage war.

Admittedly, the prospect of joint economic action against Japan is slight. Mr. Thomas may be correct in saying that the chances for effective collective pressure were much greater in the Ethiopian crisis than at the present time. But what he does not state is that the weakness of the League in the early days of the Manchurian crisis, the failure of the powers to apply oil sanctions against Italy, and the collapse of the Brussels conference can be partly traced to one cause—the inability or unwillingness of the United States to cooperate because of isolationist sentiment. If this sentiment could be overcome, to an even greater extent than it has been in the past few weeks, there is every indication that Great Britain, France, and the Soviet Union would cooperate in any program for the Far East that this country might propose.

Mr. Buell shows in some detail how the program of the isolationist groups, to which Mr. Thomas gives aid and comfort, creates a real threat of war. This threat will continue to exist as long as the United States, the world's greatest commercial and financial power, refuses either to join in collective efforts to prevent war or to participate in a program for worldwide economic appeasement. While the fascist powers are demanding access to raw materials and markets to further the solution of their admittedly grave economic problems, the United States is sitting tight, behind a high tariff wall, on more than half the world's gold supply and an overwhelming share of the world's supply of raw materials, refusing either to "divvy up" or to join in practical measures to protect countries like Ethiopia, Spain, and China. Because of the "advantages of our geographic and historic position" America is virtually safe from attack, but our refusal to join in any common action to protect less fortunate nations has created a condition of international anarchy in which no country can be safe.

A Few Hyacinths

THE claim to permanence of the art projects which have been set up under the Works Progress Administration hardly needs to be argued in these pages, although plenty of testimony to their value will be found in James Wechsler's article elsewhere in this issue. We must rather find excuses for the fact that a country as rich and boastfully up to date as the United States should not already have, in the year 1937, a government Bureau of Fine Arts. Representative Coffee of Washington has proposed such a bureau in a bill sponsored by the Artists' Union and other similar organizations, which will presumably be acted upon in the regular session of Congress.

It is a commentary on the state of our cultural consciousness that we should have at last arrived at the conception of a Bureau of Fine Arts, which has long been an explicit function of government in most European countries, only through the back door of a relief project for artists who had not enough to eat. (We are above all practical: no hunger, no art!) But it would be an even more dismal commentary if by the same logic the art projects should now be allowed to go by default, as they are bound to do under the decreased appropriations suggested for relief.

The projects have already suffered as a result of the sharp cuts administered last spring. These curtailments meant drastic cuts in the services of experts, with a resulting effect on the quality of the work done. But the results achieved, despite all handicaps, indicate both the necessity and the desirability of putting the whole undertaking on a permanent basis. A Bureau of Fine Arts would be in position to make use of talented persons in need of relief. It would be able to pursue, irrespective of this factor, the larger purpose of gathering and conserving the basic materials of our culture, now widely scattered and scarcely known. And it would encourage the experience and practice of the arts not as an exotic pastime but as an organic part of our national life.

No one would wish to see a bureaucracy of art set up in which art would be the last consideration. This is the danger that lurks in any such proposal as Mr. Coffee's. But it is not a decisive argument against the bill. The standards of any Bureau of Fine Arts will be determined by the cultural state of the nation it serves, and one way of achieving higher standards is to set up an agency through which the public can educate and exercise its taste.

Concerted support is needed to bring about the passage of the Coffee bill. In this connection we are glad to see that the C. I. O. and many individual unions have indorsed it, for labor's millions have a whole new world to gain from a systematic husbanding of our cultural resources. The cost would be small—the WPA projects have cost very little in proportion to the work accomplished. Most of our national energy and wealth so far have been spent on the bread of commerce. Surely now we can afford a few hyacinths.

Lo, the Poor Republican

AMERICANS have a happy way of setting aside special "weeks" for their declining creeds and their lost causes, such as safety in driving, filial piety, and the like. As we write, we are in the midst of Republican Week, celebrated by a gathering of the surviving tribal leaders at St. Louis, the setting up of a commemorative committee of 150, and the donation of front-page space to what the Republican leaders are supposed to be thinking.

It all started, as far as we can recall, with the Hoover plan for a mid-term convention, which stirred up a sort of intramural storm. The convention idea was discarded, but the notion of a committee to draft a set of principles was salvaged from the wreck. Then a number of names were bruited about to head the committee. Thus far we have not been able to discover an important university president who was not approached for the job. This sudden passion for the higher learning on the part of the practical politicians, or for politics on the part of the learned prexies, disturbed some of us who had taken seriously the campaign against the Brain Trust, although our friends assured us that the issue was not involved. Nevertheless, we were heartened at the response that met the announcement by Governor Aiken of Vermont that "millionaires and college professors never won an election." Surely, we thought, the party will now get rid of its dead wood and build a new leadership. But when the chairman of the committee was finally announced, he proved to be no other than Glenn Frank, ousted president of the University of Wisconsin, who has ceased to be a savant and not yet become a party leader, perpetual candidate for the Republican nomination, a man whose windy generalities can be counted on to commit the party to nothing more than bad rhetoric.

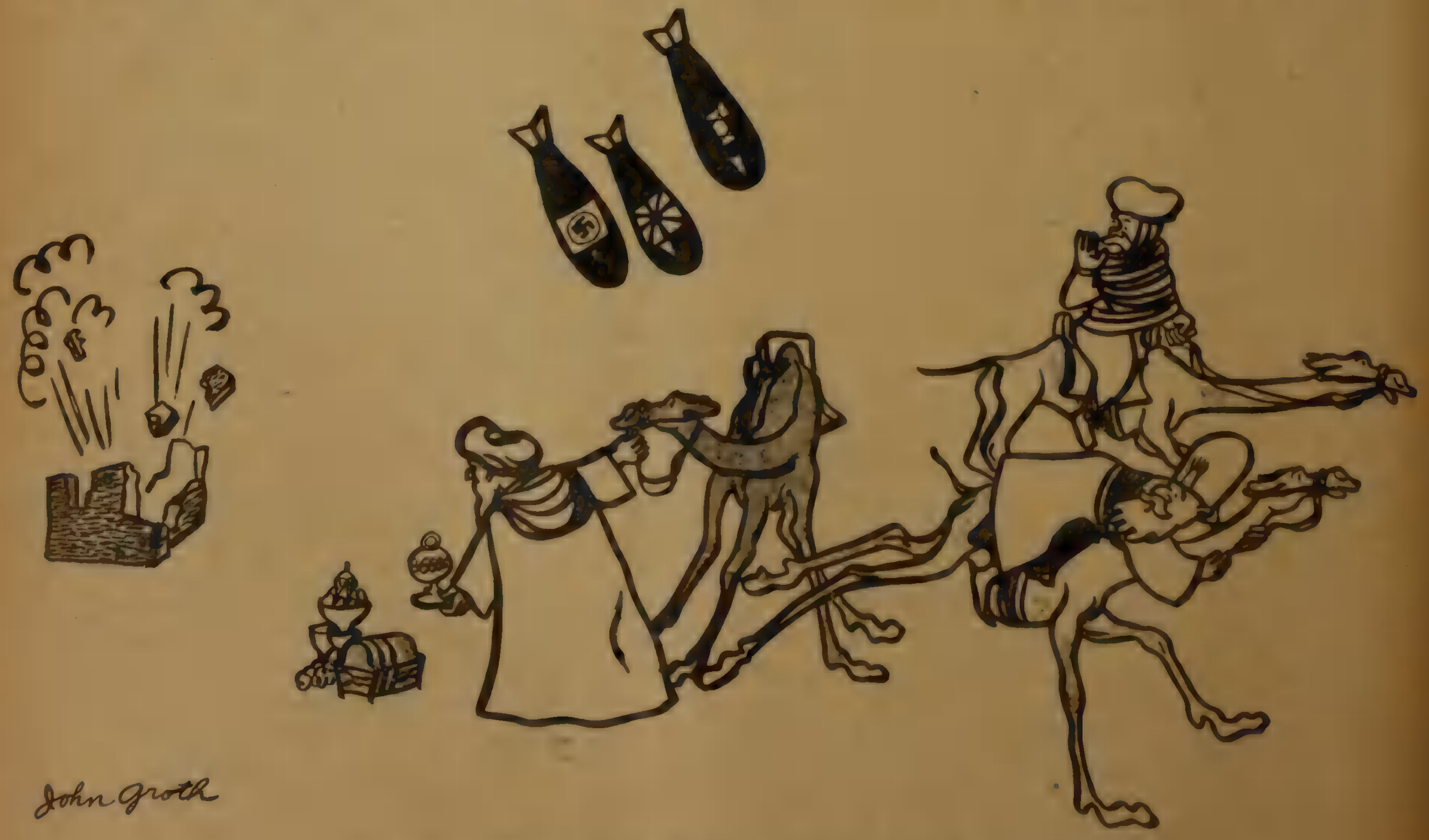
Now, on the threshold of the regular session of Congress and the Congressional nominations for 1938, the plight of the Republicans is acute. The breaks they have been panting for have finally come: a budget crisis, a badly divided Democratic Party, a widened labor split, and—best of all—a brand-new depression, all neatly packed and labeled f.o.b. the Democrats. The problem is, how to make the best of those breaks? That is partly a matter of strategy, partly a matter of personalities, mainly a matter of program and direction. And the Republican plight is that they cannot come within a mile of agreeing on any of them. Where they have a good, rousing demagogue like LaGuardia, his direction is unsafe. And where they have a safe man like Dewey, his age is wrong. Lo, the poor Republican. He is compelled to face the future with a platform that is too old and a candidate who is too young.

The Republican is today a split personality. Within his breast there are warring factions and discordant voices. One says, let us rally around something definite and affirmative; another says, we must unite the opposition groups, and the moment you say anything definite you introduce division. One says, let us have young men, new men, who have not grown rusty in politics; another says, it is Roosevelt who has been using young and untried men—let us have men of experience and substance. One says, let us make a coalition with Democratic liberals like Wheeler and Clark; another says, if you must have a coalition, let it be with conservatives like Bailey and Glass; a third says, let us flee coalitions as we would the devil: they spell the disintegration of a party.

And, arguing thus—whether in convention, committee, or solitude—the Republicans face the dire prospect of letting their golden opportunity slip and muffing the chance to put to rout the divided and depression-ridden Democrats. Nor is there balm for them even in the unemployment figures—unless they can agree on how to take advantage of them. They have had all the breaks a party can desire from the largess of Providence—the failure of the court plan, the Black incident, the business recession. And yet when a coalition move is made in Congress, as was done last week by Senators Vandenberg and Bailey, it turns to ashes. The very Senators who have been calling for Congressional "independence," when they are presented with a harmless ten-point bit of fustian drawn up by the ineffable Bailey, take fright and refuse to be committed to a "manifesto." It's enough to break the stoutest heart. If even the mildish Bailey-Vandenberg ten-point program comes a cropper, think what will happen when Glenn Frank and the committee of 150 pool their intelligence.

The immediate Republican prospects for 1938 are probably proof even against that contingency. No matter what the strategy, they may be able to pick up enough new opposition votes to return one-third of Congress, instead of the less than one-fourth they have now. But the prospects for 1940 are not as cheerful. Breaking Roosevelt's popularity and the New Deal's prestige is an unenviable task. A good deal will depend on the state of the depression, a good deal on the state of the Democratic and labor splits. The capture of some of the tory Democrats, unless it actually splits the solid South, should not make enough difference to be decisive in the election. But the capture of the A. F. of L. becomes a matter of some moment. We note with interest that William Green has appeared on several of the lists proposed for the program committee. And it is an open secret that the Republicans have been making overtures to Green for several months. The danger for the Republicans is that once the A. F. of L. council shows itself openly on the side of the G. O. P. reactionaries, the federation's rank and file may be pushed over to Lewis.

In the long run, beyond the 1940 prospects, the Republicans are a dying party. They may win battles—in 1938, in 1940—but they must lose the war. In a declining economy such as ours, the choice lies between a party seeking through a New Deal of one brand or another to keep ahead of the forces of collapse, and a party striking openly for fascism. The dilemma of the Republicans is that on the one hand they are being driven increasingly toward a fascist position by the powerful interests of the economic groups they represent, yet are held back from it by the whole character of their ideology, which is traditionally liberal in the laissez faire sense. On the other hand, they are straining increasingly to broaden the base of their popular appeal, and are being held back by the roots of their economic interest. Until the time comes for their choice, they will be reduced to coalition maneuverings and convention conspiracies.



1937: The Three Wise Men Return to Pay Their Respects

How Can We Escape War?

Neutrality Plus Socialism

BY NORMAN THOMAS

COLLECTIVE security is a phrase or an idea increasingly dear to such assorted Americans as Earl Browder, Dorothy Thompson, and the editors of *The Nation* and the New York *Times*. The League for Peace and Democracy (formerly the League Against War and Fascism) in its official program dodges the phrase but, following President Roosevelt's lead, advocates "the necessity of concerted action to quarantine aggressors," which if it means anything means to most people collective security. But what does collective security mean for Americans on the eve of the year 1938 of what is called by courtesy the Christian era? One suspects that its advocates find it easier to agree that those of us who disbelieve in it are "isolationists," "futile pacifists," "unwitting tools of fascism," or "Trotskyists" than to define what they mean by it or how they would apply it in the present crisis.

Now collective security as an abstract idea is reasonable, but we must consider it as a concrete proposal for action under present conditions, not under the conditions that prevailed at some former time or which may prevail in the future. The advocate of collective security must tell his fellow-Americans plainly how he would answer such immensely pertinent questions as these: Assuming that collective security is something to be achieved against aggressor nations, precisely at which nations should it be directed? Japan? Or Japan and Germany and Italy, the latter two being clearly aggressors in Spain? Who will be our partners in achieving it? Presumably the "democratic" nations. But which are they? Great Britain? France? Russia? If, as is probable, collective security should begin with economic sanctions, what reason have we to think that the sanctions would be effective, or if effective that they would be an alternative rather than a preface to war? If collective security means war, why should we expect that war to be essentially different from the first war to make the world safe for democracy, or likely to result in a better peace? How can the United States wage war without establishing at home a military dictatorship, universal conscription, and fascism?

It is because I have not heard, read, or imagined any remotely satisfactory answer to these questions that I reject the idea of American participation in collective security as enormously dangerous. I am aware of the difficulties of keeping the United States out of a war if it becomes a world war; I should prefer to keep war out of the world. But I object to being dismissed as an isolationist when I insist that we have a right to utilize for our peace the advantages of our geographic and historic position, and that it is more practicable to keep the United States government out of war than to use it in war for ideal ends. Moreover, if we fail, I think that those of us who tried to keep the United States out of war will have a better hearing from the potential builders of a new social order than those who must assume responsibility for another war with its tragic suffering and ultimate futility and disillusionment. I believe in cooperation for peace and the maximum possible isolation from war. Those who have turned deaf ears to every plea for cooperation for peace while there was time have no right to demand that I support cooperation for war.

From war and all its effects there is no complete escape for any nation in an interdependent world, but there is no fatalistic inevitability of history or economics which compels the United States to fight Japan, now or later. The assumption of the inevitability of imperialist war between the United States and Japan rests among other things on the refusal to see that our real hope against both imperialism and fascism lies in sanctions which some day the workers of Japan will join with their brothers in China and in other lands in enforcing, and not in the triumph of one set of capitalist powers interested in preserving the status quo over another set which wants to change it.

Let us look now in some detail at the bitter facts which make a collective security of democratic states in our crazy, capitalist-nationalist world a utopian dream. There have been many occasions when the omens for successful action by non-fascist nations to restrain an aggressor were far more auspicious than they are now. But nothing happened. Great Britain and France, probably alone, certainly with the aid of the U. S. S. R., by vigorous diplomacy and a discreet threat of economic sanctions could have blocked Mussolini's war on Ethiopia before it began. In the end, too late, through the League of Nations they imposed weak sanctions which only irritated the Italian people and drove them closer to their dictator. Even Russia continued to sell oil to Mussolini. And even Russia today is purchasing a new naval vessel from the fascist yards of Livorno. Simply by permitting the Spanish government the usual rights of a nation Great Britain and France—yes, and America—could probably have ended the fascist war in Spain before it menaced the peace of mankind. Great Britain, the same Britain which is now expected to fight for democracy, preferred to take chances on Mussolini rather than on any sort of social revolution in Spain. In 1931, before Hitler came to power and before the Japanese were so deeply committed to the Chinese conquest, it is quite possible that the League of Nations, the U. S. S. R., and the United States could have prevented the rape of Manchuria by economic sanctions or the threat of them. There was no remote approach to agreement among them. Why, then, expect them suddenly today to agree on effective sanctions against Japan, to saying nothing of Italy and Germany?

And if by a miracle they should agree on effective sanctions, including an embargo on cotton, scrap iron, and oil, would not a united Japan seek to break that blockade before it was strangled by it? Would not the consequence be a prompt attack on the Dutch East Indies to get oil? And could this nation, partly responsible for provoking that attack, refuse to aid the victim? It is dangerous irresponsibility, in view of all the probabilities, for Communists or liberals to do what I heard Clarence Hathaway do before the Negro Congress in Philadelphia: assure the audience that effective economic sanctions would bring Italy, Germany, and Japan to terms *without any danger of war*. On the contrary, the danger is so great that advocates of such sanctions at least should press for an armament program in the United States far more costly than our present billion-dollar military budget. "Collective security," in other words, means for the United States certain militarism and all but certain war.

That war would not be for "democracy." What is the common denominator of democracy which would unite Stalin's non-capitalist but totalitarian state with the capitalist but non-totalitarian states of Messrs. Roosevelt, Chamberlain, and Chautemps? Truly a new age of faith is upon us when men and women old enough to remember how we proposed to make the world safe for democracy in one war and got Hitler—or with eyes to observe events in India, the Near East, and tragic Spain—can believe in a crusade for democracy led by Stalin, Roosevelt, Chamberlain, and the French General Staff. As I write these lines, the British government is showing a far greater interest in finding terms on which Hitler may be satisfied than in building a British, French, and Russian alliance.

It is indeed probable that Great Britain and France may fight one or more of the fascist nations, but it will not be for democracy; it will be for their national and imperial interests. If the United States fights Japan, it will be for national "honor," to avenge some injury or slight, to keep a Far Eastern trade worth less than our annual military budget in time of peace. It will not be to make China safe for those Chinese whom we continuously and cheerfully affront by our unilateral exclusion act. The only service of our idealists will be to provide rationalizations highly useful to the militarists. Those rationalizations will be more sophisticated than the Wilsonian rationalizations of 1917 but not essentially different from them, or truer than they were.

To these arguments I have heard no plausible answers. The less romantic among the advocates of collective security meet the issue something like this: "We grant that the motives behind collective security may be mixed. Nevertheless, we should seek alliances now because sooner or later we shall have to fight Japan and probably other fascist nations too. This is a good time to get it over, before Japan has strengthened its position by its conquest of China. To defeat the fascist aggressors, from whatever motives, is the one essential to any hope of building a decent world in which constructive forces can operate."

This statement misjudges the probable effect of a temporary Japanese victory in China as badly as it misunderstands the cause and cure of fascism. Japan will probably be able to impose its own terms of peace in China. But not for long. It has the undying hatred of a patient people whose ancestors have always absorbed their conquerors. Guerrilla war, passive resistance, Communist risings aided by the U. S. S. R., not only in China but possibly in Japan itself, will still further weaken the structure of a nation already greatly strained by the economic weakness of its position and the costs of war. If foreign nations made war on Japan, the rulers and the masses might unite against the foe; the difficulties of gathering the fruits of a costly victory will have no such effect.

Fascism and imperialism are the products of our capitalist-nationalist civilization at a certain stage of its development or disintegration. They are the offspring, horribly ugly but legitimate, of the status quo which we are asked to preserve. Victory for the armies of Stalin, Chamberlain, Roosevelt, and Chautemps might remove certain dictators and might—or might not—encourage constructive revolution in the conquered states. But certainly in the victorious empires there would be no constructive revolution. The result, as our Communist friends ought to realize, would not be the world Lenin sought in 1917 but a world in which all the major causes of war and fascism would still be operative. Stalin might be among the victors, but not socialism or democracy. The unity of workers with hand and brain would still remain to be achieved. And in that unity lies our best hope of ending the division of men and nations into the houses of Have and Have Not. The chances are that a victorious United States, if not too exhausted, would stay in China to finish the work of "civilization" which the Japanese militarists had begun. Our government might take the devil's role of arch-imperialist. For, never forget, the victory of the United States, however high and holy our alleged aim, would with absolute certainty require the militarization of our people and the establishment of virtual fascism at home. And that fascism would of necessity be imperialistic.

Even today the War Department is ready for universal conscription, to draft us all for trench or work bench. The first and perhaps the greatest of the enormous casualties of our next war will be liberty and democracy at home. This will be the one sure consequence of the attempt to use the American capitalist government, in or out of an alliance, to establish peace or democracy by war. It will be a result not limited in duration to the war. No one can tell how long it would take a brutalized, exhausted people, drugged by war and possibly by the thing we call "victory," to throw off its chains.

Are we, then, condemned to do nothing? It is true that no means is at hand to bring to us or to the world the democracy and peace as dear to us as to any advocates of collective security. We pay, and pay a tragic price, for all our mistakes and lost opportunities since the summer of 1914. In any course is some danger and to any program some objection.

I should agree with Mr. Buell's program, as far as it goes, with two important exceptions. I believe (1) that his third point, an international embargo on raw materials, is today an impossible and dangerous version of collective security; and (2) that the desirable improvement in the neutrality law is not an increase in Presidential powers of discretion. Whatever praise is due the President's Chicago speech as a condemnation of aggression, it was an undemocratic gesture toward changing American policy, a gesture inconsistent with the President's preceding acts, and one which led the world to expect something more than another futile conference to add to Norman Hezekiah Davis's long and unbroken record of failure. Yet many of those most suspicious of Mr. Roosevelt's ambitions praised this very undemocratic method of changing our foreign policy in a matter literally of life and death to us all.

The stock argument that neutrality of the sort envisaged by our present imperfect law is of advantage to Japan as against China is simply untrue, unless, indeed, one believes that we should be ready to fight for the right to ship guns to China. This is what some of my Chinese friends frankly desire. In reality, to call this undeclared war of Japan's "war," to ban all loans, to prohibit all shipments of munitions to Japan as well as to China, and to make it harder for Japan to buy and transport other materials would diminish the advantage over China which Japan's superior merchant marine and banking facilities now give it. If the government would immediately enforce the neutrality law and withdraw our citizens and fighting forces from danger zones in the Far East, it would be in a better, not a worse, position to use such moral pressure as might possibly make for peace. Neutrality in a world war would impose economic hardships on this nation which should be considered and as far as possible anticipated. But those hardships would be less than the costs of war.

Beyond this program for the government, I heartily agree with *The Nation's* support of a popular boycott by consumers of Japanese goods. Properly conducted, such a boycott is not open to the objections to official embargos backed by navies.

Above all, any long-range program for peace requires an active struggle for a new social and international order impossible under capitalist nationalism. This alone can give the economic assurance to nations in the House of Have Not which Mr. Buell suggests that we should give to Japan. No defeat of Japanese militarists will mean much for peace in a world which continues to deprive not only the working class generally but certain races and nations in particular of sure access to the material means necessary for their well-being. The ominous portent of fascism but strengthens our fundamental analysis of the cause and cure of war. "Workers of the world unite" is still the best slogan for achieving a genuine collective security.

The Failure of Isolation

BY RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

DURING the past few years many American liberals have abandoned hope of building a world order which will prevent war. Appalled by the difficulty of finding a constructive way out of the existing international chaos, they now want to insulate the United States from "other people's wars" by a policy which may be called the New Isolation.

The New Isolation has at least four planks in its platform:

1. Economic self-containment, so as to cut the economic ties between the United States and the outside world. Although few liberals advocate the complete application of this doctrine, many have supported the idea that upon the outbreak of war the United States should prohibit the export of essential raw materials to all belligerents.
2. Conscription of capital in time of war; taking the profits out of war.
3. Continental self-defense.
4. A popular referendum before any declaration of war except in the event of invasion.

Despite the ardor with which the New Isolation program has been supported, it has already proved a failure. The movement for mandatory embargos produced nothing better than the Neutrality Act of May, 1937. This act prohibits the export of munitions in time of war but allows the unrestricted export of raw materials provided belligerents pay cash and transport such materials in non-American ships. Instead of cutting the economic ties of the United States with warring countries, the Neutrality Act, if applied, will make us an indirect ally of the power with the largest navy and financial resources—Japan in the Orient and Britain in Europe. In its present form, therefore, it is as likely to involve us in war as were the pre-war rules of neutrality.

The movement to draft capital and take the profits out of war has also proved a delusion. Despite its advocacy of anti-war-profits bills, the Nye Munitions Committee in June, 1936, quietly published a report which admitted that it is virtually impossible to take the profits out of war. "It is obvious," the report declared, "that the most important contribution toward victory to be made in the economic sphere is the bringing about of the tremendous and rapid increase in production that is needed. Yet it is extremely unlikely that this production will be forthcoming without the evils of profiteering. . . . Whenever the attempts to eliminate these evils conflict with the efforts to stimulate production, it is the former rather than the latter which must be sacrificed."

The idea of continental defense has made even less progress. For all our pacifism, our unwillingness to make any international commitments, and our supposed geographic security, the United States is spending a billion dollars a year upon its armaments. We have a navy and an air force as strong as that of any other power. Why do Congress and public opinion overwhelmingly support such expenditures? Not because of any plot of the munitions makers, but because of a feeling of insecurity and a desire to be prepared for any eventuality.

Faced with the collapse of these proposals, the New Isolationists are now turning to the idea of a referendum before a declaration of war. At first sight the idea is attractive, but American history gives no evidence that the "people" are any less belligerent than Congress. The only virtue of a referendum is the virtue of delay, but this delay may prove disastrous if it gives an enemy time to seize bases in Latin America and launch an attack against the Panama Canal. Confronted by such a threat, most Presidents and Congresses would ignore any constitutional injunction regarding a pre-war plebiscite and resist the aggression against Latin America, declining to admit that the armed clash which might thus result was "war." So long as the President retains any diplomatic discretion or the right to move the fleet, it remains possible for him to create an "incident" and work up public opinion into a war fever. Similar in nature to the prohibition amendment and the anti-war pact, the proposed referendum on war would have little effect on the foreign policy of the United States, while it would encourage fascist aggression elsewhere. From the standpoint of political theory it is well to remember that the dictators of Rome appealed over the heads of the Senate to the masses, that Napoleon III employed the plebiscite to legitimatize his coup d'état, and that Hitler solemnly appeals to the referendum to confirm his most spectacular acts. American democracy is not going to be saved by tying the hands of Congress in times of emergency; its future depends upon making Congress a more responsible and representative body.

Forced to admit these failures, many of the supporters of the New Isolation now show a spirit of complete discouragement. Some of them predict that no matter what we do, the United States will inevitably be drawn into the next war. Unwilling to cooperate with other powers, and unwilling to pay the price for the New Isolation, the United States today drifts along upon a rising tide of chaos. As the sinking of the Panay indicates, the relations between the United States and Japan may at any time develop a crisis. A policy of endeavoring single-handed to protect our interests in a war zone creates the danger of war.

It cannot be denied that the economic interests, the political institutions, and the security of the United States will be seriously endangered by another world war, whether we remain neutral or not. While most observers do not predict a general war in the immediate future, the fact remains that the powers today are spending nearly three times as much on armaments as they did in 1914. Recently the world has been enjoying an economic recovery based partly upon these unproductive armament expenditures, financed by borrowing. Sooner or later the limit of such expenditure will be reached, particularly in the dictatorships, which will be confronted by bankruptcy. What will they do then? Turn workers out of the munitions plants into the streets and run the risk of social revolution? Resort to a gigantic inflation? Or take the risks of becoming involved in a foreign adventure? Unless the present world trend is reversed, one need not be an alarmist to predict that during the next five years the world will experience a new war or a new depression of far greater magnitude than any we have known in the past.

The United States could conceivably escape the ravages of a new depression or a new world war by socializing its economy on a self-contained basis. But in view of our huge agricultural surpluses and the technological advantages of our mass-production industries, which can only be fully utilized through international trade, self-containment would inevitably mean a lowered standard of living. Recent difficulties in obtaining farm legislation and imposing controls on American industry indicate the far greater difficulties that would be involved in a more drastic reorganization of our economic life through democratic processes. The attempt to achieve self-containment would probably lead in the direction of dictatorship, and a dictatorship of the right. The experience of Germany and Italy shows that self-containment, or autarchy, can probably be achieved only through fascism.

As for the effect of war on our political institutions, the United States would probably submit to dictatorship if it entered another war. But there is also grave danger of its being led to sacrifice its liberties in order to keep out of war. Wars are caused as much by clashes of ideas as by clashes of economic interests. And the American people have never shown restraint in expressing their dislike of conditions abroad. There is something ironical in the fact that at the very time when Congress was debating the Neutrality Act last spring, Mayor LaGuardia, John L. Lewis, Hugh Johnson, Cardinal Mundelein, and Senator Borah were denouncing fascism in language more severe perhaps than that used by any responsible leader in France or England. America hates fascism today infinitely more than it hated the German Kaiser in 1914. Possibly we shall continue to confine our hatred to words. But to be logical, an isolationist should favor censorship of the press, newsreels, and movies upon the outbreak of war between foreign nations, for if American opinion becomes unneutral, the task of keeping the country out of war will be extremely difficult, no matter what economic issues are involved. Those Americans who believe that we shall not need to exert the very greatest effort to preserve our traditional liberties in a world full of raging conflict, are living in a fool's paradise.

It may be argued that the United States can remain indifferent to any war until an aggressor has actually invaded the Western Hemisphere. But this argument ignores the fact that if the three aggressive dictatorships—Germany, Italy, and Japan—succeed in their present efforts to dominate neighboring territory, and if they succeed in destroying the present balance of power in Europe, the task of defending this hemisphere from invasion will prove far more difficult than if such prospective wars are nipped in the bud. Moreover, fascism is learning how to make conquests without the force of arms. Today it undoubtedly is at work in Latin America, the world's greatest reservoir of raw materials. The Vargas dictatorship in Brazil denies that it is fascist, but the test will come when a revolution against the dictatorship occurs. Vargas will undoubtedly pronounce it "Communist" and even appeal to the anti-Communist bloc for aid. It is not fantastic to believe that the Spanish civil war may then be transferred to Latin America. In such an event the Latin American dictatorships—there are only three real democracies south of the Rio Grande—will gravitate toward Rome and Berlin, and away from Washington, if the world's great democracies continue to show signs of paralysis.

Obviously the formula of "isolation" or "neutrality" offers no answer to the tremendous economic, political, and military problems confronting the United States. Certainly the alternative is not a preventive war; the United States cannot be expected to accept any military commitments. The question is whether it can participate in a new effort at cooperation to avert the outbreak of war, for only in such effort is there hope for the future.

In my opinion, the United States can take four concrete steps at the present time, all of which may help to check the present trend toward war:

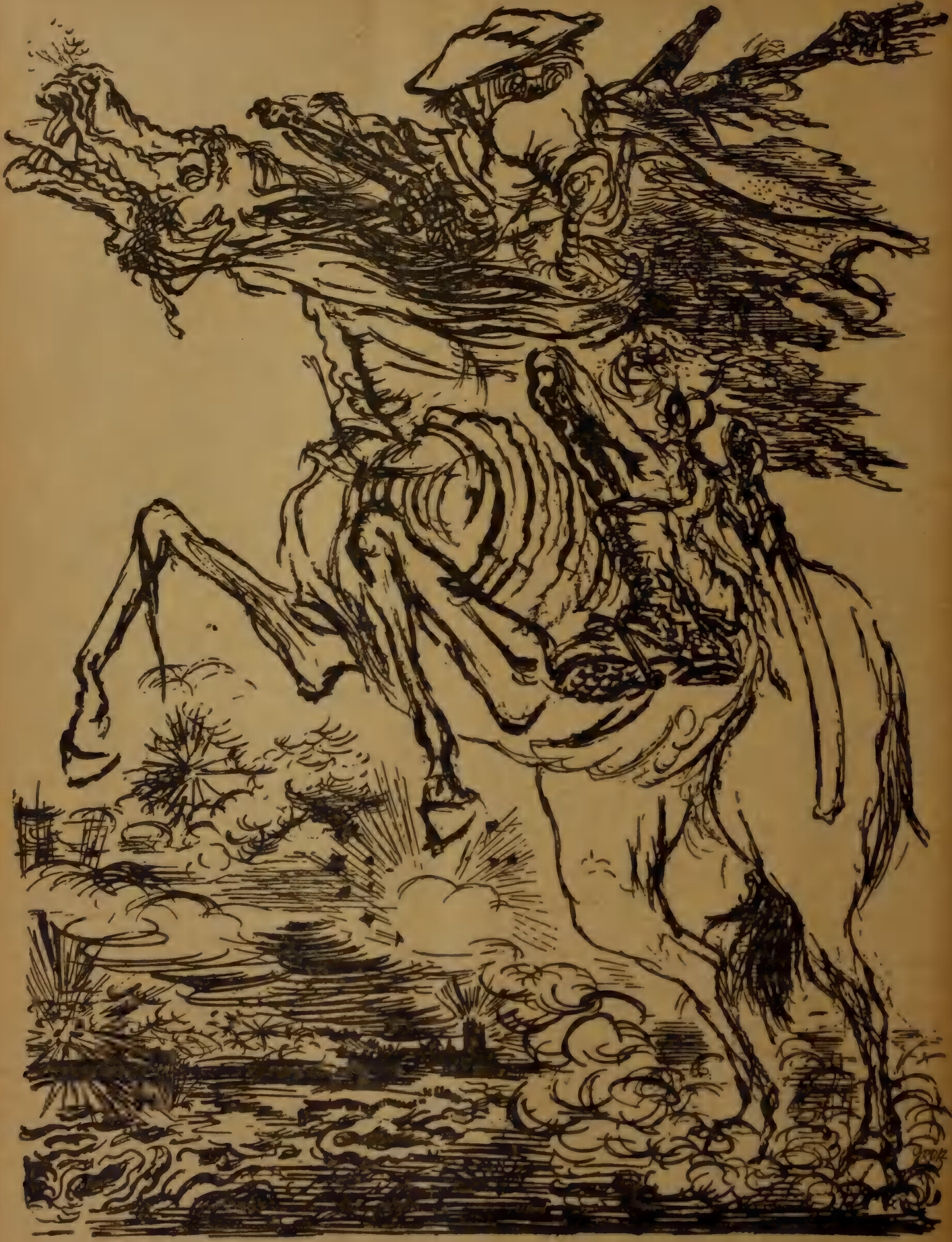
1. *Strengthen the Hull foreign-trade program.* Four years ago Secretary of State Hull was almost alone among world statesmen in his desire to combat the evil of economic nationalism. Despite domestic as well as foreign opposition, he has steadfastly pursued his goal of reducing excessive trade barriers without injuring any essential industry or adversely affecting the interests of the American worker or farmer. Up to the present the State Department has concluded trade agreements with sixteen nations, and on November 17 it announced that negotiations with Great Britain would soon begin. Those familiar with the attitude of Britain several years ago toward the Hull trade program regard this last achievement as a great triumph. While the British agreement will open new markets for the American farmer, the United States will have to lower certain duties on manufactured goods, and the interests adversely affected are becoming restive. But if public opinion strongly supports the efforts of the Secretary of State, the British trade agreement may lay the foundation for a general removal of trade barriers and for a new effort to bring Germany and Italy back to the world economy, as well as induce Japan to abandon its aggressive policies as a solution for its economic problems.

2. *Amend the Neutrality Act.* In its present form the Neutrality Act makes it difficult, if not impossible, for the United States to throw its diplomatic weight against aggression. Unwilling to assist Japan, President Roosevelt has declined so far to apply the act to hostilities in the Orient. He has been legally justified in taking this position because if neither Japan nor China is willing to admit that the present hostilities have created a legal state of war, the President is under no obligation to do so. Nevertheless, should Japan declare war against China, the President would be obliged to apply the act. Then both belligerents would be barred from our munitions market, but both could buy raw materials upon the cash-and-carry basis. In fact this would mean that China would suffer, for Japan is self-sufficient in munitions and, unlike China, has a merchant marine which can transport American raw materials. The act would operate similarly to benefit Britain and France in a European war. In its present form the Neutrality Act is unconditionally and automatically pro-Japanese and pro-British. The United States cannot afford thus uncritically to underwrite the foreign policy of any power. It should use its discretion to open or close its markets in accordance with its own interests and not in accordance with the accident of geography. To avoid the dangers implicit in the present act, Congress should amend it so as to give the President discretion to impose an embargo upon the export of raw materials to belligerents.

3. *Cooperate in an international embargo on raw materials.* It would be unwise for the United States alone to stop the shipment of any raw material to Japan. Apart from the political consequences, such a unilateral embargo might merely divert trade to other powers. But an international embargo on the export of such war materials as scrap iron, cotton, and oil, and on the importation of Japanese silk, is an entirely different matter. Britain has indicated that it will go as far as the United States in stopping war in the Orient. Surely the least we can do is to cooperate with all like-minded powers in denying to Japan the raw materials which are necessary for its military aggression, and in declining to buy Japanese silk, which provides the exchange for the purchase of raw materials.

The one argument advanced against an international embargo is that Japan might retaliate by attacking Hongkong, Vladivostock, or the Philippines, and thus provoke war. Actually, the danger of such an attack exists today, in the absence of any collective diplomatic machinery for meeting it without resort to military force. Moreover, once an international embargo was imposed, the Western powers could refrain from taking any military action to defend their possessions in the Orient, realizing that if they applied the embargo long enough Japan would have to withdraw. The international embargo, if the Western powers have the discipline and the restraint to apply it, provides a substitute for war. In imposing such an embargo I would favor evacuation of all our troops from China and the withdrawal of our nationals to the Philippines, thus reducing one source of friction with Japan.

4. *Seek a basis of appeasement in the Pacific.* In imposing an embargo denying to Japan the raw materials of aggression, the outside world should announce its willingness to assist in finding a solution of Japan's economic difficulties once peace is restored. The ultimate objective of our foreign policy should be a new Washington conference for the purpose of restoring China's sovereignty—and this includes the surrender of the special privileges of all powers—and of considering Japan's grievances against the outside world. If an embargo is accompanied by a definite offer of reconstruction, the Orient, and the rest of the world as well, may yet be saved from the anarchy toward which it is now drifting.



Drawing by George Grosz

Manifest Destiny

Il Duce, Tool of Hitler

BY M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, December 3

TWENTY years after the war that was fought for, among thirteen other points, "open covenants of peace openly arrived at," diplomacy remains as secret as ever it was in the time of William II and Czar Nicholas. But perhaps we should not complain too loudly. In the charged air of present-day Europe an ill-timed word might well set off the dynamite. But neither need we look for wisdom to official handouts. We shall not know what Mussolini and Hitler told each other at Berchtesgaden in September until subsequent events—which fortunately do not, like diplomatic conferences, always occur behind curtained windows—have instructed us. Not one word of the conversations held between the two dictators has leaked out, and we shall probably never know precisely what was said. But luckily we now have other data—anterior and posterior—by the aid of which we may reconstitute the scene and make a rough guess about the decisions taken there.

As an individual, Mussolini is immeasurably more intelligent than his German imitator and ally. But he is more impulsive and lacks circumspection. In addition, he is less ably surrounded. There are no Schachts, Neuraths, Blombergs, or Goebbelses in his entourage. His best seconds are little more than nonentities. This explains, among other things, the alternating muddle-headedness and recklessness of fascist diplomacy. True to his revolutionary beginnings, Mussolini destroyed the framework of the previous regime and drove from office the competent and experienced men who had served it. In consequence, his administration is overweighted at the top and a vacuum underneath. Hitler was obliged, against his will, to take over the German state machine substantially as he found it; and despite the pressure of the Nazi Party, it continues to this day to be manned in the strategic departments by the "reactionaries" whom he found there when he came to power. But a general comparison of the two totalitarian states reveals a difference far more important, and one distinctly to the disadvantage of Italy: alongside of Germany, Italy is really a poor country; its resources in agriculture, industry, technology, minerals, education, and, not least, military spirit are those of a third-rate power.

The Germans, needless to say, are fully aware of these manifold shortcomings of their friends, and regard the alliance with them as a liability. They entertained a profound contempt for the military valor of the "new" Italy even before seeing it perform in Spain, and they have no illusions about the support they can expect from their ally in the event of a settlement of accounts with the old imperialisms. Moreover, they do not trust Italy. They have not forgotten or forgiven its treason in the last trial of strength. Besides, being realists, they are persuaded that geography and economics permanently condemn Rome to the rank of a second-rate luminary in the Western constellation. Nevertheless, Berlin welcomed, even solicited, the alliance. Totally isolated as the Reich was two years ago, even this shoddy tie represented a triumph. The irreconcilables within Germany—the Clausewitz-Scharnhorst-Gneisenau faction of the Reichswehr, for instance—mocked the Führer for progressing backward, for "breaking" the iron ring by welding it tighter. The basic aim of German policy was to wean Britain from its alliance with France; yet this friendship with the man who had so blatantly challenged Britain's imperial interests would only make the Western "democracies" huddle together more closely. The boasted triumph, they argued, was wholly negative.

Negative it was indeed, but it was meant to be. For though the advances seemed to be addressed to Rome, they were really intended for London. The Wilhelmstrasse was giving Downing Street a rude hint that there was some risk in ignoring the Third Reich. It was the new German diplomacy, already exemplified in maintaining the Treaty of Rapallo with Russia even while the Führer went on thundering against bolshevism, and presently to take the form of non-intervening around Gibraltar. The technique consisted in courting England by making desperate love to its chief rival. Whatever the critics might say, it was not ineffective. It appealed to that section of the British ruling class that blesses Nazism as an internal counter-revolution and refuses to take it seriously as a challenge to the international status quo. And it resulted in Lord Halifax's attending the Hunting Exposition in Berlin and lunching at Berchtesgaden.

It would doubtless be an exaggeration to suppose that Mussolini was so naive as to miss the real aims of his new ally. There was, as a matter of fact, from the start a shameless race between the poles of the famous axis to see which would, by irritating the British most, be the first to win their favor. Unhappily for Il Duce, he held up his end a little too well, and after his cavalier interpretation of the gentlemen's agreement of a year ago, and more particularly after his emergence three months later as the protector of Islam, the sporting sons of Albion concluded that the man was not playing the game, that he was in fact burning his bridges.

And yet it would seem, in the light of other events, as if Mussolini had really persuaded himself that Hitler preferred his love to that of Britain, as if he had swallowed his own propaganda and taken as gospel the drivel about ideology as a factor in international relations. His past behavior surely requires a deal of explaining. What is one to make, for instance, of the fact that a statesman whose dominions contain the South Tyrol espouses the cause of treaty revision? That the effective ruler of a state with a restive minority of German blood, who should logically want the independence of Austria and a weak, passive Germany, lends his support to a fanatical nationalism whose credo is the union of all Germans? The merest tyro in European history and public life knows that there never was any room in Europe for two Caesars, and that the sheer mass of Germany and its position in the middle of the Continent would make the dictator of the Reich, whoever he might be, the Führer of all the Führers of Europe, past and to come. Yet Signor Mussolini dreams, and presumably dreamed five years ago, of reviving the Roman Empire of the Caesars, with an electrified Germany at his back! It would seem as if Il Duce cannot forget that Hitler was once his pupil, and that therefore he, Mussolini, must logically remain master.

If certain observers are to be believed, Mussolini had a rude awakening at Berchtesgaden last September. But he did not leave all his illusions there. He evidently came away convinced that the Germans were serious in their agitation for immediate colonies. So sure was he that at the earliest opportunity he broadcast his support of his ally's claims, thus fulfilling the engagement he had doubtless made during that theatrical four-day visit. It happened also that a German empire in Africa—at the expense of Britain, France, and Belgium—fits in very nicely with his own plans. It would keep the fat in the European fire, and prevent the dreaded rapprochement between the Reich and the United Kingdom. And it would give Hitler something to do far from the Brenner Pass. For, despite the rumored zoning between the dictators—a free hand for Il Duce in the Mediterranean and liberty of action for the Führer in Central Europe—and despite the stripping of the Roman protocols with Austria and Hungary to their barest political bones since the Belgrade accord of last March, Mussolini still has nightmares over Anschluss and the German inundation of the Balkans which that event would bring in its train. How could he feel otherwise as liege lord of Albania, Bulgaria, and the South Tyrol? So plaguing are these visions that some French political prophets have been heard to say that if Hitler could be quietly pushed into Vienna, such a development would be the salvation of Europe, for it would at once restore the Balkan and the Little Entente, and the Stresa front into the bargain.

Unfortunately for Mussolini, the Germans are not interested in colonies for the present. They have kept the welkin ringing with them for their ally's benefit and for Britain's benefit. But their heart's desire lies nearer home. Hitler called the Hohenzollerns criminals, or something like it, in "Mein Kampf," for squandering men and resources in Africa and the Pacific when there were so many more interesting places in the middle of Europe. Nor are the Nazis at the moment bent on repeating the alarming tactics of '34 for the sake of Austria. They have learned to be patient and bide their time. That is why the regimented German press flew off the handle when the *Evening Standard* of London and the *Yorkshire Post* let the cat out of the bag about the German scheme to lay off on colonies for a while in exchange for a free hand in Central Europe. The alliance with Italy can still serve for a space, and the Stresa front is not to be thought of. The Italians are such impulsive people. They are moving heaven and earth to have war tomorrow, at once, because they fear that with each day that passes the Wilhelmstrasse will get closer and closer to Downing Street and in that process snuff out the revived Roman Empire before it *is* revived. But the Reich is calm. In less than five years Hitler has wiped out the moral, juridical, and military decrees of Versailles without wasting a cartridge or a Brown Shirt. A little bit more time and he will achieve the territorial and economic objectives muffed by those blockheads in 1914.

What the Germans are in a hurry about is the Sudeten region of Czechoslovakia. They have reason to be. Unless they act swiftly and adroitly, there is serious risk that the bottle-fed movement will crack up and collapse, and with it the dream of annexation. As long ago as last May the germs of decay had begun to infect Herr Henlein's party. It was not only that repeated and resounding scandals were destroying its moral foundations. The agitation had thrived, as such movements regularly thrive, on unemployment and misery, but with returning prosperity its economic underpinning began to go. Re-employment was followed, in the customary fashion, by strikes. Whereupon the workers made the interesting discovery that this German People's Party was a subsidiary of the industrialists, financed by their money and serving their interests. Naturally Herr Henlein was a bit embarrassed at the prospect of defending the downtrodden *Volksgenossen* against his masters. There followed an influx of Sudeten Nazis into the trade unions. The climax came when the labor faction a few weeks ago broke away from the Henlein body altogether and founded a party of its own, proclaiming loyalty to the Czech state and its democratic constitution. Under such circumstances those who pull the strings of the Sudeten Party over the border have no time to lose.

Meanwhile the Reich is not putting all its eggs into Herr Henlein's basket. Negotiations are quietly going on with the government chiefs at Prague. The argument runs thus: You had better come to a peaceful arrangement with us. If we resort to force, who will defend you? The Yugoslavs? See what they did last March. The Rumanians have troubles of their own. The Poles? They detest you. As for the French, they have not gumption enough to defend themselves.

In Paris no one believes that France will commit suicide as a great power by letting the Czechs down. But as this article is being written, the radio announces that when M. Delbos passed through Berlin he was greeted at the station by Herr Neurath in person. Somehow that news item has a disquieting ring. But whether or not it signifies that the Germans have got what they asked for in London, and that M. Delbos is carrying the verdict to the victims in Central Europe, it is too soon to tell.

Record of the "Boondogglers"

BY JAMES WECHSLER

II

THE four art projects of WPA dramatize an idea which is even more heretical than work relief for bricklayers. They disprove the legend that painters, musicians, writers, and actors prefer to dwell in the shadow of isolation and insecurity; they demonstrate that federal subsidies create conditions of work for the artist that give new impulse to his development, extend the scope of his efforts, and open to him new avenues of response. The aim of the art projects is to bridge the gap between the artist and society. Their record of accomplishment is difficult to appraise. It cannot be stated glibly in number of concerts given or of books printed, and it has been obscured by the rising political storm over relief appropriations. Fierce debates on the percentage of genius on the pay roll, on the worth of individual performances, have distracted attention from the crucial issue—whether WPA has created conditions in which the arts can flourish. For revealing answers to this question one has only to examine the record of the four projects.

The federal theater has created an audience for American actors, larger, more alert, and more devoted than anyone had dared to imagine. Since the project's inception from twenty to thirty million people have thronged theaters in twenty-seven states to witness performances ranging from T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral" to authentic children's theater. Something like half of these millions had seldom if ever seen a stage production. To many the theater was an alien technique which proved strangely moving. Until a WPA unit played in Omaha, no legitimate production had been offered there in seven years. Even in New York City sixty per cent of the audience in the parks where the caravan theater performed was unacquainted with the conventional drama. Through WPA, Sinclair Lewis's play "It Can't Happen Here" opened simultaneously on twenty-one stages in eighteen cities. And 12,500 theatrical performances, exclusive of marionette shows, were given in rural communities.

Similar feats were soon accomplished by the other projects. By September 1 of this year an aggregate audience of 73,000,000 people had listened to the work of 617 units of the music project—symphony and concert orchestras, chamber-music ensembles, dance bands, opera groups, vocal ensembles and soloists. It became evident that an astonishing proportion of these millions, in rural regions and congested industrial cities alike, were hearing good music for the first time in their lives. Since October, 1935, the project has sponsored more than 90,000 performances, most of them well-attended. In Minnesota 500,000 people flocked to WPA concerts in the month of July; in Connecticut 246,100 attended the summer programs. "Pinafore" attracted 75,000 to Cincinnati's parks last September, and the conductor of the WPA band in Lawrence, Massachusetts, received in a year 6,000 letters of inquiry from school children.

Even more striking, with reference to the apathy which had hitherto prevailed, was the response to the activities of the art project. From January, 1936, to March, 1937, thirty art centers were established in the Carolinas, Alabama, Florida, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Utah, Wyoming, and Virginia, in regions which, in the past, had exhibited little artistic activity. In these fourteen months more than 1,300,000 people participated in the work of the new centers, jamming exhibits, listening to lectures, and receiving instruction. In Harlem a single exhibit drew an actual registration of 20,000 visitors. During 1936 alone the drab walls of public buildings throughout the country were covered with more than 500 murals. The sheer volume of work accomplished on the project is shown by figures for the year which report the production of 7,695 easel paintings, 1,511 prints, 1,462 sculptures, 102,105 posters, and a host of miscellaneous works. To estimate the audience for such diverse and abundant efforts is almost impossible. Among its members were teachers of art in remote communities who had never seen an original work before.

As to the federal writers' project, its publications range from the much-heralded guidebooks to such ventures as "Who's Who in the Zoo" and a series of educational pamphlets. They have already reached 1,200,000 people, and when the current publication program is concluded, this figure will approach 5,000,000. More than 100 publications have already been issued. A magazine to provide an outlet for original creative work is now envisaged. In some instances the response to WPA books has been so pronounced that private publishers have contracted for new editions: for instance, the sprightly "Almanac for New Yorkers, 1938" has just appeared under the imprint of Modern Age Books.

Although it is frequently asserted that the volume of response proves nothing about the quality of the work, this is at best a half-truth, at worst an expression of an anti-democratic tradition. Surely there is a causal connection between a large, attentive audience and a valid achievement. What the figures we have cited dramatically signify is the dissolution of those barriers between the artist and the people which have caused American artists to stagnate in poverty and despair.

The discovery of a nation beyond Broadway and Carnegie Hall has had another notable result. Not only is the creative worker finding an audience in his own country; with increasing swiftness he is uncovering a heritage which has been long neglected, sources of inspiration in the past and present which have been scarcely explored. Numerous researches into America's cultural past have been undertaken by WPA. Perhaps the most fruitful is the Index of American Design which is being compiled in twenty-five states, recording the decorative arts in America from their inception to the end of the nineteenth century. No comparable record has ever been attempted before, and the Index is destined to prove indispensable. More than 6,000 facsimile renderings have been completed for it.

Another rich reservoir of American expression has been plumbed by the music project. More than 2,500 primitive, indigenous folk-songs and tunes, ranging from little-known Negro spirituals to the early Spanish songs of California, many heretofore lacking in notation, have been preserved. That such recordings will have immense future value is indisputable; the important point is that, before WPA, nothing of the kind was being done on a large scale.

The guidebooks issued by the writers' project are a colorful illustration of this renewed emphasis upon the American scene. Baedeker had not published a volume dealing with the United States since 1909; hardly a guidebook of real value was in print. This lack pointed directly to a project for writers which would both arouse their interest and be of lasting service. The WPA guidebooks do not imitate the monotony of Baedeker. The writers have lifted information for tourists from the level of traffic directions to that of sensitive description and authentic history. Instead of solemnly listing "points of interest," they have tried to suggest both the brilliance and the ugliness of American life. Although the books naturally vary in quality, they all show that the writers have been encouraged to employ initiative and freshness, even to the point of irreverence, in setting down their record. At this writing three state guides and one for Washington, D. C., have been published, five are in galleys, and sixteen others are under contract for publication this winter. The Massachusetts book, rendered famous by Governor Hurley's protest against its sober reference to the Sacco-Vanzetti case, has already sold out its first edition of 10,000. Ultimately the contents of all the state guides will be condensed into a six-volume American guidebook covering continental, insular, and territorial United States. To say that these books may prove more fruitful for future historians than for casual travelers is praise rather than censure. Have the writers loafed—unwilling to work? By February 1 more than 10,000,000 words will have been published.

These projects, as I have indicated, have already found an immense audience. It was, however, often a crude and untutored audience, which wanted not only to see but also to learn and even to participate. The educational program accompanying the projects has been designed to encourage these impulses. Probably the most rudimentary example of this effort was furnished by the theater project, which sent supervisors into remote areas to direct plays fashioned out of the lives of the people and even acted by them. In several Oklahoma mountain districts drama supervisors assigned by WPA guided the production of primitive, vigorous plays actually created by the inhabitants. In four Georgia communities drama leaders invaded stores, shops, and back-country farms appealing for participation in theater productions. The response was widespread and intense. At the same time directors were instructed to assist hundreds of already existing non-professional groups. All these steps were planned not only to stimulate interest in the drama—a task which proved relatively simple—but to lay the foundation for a critical, well-equipped audience.

The education provided by the music project has been similarly imaginative, ranging from actual instruction to courses in music appreciation and experiments in music therapy. An aggregate of 7,689,406 adults and children had received instruction in Greater New York up to the end of last April. In Oklahoma every month 41,000 persons attend music classes. In more than thirty states teachers are giving group instruction, both vocal and instrumental, and presiding over courses in music appreciation, history, and theory. Bare-footed children walk miles for a lesson. Negro members of choruses rehearse late at night after their day's work is done. One Florida chorus patiently learned to read music although they had never been taught to read English. Such incidents reflect an awakening which deserves more than statistical summary.

Instruction in art has been carried on in about 600 centers in crowded cities and isolated towns. Groups have assembled in community houses, in orphanages, in hospitals, and other institutions. This teaching may bring to light only a handful of genuinely talented artists, but it will certainly heighten the perceptions of the developing audience.

WPA's adventure in the arts has not been limited by the necessity of achieving commercial success. Spurred by this circumstance, the projects have not hesitated to experiment and have often obtained notable results. Many of their innovations have won widespread recognition. Brooks Atkinson has called the "living newspaper" technique, widely exploited by the federal theater, the most dynamic contribution to the American stage in recent years. The Composers' Forum-Laboratory is another enterprise of more than temporary value. Organized in ten cities, these forums provide a channel for discussion and debate between the composer and his audience after the rendition of his work. Warm response to the work of the children's theater has stimulated a remarkable development in that field.

No summary of this length can touch on all the ramifications of an undertaking which started as government relief and has flowered into an "art movement." But certain things stand out and they are full of promise for the future. WPA rescued thousands of talented artists from imminent personal disaster and creative stagnation. WPA discovered an American audience, and that audience is being tutored. WPA endowed the artist with a sense of belonging to his own country. Of course there are perils ahead. In so complex and far-reaching an effort tendencies toward vulgarization, lowering of standards, and slipshod performance will undoubtedly appear. The surprising thing is not that flaws can so easily be cited but that so many obstacles have already been surmounted. The greatest hindrance to the success of the art projects is the continued insecurity which surrounds their existence—dismissals, wage cuts, acute budget restrictions. The personnel of the writers' project has been slashed from a peak of 6,700 to about 3,000. A disheartening effect of the economy wave on the theater project is seen in the limitations that have been placed upon its expeditions into rural areas. So long as the future of the projects remains precarious, susceptible to every drift in relief legislation, demoralization is bound to increase. WPA's record in construction was outlined in the first section of this article. Its service to American art—and hence to the richness of American life—is one of the brightest compensations of the depression years. "Economy" may temporarily triumph in Washington, but the surge toward fuller democracy which WPA has set in motion will not swiftly subside.

[*This concludes Mr. Wechsler's two-article summary of the accomplishments of WPA in the fields of construction and the fine arts.*]

About Coffee

BY HELEN WOODWARD

WHEN I was a little girl, my mother used to send me to the grocer to ask for a pound of Mocha and Java coffee. The white-aproned Süd Deutscher behind the counter thrust his brass scoop into a bin marked Java and into a bin marked Mocha. Then he poured the lovely brown berries into a bag standing open on the brass scale.

At home, just before each meal, the beans were poured into the squat wooden coffee grinder, and one of us turned the handle and spread through the kitchen the most delicious aroma in the world, the smell of freshly ground coffee. A big old-fashioned coffee pot stood on the stove. Into the freshly boiling water was thrown the newly ground coffee. A few drops of cold water to "settle it," and the coffee was done. Nobody ever said, "What's the matter with this coffee?" If you put enough coffee into the pot, it was good.

Only the most rigid honesty forces me to admit here —and how I hate to do it—that in those days coffee was shipped in the hold of slow ships from the Far East, and badly packed, so that much of it fermented before it arrived. We got so used to the fermented taste of our Mocha and Java that it is hard for us to be satisfied with any other.

Now coffee comes in fast modern ships, carefully packed and protected from fermentation. Once here, it is repacked; it is packed a third and even a fourth time; it is packed so much that most of the people who buy coffee don't get a chance to think about the coffee itself, they're so dazed by the packing. We get our coffee from the grocer in a nice shiny can, usually vacuum-packed, which means that no air can reach it. Yet with all that, it is true that coffee is not so good as it was. This statement I do not make on the strength of my yearning for old, fermented Mocha and Java, or because I drink coffee black and sugarless and so am very fussy. It is based not on a personal taste but on facts well known in the coffee trade.

The housewife experiments with percolators, with drip coffee, with Silex machines, and still most of the time the coffee isn't right. She is battered and bewildered by new packages and new brands, by advertising. Millions of dollars are pounding away at her with a blaze of music and speech. Maxwell House invites her to come and have a cup of coffee on an imaginary boat, intimating that because its radio tenor has a sugary voice its coffee is better than other coffee. Chase and Sanborn yells, "Look at mine; I've put a date on it and that's why it's better."

The chief claim made by the advertising business for itself as a social force is that it raises the standard of living. Sometimes, no doubt, it has done so. Unquestionably it had its share in improving bathrooms, housing conditions, and the quality of certain food products in the United States. But when it comes to a good plain cup of coffee, advertising not only has done nothing to raise the standard, but it has done plenty to depress it. Because it's the truth that in the day of the paper bag and the old-fashioned grinder coffee not only tasted better but was more digestible than it is today. And it was actually fresher.

The average American drinks 13 pounds of coffee a year, which ought to mean 572 cups a year. In England the average person drinks only three-quarters of a pound a year. Why, then, with this huge consumption, is the usual cup of coffee in America less good and less digestible than it used to be. Is it the method of making? Is it the amount of coffee used? Is it the source of the coffee? All these figure in a minor degree, but they played as big a part in the past as they do now.

The important cause of deterioration depends on something else. No matter how good a brand of coffee may be, many of its users are bound to grow dissatisfied with it. Coffee is an alkaloid and so is habit-forming. Because of that, one of two things is apt to happen when you drink it. Either you get so attached to one brand that you do not want to change, or else you tire of one brand and are always changing about. The reason you get tired of one brand of a habit-forming alkaloid is that you demand a certain satisfaction from it. You can't get quite the satisfaction you expect, and so you turn to another form or another package of the same product. But aside from this, there is a real deterioration in coffee, and often the trouble lies in the package itself.

The important thing about coffee is that it should be fresh. But what is fresh coffee? The green berry itself improves with age. But as soon as coffee is roasted, it starts to lose freshness. Still, as long as the brown berry is whole it keeps its strength pretty well. It doesn't deteriorate fast. But the moment you grind the berry, its strength starts to race away. The ideal fresh coffee is the coffee just roasted and just ground, and the fresh grinding is more important than the fresh roasting. William H. Ukers, an importer and authoritative writer on coffee, said in the *Tea and Coffee Trade Journal:*

> The roasted berry is constructed of fibrous tissues formed into tiny cells visible only under the microscope, which are the "packages" wherein are stored the whole value of coffee, the aromatic oils. Like cutting up an orange, the grinding of coffee is the opening of surrounding tissue and pulp.

If the matter is as simple as that, how does it happen that the consumer of coffee has been so confused? It is because the whole business of coffee retailing is a mess.

There are actually 5,000 brands of coffee sold in the United States, and all the national distributors are worried. There are seven types of distributors—the independent retail grocer, the general store, the mail-order house, the house-to-house wagon distributor, the special tea and coffee store, the department store, and the drugstore. Altogether there are about 400,000 places that sell coffee, aside from restaurants, and they sell a billion and a half pounds of coffee a year. Of this, the Atlantic and Pacific, with its 18,000 outlets, sells 125,000,000 pounds a year. This is more than any nationally advertised brand can sell. In their efforts to keep the pace they naturally intensify their advertising.

Chase and Sanborn coffee is Brazilian coffee and many people like its taste. But the strong point in Chase and Sanborn advertising is the dating on its packages. What does dating mean? What does it amount to? Chase and Sanborn used to be distributed in the way of all other coffees until it was bought by Standard Brands, which also owns Fleischmann Yeast. Since yeast has to be consumed and delivered fresh, Fleischmann has a system of small wagons all over the country which make deliveries frequently, perhaps three times a week, perhaps every day. Well, then, why not deliver coffee in the same wagons and save money? And why not, said some bright person, go a step farther, market the coffee with the date, and show that it is just as fresh as the yeast? A bright idea—so bright that it was hard to see clearly behind the glitter.

The coffee was to be delivered every ten days; all coffee unsold after ten days was taken back. But in spite of Charlie McCarthy, Chase and Sanborn coffee actually is less fresh than most coffee packed in an undated tin. This is why. Coffee in tins is packed by a vacuum method, which means that all the air is kept out. Coffee so packed remains fresh in the can until the can is opened. But because they were delivering "fresh coffee" every ten days, Chase and Sanborn decided that they didn't need the vacuum pack or the tin can. Instead, they ground the coffee and packed it in a fiber box. That costs three cents less to pack than the vacuum tin. Now, because of the depression, Chase and Sanborn packs its coffee in paper bags instead of cartons. It is true that no ground coffee keeps fresh, but it keeps better in a vacuum-packed can than in a carton or paper bag. But Chase and Sanborn, arguing from the undeniable fact that coffee ought to be fresh, goes on to prove that its coffee, ground and packed in paper bags for ten days, is fresh.

More reliable is the advertising of the Safeway Stores. Urging you to have your coffee ground fresh when you take it out of the store, it tells you that eggs and apples keep better in nature's package and so does coffee. Once you grind the coffee and put it in a paper bag, you might compare it with applesauce in a carton or broken eggs in a bowl.

Most experts agree that one way of making coffee is just about as good as another, but that if there is any difference, the drip method and the old-fashioned method of boiling water and then adding the coffee (no boiling after the coffee is added) are the best. Remember that the finer the grind the less dry coffee you will need; also that coarsely ground coffee loses its strength more quickly than medium ground, and medium ground than fine. As for French coffee, it isn't a different kind of coffee or a different way of preparation that gives it its harsh, bitter taste, and the French don't always add chicory. When coffee is roasted, it can be done to any shade from light brown to black. American coffee is usually medium brown. The French like theirs roasted black. That accounts for the difference in taste.

There are many products in which it is hard for the consumer to find out what's good and what's not. But about coffee you can readily learn the truth. It is your fault if you get a bad product. All you have to do is to buy your coffee in the bean, freshly roasted, and grind it at home as you need it. Of course if you are a busy woman you are not going to do anything of the kind. Few women voluntarily add to their labor in the kitchen. Well, then, if you won't, the next best thing is to buy your coffee where you can watch it ground and to buy it in small quantities, half a pound at a time, if your family is small. And if you do buy canned coffee, remember that it will begin to go bad the moment the can is opened. If you use up a can in a couple of days, it won't matter much, but if you keep it around for a week or more, even though the cover has been carefully put back on each time, the coffee will become rancid, indigestible, and unpalatable. Consumers' Union says that coffee keeps better in the refrigerator. The wiser thing is to go to the local grocer and buy his best loose coffee, and buy only a little at a time. If you do buy canned coffee, get it in the half-pound size. It costs a cent more, but it is worth it.

Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

MRS. GLENDOWER EVANS, who died in Boston on December 12, was the salt of the earth—one of those rare and lovely personages who give one an abiding faith in the underlying nobility of the human spirit, however many Hitlers and Mussolinis there may be to offset what the Quakers would call her "testimony." Here was a woman born to comfort and wealth. Had she been like innumerable others similarly situated she would have been at ease in Zion, without the slightest sense of responsibility for the welfare of others. She would have led the usual Boston Back Bay life of complete contentment and smug self-satisfaction, marred only by such unpleasant and uncalled for happenings as strikes, the stupid inability of the working classes to keep their proper place, and the impudent demands of her servants for higher wages. Instead, her life was full of that wonderful richness which comes only from fighting the battles of others.

It was almost an accident that led her into reform movements. Bereft of her brilliant husband after only four years of married life, she was hopeless and adrift when a friend asked Governor Robinson in 1886 to appoint Elizabeth Evans a trustee of the state's "primary and reform" schools, as they were then called. The Governor sent for her and asked her if she was competent to fill the position. She replied: "No, I am sure that I am not competent. All that I have is time. I have all the time there is." The Governor had confidence in her, and for twenty-eight years she served upon this board, giving especial care and endless time to the boys who were under the board's supervision. To recall all the committees she served on and the contributions she made to the development of the correctional institutions of the state would be practically to write their history. Gradually even this activity did not satisfy her need or her desire to help the downtrodden. Soon she became involved in the labor struggle. Again by gubernatorial appointment she became a member of the commission of inquiry which sponsored in Massachusetts the first minimum-wage system. As the commission was handing in its report, there came the first great strike in Lawrence, to which she at once hurried. She always attributed the passage of the minimum-wage law to "the awful conditions which the strike revealed" and the arrest and trial of Ettor and Giovannitti.

By 1912 she was drawn into the work of woman suffrage and long campaigned for it, notably in Wisconsin with Mrs. Robert La Follette. Once these two women spoke for sixty-four consecutive days on a Chautauqua circuit. Largely owing to Louis D. Brandeis, Mrs. Evans became a supporter of Woodrow Wilson. She really believed in the 1916 campaign that Woodrow Wilson, if elected, would bring the war to an end, "make the contestants understand that the solution sought by each side could not be achieved, and that peace would come and the United States would be recognized as the great non-belligerent power." She said later: "The awful collapse that I experienced when Wilson took us into the war may be better imagined than told." In the second Lawrence strike in 1919 she joined the picket line, to the horror of the Boston public and newspapers, which were shocked at the idea that a Boston society woman could possibly side with labor. Returning from Europe in April, 1920, she was among those who threw themselves into the fight to protect the innocent aliens who were the victims of Attorney General Palmer's red raid in January, 1920. A United States judge in Boston, George W. Anderson, denounced the government's action as absolute treason to American institutions, and proved in his courtroom that the government's stool pigeons wrote the incendiary planks in the platform of the Communist Party and then arrested those who adopted it on the charge that they were planning to overthrow the government!

But the greatest appeal to Mrs. Evans's emotions was made by the Sacco and Vanzetti case. Outraged by it to the depths of her soul, she gave her unbounded sympathies to the innocent victims of that judicial murder. Sacco called her "my generous mother of humanity oppressed"; and "Goodby, Mother" were the last words he spoke as he sat in the electric chair. She wrote later: "I count my relations with both of these men one of the great privileges of my life. They were both of them great souls. But the one who touched me the most was Sacco. With his and Vanzetti's death, it seemed as if my own life went out." But nothing that she could do, or any of the rest of us who were conscious of that horrible miscarriage of justice could do—not even Ramsay MacDonald's intercession with Governor Fuller, of which Mrs. Fuller and I were the only auditors—could save the state of Massachusetts from having the brand of murderer placed upon it. There were many in Massachusetts by that time who had so come to love and trust Mrs. Evans that they needed no more assurance of the innocence of these men than her word.

I think Mrs. Evans's life exemplifies one of the best sides of the capitalist system—it was her possession of means, and therefore her complete economic independence, that enabled her to devote her life, not to the struggle for existence, but to the betterment of humanity. But she would be the last to say that that offset the system's evils.

BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Shakespeare the Surrealist

SHAKESPEARE'S YOUNG LOVERS. By E. E. Stoll. Oxford University Press. $2.

ONE of the least appreciated advantages of living today is that we are in a good position, for almost the first time in three hundred years, to understand Shakespeare. We can approach him not as oracle and demiurge but as poet and craftsman. To make this approach, to cut through the incrustations of theory and sentiment, our century can avail itself of two prerequisites—an accumulated knowledge of the materials and intentions of Shakespeare and a revived interest in the theater as a living art. Historical method and technical analysis converge in the interpretations of our leading Shakespearean critics—Granville-Barker in England, Schücking in Germany, Stoll in this country.

It was Professor Stoll who taught us the difference between characterization and psychology, between dialogue and conversation. With strenuous scholarship and witty insistence his monographs reveal Shakespeare depending more on impressionistic strokes than on careful documentation, developing plots schematically rather than organically. "Shakespeare's Young Lovers" now play into his hands, and students of human nature in the round had better turn back to the albums of Mrs. Jameson. By theatrical commonplace, the most shallow and conventional roles are invariably those of the ingenue and the juvenile. The heroines of Shakespeare's middle and later comedies, when we encounter them in two of the three lectures in this book, are individualized chiefly by the rhythms of their speech. It is a gallant effort to remember debutantes at a party by the things they said and the way they danced.

The first lecture sets forth Professor Stoll's thesis with all the sharpness of paradox: in Shakespeare love is not dramatized. Shrewdly the defense rests on "Romeo and Juliet" and not on "Antony and Cleopatra," "Troilus and Cressida," or even "Measure for Measure." Romeo meets Juliet in a sonnet, theirs indeed is love at first sight, and it carries them through masques and duels, elopements and funerals, as opaquely as any medieval romance. A star-crossed instance of the malice of fortune, Shakespeare's play has the primitive outline of Brooke's poem. The rest is lyricism. Yet thereby it becomes "conceited tragedy," a sad story not of the deaths of kings but of private griefs, embellished with the very rhetoric of love, the literary commodity for which Shakespeare was especially noted. And, artificial as the result may sound to us, it represents a prodigious step toward dramatic flexibility and expressiveness—in short, toward realism.

If Shakespeare does not dramatize love, who does? Professor Stoll suggests Corneille. "The Cid" deals with the same issues as "Romeo and Juliet," although its emphasis is on the code of honor rather than the convention of love. Juliet chooses love and loses; Chimène chooses honor and wins. But the operatic spectacle of Chimène pleading for her lover's death is neither more dramatic nor more realistic than the picture of Juliet, when she suddenly turns upon the Nurse for joining in her curses against Romeo. Shakespeare, in spite of his deference to fate, has a more modern point of view, a more individualistic ethos, than Corneille. Ultimately, after the Restoration, personal values will triumph. Love will conquer all, the world will be well lost, and kings will abdicate for "the woman I love."

That is not too extreme an example of Wilde's cogent overstatement. "The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy." Hamlet may not have been flesh and blood, but he is an apt symbol for the mentality of Donne and Burton—or some of our contemporaries, for that matter, and occasionally ourselves. Real lovers may not speak as Romeo and Juliet, but surely a universal experience is incarnated in their debate over the lark and the nightingale. Shakespeare's creations are not—if Professor Stoll insists—copies; they are archetypes. They give classic formulation to the problems of the individual—love, jealousy, ambition, madness. They give epic expression to national ideals in the trilogy of the house of Lancaster. Through the somber recesses of the Roman tragedies they explore the relations between the individual and the state. If Shakespeare painted the seacoast of Bohemia, he also depicted the humors of Eastcheap—tavern and brothel, prison and forecastle, the seamy concreteness along with the insubstantial fabric of experience. "We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow."

The testimony of generations of Shakespeare's critics tells us nothing about his methods but a good deal about his effects. Instead of criticizing the painting they lose themselves in the landscape, discovering subtleties of detail and ranges of meaning beyond the dreams of the artist. Along comes Professor Stoll and restores sanity by pointing out that the mysterious figure in the distance is nothing but a fleck of paint. A few of his technical insights are worth pages of their sentimental revery. But latterly Professor Stoll has begun to imply that there is no picture at all, that it is merely an abstract composition, that the characters are absolutes, their conduct is irresponsible, and their language decoration. In place of Shakespeare the realist, he offers us Shakespeare the surrealist. This is a curious offer from a professed admirer of Watts.

In exploding the notion of a one-to-one correspondence between literature and life, Professor Stoll teaches a lesson not only to readers of Shakespeare but also to the Don Quixotes of leftist criticism. Romance is one thing and reality is another. But realism is something else again—the attempt of the gifted writer to bridge the gap, to transcend his conventions and attain momentarily, at least, the "illusion of reality."

Let us concede the autonomy of the realm of romance, recognizing that its own laws are incredibly strict, and that it conducts an active foreign policy and maintains busy avenues of communication with the contiguous realms of psychology, sociology, and ethics. The alternative theory is sheer escapism, and Professor Stoll—despite his evident lack of sympathy with the modern world—would not drive us to that. Acutely, some years ago, he stated the gist of the matter: literature does not reflect life, it refracts it. The task of sociological criticism is to determine, *mutatis mutandis,* the angle of refraction.

HARRY LEVIN

Winston Churchill's Gallery

GREAT CONTEMPORARIES. By Winston S. Churchill. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.

THE extraordinary man who adds this collection of portraits to a list of books already notable possesses nearly all the gifts for authorship as for public life; and yet how unsatisfying is his position in England! His writing is like his speeches—lavish, animated, masterly in touch. He scatters good things all along the way. He has known most of the prominent men of his time, and his active memory covers half a century, but few among us can think of him as sixty-three years old. His company of twenty-one celebrities includes some who could have been named in advance by any reader who remembered that the author had sat in nearly every British Cabinet for twenty years, and a few whose presence can be explained by Mr. Churchill's habit of seizing every opportunity for one more fling at the men, the movements, and the theories that have incurred his wrath or contempt. Three of the living only are admitted—Hitler (not Mussolini), Trotsky (rather oddly, not Stalin), and Bernard Shaw. These sketches are not among the best in the volume, and the indictment of Trotsky is absurd.

In handling the pre-war leaders of England Mr. Churchill is vigorous and entertaining. His sitters have all been written about by intimates, yet in every case he has new facts to disclose, particularly about Arthur Balfour and Lord Curzon. He defends Balfour, I think convincingly, against the familiar charge of meanness or treachery toward colleagues in the Cabinet of which he was the head, and he fills out the story of King George V's passing over Curzon for the premiership for Stanley Baldwin. Actually the prize could not have been held by Curzon, for the leading Tories would not serve under him. But the fatal stroke was dealt by his friend Balfour, who was consulted by the King. Mr. Churchill displays an unqualified admiration for Balfour, "the best-mannered man I ever met," but his memory here is certainly at fault. He has forgotten Balfour's behavior after he as a free trader went over to the Liberals. Until the war reunited them there was plenty of fierceness toward the young man in the party leader's conduct and manner, as old members of Parliament can recall.

Mr. Churchill is less than just to Asquith—as the widow of that statesman has pointed out—in his reference to the dropping of Lord Haldane from the war Cabinet in 1915. The Tory leaders refused to enter a coalition if the Prime Minister meant to keep Haldane. Asquith was caught in a cleft stick, and he lacked the courage, or readiness, to confide in Haldane. Mr. Churchill is right in suggesting that Balfour was the man who could and should have saved Haldane from the wolves. There is a serious mistake in Mr. Churchill's reference to Asquith's behavior in the crisis of 1916, from which Lloyd George emerged as the dominant politician in Europe. Asquith did not, as Mr. Churchill says, misunderstand the offer made to him by the Conservative Cabinet ministers. The plain and proved fact is that Bonar Law, their trusted envoy, was intercepted by Lord Beaverbrook, who advised, or instructed, him to withhold that part of the message which Asquith would have described as the main and governing clause. This was one of the worst things in a bad episode.

Mr. Churchill is good at playing with the ifs of history. He once wrote a clever fantasy on the theme If Lee had won at Gettysburg. And so here; he wonders what might have happened if Stanley Baldwin, then an almost unknown politician, had not been chosen Premier in 1923. His answer is that the elections of that year and the next would have been avoided, there would have been no Labor government, and hence no Ramsay MacDonald bestriding the scene for six amazing years. Quite right; that is as good a guess as any. But then one may remark that the author of "Great Contemporaries" has more than once been almost within sight of the highest place.

The happiest pages in this volume are those devoted to the political eminences of late-Victorian England, so much greater and more attractive in Mr. Churchill's view than their successors. Now and again, it seems to me, Mr. Churchill slips in appreciation. He says of John Morley that he was in the first rank of the political speakers of his time. Morley was a fine flower of liberal culture, but first rank was beyond him. Occasionally, too, we come upon a sentence of pure nonsense—as, for instance, "Nature never draws a line without smudging it." A landscape painter on the side, Mr. Churchill must have looked at the sunset rays, the shadows, and the winter scene.

S. K. RATCLIFFE

An Impassioned Textbook

AN INTELLECTUAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD. By Harry Elmer Barnes. Random House. $5.

TO DISTINGUISH culture from civilization is an ancient and not unprofitable exercise. In his "History of Western Civilization" Dr. Barnes insisted mainly on "institutional developments." In this new work the emphasis is laid on "thought and culture." If Dr. Barnes were a Marxian of the strictest observance, he would know that "thought and culture" are mere epiphenomena, rigidly determined by social-economic conditions, and therefore that they hardly deserve independent treatment. I am by no means a fundamentalist myself; yet I believe that the separation between civilization and culture is highly artificial. Dr. Barnes's two works would gain considerably if they were blended. The result would be the all-embracing survey of collective activities in the past that Voltaire advocated and practiced two centuries ago, and that we call quaintly the "new history." No one expected Dr. Barnes's work to be as readable as Voltaire's, but in compensation Dr. Barnes knows many things that Voltaire never knew—for instance, the outcome of the coming world war.

It is difficult to review a monumental textbook; as a matter of fact, it is difficult to read a textbook. It will take a professor with a rod of iron, and stiff examinations at the end of the term, to make American youth plow through these 1,250 closely printed pages. What constitutes a textbook? It is not the abundance and accuracy of its information, for many scholarly works are fascinating. The curse of the textbook is the enormous preponderance of factual knowledge over thought and personality; it is the trick of stating vital problems and summing up the activities of living minds in cut-and-dried formulas that students, poor things, will have to memorize.

Dr. Barnes has many of the virtues of the textbook writer. His diligence as a compiler is unequaled. He turns out every year or so bulky tomes which embody the labor of several lives. But he does not have the temper of a historian. He is a born columnist, and a manufactured encyclopedist. History has not yet given her verdict about the Great War, and probably never will; but Dr. Barnes decides without scruples or qualms. I believe he wilfully ignores or distorts elementary facts that every schoolboy should know. Still, we might excuse, if not forgive, his being hasty and his being partial. The unpardonable sin in alleged scientific writing is a journalistic virulence that even George Sylvester Viereck would have scorned.

The same lack of scholarly calm, of philosophic perspective, is found in the prophecies with which Dr. Barnes closes his book. I do not blame him for indulging in prediction: forecasting is not anti-scientific; it is the test of scientific knowledge. We should have little faith in retrospective theories if they did not cast some faint light at least a few years ahead. But in his hypotheses about the future he remains the controversial journalist. As a citizen, he has the right to be a determined anti-fascist. As a scholar, his duty is to understand. Surely he does not want to revive "the myth of a guilty nation"? A hundred million educated Central Europeans are not all stark mad. "It is too much to believe that the *Homo sapiens* who has brought forth a Leonardo, a Shakespeare, a Beethoven, an Einstein, will allow fanatical obscurantism to plunge him after a million years into the suffering darkness of the sub-man." But can we forget that Shakespeare did his best work under a Virgin Führer?

Dr. Barnes crudely opposes fascism, communism, liberal democracy; he fails to consider the plain fact that under all regimes, totalitarian though they deem themselves to be, there are "sectors"—an expanding Communist sector even in America—our public roads, our public schools; a "liberal" sector expanding, I hope, even in Soviet Russia. This pluralism is a condition, not a theory; it has been brought out very clearly by such men as Léon Blum, Henri de Man, and Salvador de Madariaga. But it does not lend itself to impassioned eloquence.

ALBERT GUÉRARD

Famous Birds

THE BIRDS OF AMERICA. By John James Audubon. With an Introduction and Descriptive Text by William Vogt. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.

THE famous Audubon bird plates can now be had for $12.50 at the corner bookstore—in astonishingly good reproductions for the price and included between the covers of an eleven-by-fourteen-inch volume. Recalling that a volume of the original plates now costs about $15,000, the reader will forgive many of the minor faults of the reprints. All the old favorites are here, even though a few are blurred around the edges and the colors are sometimes dimmed. The Booby Gannett turns his gaping, glaring profile over his jet-black back and tail; the Golden Eagle soars over the bleak mountains with the white rabbit in his talons; and the Wild Turkey, small of head and large of brown-black wing and tail, stalks through the underbrush.

The book includes 500 plates, of which 435 were reproduced from the finest uncut original "Elephant Folio" in America, published in London in the early 1800's, and the other 65 from a volume published in Philadelphia a few years later and called "Birds of America." William Vogt of the American Museum of Natural History has written a brief introduction about Audubon and about the way the beginner should get to know birds. Mr. Vogt has also written at the bottom of each plate a few words about each bird's range, favorite haunts, size, song, food, eggs, and—painting the lily with words—sometimes its distinguishing features.

To those who wish to use the book to identify birds, however, several words of caution must be spoken. The plates are arranged in the order of their original production—without any regard to the natural groupings of the birds themselves. For example, the Pine Warbler faces the Bald Eagle, and the Great Gray Owl peers down at the Mountain Plover. Modern bird books, of course, follow the so-called "check-list" order of the American Ornithologists' Union, which groups the species of each family together, ranging from the sea birds, at the beginning, through all the various families to the thrushes at the end. Nor does the new Audubon volume give any keys to color and structure which help the bird-lover to tag a find. Also the colors cannot be depended on. The Wood Thrush, for instance, comes out a much redder brown than he should, the Catbird a blacker gray.

But as a work of art, and as a supplement to the more prosaic handbooks of birds, "Birds of America" is an inexpensive treasure. And the liveliness, even the violent action, of Audubon's procession of birds is positively exciting as the pages are turned. Audubon broke with the traditions of his predecessors—and of many who lived after him—by drawing and painting as nearly as possible from life and in the open rather than from specimens mounted and stuffed. In spite of the occasional faults of color and line, the gorgeous qualities of the original folios—largely due to Audubon's accent on life—are recreated on a smaller scale in this book.

EVANS CLARK

History of the C. I. O.

C. I. O.: INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM IN ACTION. By J. Raymond Walsh. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

SOMETIMES it is hard to realize that as short a time ago as October, 1935, John P. Frey, cocksure spokesman for craft unionism, was maintaining on the convention floor of the A. F. of L. that industrial unionism belongs in the graveyard of oblivion where, according to him, so many industrial still births have already been buried. It is even harder to realize that the C. I. O., with all its upheaval and its deep social implications, is only two years old. Certainly the labor developments of the past two years constitute a turning-point in American history, and we must welcome so excellent a summary as Mr. Walsh has given us in this book. Without losing the excitement and surge of the events themselves, he has supplied for them an order not easily seen at the time of their occurrence. In brief, here is the scope of the book: an introductory sketch of the historical background of the C. I. O.; a chronicle of the progress during the past two years, especially in automobiles and steel; and a concluding analysis of the policies and tactics of the C. I. O. and of its economic and political potentialities.

Among the many virtues of this book are simplicity and clarity—the ability to pick the salient happenings out of the current turmoil and to cast them in direct, non-academic American language. The bright phrase, the trope, so seldom found in similar economic and sociological accounts, is often met with here: as in calling the style of John Lewis's oratory "baroque"; or in saying that the steel towns were shut down "tight as a tomb," and that the mills were "as empty as a Monday-morning church." Or in speaking of the boom years when "there were few whispers of unionism to disturb the serene rustle of accumulating profits." Or in describing the textiles as a "sick trade," showing the "hostile irritability of invalids." Or in referring to "dues dodgers" as "perpetual hitchhikers." More important, however, than the effective language and the tempo that reflects actuality is Mr. Walsh's frank sympathy with the C. I. O. And this sympathy results from his belief in the C. I. O. as a progressive force, as the logical agent for the spread of industrial democracy.

SAMUEL YELLEN

Toward an Improved Strategy

ATTITUDES TOWARD HISTORY. By Kenneth Burke. The New Republic. Two Volumes. $2.

THOSE who read "Permanence and Change" know that Kenneth Burke is a pertinent writer, but that he is never so caught by the eddies of current opinion that he loses the sense of large movements and ultimate directions. One could call him a philosopher of history and a cultural anthropologist. And his work is useful as a bridge between the labors of the men at several of the frontiers of research and a reading public which requires to have technical material made available to it.

It is a pity therefore that his work suffers from a serious defect. Joseph Wood Krutch, reviewing his previous book, called attention to its difficulty. Burke's thought is not difficult in itself. It is neither abstruse nor abstract. His concrete references leave no doubt as to the import of his generalizations. His terminology, though sometimes personal and strange, can always be understood through the context, and in this last book he supplies us with a dictionary of terms. The difficulty lies with his composition. Burke is interested in understanding the past and the present through an analysis of their symbolisms; he is also interested in showing concretely how literature is an instrument of adaptation to the system which produces it; and through genetic analysis he is also interested in showing up to us, without causing in us a cynical reaction, the frauds by which we live. No one, of course, need be told that he is obsessed with the problem of communication. All of these interests have a common nexus, and this is not hard to perceive. But the profusion of detail not explicitly related to the main argument, bulging out in parentheses, digressions, and long footnotes, produces a genuine bewilderment in the most attentive reader, which could be prevented through a more rigid architectonic. This could be achieved either by a sacrifice of "analytic radiations" (a Burkeian expression), or by the more difficult but more rewarding task of kneading these insights into the text.

Lack of space prevents a thorough criticism of the author's technique of diagnosis, but a word must be said about it. Burke's approach to symbolism is not susceptible of verification, and depends for its convincing force on his ability to make the reader perceive immediately the author's intuitions. This is to say that the method is essentially a-scientific if not unscientific. A generation of readers brought up on the facile technique of popularized psychoanalysis will no doubt find this method acceptable. But even those who look with suspicion on the explosions of an imagination uncontrolled by a scientific governor must frequently adjudge Burke's intuitions to be very happy hits indeed, often throwing a burst of light on the dark pockets of our social scene.

Burke offers not only a diagnosis but also a corrective, embodied in his notion of the "comic attitude." This consists in transcending, through a comparative analysis, our historic perspective. One thus gains a broad point of view and is able to avoid the evils which result from a unilateral drive toward partial objectives. A Marxist with Stalinist leanings, he does not seem to be an orthodox Communist. And his prescription is offered as a means of improving the propagandist strategy of the left, which he thinks tends to an over-materialistic approach.

Whether the corrective is adequate for its purpose is another problem the reviewer would like to discuss in full. It is possible that his approach would prove useless in practice in the face of the resistance offered by the intrenched opposition. Or that it might lead to a self-defeating opportunism. The intransigence of the left, in spite of the growing pragmatism of the Stalinists, is engendered, as no one needs be told, by the militant arrogance and cynical indifference of those at the controls. It is the Girdlers and the Greens that are responsible for fanaticism. But whether the corrective suggested proves useful or not, and in spite of its defects, "Attitudes Toward History" should be carefully read by those interested in bringing about a more humane and rational world.

ELISEO VIVAS

A Sad Song

LIFE IS MY SONG. By John Gould Fletcher. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

TODAY our writers have the habit of disgorging all they feel they have digested of experience. Novels, biographies, and autobiographies are rather embarrassingly intimate. Almost every literary figure of the older generation, and some in the younger, explains himself. Each seems to think he has come upon truth. And John Gould Fletcher is no exception. Like Edgar Lee Masters, Malcolm Cowley, Ezra Pound, and others he goes over the ground of the literary quarrels about the new forms of writing that developed in the "teens" and twenties. Already several books have discussed the rise and decline of the little literary movements that flourished between 1912 and 1930. Some day, doubtless, all this material about the imagist school and free verse, about Pound, Amy Lowell, and others, will be combed and clarified. Today it remains, in its several presentations, a collection of arguments from various sides, rather futile literary quarreling.

As a young poet Fletcher was taken up in England by the imagists. He was dominated by Amy Lowell and Ezra Pound. Later he believed that he sighted the Wasteland before or simultaneously with the myopic Eliot. His whole book is the complaint of a man at odds with his world. He admires Mussolini, dislikes Russia, retires in the end into the most perfect of all retreats—sectionalism of the good old Southern variety.

His relations with women point a little too neatly to an Oedipus complex; they were, probably, those of a rather too sensitive and indecisive expatriate who never quite knew what he sought. Freedom at this time, of course, consisted often in breaking with conventions, especially matrimonial conventions. But Fletcher, in the long run, found himself happier within marriage.

After reading these innumerable autobiographies of our "lost generation," one comes to the conclusion that it was well lost. These "lost" writers do not protect themselves; they insist on leaving their old selves hanging on a line like a wash never taken in and constantly gathering soot. Personal weakness, conceit, and intellectual immaturity are all exposed. Consequently one reads their memoirs with a kind of morbid fascination, saddened and annoyed. Is this what artists were like twenty years ago? Are they any better now?

What relationship between individual and society brought into being all these sickly souls?

Fletcher is a romanticist who found life unromantic and who blamed his scene and not himself. His book is as sentimental as its title. It is, of course, interesting for its many portraits of famous people, but Fletcher like Masters is, alas, much more interested in himself than in the famous people he knew. EDA LOU WALTON

The Terrifying Presence

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST. By Georges Bernanos. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

RARELY does a novel appear under so unattractive a title. We are very little interested, in present-day America at least, in fictional diaries and even less in priests. A century ago when Balzac used almost the same title the public's attitude was very different, and even today it is more hospitable to such works in France. But the persistent reader who is undeterred by the title will be deeply moved by this self-portrait of a frustrated soul.

All of Georges Bernanos's heroes have been priests, a fact which is due as much to his conception of the writer's mission as to his Jesuit education. To him the priest is "the man who once and for all has accepted the terrifying presence of God in his poor little life." In this novel there are several types of priest—the rugged shepherd of souls who talks like a provincial Ronald Knox, the mundane ecclesiastic who is simply the excellent executive of a large industry, and the errant defrocked priest who has found his level as a traveling salesman. Among them, judging them all, the anonymous young village priest lives and dies in a terrible spiritual isolation. Raised in the direst poverty, he has never known youth and has had no experience of normal life. His tormented body is a living chart of his peasant parents' alcoholic excesses, and his early death from cancer does not come as a surprise. Everything he touches goes wrong—the catechism class, the boys' sport club, his relations with the château. He has an uncanny gift for attracting to himself all the outcasts and misfits of society, perhaps because they resemble him so closely. As his friend the Curé de Torcy says, he is "the sort of man that injustice can smell a mile off." And yet without these handicaps he would not have advanced so far in devotion and self-sacrifice. His last words are: "Does it matter? Grace is everywhere . . ."

This unheroic hero is very close to Dostoevski's characters; he has the same complexity, the same sudden illuminations, and the same naivete of soul. In fact, he is deplorably naive in all human affairs but startlingly lucid where God is concerned. Upon his graduation from the seminary he is placed in charge of a village parish in the north of France, where he finds himself surrounded by ignorance, poverty, and that blind hatred and bitter malice which the Nobel prize-winner, Roger Martin du Gard, pictured under the ironic title of "Old France." His story, as he tells it himself, contains almost no detailed descriptions, yet the village and every character in it are eventually seen in the round. Few novels are less composed than "The Diary of a Country Priest," in which even the important facts are divulged by allusion and the action is constantly interrupted by long discussions of the church, poverty, God, medieval Christianity, and social injustice. In this respect too Bernanos reminds one of Dostoevski.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

An Early Indiscretion

THE MOTHER. By Sholem Asch. Translated by Elsa Krauch. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

THIS novel was first published here in 1930, and then "withdrawn," avowedly because of Mr. Asch's dissatisfaction with the first English translation. Meanwhile, the publishers state, "in other languages it has enjoyed by far the widest sale of any of the author's novels." Thus is found the pretext for republication in a new, authorized version. It is not likely, however, that translation alone ever makes or breaks a novel. Except in rare instances, and then only by a decadent distortion, the novel is not primarily a medium for the display of verbal virtuosity. The truth of the matter is that Sholem Asch has deservedly made an American name for himself since the original publication of "The Mother"; and therefore it is a fair guess that his publishers hope to find among his admirers a market for this "neglected" novel regardless of the merits of the new translation.

If "The Mother" was not neglected abroad, it is because it was escape literature to anyone who was sure that gold nuggets could be picked up in the streets of America, even in the twenties. (The great wave of immigration had then subsided only because of quotas.) To be sure, there is realism of a sort here—the presence or absence of realism does not determine escape literature. Mr. Asch does stop once in a while to mention that the rent comes due, that East Side tenements are not palaces, that the garment workers are sweated, and even that the bitter struggle to unionize the garment industry is beginning. But on the whole he skips blithely over the entire question of the economics of the melting-pot in order to offer a thin picture of the breaking away of the younger generation from the rigid religious customs and close family life to which Sarah Rifke and Ansel clung.

To an American public, accustomed to more vital novels of the melting-pot, "The Mother" must seem a weak performance. Asch moves his characters about in the most arbitrary fashion, without any regard for probability. He assembles his scenes with one purpose only: to show how the heartstrings of the mother are torn by the defections of her family, and how, in spite of all, she remains blindly and passionately devoted to their service. But because the situations are selected artificially, her devotion does not earn our credence. One has to return to the dime novel to find such gross melodrama as the episode in which Mosesleben, lost in a snowstorm, is saved by his mother's ghost. On the other hand, there is true pathos in the scene in which Sarah mourns on the doorstep of her adulterous daughter. But such incidental virtues cannot redeem a book that must be considered an indiscretion of a novelist who has since struck far deeper and more vital notes. HAROLD STRAUSS

A Plausible Princeps

AUGUSTUS. By John Buchan. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

AUGUSTUS was born two thousand years ago, but this biography is welcome not only as a fascinating human record but for the example it gives of constructive political designing of a very high order. The Roman Republic had been wrecked by the quarrels that arose between the senate and the democratic leaders after the days of the Gracchi. Julius Caesar adopted the facile panacea of a dictatorship, which brought a plausible peace but would in a few generations have reduced the empire to a futile servitude. Then Augustus came to power. He renounced autocracy, proclaimed a restoration of the republican constitution, reformed the senate, with which he divided administrative duties, and in his own share of the work offered an example of clean and efficient government. It was Augustus who, putting an end to imperialistic expansion, reshaped the army into an organ of peaceful administration, built up an efficient civil service, and destroyed the old system of exploitation that had disgraced senatorial government in the provinces; it was he who worked out the first program of social reforms and insisted upon a decent observance of rights of property, thereby restoring respect for honest work.

John Buchan's biography is a book of sane judgments. The author knows the sources thoroughly; he has scrupulously weighed the arguments of the most recent discussions that have appeared in technical journals, and has usually found the correct answer; and being a man of very wide experience in political matters, he has been able to present the significant deeds with penetrating understanding. Augustus emerges as a plausible *princeps* of extraordinary ability and accomplishments. After the recent appearance of numerous romanticized biographies of ancient characters it is pleasant to read one written in clear and responsible English and with a respect for the importance of the subject. Needless to say, John Buchan reveals no sympathy for the purposive biographies which are using the Augustan anniversary by way of promoting propaganda for a misplaced nationalism, for imperialism, or for autocratic forms of government, all of which Augustus himself would have rejected with impatience.

TENNEY FRANK

Economics Simplified

ECONOMICS FOR EVERYBODY. By Mervyn Crobaugh. William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

MR. CROBAUGH has written a chatty little book about the development of economic thought which is both readable and instructive. One of the best things about his approach to the subject is an awareness of the relation between economic thinking and the actual economic conditions prevailing at any time. This is a refreshing change from the point of view of the general run of doctrinal histories, which treat economists as though they were a race apart, living and meditating in a world of their own.

I found the first half of "Economics for Everybody," bringing the story down to the emergence of the utility school, rather more satisfactory than the second half. The maze of schools, sects, and schisms which are assigned to the past seventy years or so is confusing even to the initiated. This is particularly the case since Mr. Crobaugh has to a considerable extent used labels without identifying the victims. I have tried to place some of the better-known economists of recent times in one or another of Mr. Crobaugh's schools and have generally had to come to the conclusion that they belonged to several or none. For example, most of the Cambridge economists since Marshall might be labeled "marginal-utility," or "orthodox," or "mathematical-and-business-cycle" economists. Some of Mr. Crobaugh's types are rather definitely straw men at whom he enjoys poking sly fun. Sometimes this is entertaining, and at worst it is harmless.

On the whole it may be said that Mr. Crobaugh has succeeded surprisingly well in avoiding the pitfalls incident to extreme simplification and abbreviation.

PAUL M. SWEEZY

THE ARTS

Art for All of Us

IN THE world of music, if not of art, we have gradually accepted mechanical reproduction. Though most of us would still prefer to listen to the conducting of a Toscanini at first hand in Carnegie Hall, thousands of cultured people are not ashamed to be pleased with it over the radio. As mechanical facilities have improved, we find the great conductors themselves aiding in the making of phonograph records, and the more informed journals publishing critical listings.

It is time that an analogous attitude be taken toward art. In recent years some of the very best artists have availed themselves of new mechanical and marketing facilities to put their products within popular reach. In this field, in fact, it is not necessary to settle the controversy over the sufficiency of reproductions, since the new black and white prints, at least, are originals.

A brief survey shows the following sources of art at popular prices:

First, for black and whites, original works of art. Most heavily advertised are the Associated American Artists, 420 Madison Avenue, New York. The association sends out a free catalogue of small reproductions. The general level of its offerings is on the flat popular plane, with honorable exceptions. Among the better prints still available at this writing, the reviewer liked winter landscapes by Dehn, Fiene, and Doris Lee; Ruellan's Mending the Nets, and some of the prints by Costigan, Hoffman, and Peggy Bacon. The uniform price is $5 apiece, with privilege of return and exchange.

A considerably higher general level is represented in the catalogue of the American Artists' Group, 106 Seventh Avenue, New York. These are likewise originals, produced under the artists' supervision, and selling for $2.75 apiece. Here the range is remarkably wide, from the Sail Boat by Marin to Queer Fish by Mabel Dwight, and from the deep brooding Landscape in Spain of Castellon to the raucous Coney Island Beach by Reginald Marsh. The low price would seem to put prints such as these in the realm of the irresistible.

Still a third method of obtaining cheap prints is in the form of "membership prints" distributed to dues-paying members of print societies. Among such organizations are the Society of American Etchers, the Chicago Society of Etchers, the Print Makers' Society of California, and numerous others whose addresses could probably be obtained by writing to the publication *Prints*, 1819 Broadway, New York. The book of the year on prints is Carl Zigrosser's "Six Centuries of Fine Prints," which carries its highly competent and interesting discussion of all branches of the graphic art right into the present day.

The reproduction of paintings in full color presents a more controversial problem. Is the original nearly equaled, is its force seriously diminished, or is it destroyed? Among the many possible answers is the modest one, "it depends." Reproductions seem to affect different paintings in different degree. For example, there is Van Gogh. For all the apparent simplicity of his attack, the reproductions seem to lose him and present a caricature. One obvious reason is that his paint was put on thick, and the flat paper loses both the deep brilliance and the play of shadows on the strokes themselves. In certain other artists' paintings the loss is imperceptible, and the chief loss is the idea of owning an original.

The leading publishers of color reproductions in the United States are Raymond and Raymond, 40 East Forty-ninth Street, New York, who have also with the aid of the Carnegie Corporation published a two-volume catalogue of all available color reproductions of masterpieces. The service to which attention should particularly be called, however, is that of Living American Art, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York. In their own gallery these pictures show up exceedingly well. The deeply lustrous Flower Vendor of Raphael Soyer, the Senate by Gropper, the Boat by Peter Blume, Kuniyoshi's Still Life, and Marsden Hartley's Fish House are all tempting to see. The work was done by Jaffe of Vienna under the personal supervision of Adolph Dehn, and the choice for purposes of reproduction was excellent. Each picture costs $5.

But the chief news about Living American Art is its rental service. The details may be had from the firm itself; briefly, what it amounts to is that for $2.50 a month you have two or more different pictures in your own house every month, and at the end of the year you can keep four as your own. Those already acquainted with a wide range of modern pictures might prefer to save an equivalent amount of money for originals; but such a service has quite an advantage to those who desire a fairly intimate acquaintance with a number of artists before they make permanent choices.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

RECORDS

THIS is not a Consumers' Union report on phonographs—that is, on all phonographs. Some readers have asked about superlative record reproduction, and I will give them, not every way of getting it, but one way—the one that I happen to know. Other readers have asked about good reproduction at a moderate or low price, and here again I will mention only the instruments I have been able to hear. If I hear others later on I will report on them.

I know superlative reproduction only from a Scott radio-phonograph in the home of a friend. More exactly, I know it from the instrument as it is today, after more than a year's experiments with changes to remove defects in the reproduction given by the instrument as it came from the factory. And here are the present specifications: The cabinet is the Scott Waverley, placed either in a corner or 7½ inches from a wall. In this cabinet are the Scott twenty-three-tube amplifier, radio tuner, auditorium speaker, high-fidelity speakers, and volume expander; and to these is added the following phonograph equipment: the motor and turntable (with necessary hardware and capacitor) used in Victor phonograph R-99, and an Astatic Trutan pickup, model B-10. All this comes to approximately $400, for which one has, incidentally, a superb radio receiver.

More than a year's experience and experiment (unaided by the Scott booklet) have demonstrated that every one of the preceding components is essential to the reproduction I am now concerned with—and not only the components themselves but the following details of their installation. For the motor a metal plate roughly ⅛ inch thick, 9 inches long, and 6 inches wide is attached to the upper surface of the motor-board, the necessary holes being bored through both board and plate; and what is important here is that the motor does not touch the lower surface of the motor-board. Most important is the alignment of the pickup, which is set, on sponge rubber, so that (1) the needle touches the record on the turntable (not the turntable without the record) at a point 19/32 inch beyond the center of the spindle; (2) the needle makes a 60-degree angle with the record (not with the turntable), in a plane perpendicular to the record; and (3) the needle, when placed on the blank outer rim and the blank inner area of a moving record, does not tend to slide to one side or the other but remains stationary in each area (one tests this with an older record that has such blank areas). And when, finally, a record is being played, the bass control is turned to maximum and the high-fidelity control is turned 90 degrees from minimum. It is important that the surface of the record be absolutely clean.

If I did not know the Scott I think I should enjoy the Magnavox Symphony at $134.50, a well-engineered and well-sounding instrument with, for example, independent controls for bass and treble—and incidentally a real bass and treble to control. The person who cannot afford more than $69.50 will get from the Magnavox Concerto, a table model, reproduction that is surprisingly good for an instrument of that size, but no more than what an instrument with so small a power output, speaker, and cabinet can give. Both models are phonographs; the Symphony comes with provision for attachment of a radio tuner at $143.50; the Concerto can be had with a built-in radio tuner for $89.50. The Chairside, at $124.50, is also a combination instrument, with a larger speaker and better reproduction.

I said that I have heard superlative reproduction from the Scott; actually what I have heard, for hours at a time, has been the horrible sound of the first playings of new Columbia, Decca, and now even Victor records until the loose residue has been removed. The only way of avoiding this was to use chromium needles, which I did not and still do not like to use. In sheer desperation I used one with Columbia's new set of Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 1 (four records, $6); it enabled me to play through the set without pain; and in this case it also improved what, with ordinary steel and cactus needles, is an inadequate recording of the color and sparkle of Gieseking's playing.

Victor offers an album (five records, $9) of Hindu music played by Shan-Kar's musicians. This is very evidently a complex and sophisticated music; it is also—one learns from Basanta Koomar Roy's notes—a music as subtly meaningful and moving as our own, but only to the people for whom its conventions are a native musical language; and I am not one of those people.

Nor am I one of those for whom eighteenth-century music is necessarily better than nineteenth—which is just as silly as the more widely held notion that nineteenth must be better than eighteenth. Boyce's Symphonies, therefore, on nine Timely records ($13.50), give me only moderate pleasure; they are, as music of their period, without the impress of a highly individual artistic personality that one hears in Ernest Bloch's Sonata for Violin and Piano. Gamut has issued this superb work in an excellent performance by Harold and Marion Kahn Berkley (four records, $6).

Phonographs have left insufficient space for Stokowski's "Boris" and Bach again.

B. H. HAGGIN

Letters to the Editors

Don't Blame France

Dear Sirs: Anyone familiar with Robert Dell's inveterate prejudices might expect that he would make democratic France responsible for the tragic situation in Europe. (See his article Fascism's Debt to Paris, in *The Nation* of November 20.) Mr. Dell has adopted France as his second country, but he is far more French than the French themselves. One half of France is always denouncing the other half, but Mr. Dell, with fine impartiality, agrees with both, and curses them equally. I think he is perfectly right in asserting that a more vigorous foreign policy on the part of the leftist governments would have averted the unquestioned supremacy of the dictators. But I do not believe that the leftists are to blame for the feeble and vacillating attitude to which they were reduced.

Poincaré pinned his faith on rigorous methods. This led him into the Ruhr—a blunder which liberal opinion condemned everywhere, and which made Franco-German reconciliation almost unthinkable. The *Cartel des Gauches* overthrew Poincaré in 1924 and reversed his policy. For the last thirteen years their guiding principles have been to seek every possible means of restoring friendly relations with Germany, and never again to take any decisive step without the full concurrence of the British government. Their intentions were unimpeachable. Unfortunately Germany was no longer in the mood for amicable co-operation; every concession from France was interpreted as the tribute of fear and served as an incentive for further bullying. And France could not rely on the wholehearted sympathy of England.

Thus the policy of the French left was doomed: Germany paralyzed friendliness, and England checked the use of force. The "blunders" listed by Mr. Dell were committed with open eyes and a heavy heart, but there was no other way. The French knew that the Four-Power Pact was a trap. They refused to walk into it; the very proper reservations they proposed made the pact inoperative. But the mere fact of having considered it at all alienated Poland. Yet how could they refuse to discuss it, without forfeiting the sympathies of England? In the same way, they could not, at any time take effective measures against German rearmament, even with the help of Poland and of the Little Entente. This would have been called in Anglo-Saxon countries another Ruhr, a preventive war, the heavy foot of the French military on the neck of a prostrate Germany. Again, I believe it was almost suicidal for France not to call the bluff of the dictators and exercise its legal right to help the legitimate government of Spain. But Blum was notified that if this led to a conflict with Italy or Germany, he could not count upon England's assistance.

With every opportunity missed by the democracies, the situation grew irretrievably worse. At one time Mussolini and Hitler were at odds over the Anschluss; now the question has been shelved, and the Rome-Berlin axis is firm. Success attracts one nation after another into the camp of the dictators. And in France itself the conservatives, once rabidly and stupidly anti-German, are now frankly the apologists and allies of Hitler and Mussolini.

The main cause of the trouble is to be found in England, not in France. I am not reviving the old accusation of "perfidious Albion." I fully sympathize with those Englishmen who, like ourselves, are averse to "entangling alliances." They are justified, as we are justified, in refusing to be committed to "France, right or wrong." But peace is unthinkable until England and America are committed to the defense of international law and order. Quibble as we may, it is not difficult to define an aggressor; Litvinov and President Roosevelt have done it already. But to accept a clear-out principle and pledge one's self to its support is, we are told, a form of radicalism alien to the Anglo-Saxon tradition. England must preserve its sacred right to muddle through.

ALBERT GUERARD

Palo Alto, Cal., December 10

Swiss Democracy

Dear Sirs: If Switzerland really had retreated from democracy, as Peter Brown asserted in a recent issue of *The Nation,* the initiative that was to legislate Masonic lodges and other secret societies out of existence would have been passed in the election of a few days ago instead of being defeated almost two to one. The initiative had been sponsored by the fascist elements, which are actively supported by the totalitarian states. In this case, the decisive victory of democracy over fascism is the more remarkable because the lodges have been unpopular with a large body of the population for some time and enjoyed, of course, the hereditary enmity of the Catholic church. Nevertheless, with the exception of the canton of Fribourg, dominated by its Catholic university, every canton rejected the initiative.

A few words in regard to the movement that started in Geneva for outlawing the Communist Party, which is being extended now to extreme fascist parties as well. Three of the largest Swiss cities—Zurich, Berne, and Basel—have had Socialist administrations for years and have not fared badly under the workers' regime. Geneva, however, had to endure a much more radical, that is, Communist, leadership that comprised questionable elements who pushed their utterly incompetent friends into office. Threatened bankruptcy and excursions of the leaders into foreign politics incompatible with the Swiss constitution and policy necessitated federal intervention.

At times democracy has to adopt new ways for its own protection and survival, even going so far as to forsake the path of extreme tolerance. This procedure, however, has nothing in common with dictatorship, either left or right wing. Switzerland is not a radical democracy, but it certainly is and will remain democratic or cease to exist as an independent state.

WALTER BLOCH-HILLER

Zurich, Switzerland, December 4

Housing and Confidence

Dear Sirs: A group of bewildered and rather resentful men recently gathered in the city of Washington to discuss with prominent New Dealers what might well be designated the crux of the present national economic headache—the construction industry in general and the housing situation in particular. Despite the undeniable need for housing, the market has shrunk appreciably in the past year. What can be done?

It is axiomatic of course, that to widen the market the product must be cheapened. Undoubtedly to reach a large percentage of American workers a home to cost around $2,000 must be offered. But to try to do that by hammering down the wages of the skilled building mechanic would tend to shrink the market still further, it being logical to expect that other workers' wages in allied lines would be forced down also.

The papers state that it is proposed to use RFC funds and match them dollar for dollar with private capital to establish loan and mortgage associations; the long-term amortization-plan loan is to carry the load of a housing program. The idea seems to be that the proper way to revive a major industry affecting practically the whole population is for the greater part of said population to put themselves in hock for the next twenty years or more in order to get a place to live. There can be no guaranty of course under our modern profit set-up of the duration of one's job. And the recent sad experience of many a little guy has been that Uncle Sam through his H.O.L.C. and Farm Credit Bureau has been as tough in foreclosing as most of the private loan sharks. By what method, then, are these millions of potential small home buyers going to acquire confidence in the future? For certainly confidence is a basic requisite before one ties the mortgage rope around one's neck.

A working population receiving uniformly good wages, with a reasonable margin over and above basic living requirements, and possessing an abiding faith in the continuation of job and wages, will buy homes. But keep them at a subsistence level facing perennial lay-offs, and the takers will be mighty few.

CHARLES SLATER

Chico, Cal., December 1

Not So Spotless Cleaners

Dear Sirs: The League of Women Shoppers has investigated and is now supporting the Spotless Cleaners' strike. This strike has peculiar importance as an illustration of the interrelated interests of worker and consumer and of the inability of the National Labor Relations Board to tackle successfully a hard-boiled and uncompromising employer. The rising consumers' movement sometimes loses sight of the connection between prices that safeguard the consumer's pocket-book and working conditions that inevitably produce inferior goods or work. Spotless Cleaners, "humanely" lowering its prices to 29 cents and 19 cents a garment so that the poor may be served, produces notoriously inferior work; and its customers have no redress.

But "our help don't want no union," says Louis Denberg, head of the company. Meanwhile the strike, called by Local 239 of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and demanding union recognition and very modest improvements in the former sweatshop hours and wages, has entered its fourth month. Denberg is not afraid because in the slack season business is little affected by picketing. The NLRB's subpoena concerns him not at all. He has no intention of answering it, stubbornly insisting that his business is wholly intrastate. The Labor Board is friendly to the strikers, but so bound by red tape that no help is forthcoming there. Local 239's contract expires March 31, and Denberg plans to worry along till then. The deadlock is pretty nearly perfect.

KATHARINE DUNN

New York, December 14

Mr. Herskovits Replies

Dear Sirs: Your issue of November 6 containing Dr. Lips's remarks about my review of his book, "The Savage Hits Back," has just reached me. First, as to my objection to his having endowed primitive man with a special "prelogical mentality." The phrase has current usage among those who hold that primitive man thinks differently from civilized man; it is particularly associated with the name of Professor Lucien Lévy-Bruhl. Dr. Lips's own phrase, "other-logic," which is awkward and apparently drawn *ad hoc,* occurs on page 45. But on page 44 we read: ". . . the associative thinking of native tribes, their logical notions of cause and effect are of a very different order from our logic of causation [Lévy-Bruhl]. Their individuality is a correlation with the community, not a contrast, as in modern society." If this is Professor Lips's position, then I can only point out that he was in error in *not* employing the correct designation "prelogical mentality."

Dr. Lips's "lack of appreciation of the toughness of native cultures"—refuted in his letter by a wave of the hand toward the title of his book—is revealed in such statements as (page 9) "the collapse of native civilization and life caused by white penetration in Africa," and (page 72) ". . . the appearance of the ship from foreign shores . . . always initiated the annihilation of native civilization."

With respect to the origin of masks, I did not make a "categorical denial" of Dr. Lips's explanation, as is claimed, but merely said that "it cannot be established . . . that 'the making of masks originated in the worship of the dead,' " the reason being that there are a dozen ways in which masks might have originated. But Dr. Lips, his hypothesis having crystallized in his mind, now demands that I "produce evidence to support my position"!

About the Zombies—since I didn't mention them in my review and I cannot find them in Dr. Lips's book, the subtlety of the allusion escapes me.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

London, England, November 21

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Correction—In the article How to Win an Election, by Helen Woodward, in *The Nation* of December 11, the sentence "The Tydings-Miller bill stopped some of this abuse but not all of it" should have read, "The Robinson-Patman bill . . ."

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